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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

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JULY—DECEMBER, 1881.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.]

JULY, 1881.

[No. 61.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN FIVE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

VI.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET had learned by the letter from her guardian that he was still at Combard—"his summer residence," as he said—and also that he, for especial reasons, would not return to Paris until the late autumn. He wrote further that Madame Cantarel would feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to call for her at the hospital. Mother Amélie, who never spared those people whom she did not like—and she liked very few—had drawn a portrait of Madame Cantarel for Jetta's benefit, which was certainly not very attractive. She described her as essentially selfish, occupied exclusively with her own health and comfort, revealing by the coldness of her manners the frigidity of her nature. She defined her as "virtue kept on ice."

Approaching the carriage awaiting her, Mademoiselle Maulabret was astonished to see a face which answered in no degree to the description given by Mother Amélie. The young girl had been told that Madame Cantarel was over fifty; the unknown whom she saw could not have been more than forty, and appeared even younger. She had been told that her aunt was a person poor in health and in appearance, who, sacrificing her pretensions to her comfort, was always in the costume of an invalid.

Wrapped in superb furs, the stranger had an imposing air; she was dimpled, charming, and seemed to be in the best possible health; and the young girl, who had expected to be received with such coldness that she had already begun to shiver, with difficulty concealed her surprise when the stranger, bestowing on her a charming

smile, cried out to her as soon as she saw her coming:

"Mademoiselle Maulabret, I am sure? Hasten, for it seems to me that you are very insufficiently dressed, your mantle is not warm enough. Sit close to me, I have furs enough for two. Is not this horrible weather, my dear? Forgive me; though it is not my fault, I feel in a measure responsible for it."

The coachman started. The stranger soon explained to Jetta that she was very intimate with Monsieur Louis Cantarel, her great-uncle, that she was his neighbor in the country; in fact, that their estates were divided only by a wall, and how Madame Cantarel was so disturbed by the rigor of the weather that she had offered to replace her; and how her proposition had been accepted, and that she herself liked to go out in all sorts of weather, and was particularly anxious, moreover, to make at once the acquaintance of a young lady of whose merits, graces, and misfortunes she had heard a great deal. She said so much of this kind that Mademoiselle Maulabret did not know where to look.

"Resign yourself to your fate," the lady continued; "you belong to me until night. Perhaps, however, you would like to know my name? I am la Marquise de Moisieux."

Certain names penetrate everywhere, even to the boarding-schools where young girls are educated. The world, which does not admit the possibility that one can live without it, profits by the return of the classes after their vacations to establish its entering wedges in the convents; the bees have been pilfering, and the world wishes them to make their honey in common.

Mademoiselle Maulabret knew very well that

Madame de Moisieux was the granddaughter of an illustrious marshal of the First Empire, and the widow of a man who had held an important position under the second; that she had been herself a very conspicuous person, and a great favorite at the Tuileries. Mademoiselle Maulabret had also learned, as a secret of great importance, that the marquise had allowed herself to be much talked of. But, if, when her husband was living, she had not been just where she should have been in regard to him, she made amends after his death. He was now always with her, and she went nowhere without him. If at this moment Mademoiselle Maulabret had asked permission to examine her brooch, her locket, and her watch, the cameo on her bracelet, and even her rings, she would have found the *marquis* everywhere—his full face, his profile, and his bust—in his every-day garments, his court dress, and hunting-costume—seven portraits in all, neither more nor less. This is the testimony which women willingly render to the husband they have lost, when they are conscious of having deceived him, and also that he has had the courtesy never to seem conscious of it.

Mademoiselle Maulabret thought it a little singular that this celebrated woman had been intrusted by Providence with the task of taking her to her guardian. Mother Amélie had frequently told her that Monsieur Louis Cantarel was a red-hot radical, and that his opinions were of the deepest shade of red. What possible sympathy could there be between himself and a *Marquise de Moisieux*? That *grande dame* did not wait to be questioned to explain that she had made two years before, in Switzerland, the acquaintance of her great-uncle and of her great-aunt, and that their chance meetings at a *table-d'hôte* had led to an intimacy that had become very precious to herself. Monsieur Cantarel had rendered her most essential services—services for which she should be ever grateful.

Jetta had another cause of astonishment. Ignorant as she was of social etiquette and of worldly matters, she could not but notice that Madame de Moisieux had with her neither footman nor maid, and that the coat worn by the coachman had a large darn in the middle of the back, while the large Berlin in which they sat was evidently hired by the day. All this corresponded but poorly with the splendors of an imperial court, and the young girl concluded that at the fall of the empire Madame de Moisieux had lost both her situation and her fortune. She was not mistaken in this supposition.

After the revolution of September the *marquis*, whose debts the emperor had paid more than once, took refuge in England, where he died five years later, leaving his affairs greatly

embarrassed. Madame de Moisieux hastened back to Paris, where she found herself assailed by creditors who were losing patience and who were not easily appeased. Monsieur de Cantarel came to her assistance and brought the bandits to reason, inducing them finally to accept an arrangement which he offered. This was the service which she estimated at its just value, and this was the advantage she had reaped from her sojourn at Lucerne, and from certain small attentions which she had regarded as a good investment.

It must be here stated that the marquise had the great gift of pleasing and of attaching people to her. Although the first freshness of her youth had for ever fled, no one thought of speaking of her as faded, or of her beauty as on the wane. She was not the kind of woman to fade; years only seemed to make her more lovely. Her gray eyes suggested those lighthouses with revolving lights, for they alternately flashed or were veiled with languid, drooping lids. The tiny blue veins on her temples and her black lashes added a great charm to her face in those hours of melancholy in which at times it pleased her to indulge.

Her delicate face, with its irregular features, of which the ill-natured had early prophesied that it could not bear the wear and tear of years, that its beauty would vanish with her girlhood, had resisted time, revolutions, the fall of empires, the loss of a fortune, the death of a husband, and numerous experiences which were like the great catastrophes of history. Her beauty, however, was less remarkable than her grace. She was quick-witted and clever, imparting to her smallest acts a *cachet* of happy ease which revealed the fact at once that she was a woman who had been involved in many matters of importance, and who had made her way through innumerable intrigues, from which she had adroitly escaped without injury.

She never made a single needless movement, she always said exactly the right thing, and was never at a loss for a word; she had that perfect ease which always puts others at ease at once. After the first moment or two, Jetta instinctively rendered her the justice of feeling that one could breathe freely near her without fear of breathing too hard.

If the marquise pleased the young girl, Jetta, in her turn, had made a most favorable impression on the marquise, who, without seeming to do so, had passed in review the entire person of Mademoiselle Maulabret, and had arrived at the conclusion, which she frankly expressed, that her eyes were made to inspire passion, and that her hand would be the prettiest in the world, when she had learned to glove it; her foot quite the

most beautiful when she had discovered where to purchase her *chaussure*; also that her hair was exquisite, or would be when she was properly *coiffée*; and her figure perfect when she had learned how to dress. Jetta was sorely tempted to reply that she did not care to be adorable or adored, but she had been admonished by Mother Amélie, and bidden to be very amiable and complaisant in all trifles, and to reserve all her energy and obstinacy for great occasions, so that she would not be accused of entering the world already prejudiced against it. She consequently kept her objections to herself, and Madame de Moisieux, giving her a little tap on her cheek, declared that from that day forth she would take it upon herself to teach her the smallest details of the toilet, but that now it was her first duty to take her to Monsieur Vaugenis, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. This gentleman, being the executor of Monsieur Antonin Cantarel's will, was entitled to a visit from the young lady.

When Sister Marie went to Passy to visit the dying bed of her great-uncle, her mind was so absorbed that, in the *salon*, crowded as it was, she had not noticed a single face; and, when she entered the presence of Monsieur Vaugenis, Mademoiselle Maulabret did not remember that she had seen him a fortnight previously leaning against the mantel and talking with a handsome young man. She had seen them both, however, without really noticing them.

The former President of the Chamber impressed her greatly, intimidating her by his cold politeness and by his reserve, which kept people at a distance. He disturbed her, too, by a slight cast in the eye, which was more mysterious than disagreeable, and which he had long since learned to utilize. Clever men make use even of their defects. Jetta could not quite decide if, when questioning her, he was looking at her or not, and was almost tempted to believe that his squint was intentional. He won her heart by the emotion he evinced in speaking of the great-uncle whom she had lost, and of the tender attachment that the noble old man had conceived for her. "He was so made," continued Monsieur Vaugenis, "that he could neither love nor hate in any half-way fashion. His was a full, well-rounded character, impetuous and strong for both good and evil. This man, who was apparently wrapped up in science, and who appeared to be so thorough a master of his emotions, and so reluctant to exhibit them, had in reality a most romantic nature; consequently, in all his friendships there was a certain stormy element. In losing him, I have lost one of the best and most faithful of friends; our romance has lasted forty years. In religion, politics, and in most other matters, we

were entirely at variance, and we quarreled all the time. We never passed three days without seeing each other, and we were never together two hours without a dispute. We were quite ready at times to take each other by the hair of the head, but fortunately our locks were scanty. One evening the quarrel was a little livelier than usual; we uttered some pretty hard words, and when we separated we were far from being reconciled. I went to bed, but I could not sleep; at daybreak I rose and walked out; I took my way toward Passy. In the center of La Place du Roi de Rome I met my old friend, who, wiping his brow, and holding his hat in his hand, was hurrying to me. We embraced each other, and all was settled."

"Permit me to ask one question, my dear president," said Madame de Moisieux.

When Monsieur Louis Cantarel was not present, she was quite willing to give to these people the title they had borne under the empire.

"How you must have suffered," she continued, "in seeing your dearest and most valued friend consigned to the earth with only a civil interment!"

"It was my duty to comply with his last wishes," answered the president.

"You are mistaken, I am no great theologian, but my opinions are pretty decided, and I always deem it wise to submit to established usages; it costs so little! Would you permit one of your friends to appear in the street wearing a Chinese hat—?"

"A Chinese hat is only a civil interment. I am not disposed to contradict you. But it is very difficult to reason with a dead man, and induce him to change his opinion."

"The dead are so reasonable!" answered the marquise, gayly. "Do what you will, they can't object."

"My dear marquise," he replied, in the same tone, "my conscience stings me; obliging as it is as a rule, there are occasions when it is restless. Would that you were always near me to compel it to listen to reason!"

Having exchanged this fusillade with the marquise, he turned toward Jetta, and said, gravely:

"I ought to inform you, mademoiselle, that by the terms of the will you are at liberty to draw your income from this date. I have notified your guardian of this fact, and also that you can not control the capital under two years."

"Which means, my dear," interposed the marquise, "that from this hour you will enjoy an income of sixty thousand francs, and, as I am strong in arithmetic, I will add that this gives you about nine louis to expend each day. But I warn you that under my influence you will

spend much more than that to-day.—Do you know, my dear president, that I am empowered to dress her completely from head to foot? Excuse us, therefore, if we leave you too uncereemoniously—we have a very laborious day before us.”

She rose as she spoke. Monsieur Vaugenis accompanied the ladies to the head of the stairs. When they were half-way down, he recalled Mademoiselle Maulabret, who turned back. He led her into the anteroom, and, pointing to the stairs with a threatening finger, he said, in a low voice: “Look out!”

Jetta looked at him interrogatively. For what was she to look out—the stairs or Madame de Moisieux?

“They rose very early in the morning,” he continued, in a crafty tone, “to spread their nets at the door of your hospital.”

She understood less and less; it seemed to her, however, that the stairs were set aside.

He added:

“Do me the favor not to take any step without consulting me. I have among my papers a letter from your great-uncle, which I can not yet show you, and which will, in all probability, influence you very strongly. By-the-way, you would like, I presume, to have his photograph; I will send it to you by mail. We must not keep Madame Moisieux waiting now.”

At these words he released his prisoner. She hastened to rejoin the marquise, who said:

“What did the dear president want?”

“He wished to ask if I had a photograph of my great-uncle,” answered Jetta, delighted to be able to answer with only a half falsehood.

“And now to attend to serious business!” cried Madame de Moisieux, gayly.

The serious business—and the words were not misapplied—consisted in hastening from the bootmaker to the milliner, from the milliner to the dressmaker and to a glove-shop—thence to several large silk-mercens, and to divers other establishments. All this haste, combined with fatigue, was not agreeable to Jetta, but the marquise enjoyed it. Fortunately, the severity of the weather caused few customers to be in the shops, so that the ladies were not compelled to wait. Fortunately, also, notwithstanding her misfortunes, and in spite of the republic, Madame de Moisieux was everywhere served with *empressement*—her name awakened far-away echoes. Then, too, she was never uncertain nor bargaining; she decided quickly, knowing neither hesitations nor repentance. She had, between whiles, several little quarrels with Jetta, who did not share her taste for gay stuffs and conspicuous colors. The young girl wished to wear mourning for her great-uncle, but the marquise

represented that for certain reasons, political and metaphysical, her guardian had a horror of black, of gray, and even of violet; that he believed real mourning was carried within the heart. She made some concessions, however, and Jetta did the same, remembering what her aunt, Mother Amélie, had said to her: “*Coulez le moucheron pour sauver la mouche*.” And purchase succeeded to purchase, package was added to package, mountain to mountain. The marquise ordered most of the things to be sent to Combard; those which she saw fit to take with her filled her berlin.

Interested in her occupation, she did not notice that the breakfast-hour had long since passed. She did not admit that one could live without moving, but was quite willing to believe that life was possible without eating. She contented herself with pecking a little here and there. Jetta, who was accustomed to simple but substantial food, was faint with hunger. About two o'clock the marquise took it into her head to enter the establishment of a fashionable pastry-cook, where they ate cakes, and drank a glass of punch, standing. Jetta found this refreshment very insufficient, but she was obliged to be satisfied and resume her shopping.

All this time the marquise labored to improve the manners and the mind of her pupil by instruction and anecdotes. She gave her a very exact and laboriously minute description of five toilets worn in the five acts of a new play, by the actress who took the principal rôle, declaring that she was the best-dressed woman in Paris. The marquise took this opportunity of enlarging on theatres, and even to describe certain features of the *coulisses*. Then, going back to the past, she described the last sojourn of the imperial court at Fontainebleau, and the three groups into which this court was divided—that of the *gros bonnets*, who thought only of politics; the *cour d'amour*, where discussions and arguments on love were settled; and a third group, composed of youth and gayety. Then abandoning herself to one of her fits of melancholy, half sincere and half feigned, which added to her vivacity a certain pathetic grace, she cried:

“Oh, my dear, how far away all this is—and how fast I am growing old! You have been restored to the world, and I am tempted to retire from it and take your place in the hospital. That is an exchange which would please me.”

She was entirely sincere in what she said—sincere while the words were on her lips. She had hours of intense sadness, but she never told any one with what incredible facility she consoled herself.

Jetta listened with her ears, but her thoughts

were elsewhere. All through the day she said to herself :

"They have just finished sweeping the ward ; the patients are all dressed. Who will give them their soup to-day ; and who will dress the old woman's hand—the one whose hand was crushed between two boats on the Canal Saint-Martin ? Now Mother Amélie has just retired to her room. By-the-way, I forgot that this is visiting-day. The relations will come, there will be a great deal of talking. Some of the poor mothers will weep bitterly. It is to be hoped that the patients won't be in a high fever to-morrow !"

The nurses at the hospital had, in fact, noticed that the day after the visitors had been there, either on account of the attendant excitement or of the dainties they had brought with them, the patients were always feverish, as shown by the placard affixed to their bed, which marked the oscillations of the pulse. It was of these things that Jetta thought, which, however, did not prevent her from listening so attentively to the marquise that the lady thought her very clever, although the girl had not spoken twenty words all through the day.

Madame de Moisieux had promised Monsieur Cantarel that his ward should reach Combard for dinner. Between three and four o'clock, therefore, the ladies drove to the Lyons station, just in time to catch the train. It was rather an arduous task to convey the thousand-and-one packages from the carriage to the cars. Jetta did her duty bravely, nearly disappearing under her bundles. There were few travelers, and the ladies were given a compartment to themselves, in which they were hardly installed when the train started.

VII.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET was familiar with but two things in the world, a convent and a hospital, after which came a very slight acquaintance with Paris, out of which she had never been in her life except two or three times with her father—merely then a few rods beyond the fortifications. The country, therefore, was to her an entire novelty. After passing Charenton she perceived, through the window of the car, a succession of small gardens about as large as one's hand, surrounded by walls which also inclosed tiny houses of one story, and often with only one window. In summer weather these houses and gardens are hired by workmen and shopkeepers, who pass their Sundays there with their families, delighted at being able to say, "My gooseberry-bush, my artichoke, and my geranium."

Jetta was not really in the country until, by the gray light of a December twilight, she be-

held, through a thick white fog, that stretch of level land which, beyond the Maisons-Alfort, extends from the railway to the Seine ; the fog lay like a winding-sheet, pierced by an occasional aspen or gnarled apple-tree, covered with frost and shivering under a lowering sky.

There was some difficulty in reaching Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. The extreme cold had hardened the snow that had blown over the track and made the road almost impassable. It was even worse beyond Villeneuve, where there are hills. Although an extra locomotive was put on, nearly an hour was consumed in going five kilometres. The two monsters puffed and panted with rage and indignation at not being able to perform the task appointed them. At the next station things were found in a still more uncomfortable condition—further progress was impossible. After waiting twenty minutes, Madame de Moisieux dropped her window and called to the superintendent, who could not obey without wading through a formidable drift. He explained to her that the wind, which was blowing fiercely, had piled the snow up beyond the station, and that it was necessary to wait until the squad of laborers, for whom he had sent, should clear it away ; this task would consume at least two hours, and there was nothing for the ladies to do but wait with all the patience they could summon to their aid.

The marquise resigned herself with great gayety, and, wrapping herself in her furs, said, with a shrug of her shoulders :

"Two hours is a long time ; let us try to sleep." But suddenly a happy thought came to her. "But you will lose your dinner !" she cried. "I am convinced that you are famishing even now."

Jetta admitted the truth of this surmise. Canaries may be fed on chickweed, but little girls require more substantial nourishment than pastry.

"Let us explore a little and see what we can find," said Madame de Moisieux.

They left the car and crossed the track, which, in spite of the ashes scattered over it, was in some places as smooth and slippery as a mirror. Unfortunately, there was no buffet.

"This is pretty bad !" said *la marquise*.

But as she spoke she perceived, seated in the corner of the waiting-room, a tall young fellow, with a fur cap pulled down over his ears and wearing high riding-boots. His face was half hidden under the turned-up collar of his overcoat, his arms were crossed, his legs outstretched, and he seemed to be either asleep or buried in thought. She did not need to see this person's face to recognize him, however. She went up to the sleeper, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said :

"Well, *mauvais sujet*, it was Heaven that sent you here!"

The *mauvais sujet* shook himself, started to his feet, and made a profound bow.

"I present to you a young girl who is dying of hunger. Prove to us, my dear Valport, that you can be useful occasionally by procuring us a dinner now."

"A dinner! My dear madame! Do you not know that we are in one of those holes where people do not dine?"

"Pshaw! as some one says, we will content ourselves with a wing of something."

"A wing! Bless my soul, how extraordinary!—but I will do the best I can."

He offered his arm to Madame de Moisieux, and, followed by Jetta, they started to cross a small square about which the wind whirled, and which for the moment resembled an Alpine glacier; with great exertion they succeeded in reaching a wretched *café* whose lights they could distinguish afar off. The proprietor, taken somewhat aback, was able to give them chairs, table-linen, plates, and a bottle of wine, but not a mouthful to eat except a loaf of bread.

"Keep up your courage, and have patience," said Monsieur Valport. "Be kind enough to wait for me. This is an occasion to exercise my rare genius."

He disappeared, only to return ten minutes later. Like Sancho at the marriage-feast of Gamache, he held in his right hand and pressed triumphantly against his heart a smoking *casserole*.

"Bravo!" cried the marquise, clapping her hands. "What have you brought us?"

"Alas! It has no wings—it is only a plate of giblets—but just smell of them! Is not the aroma delicious? Pray remember that I have just accomplished the bravest and most difficult task of my life. This *casserole* was actually on the table. The amount of words—the eloquence and diplomacy—I expended to gain possession of it is almost incredible."

Mademoiselle Maulabret had lifted her veil. Monsieur Valport looked at her, and his surprise was so great that his spoils nearly fell to the ground. But he regained his self-possession without the ladies having noticed his surprise. Then, placing the *casserole* on the table, he assisted the *garçon* to distribute plates and knives—himself drew the cork of the bottle, and then, turning to the marquise, said:

"Do you invite me?"

"Shall we invite him, my dear?" she said to Jetta.

The girl did not reply, but she rose and pushed a chair slightly toward Monsieur Valport, at the same time bestowing on him one of those smiles which were the boast of the hospi-

tal, and which only the night before had carried consolation to many a sick-bed. Monsieur Valport did not require to be consoled, but he was a connoisseur, and considered that this smile had well paid him for his trouble.

For the first time since the beginning of this laborious day, Mademoiselle Maulabret felt her heart so light that she was almost happy. Monsieur Valport had at once excited her interest. She had been struck by the beauty of his features, by the fire in his eyes, and the spirit in his face, and by a certain air of pride and resolution. She remembered having once seen in an illustrated book of travels, which she had been ordered to read in her convent, the portrait of a lion-killer, and she fancied that her new acquaintance resembled this portrait.

But, at this precise moment, Monsieur Valport was not hunting a lion; he was aiding a *garçon* in a *café* to lay a table, and looking forward to the enjoyment of a dish of chicken-giblets which he had been to procure for her through wind and snow. He pleased her decidedly: if she had said to the contrary, she would have told a falsehood, but, as she was not questioned on this point, she said nothing, but thought all the more. The giblets were attacked; the marquise herself condescended to partake of them, but in a very dainty and indifferent way.

"And now, my dear sir," she said, "have the kindness to inform me by what providential dispensation, at this hour when all Paris is at dinner, we meet you in a hole where, as you say, people never dine?"

"Do not ask me," he replied. "Either I should lie, or you would not believe me."

"Can it be that you have any secrets from me?"

"Heaven forbid! But my story would seem absolutely incredible."

"But suppose I promised to believe you?"

"Very well, then. I am simply on my way to Bois-le-Roi—to my château where I never go, and which is very like a barn."

"You intend to spend twenty-four hours there?"

"More than that."

"Three days, then?"

"Say rather three months."

"In the middle of winter? Impossible!"

"Did I not tell you that you would not believe me!"

"Is it a wager?"

"Precisely, madame."

"And the stakes are heavy?"

"Enormous. Everything in my life is on an exaggerated scale. If, unfortunately, I should lose now, you might look upon me not only as a ruined man, but as a dead one."

"Ah! I understand now why the boulevard to-day had such a desolate, melancholy aspect. It had already put on mourning for you. But, by the terms of your engagement, you need spend only your nights at Bois-le-Roi, and each morning—"

"No, madame, you are mistaken. If any urgent business should recall me to Paris, I should be compelled to request permission to return there, but I do not intend to do this if I can possibly help it."

"But how on earth will you occupy yourself?"

"In paying visits and taking all those steps required to insure my election as mayor of my commune next year."

"And when you are mayor—?"

"I shall labor to become counselor-general and then deputy."

"And in four years President of the Republic."

"Oh, that is not necessarily on the books! If I should ever become president, it would be that I might become useful to you, and be able to bestow upon you every favor which it would please you to ask of me."

"Look me full in the face," she answered.

"Ah! I see a little of the expression which the devil had when he wished to become a monk. But, my poor friend, it is useless—you can never do anything in politics."

"And why not?"

"Because, to have any success in that field you must believe in something, or at least pretend to believe; and you are equally incapable of believing or feigning."

"Let me go my way—faith will come."

"I doubt it. You are the most skeptical of men. You are a skeptic in all things, as regards women, business, and religion; you confessed as much to me one day at Trouville, and your life bears witness to the truth of your words, in spite of the good action you have just performed. Excellent as are your gilets, fragrant as they are, my advice to you is, Jetta, not to eat too much of them, for I distinguish more than a suggestion of onions."

Monsieur Valport eyed her for a moment, and, pushing back his chair, answered with some animation:

"You paint the devil blacker than he is. One would think, to hear you, that I have no good qualities. In the first place, I am not as skeptical as you think; I believe in my own will—yes, I thoroughly believe in myself, I assure you! Then, too, I have the merit of always respecting the faith of others. Tolerant skepticism should count for something, surely! Then, too, I never betrayed the confidence of a living being; and I

do not believe that any one ever had reason to regret having trusted me."

He became more excited, and, with his eyes on Mademoiselle Maulabret's face, seemed to summon her as a witness. Madame de Moisieux laughed.

"I honestly believe," she said, "that you think you are addressing your constituents. For what invisible audience is this outburst of eloquence intended? We are alone, monsieur—it is not worth while to become so energetic."

"Excuse me," he answered, coloring a little; "it is always advisable to practice for future emergencies."

"I see one good thing in all this," she replied. "I own some stock in this railroad, and you will double its value."

"In what way?"

"By the enormous amount of freight which will come over the road—things ordered by you from Paris daily. The *grand* and the *petite vitesse* will have as much as they can carry."

"Another mistake, madame. It has been stipulated that I shall content myself with the local products of Bois-le-Roi—even with the wine."

"And all else? Is it, then, a country fertile in beauty?"

"We do not understand each other," he answered. "You are not in earnest, and from this day I take everything *au sérieux*."

She looked at him with a quiet smile, and after a long silence—

"You have left her, then?" she said.

He answered with some hesitation:

"Yes—that affair is all over."

"And she is in despair?"

"You are too good; I do not believe in the despair of women."

"Is a reconciliation impossible?"

"Absolutely impossible. It is decisive."

"Ah, my dear boy! there is nothing decisive with you."

Jetta could not help hearing all this, but she could not understand half of the conversation. How could she suppose that her companions were speaking at this moment of a young and beautiful *danséuse*, who went by the name of Rosella?

"Do you know what I intend to do?" resumed the marquise. "I intend calling on you some day in your peaceful hermitage. I intend to assure myself with my own eyes that your austerities are not wearing you to a skeleton."

"I am sorry, madame, that I must beg you to relinquish this intention. I have sworn to renounce everything, even the pleasure of seeing you. It has been agreed that no woman shall set her foot within my walls. Do not come; my

watch-dogs would devour you, and I should be inconsolable."

At this moment a man came to inform them that the track was clear, and that the train was about to start. Monsieur Valport offered his arm again to Madame de Moisieux, to take her back to the car. As soon as she was seated, she said:

"*Bon voyage*—but, all the same, I believe you will lose your wager."

Monsieur Valport extended his hand to Jetta to aid her to ascend the steps. Her skirt caught, and she turned to disengage it. By the red glare of a resinous torch blazing in front of the station, she again beheld the face which so strongly resembled the portrait of the lion-killer, and a pair of eyes, as brilliant as carbuncles, riveted upon her. Without releasing the hand he held in a firm, steady grasp, the young man said, in a tone so low that he could be heard only by Jetta:

"By this little hand, which has stanchd so many wounds, and which closed the eyes of a man of genius, whom I loved—by this hand, which mine is unworthy to touch, I swear that I will win my wager!"

Profoundly troubled, she hastily entered the car, and he, closing the door upon her, went to his own.

"Do you know, *ma belle*," said the marquise to Jetta, "that you have had the strangest luck in your entrance to the world? You have had accident after accident. At one and the same time you come across a train that is stopped by the snow, and upon one of the handsomest wretches in Paris. What do you think of him?"

"I hardly know, madame," answered Mademoiselle Maulabret, who was struggling against her first impressions.

"Ah! my dear, he is handsome, unquestionably handsome; but he is the greatest madman the world ever saw. Permit me to tell you something about him. His father was a rich refiner; at twenty-five he inherited from him two or three millions. In three years one of these millions had vanished. Eighteen months ago he seemed to have settled down, that is, he only loved one woman at a time. The happy creature who fixed this fickle heart is a pretty *danseuse*, to whom he presented a little *hôtel*, which is an absolute jewel. I will show it to you some day when we go into Paris to try on your dresses. The report went that for some time this *ménage* was a most exemplary one, that absolute fidelity existed on both sides; it was even asserted that, if the damsel had resisted two weeks longer, he would have been idiot enough to marry her. As you see, eighteen months of constancy have proved too much for him: they have parted; he has fled to escape Hermione and her claws,

but he will never remain away from Paris for three months. He will go back soon, and, cured for ever of monogamy, he will begin again his fluttering from flower to flower, and the second million will vanish to the very last crown."

Madame de Moisieux talked on without the smallest suspicion that Jetta was divided between astonishment, chagrin, and anger. She was greatly amazed that Monsieur Valport should know her name and her history. A little chagrined that this handsome young man, who had pleased her so much, should be a wretch and a madman, and indignant that he should have sworn by the hand of a future hospital nun in an affair of so frivolous a nature as that of his wager. In short, her anger was greater than her chagrin, and her astonishment greater than her anger.

They finally reached their journey's end; but, thanks to the snow and the continual stoppages of the train, the clock at Combard was striking nine when Madame de Moisieux said to Jetta:

"At last, Heaven be praised!—we have arrived."

Monsieur de Cantarel's *calèche* had already been to the station three times for them. The coachman, fearing the cold for his horses, had preferred not to let them stand, and had driven off again. To get together their bundles and put them in the *calèche*, when it again appeared, occupied some minutes. A quarter of an hour later Mademoiselle Maulabret drove through gates which seemed to her monumental. She dimly perceived a terrace and a long façade, after which the carriage entered a courtyard and drew up before a flight of steps. Two tall lackeys in crimson livery—knee-breeches, and low shoes with huge silver buckles—were on guard in the anteroom. Madame de Moisieux, who knew these beings, dispensed with their services and herself opened the door of a large, richly decorated *salon*. Before a chimney with a carved mantel, in which blazed half an oak-tree, a man who had evidently eaten and drunk heartily, was slumbering in a large chair; opposite him, in a similar chair, a lady was equally sound asleep, her gray hair half hidden under black lace. The man was snoring, the woman moaning. They did not really waken even when Madame de Moisieux cried out:

"Here she is: she is charming; and I have a great mind to keep her for myself."

Monsieur Cantarel rose with a start, and, rubbing his eyes, murmured:

"Ah! marquise. We were afraid of an accident. I was very uneasy."

"So it seemed," she said, laughing.

And, refusing the cup of tea offered her, she hurried away.

For some moments Monsieur Cantarel stood examining Jetta from head to foot in grim silence. Then he asked her if she was hungry, if she was cold, if her feet were wet. She answered that her amiable chaperon had taken the best of care of her, and that she needed nothing.

A lackey entered with his arms full of bundles, and asked where he should put them.

"Heavens! what a pile!" cried Monsieur Cantarel, sulkily.

"I am, perhaps, more troublesome than these," she said, with a smile.

Madame Cantarel was, by this time, fully awake. She opened her eyes indolently, and said:

"It was probably the snow that detained you."

The observation was certainly judicious, but the voice was as icy as a December night.

"I imagine," said Monsieur Cantarel to his guest, "that it is your bed of which you stand most in need."

He rang, a maid appeared; he bade her show Mademoiselle Maulabret to her room. Jetta went toward her aunt to bid her good-night, but it was impossible for her to tell whether her intention was understood or not. She made a deep courtesy to her guardian, who said, mimicking her:

"This is one of your convent affectations." Then he added: "You must get rid of them, my dear—you must get rid of them. We will help you to do so."

As Jetta was leaving the room, a sudden draught blew out the candle which the maid held in her hand, and the woman went back to the *salon* to light it, leaving the door partially open. Mademoiselle Maulabret heard the following conversation:

"She does not strike me as very amusing," said Monsieur Cantarel.

"I did not know that you wanted her to amuse you," answered his wife, coldly.

"It is to be hoped," he resumed, "that she has not brought small-pox or typhus fever from her hospital."

"It is rather late in the day to think of that," she replied.

The maid now reappeared, and led Mademoiselle Maulabret through a long corridor to a room most charmingly, even coquettishly fitted up. The maid, who was a very elegant creature, offered her services, which were refused. A large fire crackled on the hearth. Before Jetta undressed, she took a seat in front of it and sank into a long reverie, where she saw an indefinite number of lovely marquises, whom she was bidden to distrust, immense shops filled with dry-

goods, billiard-rooms, and picture-galleries. She saw crowds of clerks with shining, well-brushed heads and deferential manners, mountains of silks, boots which would not fit and others which were perfect but which hurt her feet, dressmakers with the airs of an empress, Presidents of the Chamber who talked in enigmas, glasses of punch and trays of pastry; then came fields of snow, puffing locomotives, stations where there was nothing to eat and where handsome youths were asleep—youths who were very delightful at first, but who turned out to be monsters and wretches, and yet who insisted on holding her hand while they said incomprehensible things. It was all very strange.

Then she remembered the icy reception accorded her by her guardian and her aunt, and she felt more kindly toward the handsome young man. She remembered that he had said while he ate his chicken-giblets:

"Tolerant skepticism should count for something."

It seemed to her that these were very wise words. Why was it, when he was capable of talking so well, that he led so dissipated a life and made such foolish wagers?

She rose from her chair and began to make her toilet for the night. She said to herself in a melancholy tone, and half aloud:

"I am not amusing, and I have brought typhus fever with me." Then, kneeling before her bed, she recited her prayers. As she finished, her face brightened, and she said, with a half-smile:

"Ah! dear Father in heaven, during the two coming years aid me to make myself amusing, and to get rid of my affectations; after which time I shall give myself to you entirely."

VIII.

IF in this world there were such a thing as perfect happiness, it would have certainly been Monsieur Louis Cantarel's. His father had been an employee on a railroad; a man of considerable wit and imagination, who adored canaries and figures; with an inventive head which had never done him any good. This ingenious and clever personage had said to his two sons, when they were children: "You are a fool, my dear Louis; I feel no uneasiness about you. It is Antonin who troubles me; he has ability, and is looking for something which he will find probably in a hospital."

This prediction was only half fulfilled. Antonin had taken the road to the hospital, but the hospital had opened to him the path to glory and fortune. As to his brother, he had made money in a different way. His self-confidence was prodigious, and to this confidence he added certain

other business qualities—the ability to discover favorable chances, and the faculty of taking advantage of them. As he finished his apprenticeship in the establishment of a wholesale grocer, a providential chance threw a poor devil in his path who flattered himself that he had discovered a method of manufacturing macaroni and vermicelli superior to those of Naples and Genoa. No one, however, would believe in him; his manner was timid, and his voice weak. Louis Cantarel took it into his head to believe in him, and succeeded in obtaining money to enter on a business enterprise with him. They established themselves in partnership, and several years later the inventor died of pleurisy, leaving Louis in possession of the manufactory and of all he had himself made. The affair prospered, but the works were too small. Antonin then began to make himself known. He had won the eternal gratitude of one of the kings of finance by a very delicate operation, which revealed for the first time his marvelous foresight and singular accuracy of judgment. He was soon known and sought in the banking circles. Louis well understood how to make use of his brother's renown, and had no hesitation in doing so, at the same time calling on Antonin to aid him with both money and credit. Antonin submitted, believing it to be his duty, although he had for his younger brother very little sympathy. Louis did not long require his assistance; his Italian pastes acquired a marvelous reputation; his fortune was assured, and he was soon as wealthy as his brother.

It must be admitted that he had spared no trouble; that he had worked hard, and saw to everything himself; and that he could watch and fast when occasion demanded. At last, however, he grew weary of work, and his ambition was aroused. The two sons born of his first marriage had grown up; he had fashioned them in his own image. The Napoleon of *semoule* and macaroni had created his Lannes and his Augereau, and could confide to them his victorious sword. He did not hesitate to intrust to his sons the entire management of the manufactory. At fifty-four he made up his mind to enjoy life, and to gratify the strong desire he felt to become a power in the state. Up to that time he had been absolutely without opinions; he was therefore free to choose, and his choice was soon made. Having become a millionaire, the next step was to become a radical. This is often seen.

Since the definite triumph of the revolution, there are no more politics in France. The revolutionists have in their heads only agrarian laws, the abolition of the state, and of the army. Every one aspires to become a *gros bonnet*, which

means a man to whom people listen when he talks; whose wishes are laws and whose threats inspire terror. Monsieur Cantarel said to himself that in these republican days the surest means of success are to have vigorous lungs and very decided opinions. Nature had given him lungs, and he could easily obtain opinions.

"One need never take any trouble to satisfy reasonable people," he said to himself; "we may safely leave them to their own good consciences. It is far better to acquire the reputation of a troublesome and noisy man, and then you will get all you ask for, and perhaps even more—in order to keep you still, as cakes are given to children who cry, experience having proved that they do not cry when their mouths are full."

Deciding, therefore, that the *métier* of the good apostle is much less lucrative than that of a scarecrow, he determined to make himself dangerous—to be looked upon as a bugbear, in short. His dearest dream was to see Monsieur Louis Cantarel seated among the city council of Paris, having come to the conclusion that these, of all the dangerous men of France, are the ones that are the least likely to be refused anything they want; in addition to this they are allowed to sit at the Tuileries.

A vacancy was near at hand in one of the suburban arrondissements of Paris. Monsieur Louis Cantarel had early made his preparations for the election, and felt sure of success, as his face evinced. To the aureole about his head, placed there by his millions, was now added the brilliancy of a happy candidate. He was proud of his past, he enjoyed his present, and believed in his future, all of which appeared in his look of triumph, in his outswelled cheeks, and in the radiance of his smile.

"Your brother's face perspires with happiness," Monsieur Vaugenis had said one day to his friend Antonin.

It must not be supposed, however, by my readers that Monsieur Cantarel's radicalism was an artifice or a piece of hypocrisy. He had chosen those opinions which suited his humor and his temperament. From his youth up he had had certain tendencies toward equality. Having never learned Latin, he would have wished Latin to be interdicted by law; any one who preferred to read Horace or Cicero in the original was sneered at by him as old-fashioned and ridiculous. He detested the aristocracy of intellect more than any other, and wished ill-luck to all possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. If La Brie, where he pitched his tents, pleased him, it was because La Brie is a flat country. The vicinity of a mountain would have oppressed him. He did not like to feel anything above his head. Mother Amélie accused him of not be-

lieving in God; he valued his brother too little, and he respected Robespierre too much, to be an atheist. He was quite ready to believe in an easy, good-natured Father in heaven who did not like priests any better than he did himself; who was, in short, the foe of all the black army. Monsieur Cantarel's political convictions consisted, in fact, of certain formulas, which he repeated until he was weary, allowing others to explain them as seemed to them good. He called himself a partisan of scientific radicalism, pronouncing these two words with the air of a man who understands himself and who knows what he intends to say. He remade the history of France to suit his own views, and was not willing to admit that the kings, by their policy and their marriages, that Richelieu by his genius, or Mazarin by his skill, had accomplished anything in the increase of territory; the greatest sovereigns and the most marvelous men of their times were, in his eyes, mere leeches who had fed on the people. He lost his temper when he heard the assertion that Francis I had protected art, and that Louis XIV knew what he was about. He admitted that Napoleon I had been a man of some talent, but he always spoke of him as that monster.

One day, in a public meeting, he spoke of Henri IV in these terms: "He whose name dishonors one of our boulevards." At the same time he professed to worship Étienne Marcel—one would have sworn that he had known him personally, that together they had humiliated the Dauphin. He affirmed that everything which is good, useful, and wise in this universe, has been the work of the people: consequently, he was interested in the people; he spoke of their "rational welfare," and declared that "labor should be the foundation of politics," and believed in the "creation of the citizen by the exercise of all his natural rights." He had started a journal, and employed it, every morning, to announce to his electors that as soon as he was elected municipal councilor he should consecrate all his leisure to "creating" them.

It is needless to add that, after the black army which he detested more than all else in the world, he hated what he called "opportunism"—which was equivalent to saying that he hated common-sense. There are many radical millionaires who make noble and beneficent use of their wealth. As if they wished at one and the same time to satisfy their generous instincts, and disarm the judgment of a jealous democracy, they occupy themselves in solving the social question—they hope to be forgiven for their gold if they employ some of it in constructing for their workmen and their families asylums, schools, hospitals, and homes. Monsieur Cantarel was not of

this stamp; he was magnificent and generous only to Louis Cantarel. He had presented to himself the Château de Combard, which had been furnished, decorated, and inhabited for some little time by Madame de Pompadour. He had the gardens remade in the taste of the day, and the apartments restored by an architect of great merit, whose advice he had the good sense to follow meekly.

But it was his own idea when he ordered a bust of Danton, wearing a Phrygian cap, as an ornament for his lawn; and also a picture for his *salon* as a pendant to three shepherdesses by Lancret. This picture was painted to order with the most precise directions, and was called "Despotism and Superstition put to Flight by the Flambeau of Free Thought."

At the end of the terrace was a charming "Temple of Love," which was reached by marble steps on which was a rose-colored flush, and the cupola was supported by twelve fluted columns. Under this cupola, on which were painted half a dozen dimpled Cupids among clouds, Monsieur Cantarel had placed a colossal group entitled "L'Enseignement laïque et obligatoire." The group consisted of an old man with a heavy beard and the head of a river-god, who was teaching the alphabet to two wonder-struck and delighted children. It was in this way that Monsieur Cantarel reconciled his opinions and his tastes; it was thus that he retrieved his principles.

He adored his château, and honestly confessed as much. His desire to become a member of the Municipal Council of Paris had greatly increased since these *séances* had been held at the Tuileries. It seemed to him that it would give him immense pleasure to seat himself in that kingly palace and to say to himself, "Once it was theirs, now it belongs to us." While awaiting this auspicious day he lodged under the roof of the Pompadour, and murmured under his breath, "Formerly it was hers, now it is mine!" He decided that this was the true and most satisfactory *résumé* of the history of France. Each spring when he returned to Combard he felt a thrill of joy as he walked about his lawn and looked at Danton's bust. The cane he carried he pretended had once belonged to Robespierre, and the round head, which it pleased him to bite, opened and displayed a miniature representation of the taking of the Bastille. He did not take the trouble to remember that Robespierre had sent Danton to the guillotine; these details were too frivolous for him. When he was weary he took a seat under a century-old tree, and contemplated the thick shadows of his immense park, his gardens beautifully kept and quite worthy of the Trianon, his hot-houses, the sculptured

balustrade of his terrace, his Temple of Love, his *enseignement laïque*, and he was happy, happy that he was himself and none other, happy in the sight of his liveried lackeys, whom he had chosen with all the care lavished by the father of the great Frederick on the choice of his grenadiers. It seemed to him that the sweetest joy a small man can feel is when he orders about, with a glance of his eye, servants who are at least a head taller than himself. They had been drilled and polished until, in his presence, they were as solemn as bonzes. He did not fail to represent to them, from time to time, that they were citizens, and lectured them on civic morality. One thing, however, annoyed him at times: he did not like to remember that these fellows, with their gold-lace, had votes as well as himself, and their suffrages were as heavy in the urn as his own. This unhappy reflection cost him many a pang, but he consoled himself with the knowledge that under fear of being dismissed they would probably vote as he pleased, which gave him thirty votes instead of one. But, to be still more certain of this, he would have gladly abolished the secret investigation which, in principle, he approved of. And this is the result of having lackeys: it drives one to frightful inconsistencies.

Although he was neither generous nor benevolent, although generally speaking he was actuated only by his interest and his family, Monsieur Cantarel was not a bad man. He asked no better than to make people happy, if it cost him nothing; he never forbade any one's coming to bask in the sun of his happiness, which illuminated all about him. This spectacle was free to the public. He had his little tempers, even an occasional outburst of passion; he had, however, never laid his short, fat hand on any one his anger was more noisy than deep, but he never showed it except to his inferiors.

We have heard of a Russian who felt it necessary to quarrel with some one during his repast, otherwise his food did him no good. Monsieur Cantarel resembled this Russian. His first care on taking his seat at the table was to open a discussion: he talked and argued, which facilitated discussion. Consequently, he did not enjoy dining alone with his wife; for she would not argue. If she aroused herself sufficiently from her indolence to make any reply, it was worded in such clear, cutting terms that the subject was closed; he often felt as if he had committed the imprudence of stepping on a wasps' nest, believing it empty, and the wasps had flown out and stung him.

M. Cantarel was quickly reconciled with the process of events which had led him to embarrass himself with a young ward, and after the second day began to regard her as necessary to

his health. Between the courses at dinner he teased and taunted her—launched epigrams at her, and even, as on the first evening, mimicked her tone and manner with the most horrible grimaces, in which Jetta, modest as she was, could not recognize herself. He often said to her:

"Come, now, be honest, young witch, and tell us how you managed about that will."

Then she colored up to her eyes; it seemed to her that, in his opinion, she had encroached on his domains. She asked herself seriously in what way, by what indelicate manoeuvres, by what fraudulent and criminal means, she had insinuated herself into the good graces and the will of her great-uncle. But in vain did she question her conscience—her conscience refused to admit her crime.

In reality, Monsieur Cantarel was neither surprised nor displeased; his brother had informed him of his intentions, and he had accepted the position with a philosophy greatly admired by Jetta. She pardoned him many things on account of this disinterestedness, to which she had the key only at a much later date. He informed her, however, that her cousins were furious against her, and regarded her as an interloper and schemer, and, in fact, since her arrival at Combard, they had not once been there.

Monsieur Cantarel began by submitting to her presence, and soon, notwithstanding his aversions to nuns and religious people, conceived for her a certain friendly feeling. She was eager for affection and wanted to be loved, consequently she occupied herself much for the benefit of others. She lavished on her guardian much of the eager, tender care of which she had been so lavish with her sick people, and before long he began to realize this and to think the young Sister, in spite of her convent education, quite a pleasant addition to his house. She took all his epigrams pleasantly, even gayly, and was offended at none of his severe speeches.

One morning he went to her room to take her a letter from Mother Amélie.

"Heaven only knows," he grumbled, "what nonsensical notions that old chatterbox will put into your head."

At the same moment he noticed that she had hung on the wall, between the white curtains of her bed, an ivory crucifix, given her by Madame Thérèse.

"Upon my word, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, angrily, "I will not have that thing in my house! Do me the kindness to clear your wall."

She hastily removed the crucifix and placed it in a drawer of her wardrobe. She did not need to hang it on the wall; when she wished to see it, she had only to close her eyes.

Her guardian was still more conciliated by the sincere admiration she showed for his château; he judged her worthy of examining it in detail. He showed her everything, even his Fragonards, the subjects of which were somewhat startling, and the figures not as thoroughly clothed as they might have been. But the Fragonards did not disturb Mademoiselle Maulabret, and his malice was not gratified. Nudity startled her less than he supposed; she had seen so much at the hospital. He said to her, pinching her ear or her cheek as he spoke:

"Admit, pretty nun, that it costs you something to live with the Pompadour."

She was aware that this charming marquise had been the mistress of a king who had more than one. This history, however, did not interest her. Mother Amélie had told her many similar ones, but she was not prevented by it from admiring the beautiful things about her, and her guardian's château struck her as simply superb. At the same time she took care not to tell him that it seemed to her altogether too large for him, and that all the pride of a little *bourgeois*, no matter how much he frothed and foamed—no matter how much he inflated himself—could not fill it.

Nor did she say that the panels of the doors, painted by Boucher, were terribly at variance with the Phrygian caps, and that the *enseignement laïque*, enthroned in a Temple of Love, produced the effect of an ill-bred intruder who, having mistaken the door, installs himself among others with scanty ceremony and has the folly to consider himself at home. She kept all these reflections to herself and simply admired. He asked nothing more.

She saw little of him, however; almost every morning he repaired to Paris, where business and his journal called him, and did not appear again until dinner. On leaving the table he changed his linen, arranged with coquettish care his curling gray hair, which was as compact as a cabbage, combed out his long whiskers, perfumed his handkerchief, and then, with a radiant face and striking reverberating blows, with his Robespierre cane, on the paved courtyard, he took his way to the gate by which his park communicated by a footpath with the sparse grove surrounding the chalet which was the home of Madame de Moisieux. He never returned before midnight, and Jetta often said to herself, "What can they find to talk about."

She finally discovered that they played bézique, at which she was still more amazed. Madame la Marquise de Moisieux playing bézique with Monsieur Louis Cantarel! It seemed to her that this was one of the most extraordinary events of the century. She could not make it out.

If she saw but little of her uncle, she saw a great deal of her aunt, whose society and conversation gave her but a very moderate degree of pleasure. Madame Cantarel, as Mother Amélie had said, was a fine example of virtue kept on ice.

But for her hooked nose, which disfigured her, and a lymphatic complexion, under which the blood never seemed to circulate, she would have been more than passable; she had height, a good carriage, fine shoulders, and certain grace in her outlines. But, in spite of appearances, this tall, vigorous-looking woman was in wretched health; she was always in pain, and always cold. She was never seen without a shawl, and shivered incessantly even when she sat by the fire, with every door closed in the *salon*. It was not true, however, that she wearied people with a narration of her ailments; she never spoke of them nor of anything else. She was the daughter of a lawyer in Paris, whose acquaintance Monsieur Cantarel had made through the assistance of his brother and Monsieur Vaugenis; he had married her without a *dot*, in the time when, not having yet acquired his principles, his ambition was limited to making useful connections, and pushing himself into a certain social position. She had not given a willing consent to this marriage; her family had, in fact, compelled her to submit. Much more cultivated and far better bred than her husband, she soon took his measure. His manner, tones, and opinions, combined with two or three infidelities, inspired her with an aversion which closely approached hatred. After several revolts, she quieted down and learned to endure him as calmly as she endured her neuralgia. Had she appealed to his vanity, she could soon have managed him entirely, but she did not deign to take this trouble. Contempt is in this world one of the most powerful of obstacles. He feared her, although she never contradicted him in anything, and allowed him to go his own way without hindrance from her; under all circumstances she was icily polite; when he consulted her, her invariable reply was, "Do precisely as you please."

Her indifference, which extended to greater lengths than one can readily believe, was a system, a preconceived plan, and almost a passion: she was determined not to interest herself in anything or anybody. This was the revenge she took for the *mésalliance* into which she had been forced. Taken away from all her old associations, she determined to be always alone, even in society. Her silence was almost unbroken; no one ever possessed a similar faculty of holding her tongue. When obliged to speak, she abridged her words as much as possible. She sometimes said at table, "Egg—bread—coffee!" This was

her way of asking Jetta which she would have. This marvelous silence did not prevent her, however, from managing her house admirably; her monosyllables were easily comprehended, and the tall lackeys, as well as Monsieur Cantarel, were afraid of her. She drove Jetta to despair by her somnolence, by her languor, and her yawns. When she was asked a question, she replied by a yawn; when a footstool was placed under her feet, her thanks were stifled by a yawn. She employed a large part of her time in knitting stockings and jackets for the poor, but it was her maid who distributed them. She was willing to aid the unhappy and sick, provided she was excused from seeing them. When Jetta proposed to assist her in her knitting, she did not reply, not even with a yes or a no. While an ever-increasing grandeur was playing bézique with faded splendor in the neighboring chalet, Mademoiselle Maulabret passed her evenings knitting alone with Madame Cantarel, without having the least idea whether or not her assistance was acceptable to that lady. In the *salon* reigned a mournful silence, that weighed upon her like lead—no other sound than the dull click of her long wooden needles and the spasmodic striking of an old clock, which was very precious, though extremely wheezy. If the ghost of La Pompadour had come to revisit her château, she might have regarded the life as a trifle dull.

Occasionally Madame Cantarel would ask Jetta a question; she asked how the Augustines were dressed, and what were the rules of the community. Jetta would reply with feverish haste, in a breathless way, with one phrase piled on another as if she were throwing on a fire log after log to melt a block of ice, that looked as if it might possibly melt. The illusion was brief: Madame Cantarel dropped her needles, closed first one eye and then the other. Was she already asleep? Jetta did not know. Just as the clock struck eleven, she stretched herself, and said with a yawn:

"We have gossiped enough, my dear; let us go to bed."

Everybody has some interest in life; absolute indifference is a *régime* as impossible to the spirit as absolute fasting is to the body. Jetta finally discovered that Madame Cantarel had a great liking for a black cock and hen, which she had bought at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. On rainy days, snowy days, sharp, windy days, on any and all of them, she never failed to visit them in the poultry-yard, and feed them from her own hand. She was once gracious enough to take Jetta with her. She bade the girl admire their pretty, short claws, their delicate heads, bright eyes, their crests and gills, of a rich, dark crimson, the color of a poppy that is beginning to fade, their white

plumage, silky and light, which the least breath raised, and showed their black skins. Jetta saw on her aunt's lips a faint, chilly smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine, but it was a smile, and it was almost sunshine.

Thus did the days of Mademoiselle Maulabret slip away in La Pompadour's château. There was nothing there to induce her to forget her hospital. Fortunately, Madame de Moisieux was close at hand, and Madame de Moisieux was a woman who spoke, who listened to one and all. Heaven had sent her to Combard as a resource for both guardian and ward; she enjoyed seeing them both, but she never liked to receive them together, not liking to say in the presence of the one that which she said to the other. Almost daily she sent for Jetta. She had a thousand things to tell her, a thousand questions to ask, and a thousand counsels to offer.

One day when they were returning from Paris, she said to the young girl:

"You know, my dear, that contrasts attract. You would never believe how much your gentle sweetness pleases my vivacious nature, nor how much I, in my weary lassitude, am sustained by your innocence. I have fallen in love with you, and I spend hours in devising some method by which I can have you for the rest of my life—unfortunately, however, I have not yet found a way."

She was fibbing—she had found it long before.

IX.

THE December snows had melted; the air was cold but dry, and at intervals the sun came out and softened its rawness. Madame de Moisieux had reproached Jetta for never going to see her unless she sent for her. On a lovely afternoon, therefore, in the middle of January, Jetta, in order to please her friend, went unsummoned to the chalet.

She never went there without relapsing into profound reflections on the vicissitudes of human affairs. Monsieur de Moisieux had owned at Combard superb forests in which he with his friends hunted; he had parted with all this at a time when he was sore pressed for money. Of all his domain there remained only this château; a garden and some young plantations—these had not found a purchaser, and the widow retained them, hoping that more fortunate days were in store for her. She determined, moreover, to prove to her creditors that the sheep had no more wool. The chalet was comfortable—coquettishly furnished, but very tiny. The garden was nothing more than a kitchen-garden. The plantations, uncared for, were gradually dying out; beyond these was a summer-

house from which a lovely view could be obtained; then came a high wall bristling with broken bottles.

Within this modest inclosure lived a woman whose life had once been a succession of *fêtes*, and who had been the soul of these *fêtes*. On the other side of the wall lay outspread all the insolent wealth of a little *bourgeois*, who possessed a magnificent park, whose gravel walks were so carefully rolled that one dared not walk on them for fear of leaving a footprint—where there were hot-houses in which grapes ripened in mid-winter, a *chef* who had come from an ambassador, stables full of horses, equipages and liveries which dazzled all Combard, an historical château, of which only one wing was occupied.

Jetta approached the gate, but as her hand touched it she remembered that an hour before she had seen her guardian's Victoria driving toward the station in order to be there when the train arrived. Probably he had returned from Paris at mid-day—an exception, to be sure, to his ordinary habits, but he might even now be at the chalet. She had discovered that he did not like to be intruded upon when enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with the marquise, but she was not philosopher enough to puzzle out the reason; but the fact did not escape her, for a girl may be very innocent and yet very shrewd. She was about to retrace her steps, when she saw Lara running toward her.

Lara was a young and very wide-awake fellow, a Greek—and just eighteen. Monsieur de Moisieux had come across him on the quay at Beyroot and had brought him to Paris with him. The marquise declared that he was utterly useless, but that she kept him in memory of her husband, who had bidden her be kind to the boy; this obedience on her part was the complement to the seven portraits.

She slandered Lara, however, for he was immensely useful to her in a thousand ways. He took the place of Monsieur Cantarel's twelve lackeys—he was her factotum, her *maître d'hôtel*, her footman, in turn, always accompanying her when she rode. He had his faults—he was not easy to live with—he was passionate and meddlesome, speaking whenever he pleased, giving his opinion under all circumstances, whether it was wanted or not. But his faults were all forgiven, for he was such a handsome fellow. When he appeared in the village dressed in his national garments—his scarlet fez and embroidered vest—all the women, matrons, and maids, peeped from behind their curtains or came out to their doors, to see him pass. He did not condescend to notice them; his mind was elsewhere, and his head was among the clouds.

Lara had taken a great dislike to Monsieur

Cantarel, regarding him with a certain holy horror, and would have liked to play him a trick, but he wished well to the old gentleman's ward, and honored her with his protection, deigning to compliment the marquise on having admitted her to her intimacy. This audacious young fellow went so far as to confess to the cook one day that he should have fallen in love with Mademoiselle Maulabret if his heart had been free.

"And who has taken your heart prisoner?"

"That is my secret," he answered, with a profound sigh.

"Oh! you need not tell us," answered the woman; "we all know, and we know, too, that you are a little simpleton."

When Mademoiselle Maulabret saw that Lara was coming toward her, she perceived also that his eyes were red, and he seemed to be in a frightful passion. She did not dare to ask him what the matter was, as the cook had done. She simply inquired if the marquise was at home, and if she was alone.

"Entirely alone, mademoiselle," he answered, eagerly. "Madame is in the summer-house; pray hasten!—she is waiting for you."

Was it his mistress who had taught him to lie? A Greek boy who has wandered on the quays of Beyroot does not need to be taught this useful, almost necessary art. The fact is, the marquise was in her summer-house, but she was not alone, and she was not waiting for Mademoiselle Maulabret.

As she was walking through her plantation, she had seen Monsieur Cantarel arrive. When he joined her, she pointed to a letter she held in her hand; she did not read it to him, however, but said, joyously:

"You see the happiest of mothers. He has written me from London that he will be here to-morrow afternoon. Imagine my joy. It is two whole years since I have seen my boy."

"Good! I am glad," he answered. "And I, my dear madame, have hurried here to tell you that I have accomplished this morning the matter of which we were speaking. Yes, madame, to please you, I have asked an audience of this fictitiously great man. I leave you to imagine what it cost me, for you know how odious such subserviency is to me. Well! I flattered him, I fawned upon this man, I licked his feet, so to speak; I made myself humble and small."

"I know you are capable of all this to serve your friends," she said, with a charming smile. "And he shall have this second secretaryship, then? Does he encourage us to hope for it?"

"Well! in a way he does. It seems, madame, that in 1869 your son was attached to the embassy at Berlin as third secretary, and that he

is not remembered there with entire satisfaction."

"That is sheer calumny, Monsieur Cantarel. Lésin's errors all arise from distrust of himself, through excess of modesty and humility. He has had difficulty in ripening, but he is now formed. Men of twenty-seven are no longer timid."

"The truth is, madame, his name displeases the authorities, for it is difficult to believe that the sons of certain fathers can ever become loyal servants of the republic."

The marquise put on her grand air, her Tuileries air, and explained to Monsieur Cantarel that a very great error had been made in regard to the part played by Monsieur de Moisieux under the empire. He was considered to be a favorite of his master, although in reality he had owed nothing to his favor, and had always had the liveliest sympathy for the parliamentary *régime*. She demonstrated to her neighbor that the dead, whose memory she cherished, had always behaved like a true citizen, almost like a hero, and most certainly like an honest and a frank counselor, blaming errors, pointing out mistakes, foreseeing and denouncing catastrophes, showing to the blind the abyss toward which they were hastening—for nowadays it is odd how every one foresaw the catastrophe, blamed the errors, and predicted the abyss!

If Monsieur de Moisieux had been heeded, France would have been saved. In short, she revealed to Monsieur Cantarel an entirely new Monsieur de Moisieux, a man whom no one had ever known. She had often admitted that the emperor had been kindly disposed toward them, but she now smoothed down these admissions, until very little remained, little more than the figure of the emperor. Women have a particular faculty of disembarassing themselves of obnoxious facts, and of souvenirs which are in their way; they toss about their heaviest burdens of facts and souvenirs as lightly as jugglers do their balls.

Madame de Moisieux terminated her discourse in these words:

"No, no, my good neighbor, it is not the *régime* which we loved—we served it in spite of ourselves; but we had, I must confess, an attachment for the man."

"For the Man of December!" interrupted Monsieur Cantarel, exploding like a bomb-shell.

"A man may be criminal," she replied, in a tone of courageous frankness, "and yet have excellent qualities. This was the case with this dreamer. But he is no more, and I feel myself released. As to Lésin, he has been spending two years in the United States, and has returned, it seems, more of a Red Republican than your-

self, Monsieur Cantarel; but you can judge to-morrow."

"It is not I whom he must convince, my dear madame, it is the man of power, the man who disposes of all offices, the man who is adored by France, for France must always adore some one. This man—ah! how well I know him!—said to me, with a most charming smile, 'Monsieur Cantarel, I give you my word that, on the same day that you become a member of the Municipal Council, the young Marquis de Moisieux shall be made second secretary.' Now, madame, my election is certain."

She extended her hand, saying:

"How happy you make me! In a few hours my poor Lésin will know all he owes you."

He looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"Ah!" he said, "I care little for his gratitude; yours is all I ask."

"Do you doubt it?"

"I doubt everything, madame. Take pity on me and on my hopes."

"Your hopes! Ah, Monsieur Cantarel, you promised me never to allude to them again."

"And I have kept my promise until now, but my patience has gone; I can no longer keep silent. Do you not see the state to which you have reduced me?"

"I do not, I confess," she answered, laughing. "But I believe it, since you tell me so."

"Do not laugh, madame; no later than yesterday I was tempted to kill myself."

"You make me tremble. Alas! my friend, what would then become of France and Lésin?"

He looked at her again and consulted with himself a moment, wondered if he dared, and, passing by degrees from chest-notes to the most flute-like tones, he murmured:

"Ah, marquise, dear marquise, when will you show me a little kindness?"

Madame de Moisieux looked at Monsieur Cantarel a moment, divided between indignation, aroused by his audacity, and the desire she had to laugh at it; but she restrained her merriment, and said, in a cold, reserved tone:

"Really, Monsieur Cantarel, you forget yourself!"

He answered sharply:

"It was this morning, madame, that I forgot myself, when I went to dance attendance for your sake on a great man—I, who detest both great men and anterooms. And I have not yet forgotten the day when I degraded myself by imploring mercy from one of the most ferocious of your many creditors."

"All that is set down in your great book, and you will present your account. You are too commercial, Monsieur Cantarel."

He was becoming very angry. She repented

of her own indignation. Her expression suddenly changed, and, dropping her eyes with a blush like a young girl, she murmured :

"It is of no use, I can not be angry with you. Ah, my dear neighbor, you are a most dangerous man!"

These brief words were quite sufficient to dissipate the cloud on his brow. To be looked upon as dangerous by the government and by women seemed to him the highest degree of human felicity. He regained his temper, and caressed his whiskers with the ends of his fingers, after which he regarded the marquise with an air that was both tender and bantering, while he rattled in the palm of his hand his watch-chain with its massive *breloques*.

"What pleasure," said he, in a plaintive tone, "can you have in prolonging indefinitely a poor man's agony? Come, now, tell me why you torment me in this way?"

"I have many and excellent reasons. In the first place, I do not believe in you. No, you need not say one word. It is a mere affair of vanity, my friend. I am afraid you are somewhat reckless."

"I reckless! I assure you—"

"And I assure you that I am old and weary. Ah! if you only knew, my friend, to what a point I have arrived, how heartily sick I am of everything. I am now merely a mother; I feel as a lioness might with her one cub. When my maternal anxiety is removed, when my dear boy—"

"But I have just told you that the great man has given me his word."

"But this secretaryship is not all. This marriage, this famous marriage—"

"Well! you have my word for that, have you not?"

"But what will our young girl wish?"

"That is of very little consequence," he answered, straightening himself. "Do you look upon me as a guardian in a comedy? Besides, of what are you thinking? I assure you, the mere thought of being addressed as marquise will cause her little heart to leap for joy. Are you afraid that her scruples—that Mother Amélie—will advise her to affect reluctance? I dare say, but never mind. She will give us no trouble—she has fewer scruples and is far brighter than you suppose. I repeat that she belongs to you. You may look on this marriage as a fixed fact."

They entered the summer-house.

"Marquise," said Monsieur Cantarel, "I may be of a commercial turn of mind, and I shall probably always remain so, for I fancy that in these days it may be as well to give a commercial character to the engagements of the heart. Now let us make a bargain. Swear to me," said he,

dropping on his knees and trying to take her hand.

"For Heaven's sake, rise!" she exclaimed. "You in this position—you, with your principles and ideas?"

"Upright before tyrants—kneeling before women! that is my motto; and I am determined not to move until you have promised me—"

"Anything you please, if you will only rise!" she cried, in great fright.

She had heard footsteps, and the amorous sexagenarian heard them also. Unfortunately, his corpulence and his overcoat impeded him, and he was really on his feet when Jetta appeared at the entrance of the summer-house. She had not heard one word, but she had eyes.

"Ah! *ma belle*, you arrive just in time," said the marquise, kissing her. "Assist your guardian to find one of the beads from my bracelet that I have just lost."

The innocent Jetta began to look for the bead, but she did not find it, although her sight was exceptionally good. At this moment Lara emerged from a thicket; he was always intruding when least expected.

"Never mind, Jetta. Don't trouble yourself," said the marquise. "Let Lara look; his eyes are better than yours."

She then tried to talk of other things, but in spite of her efforts the conversation languished.

Monsieur Cantarel had not, in regaining his feet, regained his temper; he was morose, and scowled. He soon rose to return to the château, accompanied by his ward. In vain did she coax him to admire the sun, which was setting as red as fire.

"It looks like a great red wafer," he said, sulkily, shrugging his shoulders. "What is there so wonderful in that?"

During the entire dinner he tormented her. He begged her to reveal to him what he called the horrible mysteries of the black army. Between the meats and the dessert he devoured ten nuns and twenty curés. His conclusion was that it was best to be done with all these people for the sake of public and private morality, for the sanctity of conjugal relations and family ties.

Madame Cantarel had apparently paid no attention to what was said. When, however, she was alone in the *salon* with Jetta, just as she was falling asleep, she aroused herself with a start.

"What have you done to your guardian, my dear, that he should be so vindictive toward you?" she asked, half opening her heavy eyes.

Then, ashamed of her curiosity, she added, without waiting for a reply:

"By-the-way, one of my black chickens is dead of the pip. It is a great misfortune."

X.

THE next day Mademoiselle Maulabret was astonished to hear, for the first time, that Madame de Moisieux had a son; that this son had just returned from America, where he had spent two years; that he would dine that same evening at the château, and that she, in view of the solemnity of the occasion, was expected to put herself "under arms" and appear in her most gorgeous raiment. Monsieur Cantarel, whose gayety had returned, forgot how disagreeable he had been, and advised her to wear a dress with a low body.

Jetta did her best; she carefully recalled all the instructions she had received from Madame de Moisieux. The idea of the young marquis disturbed her. She took it for granted that he had inherited all the graces and attractions of his charming mother, with the addition of a delicate mustache, and it so happened that this mustache was strangely like that of Monsieur Albert Valport, of whom she was very apt to think.

The hours of meals were formerly announced at Combard by a bell which was cracked. Not liking its sound, the present lord of the domain had replaced it by a Chinese gong, whose tremendous noise was heard a half-league off. No person could ignore it; everybody knew that Monsieur Cantarel was about to unfold his napkin. When this gong sounded, Mademoiselle Maulabret was "under arms." Nothing could have been more charming than her robe of mauve surah, whose audacious and yet modest make did honor to the dressmaker of Madame de Moisieux. Around her throat was a black-velvet ribbon, from which hung a beautiful cross of Rhine stones, the only souvenir she had of her father. She looked in her mirror and beheld a stranger whom she had never before seen. This stranger returned her smile. She thought her very pretty—too much so, perhaps, under the circumstances.

She went down to the *salon*, where the marquise and her son had just arrived. Her entrance made a great sensation. Madame de Moisieux clapped her hands; Madame Cantarel looked as if she had discovered America; Monsieur Cantarel thought this fair young girl did honor to his gilded and painted *salon*; he was glad she looked so well, and glad to have her there.

She hardly perceived the impression she had made, so great was her astonishment.

The young Marquis de Moisieux was presented to her. Was this really he—a stout young man, square and ill-formed; a mass of fair hair approaching to red, a pale complexion, and cheeks already flushed by the abuse of stimulants; large, protruding eyes, as pale and faded as those of a

dying fish; thick speech, no air or bearing, and a certain confused, half-frightened manner, not uncommon among young men whose associates are to be ashamed of!

Good Heavens, what a marquis! Could this be the son of his mother? It was impossible to say, in looking at him, whether he was fifteen or forty. His smile was childish, but the lines on his brow, the crow's-feet about his eyes, told of a long past—of the slow rust of years, and of innumerable bottles drunk as soon as the corks were drawn. It must be admitted that the marquise herself felt some surprise and possibly dismay when she saw him; she realized that he had greatly deteriorated, which seemed very strange to her. But she embraced him, doing her best to suppress her emotion.

The doors of the dining-room were thrown open. Monsieur Cantarel presented his arm to the marquise, Lésin approached Madame Cantarel to offer her his, but with a sign she requested him to take in Mademoiselle Maulabret, which he did with extreme awkwardness. She seemed to intimidate him greatly. Perhaps, to reassure him, his mother had represented the *petite bourgeoisie* as a person totally without importance. He found himself in the presence of a radiant beauty, and in his surprise and embarrassment he lost his self-possession as entirely as he lost his breath when he danced. Madame Cantarel had taken very little trouble with her toilet: she wore on her head the guipure half handkerchief with which she was in the habit of soothing her neuralgia, and had simply laid aside a somewhat shabby black silk to replace it by one that was nearly new. But, by the order of her royal spouse, she had adorned her table with every luxury of appointment. The beauty and weight of the silver, and of a magnificent Louis XIV center-piece, which was crowned by a mountain of flowers; the brilliant glass and the Sèvres porcelain, which even La Pompadour would not have disdained; the starched cravat and solemn dignity of the *maître d'hôtel*, who, straight as a pike-staff, seemed to feel the weight of the destinies of Europe—all announced the solemnity of the ceremony about to take place. It was almost as if a marriage contract was about to be signed.

If Monsieur Lésin was not an idiot, he was wonderfully near being one. His mind was unfinished and mutilated—a mere rough outline made by Nature's skillful hand. This big fellow, with this white face, was one of those perplexities which are never cleared up. Enormous pains were taken with him, but to study gave him absolute physical pain. For many long years, his tutor, Monsieur Mazet, a very clever and cultivated man, whose merits were surpassed by his patience, went over and over again the original

ground with his pupil, following Boileau's advice, but he lost his Latin and his Greek.

Thus ended this laborious education, the only result of which was that it brought to Monsieur Mazet a good pension, which he had certainly well earned. His father had often treated Lésin as if he thought him without common-sense; his mother had declared many times that he was "an impossibility." He did not care. He had two tastes which were quite enough to embelish his life: he played billiards, and he liked to drink. This was his destruction. When he was sober, he was almost inoffensive, for, Heaven be praised, he was timid, and his follies took refuge under the tutelary wings of the god we call Silence. But he could not stand any wine; hardly had he swallowed two or three glasses, than he became a brute. The satyr crouching in the depths of his heart emerged from his cavern, and put the nymphs to flight. Monsieur de Moisieux, whose requests were never refused, had caused him to be attached to the embassy at Berlin. When he arrived there, on the faith of the name he bore, he was invited to a court ball, where his behavior was such that he was obliged to leave the city early the next day. This was the end of his diplomatic career, which had lasted precisely one week, and which Madame de Moisieux hoped to repeat through the agency of Monsieur de Cantarel.

The feast that was now spread in honor of the young marquis was quite worthy of the silver and the porcelain. The young man's appetite was most flattering, and for some time all went well. Warned and admonished by his mother, he was very cautious, saying but little, and answering questions and observations addressed to him only in monosyllables. There was nothing compromising in his yes and his no. But Monsieur Cantarel was not satisfied with this; he apparently wished to draw out the young stranger, and plied him with questions. The marquis warmed up, became communicative, and undertook to relate his "Odyssey." Unfortunately, he became confused, he could not separate Boston from Cincinnati, nor remember the name of either city, and, turning to Mademoiselle Maulabret, he said:

"That devil of a place—you know—what is its name?"

They would have done better had they examined him on the merits of gin and whisky; he could have discussed those subjects like an expert. Madame de Moisieux was on thorns; she did her best to help him out of his difficulties, changed color, and fanned herself. Monsieur Cantarel became very thoughtful. The marquise had done like the brown owl in the fable; she had painted her little one as delicious:

"Beau, bien fait et joli sur tous ses compagnons."

He thought himself in a dream, and shook his head, as he said to himself:

"If this fellow should ever become second secretary to the embassy, he must be made so without ever having been seen, and I must make his mother promise to keep him in a box until then."

It would have been much wiser to warn Monsieur Cantarel frankly that the marquis could not take wine, for he filled the glass of his guest constantly, and was greatly amazed to find it invariably empty. Lésin soon felt it going to his head, and now farewell to all propriety. He grew bolder; the boatman who had prudently hugged the coast now set sail and rashly put forth to sea. The marquise trembled, and with reason. She had, as she believed, made him understand that his whole future hung in the balance that day. She had urged him to let his democratic and radical opinions be more than suspected. He said yes, and waited for courage to come. It is never wise to waste advice on fools; they employ the wisdom of others to perfect their own folly, which is endurable only when served *au naturel*.

"You may not believe me, Monsieur Cantarel," he cried, as he drummed the "Marseillaise" on the table; "but the Americans are, as a people, far more advanced than you suppose. They have not only abolished slavery, but they are in a fair way to abolish domestic servitude. I myself could not procure a servant in New York; it was most annoying, but principles, I say, above all else. There must not be servants under a democracy. All voters are on an equality. I, Monsieur Cantarel, am like yourself—I regard these big fellows around your table as my equals!"

The big fellows were so well trained that not an eyelash quivered, but it is to be hoped that they compensated themselves later in the servants' quarters. Monsieur Cantarel made a frightful face, and for two or three minutes a deadly silence reigned in the dining-room. A fly might have been heard, if there had been flies in January.

Lésin had not the smallest idea of the disastrous effect of his words. He tasted the wine of which Monsieur Cantarel had boasted, and made a wry face.

"It is not bad," he said—"not bad at all, but the fact is, all these wines seem to me very wishy-washy. Now, a glass of whisky is a very different thing; it is honest and decisive, and very cheap. I am sure, Monsieur Cantarel, that you know what each bottle costs, and that you will say to-night at least a hundred francs' worth has been drunk to-day. My father one day received as a present from Monsieur de Metternich a basket of Johannisberg. The next day

he had guests at dinner, and, when he handed the bottle to the servant, he said in a low voice in his ear, 'It is Johannisberg, be sparing of it.' Now, what did that servant do but go from guest to guest, and, as he filled the glasses, say to each one, 'It is Johannisberger, gentlemen, be sparing of it!' My father dismissed him. Just tell me, now, if there was ever such a fool?"

A moment later one of the big fellows, who were his equals, offered him some Château-Lafitte. He answered with a wink, and in a familiar tone:

"Ah! my friend, Château-Lafitte! Be sparing of it!"

And, charmed with his joke, he burst into a loud shout of laughter. He laughed until he choked. To calm him the marquise administered, under the table, a forcible kick on his right ankle; this was a language which he understood and which she often employed with him.

There was one happy person present, and this was Madame Cantarel. Her heart swelled with joy. The absurdities of the son, the anxiety of the mother, the stupefaction of Monsieur Cantarel himself, afforded her the greatest possible enjoyment, which showed itself only in a faint smile.

When they passed into the *salon* for coffee, Lésin's face was purple, his eyes seemed starting from his head. The marquise foresaw a catastrophe. She looked at him steadily, as a keeper of a menagerie looks at a lion which he is exhibiting; then she said in a low voice:

"Go out into the air and get sober!"

Then, in a louder voice and in a caressing tone, she added:

"Lésin, won't you go and get us the photographs you brought from America? I am sure Mademoiselle Maulabret will be charmed to see them."

His head dropped and he moved sullenly away; when he returned, a half-hour later, he brought with him the odor of a pipe, but he seemed to be quiet enough, and was very pale. He placed on a round table the portfolio he held under his arm, and began to open it. He inspired in Jetta a feeling of profound pity; she looked upon him as a being of a lower order of intelligence—as an invalid, in fact—and her Sister-of-Charity soul ached to be of use to the sick. While Monsieur Cantarel, at the other end of the *salon*, called the attention of Madame de Moisieux to a Lancret which an expert had purchased for him at the Hôtel Drouot, and which had just been sent home from the picture-cleaner's, Jetta seated herself in the most amiable manner by Lésin's side. He displayed to her these photographs, which he had himself taken, and she, in her sweet voice, asked for explanations, which

were not superfluous, for the proofs were pale and confused. Unfortunately, the liquor-case still stood on the table; he could not resist the temptation—he poured out a glass, which he gulped down at one swallow: his brain was at once on fire. He had laid aside, as the flower of his collection, a view of Niagara. He now placed this *chef-d'œuvre* under Jetta's very nose, and she threw back her head in order to see it better, when she noticed his eyes fixed upon her with an insolence of expression which was unmistakable. Scarlet with shame and indignation she hastily rose from her seat, dashing the view of Niagara to the floor, and crossing the *salon* took refuge on the sofa, where her aunt was seated, who said softly:

"Be calm, Jetta—be calm."

Occupied as he was with the marquise and Lancret, Monsieur Cantarel noticed this precipitate retreat. He exclaimed:

"What on earth is the matter, child?"

"You are very curious; it is only a pin pricking her," answered Madame Cantarel.

And, leaning toward Jetta, she pretended to arrange an innocent pin that was doing no harm.

"The deuce it is!" he replied, with a coarse laugh. "Usually people bear such trifles with more equanimity."

Jetta felt profound gratitude to her aunt for having shown so much sympathy and for having come to her aid. She lifted her grateful eyes, and her pale face flushed when she saw in her aunt's only cold indifference. Then she realized how horribly alone a girl of eighteen is in a gilded *salon* and everywhere else in the world, if she has no mother, and with difficulty refrained from bursting into tears. Suddenly she remembered that the old President of the Chamber had said to her, "Look out!"

The scales fell from her eyes, and she read the fatal truth. They intended her to marry this idiot—they meant to give her to him soul and body. But it was not this which disturbed her most. She had believed in the friendly protestations, in the sincerity of Madame de Moisieux; and now discovered that Madame de Moisieux had a motive in all she had done. Protestations and caresses were alike artifice and hypocrisy. And this was the world—if one lived in it one must believe in nothing and in no one!

Meanwhile the marquis made no effort to pursue his victim; he regarded her flight as a mere caprice, and he determined to renew his attentions at a future time. He looked back with regret at a certain tavern in New York where he had passed many delightful hours; the pretty waiter-girls he met there did not put on these airs, and it was really very much more convenient. Absorbed in this reverie, he gradually

fell into a doze, and soon his slumbers were betrayed by a deep snore. The marquise explained and apologized for his breach of good manners by alluding to the fatigues of the long voyage, and, going to his side, bade him rouse himself and come with her; but she hardly waited until she had passed through the courtyard-gate before the tempest, which had been pent up for three hours, burst in all its fury. The impossible being at her side shook his ears, and began to relate what had taken place, thinking in this way to justify himself.

"How could I help it? The girl knew perfectly well what she was about. She has had more experience than you fancy."

"You are an absolute simpleton!" she said, in a tone of despair.

Jetta retreated to her own room. As she passed through the little library, which was her favorite sojourn, she noticed on a console-table a large letter which had evidently just arrived. She hastily broke the seal and found in it, with a devotional picture, a long sermon in three heads on the danger of evil example, and on the necessity of resisting temptations, opposing to them the buckler of faith and the helmet of the Holy Ghost. She took up her pen and wrote off, in hot haste, four long pages, which might be thus condensed:

"O mother, fear not for me; temptations do not assail me. I see nothing which is seductive or dangerous."

Relieved by the mere act of writing, she at last rose to retire. As she opened the door of the small *salon* which separated her library from her sleeping-room, she stood nailed to the floor. Before her eyes was a delightful surprise—a magnificent chrysanthemum—a chrysanthemum

that was almost a tree; the stalk of which was like a trunk—the plant was covered with hundreds of starry white flowers with hearts of gold. She admired their beauty, but she also knew their value. Six years previously her mother had asked the price at an horticultural exposition of a similar chrysanthemum, and had recoiled three feet on hearing that it was two thousand francs.

Who could have made Mademoiselle Maulabret a present of this value? She pulled her bell hastily, and at the same time ran out to the corridor. When she summoned a servant, she had a way of meeting her half-way; in the habit of waiting on the poor, she could not become accustomed to being waited on herself. She met her maid at the head of the stairs, and learned, on questioning her, that the wonder had been brought during the evening by two men, and that they had refused to say anything more than that Mademoiselle Maulabret knew all about it, and from whom it came.

She returned to her *salon* and walked around the plant again and again. She remembered that she had disclosed to the old surgeon her passion for chrysanthemums, but the old surgeon was in his grave. A strange idea came into her head, which was at times a little mystic, but her good sense speedily dismissed it. She ended by concluding that the two men had come from Monsieur Vaugenis, and that he had simply executed one of the last wishes of her great-uncle. She looked up and spoke to the old surgeon as she had done on leaving the hospital; she said to him now:

"I love you very dearly, and shall always love you, but you see yourself that every step I take in the world leads me back to the hospital."

ARAB HUMOR.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

ONE bitterly cold winter day I met a tramp who, for all his pinched and hungry look, had a cheery twinkle in his eye, which misery could not repress. Halting in front of me, he said or sung:

"Buy a box of matches, sir, I haven't had a crust,
While all these 'ere good gentlefolks are eatin' till
they bust";

and, on receiving a copper or so, he remarked with grateful unction, "I do believe it's nothing but my little witticisms as keeps me from starva-

tion." The poor fellow was a good instance of what seems almost a practical joke on Nature's part, the implanting of a sense of humor in people whose surroundings are anything but conducive to fun and joviality. There are no doubt many Esquimaux who crack jokes amid the interminable dreariness and gloom of an Arctic winter; Irish peasants, who are always posing as the most wretched, down-trodden beings on the face of God's earth, are notorious for their humor in spite of Erin's woes; but the Arab is the last nationality in which most people would

look for humorous characteristics. The typical Bedouin has kept up the traditions of his father Ishmael and his grandmother Hagar; he wanders for ever among bare, rugged rocks or over scorching plains, and is in chronic want of water, to say nothing of the other necessities of life. He is forced to rely for his daily bread upon the chance of making a raid upon his neighbors' cattle or plundering a caravan, and the diversion of traffic during the last few centuries would have inevitably ruined his prospects, were it not that Mecca has never ceased to attract crowds of pilgrims every year who may be robbed *en route* or fleeced at the Holy Shrine. But the Arab has contrived to be merry in spite of all his disadvantages; indeed, he possesses the sense of humor in a very high degree. True, he does not exhibit that subtle wit and aptitude for quaint conceits which distinguish the Persian, but he has a taste for genuine fun, combined with ready repartee and tempered with pathos, which constitutes a humor peculiarly his own. One turns naturally to the pages of the "Arabian Nights" for illustration of this subject; but it is not the "Arabian Nights" with which we have at present to deal. The manners and customs there depicted, as well as much of the sentiment expressed, are certainly Arabic, but the stories themselves are largely borrowed from foreign sources, and belong to that collection of Aryan folk-lore which is represented in India by the Jataka or Buddhist birth-stories, and by the celebrated collection of Sanskrit tales known as the "Hitopadesa"; in ancient Greece by the "Fables of Æsop"; in Persia and Syria by the "Calila" and "Dimna" series; in Europe by the cycle of tales which the brothers Grimm have now made household words. The "Arabian Nights" do contain a number of short stories admirably illustrative of Arab humor and drawn from native annals, but they are not incorporated in the ordinary translations, and are, for the most part, mere isolated extracts from other works. If we would judge of the real character of the Arabs in the olden times, we must go to the personal anecdotes which have been preserved of their ancient poets and heroes, and embodied in the commentaries on the national poetic literature; while the more exact records of the caliphate furnish us with ample materials for a similar study of later times.

The older Arabs were, however, a greswome race, and their humor was wanting in geniality. Their habits were peculiar, and made them look on things from a different standpoint to our own. Like other people, they had their virtues and their vices; but the former were not conspicuous, while the latter were. Their chief virtues were hospitality, good faith, and nobility. The duty

of hospitality is defined by the Prophet himself as consisting of the following rules: A guest must be entertained for three days; the first sumptuously, and the second and third with ordinary fare. He is then to receive provision for one day's journey, and "all beyond that is charity." Mohammed pithily added the axiom, "Visit seldom, and you will be loved the more." To such an extent did some of the Arab chiefs carry their hospitality, that many instances are on record of a sheik slaying his only camel for a guest's supper, and leaving his wife and family to starve. Of his good faith so much can be said that, if he had once formally given his protection to another, an Arab would stand by him to the death. Of course he was chary of according this privilege; but, even when he had not given it, he would never rob or murder a friend or guest until the latter had got at least a day's journey on his road. Noble too the Arabs must have been, since we have their own word for it. Their ancient poetry is full of the contentions of rival bards and rival tribes, who boast of their long descent and doughty deeds.

To be of anything but noble blood scarcely entitled a man to be considered as one of God's creatures among his fellows. The tribe of Bâhileh was looked upon as the most mean and abject of all the Arab stocks. "If a dog were told," said they, "that he was a Bâhileh, he would turn away howling at the reproach." An Arab being told that a certain man was descended, not merely from this despised race, but from a slave of the Bâhileh tribe, immediately fell down and kissed his hands and feet. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "God would never have inflicted on thee such a misfortune in this life, if he had not intended to reward thee with paradise in the next."

As for their vices, drinking and gambling were the least of them; but since it was these very propensities which, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran, gave rise to most of the humorous stories of the Mohammedan times, it is not my province to be too hard upon them here. With some others, such as burying female children alive—a common practice with them—it is impossible to have much sympathy; and the tale of Othman, who never wept but once, and that when the daughter whom he was thus burying alive brushed the grave-dust off his beard with her tiny little hands, is neither humorous nor pretty; it is, however, unfortunately true. Revelry and battle called forth the most frequent expression of their humorous mood. Here are a few extracts from an ancient poem of one of their greatest heroes, Antarah:

"There came a noble champion from the ranks
To win him glory and defend his right.

And lo ! I pierced him through his coat of mail ;
 For all he was the hero of his clan,
 To whose accustomed hand came naught amiss,
 The warrior's weapon or the gambler's dice,
 To tear the standard from its bearer's grasp,
 Or make the vintner haul his sign-board down,
 For such a guest would leave him naught to sell !
 And when he saw me from my horse alight
 And knew 'twas I had taken up his gage,
 His lips were parted—but *he did not smile !*
 I watched him lying at the close of day,
 And 'twas not henna made that ruddy stain
Which tinged his fingers and his manly brow."

The poem concludes with the following words, alluding to two foemen of the writer :

"The pair have vowed that they will have my blood,
 They threaten loudly—when I am not by !
 Well, let them threaten—but *I left their sire*
A feast for vultures and for beasts of prey."

Another poet, with a similar humorous view of the situation, declares that the vultures were so glutted with the repast he had provided for them after a little "difficulty" with another tribe, that "you might have trodden on them and they would not have moved."

I am obliged to allude to these unpleasant traits in order that the reader may judge, at starting, of the character of the people of whom I propose to treat, but I shall dismiss all such songs of the shambles and devote the remainder of these pages to the more genial aspects of Arab life. If in the course of my narratives I am obliged to introduce a little bloodshed now and then, it must be attributed to the exigencies of historical accuracy. The caliphs had exaggerated ideas of their divine rights, and even "the good Haroun Alraschid" was somewhat too free with the use of decapitation as a social and political remedy :

"The brightest glass may have a speck !
 And Haroun had a curious whim
 For amputation at the neck
 Of all who disagreed with him."

But, then, in civilized Christian England, Tower Hill has before now played a part in political crises. In the time of the first four caliphs, the immediate successors of Mohammed, the severity and simplicity of desert manners still prevailed ; the times were too stirring and serious events followed too closely one upon another for much prominence to be given to the lighter incidents.

The Omniade dynasty, who occupied the throne of Damascus when the empire of Islam was at length consolidated, soon developed a lighter vein, and several of the caliphs, notably Yezid the second of that house, were notorious *roués*, poets, and wags. Still the humorous anecdotes of this period are not numerous, and will

better find their place in another part of my subject. With the Abbasside caliphs who succeeded them, and who transferred the seat of government from Damascus to Bagdad, we enter upon a new era of Arab literature and history. The empire of Islam reached its culminating point under these, and with their magnificent capital on the Tigris the caliphate waxed, waned, and died. The courts of Es Saffah, "The Blood-Shedder," the first of the dynasty, of Mansûr, his brother and successor, of El Mehdi, the latter's son, of El Hâdi, father of the great Haroun Alraschid, and of Haroun's scarcely less illustrious son Mamoun, attracted crowds of learned men, poets, wits, and story-tellers ; and it is in the annals of these reigns that we must look for the fullest illustrations of Arabic humor and fun. I purpose in these pages to relate all the most amusing and characteristic anecdotes which are scattered through the various native works that treat of this period.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance. There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asking twice the proper price, and the Bedouin offering half ; the son of the desert, however, was impatient, and, before the proper mean had been arrived at, gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and, hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and, seeing the shoe, said to himself : "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes ! if the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had, in the mean while, gone on farther still, and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe, he regretted having left the first, but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted, and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

Many of the most amusing stories in Arabic literature turn upon verbal quibbles which are, of course, in most cases, untranslatable. Sometimes, however, the jest goes equally well in foreign language ; as, for instance, when a man with a harsh voice was reading the Koran aloud at a mosque-door, and a passer-by asked him what he

was reading for. "I am reading for God's sake," said the fellow. "Then, for God's sake, hold your tongue!" was the reply. Or, when a bigoted Sunni sultan, coming to the throne, wished to force a certain learned khatib, or dean of the cathedral mosque, to resign because of his Shiah proclivities, and ordered him to curse the Caliph Ali publicly in his next Friday sermon—much as if a Roman Catholic archbishop should be bidden to condemn Mariolatry from the altar of the pro-cathedral. The reverend gentleman professed his willingness to comply with the command of his sovereign, and, mounting the pulpit, addressed the congregation in the following words: "His Highness the Sultan has bidden me to curse his Holiness Ali. Curse him!"

A similar equivocal is related of one of the early caliphs, who, meeting an Arab with a sheep, asked if it was for sale.

"No!" said the other, curtly.

"My good friend," said the monarch, "that is not polite—you should say 'No, God bless you.'"

The Bedouin did as he was bidden, but repeated the sentence with such a punctuation that it meant "May God never bless you."

The Arabic language is so curiously constructed that the slightest omission or mispronunciation may make a most important difference in the meaning. Thus, on one occasion, a prisoner shivering with cold was brought to Mohammed, who said, *Edfahu*, "dispatch him," when he meant *Edfahu*, "warm him"; and the captors took the Prophet at his word! A proverb says that "none but a prophet can thoroughly compass a knowledge of the Arabic tongue." It would seem from this anecdote that even inspiration is not sufficient to prevent solecism.

Many very good jokes are found in Arabic poetry, but these also for the most part depend upon some ingenious turn of a word, and are therefore untranslatable. The Arabs were very fond of the exercise of capping each other's rhymes. Akil ibn Ullafeh, a poet of the Koreish, one of whose daughters married Caliph Yezid II, thus amused himself while on a journey with his son and daughter. When it came to the young lady's turn to improvise a verse, she sang as follows:

"All giddy then with sleep were they,
As though with Sarkhad's liquor strong,
That through the veins doth find its way,
And course through back and feet along."

"By Allah!" exclaimed the father, "thou couldst not have described it so unless thou hadst drunk thereof," and proceeded to administer corporal punishment. The son remonstrated by shooting at his father with an arrow. "Never mind," said the old man, quoting a proverb,

"his temper is like Akhzam's"; that is to say, "He is a regular chip of the old block."

Plain-speaking was, and still is, a conspicuous trait in the Arab character, although few perhaps would carry it to the extent which a Bedouin is related to have done with the Caliph Hishâm, the son of Abd el Melik. One day the latter was chasing a gazelle which happened to pass by the hut of an Arab who was pasturing his flocks.

"Ho, young man!" cried Hishâm, "here is some work for you. Bring me yonder gazelle."

The Arab turned his head contemptuously, and said: "A great deal you know of manners! You look at me scornfully, speak to me disdainfully, talk like a tyrant, and act like an ass."

"Confound you!" cried the caliph, "do you not know me?"

"I know this much, that you are very ill-bred, for you began talking to me without saluting me first."

"Confound you!" replied the other, "I am Hishâm, the son of Abd el Melik."

"May good luck miss you, and may your grave be forgotten!" answered the Arab. "The more you talk, the more you lose in dignity."

At this juncture the soldiers and attendants came up, and the caliph, grown furious, ordered them to secure the young man; this was at once done, and Hishâm bade him prepare for instant death. The Arab only laughed and said, "If Allah means to prolong my life, your words, little or big, can do me no harm."

"Is it come to this," struck in the lord chamberlain, "that a miserable Arab like you should presume to bandy words with the Commander of the Faithful!"

"May every evil overtake you," said the incorrigible young man; "have not you read that the Most High has said, 'At the last day every man shall argue for his own soul?' And if God may be argued with, who is Hishâm that he is not even to be spoken to?"

At a sign from the caliph the executioner approached, but just as he was about to strike off the young man's head, the latter burst out laughing. The monarch, whose curiosity was piqued, stayed the execution, and asked what there was to laugh at; when the other repeated some apposite and apologetic verses, and was of course pardoned. The answer of the young man when Hishâm asked him if he knew who he was, reminds us of an anecdote which is related of a sentry at Woolwich dockyard on a certain important occasion when the public were rigorously excluded. A gentleman in plain clothes was about to pass the gate, when the sentinel barred his approach, and said he had orders to let no one in. "But I am Admiral Mundy," expostulated the other. "I can't help it," replied the

faithful sentry, "if you are Admiral Tuesday week!"

El Hejjāj ibn Yūsuf, governor of the two sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, under the Omniade caliph, Abd el Melik, was one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants who ever lived, but even he occasionally heard the plain truth from the Arabs with whom he came in contact. One day he had gone on a little in advance of his guards, and falling in with an Arab said to him, "O chief of the Arabs! what thinkest thou of El Hejjāj?"

"He is a capricious tyrant," replied the other.

"Have you complained of him to the Commander of the Faithful, Abd el Melik ibn Merwan?" asked El Hejjāj.

"No," said the Arab, "for he is even worse. Allah curse them both!"

At this juncture the soldiers came up, and the Arab, taking in the situation at a glance, winked at his questioner and cried, "Mind, prince, that you disclose the secret which is between us to none but Allah!"

El Hejjāj laughed, and dismissed him with a gift.

Another time the same potentate was at dinner, when a desert Arab who was present reached out his hand to partake of a dish of pudding that was on the table. "Whoever touches that pudding," said El Hejjāj, "shall lose his head!" The Arab looked at him for a moment, and crying out, "I leave your Highness my children as a legacy!" dipped his hand into the dish. El Hejjāj could not restrain his laughter, and gave the fellow a reward.

El Hejjāj's wife Hinda was the only person who proved a match for the bloodthirsty emir; she was a very beautiful woman, of high birth, and well educated, but she detested her husband, who heard her one day reciting a verse of her own composing:

"How could Hinda, the perfect Arabian mare,
To mate with a mule like her husband desire?
Should her foal prove a thoroughbred, 'tis that
she's fair;
And if mulish, 'tis that he takes after his sire!"

El Hejjāj hearing this, made up his mind to divorce her, and sent his aide-de-camp, Abdullah ibn Tâhir, to her with two hundred thousand dirhems, the amount of her dowry, and orders to divorce her for him in two words. Ibn Tâhir executed his mission to the letter, and handing her the money said, "Abu Mohammed el Hejjāj says to thee, *Kunti fabinti*," that is to say, "Thou wert (my wife) and art repudiated."

The lady replied: "I was his wife, and was anything but proud of it; and I am repudiated, but am far from sorry for it. As for the money,

you may keep it for bringing me the good news of my delivery from that dog of a Thakify."

The Arabian ladies of this period seem to have been rather given to treating their husbands with contempt. The Caliph Mu'āwiyeh had married a girl named Maisûn, a member of a tribe of desert Arabs; but, amid all the gorgeous luxury of her palace at Damascus, she pined for the freedom of her former life. One day the caliph overheard her singing the following verses:

"A tent wherein the breezes blow
Is dearer than a palace fair;
A crust upon the floor below
Is dearer than the daintiest fare;
The winds that in each crevice sigh
Are dearer than these drums I hear;
An 'Abbah' with a gladdened eye
Is dearer than these gauzes here;
A dog that barks around my tent
Is dearer than a fawning cat;
The camel-foal that with us went
Is dearer than a mule like that;
A boorish cousin, though he be
Too weak to work on my behalf,
Were dearer, dearer far to me
Than yonder clumsy rampant calf."

On hearing this, Mu'āwiyeh exclaimed, "What! could she not be satisfied without comparing me to a rampant calf?" and sent her off then and there to her family.

A ready answer was always sure to be appreciated at the court of an Arab monarch. Abu Dulâmeh, a black Abyssinian slave, who lived during the reigns of the first of the Abbasside caliphs, was famous for his ready wit. On one occasion he was standing in presence of Es Saffah, "the blood-shedder," the first of that dynasty, when the latter said to him, "Ask of me whatever you desire."

"I want a sporting-dog," said he.

"Let him have it," said Es Saffah.

"And a horse to mount when I hunt," he added.

"Let him have a horse," said Es Saffah.

"But I must have a slave to lead the dog and carry the game," the other went on.

"Let him have a slave," said the caliph.

"And a slave-girl to dress and cook the game for us," said Abu Dulâmeh.

"Let him have a slave-girl," said the caliph.

"Why, Commander of the Faithful!" cried Abu Dulâmeh, "that makes quite a family; what shall I do without a house for them?"

"Let him have a house to hold them all," said the caliph.

"Ah!" continued the other, "but how to support them?"

"I will give you ten uncultivated farms in the plains where the children of Israel dwell," answered Es Saffah.

"And I will give thee, O Commander of the Faithful, a hundred uncultivated farms among the Beni Saad!" retorted Abu Dulâmeh.

It is perhaps needless to remark that both the Jews of Arabia and the desert tribe mentioned by the jester were turbulent subjects, and that the caliph's writs only ran there nominally; the property would therefore have been hard to realize.

"Very well, then," said the caliph, "you shall have cultivated farms." So Abu Dulâmeh by his cunning got all he wanted, and much more than the caliph intended to give.

A story is told of El Mehdi, another of the Abbassides, that being out hunting one day he came upon the hut of an Arab, who set some simple fare before him, but supplemented it with a bottle of wine. The caliph drank a glass and said, "O brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"No, by Allah!" was the reply.

"I am one of the personal attendants of the Commander of the Faithful."

"I congratulate you on your post," said the other.

Tossing off another glass, El Mehdi repeated the question, and the Arab reminded him that he had just told him he was one of the caliph's suite.

"Nay," said El Mehdi, "but I am one of his principal officers."

"I wish you joy!" said the Arab.

After a third glass, the caliph again began: "O brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"You say that you are one of the Commander of the Faithful's chief officers," answered the Arab.

"Not so," said El Mehdi, "I am the Commander of the Faithful himself!"

The Arab, on hearing this, quietly took the bottle of wine from the table and put it away, with the sententious remark, "If you were to drink another glass, you would declare that you were the Prophet himself!"

This anecdote, with slight variations, is also told of Haroun Alraschid; indeed, it is often difficult to ascertain exactly who the heroes of certain favorite stories are, as they are not unfrequently repeated in different biographies.

Mansur, the second caliph of the house of Abbas, was one day preaching to the people in accordance with the custom of the early caliphs, who themselves always officiated in the mosque on Fridays. "O ye people!" said he, "ye should give thanks to Allah Most High that he has

given me to reign over you. For, verily, since I have reigned over you, he has taken away the plague which was in your midst."

"Yes, truly," cried an Arab from among the congregation. "Allah is far too merciful to give us you and the plague at the same time!"

Rebukes for injustice furnish the *motive* for many of the best Arabic stories, and the unjust or complaisant judge is a favorite character in them. Stories, on the other hand, of the sagacity of judges are common to almost all nations. The judgment of Solomon and that of Daniel between Susannah and the elders are typical specimens of a whole series of such anecdotes to be found in the folk-lore of peoples far removed from each other by time and place. An Arabic tale of the kind is one that is related of a certain *cadi* of Basra, in the beginning of the ninth century. Two men came before him, one accusing the other of having appropriated some money, which he had intrusted to him under a certain tree. The defendant denied the interview and the deposit alike, when the *cadi* bade the plaintiff go to the tree so as to refresh his memory as to the incident. When he had been gone a few minutes, the magistrate asked the defendant if he thought he had reached the spot yet. "No," said the fellow, "it is a long way off"; thus betraying his deceit. But this same *cadi* was one day worsted by a witness. In a dispute about a garden he asked this witness, whom he had reason to suspect, how many trees there were in the garden. The man retorted by asking the *cadi* how many beams there were in the roof of the court, and the *cadi* could not tell.

The Caliph Mansur was himself not wanting in legal acumen, and could drive a coach-and-four through a Moslem statute with any European lawyer. One Ibn Harimah, who was noted for his free manner of life, had the good fortune to please the caliph, who promised to grant him any wish he might express. The *bon-vivant* asked only that the caliph would write to his viceroy at Medina with instructions that if he found Ibn Harimah drunk he should not punish him. This was clearly out of the question, for, however little the Arabs of the time cared for true morality or religion, they cared very much for the letter of the law, and that prescribed that the drunkard should be beaten with many stripes. He, however, hit on a plan for meeting his petitioner's wishes and saving him from the inconvenience which he feared, and wrote as follows: "If Ibn Harimah be brought to thee drunk, flog him with eighty stripes; but flog him who bringeth him to thee with a hundred." We do not hear of Ibn Harimah being punished for drinking after that.

Temple Bar.

BABIES AND SCIENCE.

BABIES have at length attracted the eye of the *savant*, and have proved a fruitful object of observation and reflection, and henceforward we may expect this numerous class of the community to be held in high esteem generally. It will probably be admitted by the candid mind that the infant class has not in general commanded a large amount of respect. In point of fact, one may almost say that, just as science needed the infant as so much material for speculation, so the infant needed science to endow it with some significance in the system of things, to justify its presence here on the earthly scene, and to call forth from its elders a due amount of respectful attention and consideration. With one half of the adult population babies have, of course, always been recognized as an integral part of the social structure. To the feminine mind, when not too confined by selfish vanities or embittered by prolonged disappointment, the baby is apt to appear one of the most considerable interests of life. The mother, the nurse, and the sympathetic aunt appear to find an inexhaustible charm in all the events of babyhood. There is a tender beauty in its fragile form, a delightful surprisingness and mystery in all its small ways, which goes straight to the kindly heart of the sex. Yet, while one sex has thus set up the baby as an object of special regard under the form of baby-worship, the other and harder sex has coldly held itself aloof from what it has chosen to consider these frivolities. Not only to the crusty bachelor uncle, even to the father himself, the arrival of a baby has commonly presented itself in anything but the light of a joyous occurrence. When congratulated by his friends on the event, he has perhaps bitten his lip as there have arisen before his mind images of a home rendered noisy and chaotic by the invasion of doctor, nurses, etc., of a wife continually preoccupied, of new doctor's bills, and so on. If given to philosophize, he might be tempted to ask what purpose is served in the economy of things by the helpless infantile condition making such large demands on the time and energies of others. When the voice of his wife woos him to join the feminine company of baby-worshippers, he proves as hard as flint. He says that he can see nothing in this early and vegetal period of human existence to attract him, that all babies are alike, and so on—utterances which are of course shocking heresies from the mother's point of view. In short, to the male sex as a whole, the baby during the first six months of its life is apt to ap-

pear, if not something positively wrong in the arrangement of things, at least something quite unimportant, which calls for no notice, and is best put out of sight as far as possible.

Now, to this state of things science seems to be making an end. Women may console themselves for men's long contempt of their view of things by reflecting that the obdurate sex has at length been converted, if not by feminine arguments, to their own way of thinking. Science has become a champion of the neglected rights of infancy; it has taken a whole period of human life under its special protection. And in doing this it has constituted itself the avenger of a whole sex.

How, it may be asked, does Science effect this admirable result? What arguments is she able to produce potent enough to overcome the deeply organized and seemingly hereditary contempt of babyhood by man?

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplessness of the new-born child is, as we know, peculiar to the progeny of our race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly-hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months, before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life.

The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offspring. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions to a much wider variety of circumstances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way; this routine suffices for the preservation of such creatures amid the simple conditions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt them-

selves to much more complex and changeful surroundings, are continually called on to vary their actions, and to modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal, such as a fox, has to do in order to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is needed is a few sensations of sight, and a number of curious but perfectly unvarying instincts. The fox, on the other hand, having to look up his pabulum in ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasion with all sorts of new and unforeseeable difficulties, must substitute intelligence for instinct; that is to say, must continually be consciously awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the moment.

Now, this capability of adjusting actions to varying conditions is the growth of individual experience: it can not be transmitted by inheritance. It is the result of individual learning, and presupposes a gradually accumulated store of sense-impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of complex nerve-structures in the higher centers known as the brain, such construction proceeding in close connection with the daily exercise of the sense-organs and the muscular system. It would appear to follow, then, that the young of the higher and more intelligent animals will be born with these centers but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower species, which are sufficiently equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements, come into the world in a high state of nervous development, the more complex organisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.

And here the reader will, I trust, begin to see what all this has to do with the helplessness of infancy. Man is far removed above even the nearest species in intelligence and in cerebral power. Consequently there remains in his case very much more to be done in the way of nervous construction after the senses come into play, and individual experience begins. That is to say, we shall expect the human infant to enter life in an exceptionally backward condition of nervous development. And this is what we find. The brain of the newly-born child is, as everybody knows, very badly finished off, being not even securely incased in its protective covering, the skull. And this backward condition is seen, too, in the well-known fact that the development

of the brain goes on at so rapid a rate during the first year of life. It is as though in the case of the infant all cerebral connections had to be made after birth, though they are capable of growing very rapidly when once the external stimulus is forthcoming.

The reader may here interpose: "You are only explaining all this while how it is that the new-born child is *relatively* more backward than the newly-hatched chick; that is to say, how it happens that there is so much left to be done after birth in the case of man. But you have not explained why the baby is *absolutely* worse prepared than the chick; how it is, for example, that the chick can at once walk, whereas the infant can not." A little attention will, however, show that this result, too, is involved in the differences emphasized above. The muscular system is in close organic connection with the nervous structures. Consequently, if the nervous centers are very incompletely formed at birth, we may expect the muscular apparatus to be in a poor state of preparation also. But, again, the movements of the child have in general to be much more complex, variable, and more under the control of volition than those of the young of lower species: from which it follows that they have to be largely learned in the course of individual experience, and in connection with the use of the sense-organs. In other words, there is but little room in the case of the human offspring for such rigidly fixed habits of movement as the young of some of the lower species manifest from the first. This consideration certainly holds good of the upper limbs, the arms and hands, the acquisition by which of their intricate and subtly varying actions would seem to be positively hindered by the existence of definite instinctive movements at first, and probably presupposes a greatly unformed and plastic condition of the motor apparatus at birth. And, if this is so, the want of muscular power in other quarters of the organism, as in the lower limbs and neck, might be regarded as necessarily correlated with this backward condition of the arms.

If this reasoning is sound, we may understand how it came to pass that the new-born child first began to be so unable. And, having once fallen to some extent into this condition of helplessness, the evolutionist helps us to understand how it might possibly be kept in this condition by the action of other forces. In order to show this, he may reason as follows: The dependent condition of the infant would call forth impulses of tendance, protection, etc., on the part of the parent; only on this condition could the family, the community, or the race be preserved. This tendance of infancy would develop the first germs of benevolent feeling, and so become the

starting-point in the humanizing and socializing of our nature. That is to say, through the mere habit of denying self and of attending to the wants of the unsheltered infant, the mother would come to possess the germs of altruistic sentiments, affection and sympathy. The harder male sex, which even at this dimly imagined period in the history of the race did little in the way of tending his offspring, would, of course, not directly reap the advantage of this rudimentary moral development, yet through the impartial action of the laws of inheritance it might subsequently, contrary to its deserts, participate to some extent in the blessings of humane and kindly sentiments.

This being so, there being this great gain to the family and the community as a whole, through the first exercises of ministering affection in response to the urgent demands of needy infancy, the maintenance of this condition of incapacity and of dependence on others might perhaps be aided by the action of natural selection. Whether the period of infancy has been actually lengthened by this cause or not, it is a fact that it is longer in the case of civilized man than of the savage. This may be due, of course, to the same causes which explain its shorter durations. It is to be noted, however, that the development of the impulses called forth by infancy would certainly tend directly to lengthen it to some extent, by discouraging the infant's instinctive attempts to shift for himself. Where these impulses are strong, the amount of pleasure attending their satisfaction is considerable. There is to the feminine mind a luxury in doing as much as possible for the needy, dependent infant. And by the force of habit the impulse to tend, to watch, and to provide, persists after the need of its exercise vanishes. It is said by the farmer's wife that the hen takes it very much to heart when her brood begin to disperse and go foraging for themselves. And, however this be, it is certain that there are plenty of human mothers who, through the force of habit, and for the sake of protracting the enjoyments of tendance, try to keep their children in the baby stage as long as possible. And such treatment does apparently lengthen the term of physical incapacity, since it prevents that exercise of organ which is necessary to every kind of development.

This, then, is the utterance of Science. She bids all male scoffers at the trivialities of babyhood recognize in this seemingly insignificant phenomenon one of the main sources of human greatness. She says to them: This state of infantile frailty and imbecility is causally connected with all the blessings of social life. It is these babes and sucklings which first touched the adamantine heart of mankind, making it vibrate in

pulsations of tenderness. Had there been no babies, there would have been no higher intellectual development, no sacred ties of kinship, friendship, and co-patriotism. Nay, more, but for the appearance of the infantile condition which you rash ingrates are wont to ridicule as molluscous, gelatinous, and so on, there would have been no human race at all: and you would not have been here to criticise Nature and her ways as glibly as you do.

In this way Science has come to the aid of mothers and nurses by stopping the mouth of the male blasphemer of Nature. She has found a *raison d'être* for infancy, redeeming the whole class of babies from the charge of being perfectly useless incumbrances. She has compelled proud man to bow in deference to the views of the other sex, and to recognize in the phenomenon of babyhood something profoundly significant—a necessary link in the chain of cosmic events.

But Science has done still more than this. She has become the ally of the natural admirers of babies in their endeavor to win over the reluctant interest of men. One may almost say that she has entered into a harmless conspiracy with mothers to lure the sluggish brain of man on to perceive something of the mysterious charm that surrounds the baby. Thus she has enabled women to gain a complete triumph over the host of unholy male scoffers. Their victory is like that of our Saxon forefathers over their pagan foes, or like that of Antonio over Shylock: the defeated party is compelled to adopt the faith of the victor.

And how, it may be asked, does Science effect this still more wonderful result? By what magical arts does she attract the dull male eye to the unobtrusive beauties of infancy? She does so by awakening a scientific interest in the baby. Men are too obtuse, too coarse-fibered, to feel the subtle fascination of babyhood all at once. They must be bribed by an admixture of scientific interest before they will come to see all the lovely aspects of the object. Just as the naturalist gets to feel a kindly interest in the animals that yield him so much intellectual gratification, so the male sex may be unconsciously led on to admire and delight in the æsthetic side of babyhood by first becoming impressed with its scientific value.

Yes, the baby has become an important object of scientific scrutiny, and in this way: The modern psychologist, sharing in the spirit of positive science, feels that he must begin at the beginning, study mind in its simplest forms before attempting to explain its more complex and intricate manifestations. This impulse to study the elementary modes of mental activity has led the psychologist to greatly extend the range of

his observation. Instead of confining himself to looking into his own consciousness, he carries his eye far afield to the phenomena of savage life, with its simple ideas, crude sentiments, and *naïve* habits. Again he devotes special attention to the mental life of the lower animals, seeking in its phenomena the dim foreshadowings of our own perceptions, emotions, etc. Finally, he directs his attention to the mental phenomena of infancy, as fitted to throw most light on the later developments of the human mind. He sees here the first beginnings of that work of construction by which all mental growth takes place. It is during the twelve months or so of infancy that the blurred mass of sensation begins to take form and to resolve itself into definite, distinguishable impressions; that these impressions begin to leave a trace or after-effect in the shape of a mental image, which enters into combination with impressions in that mental state which we call perception, and which appears in a detached form as an expectation, a recollection, or a pure fancy. And, it is during this same period that the foundations of the emotional structure are laid; that the simple feelings of pleasure and pain connected with the action of the vital organs and of the senses begin to combine in the forms of fear and love, anger and hope, and so on. And, finally, it is now that the activities of will first come into play, beginning to wear those tracks which will become later on the habitual lines of action of the developed will. If, then, the psychologist could only ascertain what goes on in the mind of the infant, he would be in a position to solve many a knotty question in his science.

Infancy has a peculiar interest to the psychologist for another reason. My readers are probably aware that it has long been a matter of dispute whether the mind comes into the world like a blank sheet of paper on which experience has to write, or whether it brings with it innate dispositions, as they are called, a kind of invisible writing which contact with experience will make legible but not create. For example, it has long been asked whether the child is born with an instinctive moral tendency to distinguish right and wrong actions, or whether this distinction is wholly impressed on it from without, by help of the experiences of punishment, etc., connected with the discipline of early life. Now, it seems obvious that, if there are such innate dispositions, intellectual and moral, they ought to be observable in a germinal form in the first stages of life. And since we can only be certain of the existence of any innate or inherited element by discovering that something appears in the course of mental development which can not be accounted for by the individual's own previous experience, it fol-

lows that it is of the utmost consequence to the psychologist to note and record the first phases of mental history. To give an example, if the baby smiles in response to a smile long before experience and reflection can have taught it the practical value of winning people's smiles, there is clearly an argument for those who would say that we are born with an instinctive germ of sociality and sympathy.

If the psychologist is an evolutionist, and interested in studying the history of human development as a whole, the infant will attract his regards in another way. It is a doctrine of biology that the development of the individual roughly epitomizes that of the race; that is to say, exhibits the main phases of this development on a small scale. If this is so, the study of infant life may be well fitted to suggest by what steps of intellectual and moral progress our race has passed into its present state. The attentive eye may thus find, in seemingly meaningless little infantile ways, hints of remote habits and customs of the human race.

Science having thus declared the infant to be a valuable phenomenon for observation, there has of late grown up among the class of scientific fathers the habit of noting and recording the various proceedings of the infant. Men who previously never thought of meddling with the affairs of the nursery have been impelled to make periodic visits thither in the hope of eliciting important psychological facts. The tiny occupant of the cradle has had to bear the piercing glance of the scientific eye. The psychological papa has acquired a new proprietary right in his offspring; he has appropriated it as a biological specimen. This new zeal for psychological knowledge has taken possession of a number of my acquaintance. These are mostly young married men to whom the phenomenon of babyhood has all the charm of newness, and who import a youthful enthusiasm into their scientific pursuits. Their minds are very much taken up with their new line of study. If you happen to call on one of them expecting to find him free for a chat, you may, to your amazement, catch him occupied in the nursery with trying to discover the preferences of the three-months' fledgling in the matter of colors, or watching the impression which is first made on the infant mind by the image of its own face in the glass. And, even when not actually employed in his researches, it will be found that his mind tends to revert to his engrossing study; and so all your attempts to engage him in conversation on matters of ordinary interest are apt to be frustrated.

These researches have been carried on amid various difficulties. On the part of the infant himself there is often a provoking want of re-

sponsiveness to the observer's wishes. Instead of showing himself bright, active, and suggestive at the moment when the studious parent happens to be free to make his observations, the youngster is stupid and dull, or, worse still, in a state of violent emotional agitation. Then there are difficulties on the part of the self-constituted guardians of the baby. The mother, if she is good-natured and sensible, smiles at the new interest which her lord and master deigns to take in his progeny. She is very well satisfied to see that the despised baby has won any kind of notice from him, and enjoys a sense of triumph in watching the unwonted concern which he displays for its well-being. Yet the wife may easily become a formidable obstacle in the way of his researches. Her way of looking at babies unfits her from entering very cordially into the scientific vein. She rather dislikes their being made the objects of cold intellectual scrutiny and unfeeling psychological analysis. And she is apt to make a determined stand when the rash enthusiast for science proposes to introduce the experimental method as superior to that of passive observation. To suggest a series of experiments on the gustatory sensibility of a small creature aged from twelve to twenty-four hours is likely to prove a shock even to the more strong-minded class of mothers. And, when it is proposed to exercise the youngster's ocular muscles so as to discover how soon he is able to follow a moving object, the proposer is pretty certain to hear of risks of a life-long squint, and so on.

If, on the other hand, as is not unlikely, the mother herself gets in time infected with the scientific ardor of the father, she may prove rather more of an auxiliary than he desires. Her maternal instincts impel her to regard her particular infant as phenomenal in an extra-scientific sense. She is accordingly on the lookout for remarkable infantile feats, and is disposed to ascribe to her baby a preternatural degree of intelligence. Finding that her husband is occupied in noting the various steps in the mental development of the child, she naturally brings all her supposed observations to him. And here arises a difficulty. Trained himself in habits of accurate observation, familiar with the common practice of confusing fact and inference, a practice especially common in the region of psychological observation, he is compelled to suspect the accuracy of these recitals. Yet he can hardly, in this case, tell his own wife that she is an inaccurate observer, for to do so would be not only to injure her feeling of self-respect, but violently to assault her most tender maternal feelings.

Again, the nurse may prove even a more in-

vincible obstacle to these researches than the mother. Her dominion in the matter of babies is necessarily large, and, if she takes exception to the father's line of research, she may succeed in effectually barricading the cradle against his scientific approaches. And it is not at all unlikely that she will strongly object to his plans. A nurse is apt to be deeply imbued with the conviction that babies are women's affair, and that men have their own business to attend to outside the nursery. Though she expects the father to notice his child and make much of its good points, for such praises are always felt by the nurse, in a vague, unreasoning way, to reflect glory on herself, she is not prepared for his taking any serious practical interest in her *protégé*. And then this habit of psychological inspection goes very much against the grain of your prejudiced, old-fashioned nurse. There is something uncanny in all this trying to get at the mysteries of the infant mind; it looks like an unhallowed prying into things which are above human comprehension, and ought to be accepted as matters of faith. Woe to the scientific father if he perseveres in his inquiries in the face of such opposition as this! His reputation will certainly be blasted in the eyes of at least one honest creature.

Nevertheless, in spite of these many difficulties, the work of accurately recording the psychical phenomena of infancy has already been carried out with considerable perseverance and method. An English journal which devotes itself to the interests of mental science has recently published a number of notes made by industrious fathers on the doings of their infants. A distinguished naturalist set the example by giving a curiously methodical record of the early mental development of one of his sons. And in France and in Germany we hear of similar results of this spirit of inquiry on the part of scientific men who happen to be provided with the necessary objects of observation.

I have just been fortunate enough to come into possession of a document containing the results of such a series of observations made by a father on his first boy. The paper contains not only a number of facts, but also some curious suggestions on the meaning of the facts. My readers may be interested in knowing more about these researches on the infant mind, and accordingly I shall conclude this account of the present relations of science to infancy by quoting from this document a few facts and suggestions by way of illustrating the method which is pursued by this class of paternal psychologists.

I may begin my sketch of the early history of this boy by remarking that he appears to be an exemplary infant—healthy, good-natured, and

given to that infantile way of relieving the pressure of his animal spirits which is, I believe, known as crowing. Not believing in the classifications of temperament adopted by the physiologists of a past age, the father forbears describing his temperament. Also, not being a phrenologist, he has omitted to take elaborate measurements of his cranium. For my lady readers I may add that he seems, at least by his father's account, to be a good-sized, chubby little fellow, fair and rosy in tint, with bright blue eyes, and a limited crop of golden hair of an exceptionally rich—I don't know how many carat gold—hue; also, last and not least, that he boasts of the name of Clifford. The early pages of the record do not, I must confess, yield any very striking observations. For the first few days Master Clifford appears to have been content to vegetate like other babies of a similar age. Although a bonny boy, he began life in the usual way—with a good cry; though we now know, on scientific authority, that this, being a purely reflex act consequent on the first action of the air on the organ of respiration, has not the deep significance which certain pessimistic philosophers have attributed to it. Science would probably explain in a similar way a number of odd facial movements which this baby went through on the second day of his earthly career, and which were highly suggestive of a cynical contempt for his new surroundings.

Yet, though content in this early stage to do little but perform the vegetal functions of life, the infant comes endowed with a nervous system and organs of sense, and these are very soon brought into active play. According to this record, the sense of touch is the first to manifest itself.* Even when only two hours old, at a period of life when there is certainly no sound for the ear and possibly no light for the eye, Clifford immediately clasped the parental finger which was brought into the hollow of its tiny hand. And this seems to agree with the doctrine laid down by evolutionists—a doctrine hinted at by Aristotle—that the special senses, sight, hearing, etc., are modifications of touch, and evolved by fine differentiations of the tactual surface.

The march of infantile intellect during the second, third, and fourth days appears in the case now considered to have been exceedingly rapid. On the second day there was observed by Clifford's papa a distinct movement of the head in response to sound. On this same day the previously futile attempts to bring the two eyes into harmonious action were crowned with a measure of success, and they were observed to converge for an instant on the father's face, if

held invitingly near. By the fourth day the command of the eye was far greater, and now it was possible to notice the effect of an object in attracting the organ in a particular direction, if not too far from that of the point previously looked at. Not for some days later, however, could one see any capability of following a moving object with the eye. The powers of movement generally made rapid progress during these four days, since it is recorded that on the fourth day Clifford, having clasped his father's finger, made what was apparently an abortive effort to carry it to his mouth. The father judiciously abstains from doing more than hint at the possibility of this being a survival of a deeply-organized cannibal instinct. The fact that infants carry everything to their mouths seems to point either to the presence of some primitive omnivorous instinct, or what seems at least equally reasonable, to the fact that the lips are a part of the organ of touch, and indeed among the most highly endowed parts of the organ, which may have been used in conjunction with the hands in the earlier stages of the development of the race much more extensively than now.

For the first weeks the baby lives in a very confined world. Clifford, at least, was supremely indifferent to the existence of everything lying beyond certain narrow limits of space. Even his own papa appeared to cease to exist for him as soon as he moved a yard or two away. One is disposed to guess that, if at this time of life the infant were capable of forming the idea of an external world, he would attribute persistence to an exceedingly small number of objects. He appears to lead very much the life of a stationary hydra, which knows of nothing save what accidentally comes within the narrow sweep of its tentacles.

About the sixth week, however, these limits are broken through. The development of sensibility on the part of the eye and the ear and the growth of the power of movement tend greatly to expand the universe for our little spectator. The appearance of a power of recognizing the direction of sounds and moving the eyes and head in conformity therewith is one of the most considerable events of infancy, worthy to be ranked, perhaps, with the acquisition of the power of walking. For now the infant mind comes to learn that things may exist when not actually seen, and arrives at some vague idea of what happens when objects pass for a time outside the range of the senses altogether.

While the range of knowledge of external things is thus widening, its depth is rapidly increasing too. The attainment of the respectable figure of eight weeks by Clifford appears to mark a point in the intimate knowledge of things with-

* Taste, as involved in the necessary act of taking nourishment, is probably at first hardly differentiated from touch.

in the sphere of his observation. The senses were now brought into lively action, the intervals between the exercise of the vegetal functions sleeping and feeding became longer, and there was a noticeable progress toward the calm attitude of contemplation which becomes the rational animal. Clifford now attentively regarded not only any foreign object, such as his mamma's dress, which happened to be within sight, but also the visible parts of his own organism. In the ninth week of his existence he was first surprised in the act of surveying his own hands. Why he should at this particular moment have woken up to the existence of objects which had all along lain within easy reach of the eye is a question which has evidently greatly exercised the father's ingenuity. He hints, but plainly in a half-hearted, skeptical way, at a possible dim recognition by the little contemplator of the fact that these objects belong to himself, forming, indeed, the outlying portion of the ego. He also asks whether the child, through a development of the sense of beauty, may have suddenly recognized something of that exquisite modeling of his tiny members on which his fond mother is wont to enlarge. But here the observer appears to be indulging in an unscientific vein of levity.

Psychologists are now agreed that our knowledge of the properties of material objects is largely obtained by means of touch and movement. This is borne out by the observations made on Clifford at this period of his existence. While viewing things about him, he actively manipulated them. The organs of sight and touch worked, indeed, in the closest connection. Thus our little visitor was no mere passive spectator of his new habitat; he actively took possession of his surroundings: like the Roman general, he at once saw and conquered. From the eighth to the tenth week his manual performances greatly improved in quality, and the power of combining, or, as the psychologists now say, coördinating impressions made on the eye with movements of the arms, was rapidly developed. "When," writes the father, "Clifford was seventy-six days old, I first saw distinctly the putting forth of the hand with the definite purpose of reaching an object. Previously to this I had watched him carefully to see how far he could direct the hand to an object held near him. I had tried him with a variety of attractive objects, such as my hand, scraps of colored paper, and so on. These he regarded very attentively, and this habit of attention had manifestly grown of late. Among the objects which attracted him was his mamma's dress, which had a dark ground with a small white-flower pattern. On this memorable day Clifford's hand came by accident in contact with one of the folds of his dress lying

over the breast. Immediately, it seemed to strike him for the first time that he could *reach* an object, and for a dozen times or more he repeated the movement of stretching out his hand, clutching the fold, and giving it a good pull, very much to his own satisfaction."

While on this subject of manual exploration, I had better perhaps say a word or two about the later developments of the power of directing the hands. Clifford was one hundred and thirty-three days (or nineteen weeks) old when he acquired the power of carrying an object (a biscuit) to his mouth. It should be added that the father had been somewhat restricted in this experiment by the authorized guardians of the infant. A thing which was noticeable in this feat was the rapid increase in the precision of the movement. The aiming, from being awkward, soon became exact. What was still more noticeable was that, when the biscuit was afterward held a little farther away, the boy distinctly leaned forward so as to reach it with his mouth. This was the first time he had been noticed to bend his body forward, though he had often been invited to do so by the father's holding out his arms to take him, and so on. The movement looked perfectly instinctive, and quite unsuggested by accidental experiences, such as that by which the movement of stretching out the arm was discovered.

The culmination of this power of reaching visible objects was noticed when he was just six months old. The father then held an object a few inches beyond the reach of his arm; the astute little fellow made no movement. But, as soon as the object was brought just within the sweep of his arm, he stretched forth his hand to seize it. The experiment was repeated and varied, new and unfamiliar objects being selected, and so on, and always with the same result. Clifford had now learned to interpret what Bishop Berkeley calls "visual language," so far as to recognize what amount of convergence of the two eyes answered to the *ultima Thule* of his tangible world.

Let us now go back to the eighth and following weeks. The growing habit of looking at, reaching, and manually investigating objects soon leads to the accumulation of a store of materials for the construction of those complex mental actions which we call perceptions. And often-repeated impressions, more and more clearly distinguished and classified, become the basis of definite acts of recognition. The first object that is clearly recognized by a conscious attention is the face of the mother. In the case of Clifford, the father's face was apparently recognized about the eighth week—at least, the youngster first greeted his parent with a smile about

this time—an event, I need hardly say, which is recorded in very large and easily legible handwriting. The occurrence gives rise to a number of odd reflections in the parental mind. His belief in the necessary coöperation of sight and touch in the early knowledge of material objects leads him to observe that Clifford's manual experience of his face, and more particularly of the bearded chin, has been extensive, an experience which, he adds, has left its recollection in his own mind, too, in the shape of a certain soreness. He then goes on to consider the meaning of the smile. "I can not," he writes, "be of any interest to him as a psychological student of his ways. No, it must be in the light of a bearded plaything that he regards my face." Further observation bears out this argument by going to show that this recognition is not individual but specific: that it is simply a recognition of one of a class of bearded people; for, when a perfect stranger also endowed with the entertaining appendage presents himself, Clifford wounds his father's heart by smiling at him in exactly the same way. Here the diary goes off into some abstruse speculations about the first mental images being what Mr. Galton calls generic images—speculations into which we need not follow the writer.

There is a yet higher intellectual power displayed about the same time in the germ of distinct anticipation. The moment when the baby mind first passes from the sight of his bottle to the imagination of the blisses of prehension and deglutition—a moment which appears to have been reached by Clifford in his tenth week—marks an epoch in his existence. It is plain that he can now not only perceive what is actually present to his senses, but shape representative images of what is absent. This is the moment at which, to quote from the parent's somewhat high-flown observations on this event, "mind rises above the limitations of the actual, and begins to shape for itself an ideal world of possibilities."

The above may perhaps serve as a sample of the observations made on the intellectual development of this privileged child. I will now pass on to quote a remark or two on his emotional development. I may add that the record of this phase of Clifford's early mental life is certainly the most curious part of the document, containing many odd speculations on the course of primitive human history.

The father remarks very early in the diary that the expression of pain or distress in general appears plainly to precede that of pleasure. Crying, of the conscious or really miserable sort, takes place long before smiling or even cooing. This, remarks our observer, probably points to

the fact that in the history of the race the need of making known pains and wants was the more urgent, and so was the one to be first satisfied. Coming now to the particular feelings which have to do with others, it is noteworthy that the earliest feeling to manifest itself is that of antagonism or anger. At least, remarks the father, this was true in the case of Clifford's sister, who, when bidden at the outset of life to do her duty in accepting the nutriment provided by nature, showed all the signs of passionate wrath. The first traceable germ of sympathy—the fellow-feeling which binds men together—appeared in Clifford's case in the eighth week in the shape of responsive cooing sounds when coaxed and comforted by the usual vocal appliances. The chronicler remarks on the fact of the much later appearance of scolding noises, and from this passes to speculations as to the period in human history when men began to exercise power and coercion over one another. There is, I may add, a touch of Rousseau-like sentiment in these remarks.

As to the emotions excited by physical objects, it is an exceedingly difficult thing, in the case referred to, to determine their precise nature. The feeling of wonder at what was new in the environment was a matter of common, every-day observation. Among the objects which first excited a special interest and a prolonged effort of attention were pictures of very unequal degrees of artistic value. Clifford got into the way of taking special note of one or two bits of gaudy coloring when only six weeks old. In these it seemed to be partly the brightness of coloring in the painting or frame, partly the reflections of objects in the glass covering which attracted him. Other things which appeared to give him repeated and endless enjoyment of a quiet sort were the play of sunlight on the wall of his room, the reflection of the shooting fire-flame sent back by the glass covering the pictures, the swaying of trees, and so on. He soon got to know the locality of some of his favorite works of art, and to look out expectantly, when taken into the right room, for his daily show.

Much of this attention was evidently pleasurable: the bright light and the movement stimulated the growing sense, and gave the first crude enjoyment of beauty. The effect of the piano, which, though it made him cry the first time he heard it, afterward quieted and delighted him, goes to prove the existence of such a rudimentary æsthetic sense. Yet this feeling of wonder was not always pleasurable. Novelty has its limit of agreeableness for the baby as for the adult mind, and too sudden a change in familiar surroundings is apt to be disconcerting and even distressing. Thus, when just twelve weeks old, Clifford was quite upset by his mother donning a

red jacket in place of the usual flower-spotted dress. He was just proceeding to take his breakfast when he noticed the change, at the discovery of which all thoughts of feasting deserted him, his lips quivered, and he only became reassured of his whereabouts after taking a good look at his mother's face.

Even when the new object is not thus a rupture of the familiar, its strangeness may affect the infantile mind sadly. Clifford was often remarked by his father drawing a deep sigh after a prolonged inspection of something particularly mysterious, as the face of a clock, or the play of the reflection of the fire-flame. Wonder has its two bifurcating lines of development: it may pass into glad excitement, into an impulse of joyous worship, showing itself in smiles and cooings, or into oppressive awe or fear. In Clifford's case it was noticeable that the same object would produce now the one, now the other effect, according to his condition.

Not only so—and here, says our chronicler, we come to the interesting point—a very few weeks would make all the difference in the effect of the same objects. For example, a not very alarming doll belonging to Clifford's sister, after having been a pleasant object of regard, suddenly acquired for him, when he was nearly five months old, a repulsive aspect. Instead of talking to it and making a sort of amiable deity of it as heretofore, he now shrieked when it was brought near. And there seems to have been nothing in his individual experience which could account for this sudden accession of fear. And, similarly, strangers who, as I have observed, once were impartially greeted with a hospitable smile, began about the same time (in his sixth month) to appear in a very disagreeable light.

These observations lead Clifford's father to long speculations as to the inheritance of certain feelings. Thus he hints that the special interest taken by his child in reflections may be a survival of the primitive feeling respecting the second selves or ghosts of things which anthropologists, as Mr. E. B. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer, tell us was first developed in connection with the phenomena of reflected images, shadows, etc. Yet he evidently feels a difficulty here, since Clifford somewhat provokingly remains supremely indifferent to his own reflection in the glass. He goes on to ask whether the fear called forth by the doll and the face of strangers at a certain stage of the child's development is not clearly due to an instinct now fixed in the race by the countless experiences of peril in its early, pre-social, Ishmaelitic condition.

Among other feelings displayed by the young Clifford was that of amusement at what is grotesque and comical. When only four or five

months old he was accustomed to watch the antics of his sister, an elfish being given to flying about the room, screaming, and other disorderly proceedings, with all the signs of a sense of the comicality of the spectacle. So far as the father could judge, this sister served as a kind of jester to the baby monarch. He would take just that distant, good-natured interest in her foolings that Shakespeare's sovereigns took in the eccentric, unpredictable ways of their jesters.

I will not run the risk of wearying the reader by following the diary into the record of the early stages of the development of will. This is less rich and full than the other parts. After all, the "will" in this early stage of existence seems to be nothing but a sort of occult metaphysical "will to live" about which we have recently heard so much. What we mean by an orderly will is developed out of a number of instinctive impulses aided by recollection and intelligence. These instinctive impulses come into play in the first months of babyhood, and the chronicle of Clifford's achievements contains some curious facts on this head. To select but one, the observant father calls attention to the fact that, while the impulse to seize objects manifested itself, as we have seen, when he was eleven weeks old, the impulse to relinquish showed itself considerably later. Thus, after he had first succeeded in carrying the nipple of his bottle to his mouth, his action failed of its object through the want of an impulse on the part of the hand to relax the grasp. And the first deliberate act of throwing away an object of which he had become tired did not occur till some months later. This fact leads the chronicler to go off into a somewhat cynical vein of reflection on the grasping propensities of the race.

I will conclude this fragmentary sketch of Clifford's early mental development by remarking that when twenty-seven weeks old he began to articulate sounds quite spontaneously. Up to this time he had had some understanding of sounds, for he would turn to the well-known lithograph recently given us by the enterprising publishers of the "Graphic," when the words "cherry ripe" were spoken. But his own powers of vocal execution were of the scantiest. His vocabulary may be said to have been confined to vowel-sounds ranging from the broad *ā* to a cockney *ow*—that is to say, *ā-ōō*. But now he suddenly bethought himself to extend his range of articulation, and within twenty-four hours lit on the important additions, "da! da!" and "ba! ba!" Here, then, we may take our leave of him, fairly on his way to become a rational animal, distinguished from all inferior creatures by the possession of a system of signs or a language.

I leave this transcript from the diary of a psychological observer to produce its own proper effect on the minds of my readers. They may not, perhaps, altogether share in the worthy parent's estimate of the importance of these researches. Some of them, particularly among the mothers, who have had their own field of inspection, may be disposed to regard certain of his observations as trite and commonplace. Others, again, of the cynical bachelor class, may think that they discover now and again traces of weak paternal sentiment, mingling with and adulterating the pure ore of scientific curiosity. And, finally, sober people may find some of the social

speculations put forward in the record far-fetched if not absurd. However this may be, I feel I have done my task in letting them know something of the nature of the new fashion in the domain of psychological inquiry. Whatever the *scientific* worth of the results so far obtained, nobody but a cynical contemner of all human tenderness will doubt the *ethical* importance of an occupation which is so well fitted to soften the sex which Nature has not taken the same pains to mollify that we have seen her take in the case of the other half of our race.

J. S. (*Cornhill Magazine*).

THE TWO PRISONERS.

I.

A QUEER visitor called on the city clerk of Nördlingen in the year 1654. A stranger, a fellow about twenty years of age, of large stature and seemingly of great strength, but of neglected and beggarly appearance, presented himself one morning at the office, planted himself without any sort of salutation in front of the clerk and stared at him in silence.

To the gruffly-put question, "What do you want?" he replied as gruffly, "A rope."

The city clerk informed him that he had applied at the wrong address, and that the rope-maker lived around the corner. The man replied that he had no need of a rope-maker, that it was the hangman he sought; he wished to be hanged. The clerk, to whom this reply caused no little trepidation, believed the stranger to be mad, and called a sturdy servant to his side before proceeding further.

The stranger then confessed himself a homeless tramp, called Jörg Muckenhuber by his companions, and, as his language was a patchwork of as many different dialects as his coat was of variegated rags, it was readily conceded, even in the absence of a passport, that his home was everywhere and nowhere.

He then briefly and composedly related that he had murdered a traveling peddler a few weeks since in the neighborhood of Nördlingen, and had also dispatched a foreign Jew on the road between Augsburg and Kaufbeuren. The murdered peddler and Jew banished sleep at night, and, as he had committed the former murder within Nördlingen territory, the council of this imperial city could not possibly refuse to hang him on the Nördlingen gallows.

The city clerk took him severely to task, contending that anybody might come with such a story; the city had erected its gallows for its own citizens and not for foreign vagabonds; but he nevertheless caused Muckenhuber to be securely confined, and submitted the matter to the council.

The council itself, *in corpore*, could not at first make up its mind whether the fellow was a fool or a desperate villain. But it was at that time the custom to put crazy people in the same place of confinement as thieves and murderers. Jörg Muckenhuber was for the present confined to the safe keeping of the tower, and the matter was therefore properly begun, whatever the nature of subsequent developments might be.

The torturer, pastor, and surgeon, who visited the prisoner in succession, and each sounded him after his own fashion, declared unanimously that the fellow, although extremely coarse and ill-conditioned, was nevertheless of perfectly sound mind, and that he stuck to his confession.

The case was, of course, soon the subject of much gossip throughout the city, and of contention among the good burghers as to the propriety of hanging a man merely upon his urgent request and confession, although no other proof could be furnished, for nowhere could a trace be found of the murder alleged to have been committed on the traveling peddler.

Even when Muckenhuber was brought out under a strong guard attended by a great concourse of people, to show the place where he had murdered the peddler and buried his body, no corroborating evidence of the act could be discovered, although the fellow succeeded in still further confusing and misleading the officers who had him in charge by his cunning statements and

subterfuges. Through thick and thin the prisoner stuck to his original statement: he had murdered a peddler within Nördlingen territory, and must therefore be hanged on a Nördlingen gallows.

Although the burghers of the little imperial city were at that time as much accustomed to highly seasoned criminal dramas as to their daily bread, yet the excitement over this unheard-of case increased from day to day; and in particular did they find it difficult to possess themselves in patience until the arrival of the anticipated answer from the magistrates of Augsburg and Kaufbeuren, to whom the Nördlingen court had sent the papers in the case, with the request that they would, in a kindly neighborly spirit, cause a searching investigation to be made into the alleged murder of a Jew between the two cities. In neither place, however, could the slightest trace be found of such a murder.

Although in the sharp procedure of the sixteenth century the confession of the accused stood higher than any other proof, his judges remained undecided, especially in view of the circumstance that Muckenhuber ever and again adduced new reasons to account for the absence of all corroborative evidence.

Recourse was therefore had to that severest of all touchstones—the torture. As confessions of guilt had so often been tortured out of people who insisted upon their innocence, why might not also a confession of innocence be tortured out of a man who insisted on his guilt?

The torture-chamber, however, only made matters worse, for when the thumb-screw was applied Muckenhuber stood sturdily by his old story, and when, in order to further arouse his conscience, the "Spanish boots" were laid on, he even proceeded to confess to a list of robberies, each of which in itself merited expiation on the gallows. The judge directing the torture had also intended administering to the accused a ride on the "sharp-backed donkey," but, lest the obstinate fellow should then in addition confess to the crime of arson, oft repeated, it was decided to stop after the application of the first two degrees of the *peine forte et dure*; and the triumphant Jörg was led back to his prison. The high council was, however, more at a loss than ever, for, while the shrewder burghers began to realize that Jörg Muckenhuber was making game of the imperial city, such a case of gallows-humor was nevertheless quite unprecedented, and no one could imagine a reason why this unkempt vagabond should offer his neck to the noose and his limbs to the rack. This was entirely too much even for the most hardened of jokers. Added to this, not only the alleged crime, but Muckenhuber himself had, as it were, sprung up from

the earth overnight, for as little could be ascertained of his origin as of his crimes. Some thought to settle the difficulty by roundly declaring that he was the devil himself in disguise amusing himself by leading all Nördlingen about by the nose, but this theory left the most difficult part of the question, the disposition to be made of this tramp, still unsolved.

In that day public opinion inclined pretty decidedly to the theory that it was better to hang three innocent persons than to allow a single guilty one to escape. And for that matter Jörg Muckenhuber was guilty in any case, for if he had committed those murders he merited the gallows, but if he had not he merited the gallows all the more for having made such game of the entire council of an imperial city. But, as it could not be agreed in which of the two ways he had merited the gallows, he was for the present allowed to remain quietly in his prison.

II.

THIS prison was anything but a cheerful place of sojourn. Muckenhuber's cell was situated half above, half beneath the earth, in a little tower surrounded on three sides by a ditch filled with water; of light there was none too much, though at noon of a sunny day enough twilight penetrated through a little window or slit in the wall to have enabled the occupant of the cell to distinguish a chair from a table, had there been any such articles of luxury present. The neighborhood was, however, all the better. Without, beneath the window, the frogs sang in many-voiced chorus. Adjoining the cell was another, whose occupant, an old woman, stoutly denied that she was a witch. Her so-called window also opened on the ditch, and, when the two neighbors spoke through their windows, they could converse very well, but without seeing each other, and the frogs only could overhear what they said.

This intercommunication had begun in a somewhat peculiar manner. The woman's loud praying was the first intimation Jörg had of her existence. Her prayer was not a gentle, humble entreaty, but impetuous, almost violent, as though it were a question of insisting upon justice rather than asking favors. Jörg had never learned to pray, either in a loud or a low voice, and at first her praying impressed him as being simply curious: but finally the circumstance that an old woman ventured to speak with such emphasis to the Almighty inspired Jörg with respect, and led him to suppose his neighbor must be of colossal size, and capable of subduing ten or more men.

He did not take upon himself to open communication with his neighbor, but waited till she should become aware of his presence and speak

to him. Even heroic women are fond of chatting, and thus it came about that the two companions in misfortune were soon on intimate terms without ever having seen each other. The ear had to perform a double function—to see and hear at the same time. At the outset Jörg responded to the friendly advances of his neighbor with many a defiant, mocking speech, but the old woman's replies were always so mild, and showed such superiority, that Jörg's audacity was soon tamed.

This at first despised communion with his unknown neighbor soon became a sweet necessity. Three things began to move his hard heart: the silence of his cell; the voice of Nature through the throats of the frogs beneath his window, which at times seemed to lure him back to the freedom of the woods; and, lastly, the voice from the compassionate human breast so near him.

And yet he stuck to his resolve to be hanged at Nördlingen.

After a few days Jörg was thoroughly informed as to the history and prospects of his neighbor, but he, nevertheless, maintained entire silence regarding his own.

The old woman, Maria Hollin, was the wealthy, childless widow of the proprietor of the Crown Tavern. To be accused of witchcraft in her sixtieth year was her fate. A rich witch was a rarity; nearly all the poor and ugly women had, however, been burned at Nördlingen in the course of the last five years and, as every witch had been compelled to name her accomplices, and as the zeal of the judges only increased with the number of executions, the turn of the beautiful, young, and wealthy women came at last also. Unhappy women were to be found there in abundance, but there was not another who was at the same time so unhappy and so heroic as Maria Hollin. She had been stretched on the rack eighty-five times, and had confessed nothing! Jörg's conviction, based on the tone of her prayers, that she could subdue ten men, was justified. The judges were in despair. To acquit a person who had been subjected to the torture eighty-five times was not to be thought of, and to condemn her without a confession was also quite out of the question.

Moreover, intelligence of the fortitude of Maria Hollin had reached the people, and had awakened much secret sympathy in her behalf, as well as gradually increasing dissatisfaction with the terrible witch-sentencing judges. Until now everything had in the main worked smoothly. Thirty-two women had been accused, tortured, convicted, and burned, without there having been a great ado about the matter. In extreme cases it had only been found necessary to allow one or

another of them to remain suspended to a rope with weights attached to her feet, until the judges had breakfasted; when they returned to the rack it was invariably to receive the frankest confession. And now the obstinacy of this woman had suddenly checked the majestic course of this most admirable criminal procedure! Although there was a large number of other suspected women in the prison, it was deemed inadvisable, in view of the growing dissatisfaction of the people, to begin new proceedings until the present case had been disposed of.

In addition to their other troubles, the judges now found themselves confronted with the scandalous case of Muckenhuber. The one they would have so gladly condemned, yet she would not confess her guilt; the other they would have so gladly acquitted, yet he would not confess his innocence! The city clerk expressed the opinion that the difficulty could be most satisfactorily disposed of if Jörg Muckenhuber were only a woman, too; by a happy mistake he might then be burned as Maria Hollin, and the latter set free as Muckenhuber, by which proceeding both would have their way, and the court stand justified.

But, worst of all, a diplomatic storm was threatening the council in the southeastern horizon, from the direction of Ratisbon. It chanced that Maria Hollin was not a mere nobody, but the daughter of an official of the city of Ulm, and her influential connection there, convinced of her innocence, had prevailed upon their magistrate to intervene in her behalf with the council of Nördlingen. But this action proved of no avail, the city clerk expressing the opinion that the reputation of the court was at stake, and that it would be highly dangerous to acquit a woman whom they had subjected to the torture eighty-five times without being able to fasten upon her any guilt whatever. The magistrate of Ulm was, however, persistent. At that time an important session of the Imperial Diet was being held at Ratisbon, and the emperor, Rudolph II, was present in person. The city of Ulm gave its envoy instructions to intercede in behalf of Maria Hollin with the envoy of Nördlingen, and, his intervention in this quarter proving fruitless at first, he threatened to invoke the imperial power against the administration of justice prevailing at Nördlingen.

Although Maria Hollin was not accurately informed as to the position of affairs, she was, nevertheless, aware that mighty friends were active in her cause, and this conviction served only to steel her courage. Her judges were, on the other hand, all the better informed as to how matters stood, and as they could not go on, and were unwilling to retreat, they did nothing, al-

lowed the procedure to languish, and all the accused to remain where they were, in prison. By the operation of a sort of parallelogram of these various forces, an involuntary court vacation was thus established at Nördlingen.

Maria Hollin's story made a profound impression on Jörg Muckenhuber. Before his judges he had until now imagined himself a hero, before this true heroine he could only regard himself as a wicked wretch. Out of pride and defiance he had concealed his true history from the former; before this woman he was mute for very shame; and yet as time progressed he found it impossible to resist the firm, sympathetic voice of his neighbor. At times it seemed to him a voice from heaven, for it was the voice of a true human being, and as such at that time as new to him as heaven itself.

Thus gradually tamed, he began to confess his true history to the old woman, and, although he well knew that judges of the Inquisition were in the habit of inciting fellow-prisoners to allure and betray each other, he was equally well assured that Maria Hollin would keep his confession as inviolate as would the frogs that listened in the ditch below. Only, he found it difficult to begin his confessions.

At first he asked her if she had never seen two savagely fighting dogs, with jaws so firmly interlocked that their grip grew firmer and firmer the more it was sought to separate them with blows. He and his judges were just such a couple of dogs. The advice of the city clerk, when on the very first day he suggested the application of the thumb-screw, was alone sound. He would probably have confessed at once, but, having once grappled with his judges, the torture had been of as little use as the blows given the dog when it had once taken its hold. But no, this was not the right way to begin.

After again considering the matter for a long time, Muckenhuber related to his neighbor that together with his parents he had, since his childhood, led the life of a shameless tramp, indulging in all the wild delights of a restless, worthless, wandering life, but also suffering its privations, dangers, and disgrace. He had never committed murder, robbery, or theft, but had only taken what he needed. Of such a life one soon grew weary. He was at enmity with his relations, his friends, and himself. He was tired of roaming about, and yet could not make up his mind to remain long anywhere. Life had lost its zest, and yet, to make away with himself, and have his body found in the forest or fished out of some ditch like a miserable beast that had perished, was not to his liking either.

Now, he had often heard death on the gallows praised as the most beautiful of deaths, and the

"best men" and heroes of whom he had heard his companions speak had ever been heroes who had attained the height of their glory on the highest round of the gallows-ladder. To be hanged was, in the vernacular of his companions, to celebrate one's marriage; the delinquent was the bridegroom, the gallows the bride, the assistant executioner was the clerk, and the hangman the priest who united the couple with the firmest of bonds, the rope; the dance in the air was the marriage-dance.

For the purpose of bringing a life which for him had lost all charm to a brilliant and honorable termination had Jörg come to Nördlingen, a city at that time celebrated for its summary administration of justice, to place himself at the disposal of the authorities.

For the rest, Jörg remarked that he would not have murdered any man, not even a Jew, if he had known beforehand how very particular the people were here. He finally concluded as he had begun: he had now grappled with the gentlemen of the council, and he meant to have his own way; had they applied the torture on the first day, they would have wrung the truth from him; even a flogging, although a sound one might have been necessary, would have answered the purpose. Now, he would stick to the two murders he had invented, though they should pull him to pieces with red-hot tongs. They were his own, his creations, his inviolate property, bought and paid for with his sufferings!

Jörg had thereupon to listen to a terrible sermon from Maria Hollin. To judge by her voice, he now imagined her standing in her dark cell like the angel with flaming sword in hand. For all that, this sermon affected him but little. He felt much more profoundly humiliated when, in the silence of the night, he compared her heroic courage and contempt of death with his own history; in such moments his obstinate defiance seemed to him but a vile counterfeit of her noble fortitude. When she appealed with unstinted severity to his conscience, he acknowledged her to be right in all things; only, he was unwilling to admit that others were in the right. When she condemned his course, it terrified him almost as much as if her words had been the condemnation of the day of judgment; but it was his purpose all the same to play some pranks on the authorities of Nördlingen, and be hanged on their gallows.

In the mean time months passed by. The two neighbors, who had never seen each other's face, became more and more to one another. Jörg had never loved a human being as he loved this woman, before whom he felt so much ashamed of himself, and who visited such scathing sermons upon him; and the old woman dis-

covered so many latent virtues in this wild child of nature that she sometimes almost reproached herself with finding so much that was good in this wicked fellow. To her profound consolation she, the wicked witch, succeeded in administering to this self-accuser before the court a little bit of Christianity, that is to say, as much thereof as could manage to squeeze itself through the little barred slits in their prison-walls. Jörg willingly accepted all the articles of the creed submitted to him, but also abided by that foremost article of his own creed, that the gallows of Nördlingen was his rightful destiny.

III.

JÖRG had grappled with the council, and the council with Jörg; but the council had also grappled with itself on Jörg's account. This body had divided itself into two parties, who were in such a state of conflict that the occasion of the conflict was quite forgotten in its bitterness. The one party, as already remarked, wanted to hang Jörg because he had committed murder; the other because he had not committed murder. The city clerk—very quietly, however, and standing quite alone—constituted a third, an intermediate party. He wanted to let Jörg escape, "for," said he to himself, "had the torture been resorted to on the first day we should have gotten at the truth; to-day it is too late; now, if we wait until the two parties are agreed on the grounds why Jörg should be hanged, he might, in the mean time, die of old age in the tower, to the disadvantage of the city, which would have to bear the expenses of his food and lodging." Basing his argument on his knowledge of men, the clerk further concluded that Jörg had probably after so many weeks become heartily weary of confinement and the jail-fare, and that the best solution of the difficulty would be to leave his prison-door open, by accident as it were, and afford him a welcome opportunity to escape. With the occasion of the controversy, the controversy itself would disappear; people would wonder how it was possible that such a good-for-nothing scamp could have created such a turmoil; the administration of justice would escape dishonor; and he, the clerk, would take upon himself the vindication of the negligent jailer.

He therefore often arranged that the door of Jörg's cell should remain unlocked. Jörg noticed the omission, but kept his ground, nevertheless; he wanted to be hanged on Nördlingen territory. But, when he, one day, informed his neighbor of the increasing negligence of his jailer, the matter assumed a new phase. With the mere thought of the open door (although not the door of her own cell), a mighty yearning for freedom awoke in Maria Hollin's breast. "If I could only get

out!" she exclaimed, "not that I wish to escape; I should only leave to return again. I should go to tell my friends at Ulm of the shameful wrong done me, and to return again with the proofs of my innocence. I do not even care for my liberty, I care only to save my honor and reputation—!" She did not quite finish her sentence, but Jörg understood her.

He had long been at work endeavoring to break through the wall that separated their cells, but had hitherto made but little progress, his only tool being a scrap of iron. Since this exclamation of his neighbor he had, however, worked incessantly and with the strength of a giant, and on the third night he found it would be possible to creep through the hole he had made in the darkest corner of his cell.

There was no time to be lost. On this night Jörg's door had again been left unsecured. Their leave-taking must be short. Maria Hollin crept through the opening into her neighbor's cell. Jörg sank to the earth, clasping the woman's knees, and crying, as if to express his entire obedience and gratitude in a single word—"Mother!" and she passed her hand caressingly over his features in the darkness, exclaiming, "My poor, unhappy son!"

The two friends who had never seen and were yet so much to each other then separated. The childless widow had then for the first time, and with the full feeling of a mother's heart, pronounced the words "My child," and the tramp who had never known his mother, for the first time, and with profound filial reverence, uttered the name "mother."

For the night Maria Hollin concealed herself in the house of faithful friends, to continue her flight to Ulm on the following morning. Jörg, however, crept into the witch's little chamber, and, when in the morning the jailer came to pass the slender prison meal through a narrow opening in the door, he covered himself with the cloak left behind by his former neighbor, and cowered in the farthest corner; and, when the jailer passed on to the door of his own cell, he rapidly glided through the hole in the wall, and received a second breakfast as Jörg Muckenhuber. With much dexterity he kept this up for almost an entire week, and would have enjoyed the fun greatly, had not the thought of the faithful neighbor he had lost saddened him.

A day came, however, on which not only the aperture but the entire door was opened, and in stepped the city clerk, accompanied by the jailer, and commanded Maria Hollin to follow him to the court-room. Jörg kept up his rôle as long as he could, and cowered, as if terrified, in the darkest corner, motioning the intruders back with mute gesture. But when the clerk ex-

claimed, "Woman, follow me without fear—I conduct you to liberty, and not to torture!" Muckenhuber threw the cloak aside, oblivious of his assumed character, and sprang defiantly forward, crying out to the alarmed clerk, in response to his cheering words: "No, you won't; for I mean to be hanged, and here in Nördlingen, too!"

The clerk's rage knew no bounds when he saw that the witch had escaped, and the tramp had remained behind. It was in reality to freedom that he had meant to conduct Maria Hollin, but to freedom under important conditions, and now she had vanished in the most unconditional manner; Jörg, on the contrary, who should have vanished unconditionally, was still there to distract the council as heretofore. "You scamp, there is no making away with you!" exclaimed the incensed clerk. Muckenhuber quietly replied, "That you make no attempt to do so is just what I complain of!"

In the case of Maria Hollin, matters now stood as follows: The aspect of affairs at Ratisbon was so threatening that the majority of the council hesitated, and began to array themselves against the three members of the body who had given the first impulse to the witchcraft tragedies, and had for the last five years conducted a perfect reign of terror. The rapidly increasing indignation of the people, who were awaking as from a feverish dream, encouraged this majority; and the witch-persecuting judges saw more and more clearly that their rule was drawing to a close, and that it was time to think of their own safety. They had therefore resolved to give Maria Hollin her freedom, under the condition, however, that she would subscribe and swear to a document of the following contents: She accepted her freedom as an act of grace, would hereafter neither complain of her judges, nor seek to avenge herself on them personally; she would leave the city within twenty-four hours, and would for ever observe the most complete silence concerning the entire procedure in her case. From a terrified old woman who saw the torture-chamber behind and the stake before her, it was believed it would be an easy matter to obtain on such easy terms the desired sworn statement. The alarm of the council was therefore great when they heard of her escape, for she would now be able to agitate the people and make any accusations she pleased from a safe distance.

The city clerk cut a sorry figure when he appeared before his brother officials, leading into the court-room, not the old woman, but Jörg Muckenhuber. The gentlemen of the council reproached each other in the most bitter terms, and with increasing loudness and violence, until

a perfect storm arose, when the deep bass of the city clerk, resounding over all this Babel of voices, suddenly, as with a charm, secured silence, and restored harmony. He exclaimed: "For all this evil, Muckenhuber, and he alone, is to blame. Hang him up unless he at once recalls his confession!" Jörg responded, "I recall nothing!" and when asked by the clerk for the second time, "and again nothing," and for the third time—

There, as though fallen from the skies, stood Maria Hollin in their midst, accompanied by two of the most respectable citizens of Nördlingen and Ulm. She fastened her gaze severely on Muckenhuber, and said to him, quietly but firmly: "Jörg, you will recall your false confession!" Struck as with a thunderbolt by this sudden apparition and voice, Jörg stood silent, and cast his eyes down. For a moment there was entire silence, then Jörg spoke: "No other power on earth could have made me recall my confession, but I can not lie in this woman's face; I do recall it!"

In the mean time the crowd without, uttering the wildest threats against the council, and demanding Maria Hollin's immediate release, grew more and more uproarious. The gentlemen of the council scented danger in delay. After a short, secret consultation, the clerk read to the old woman, in the most seductive tones he could command, the statement it was desired she should make under oath. But Maria Hollin replied that it was justice and not mercy she demanded; she had presented herself solely in order that her trial might be conducted to its termination with all formality; she would not swear to that statement.

The gentlemen of the council made long faces, and were disposed to try persuasion, though they well knew from experience that persuasion could accomplish little with this woman.

At this moment Maria Hollin suddenly observed that Muckenhuber was being heavily ironed for the sake of greater security in the prison to which he was about to be reconducted, and her heart was profoundly moved by the despairing gaze he fixed on her. After a brief interval of reflection, she addressed the judges as follows: "You have stooped to bargain with me, and are therefore no longer rightful judges, for judges may not bargain. Being no longer judges, you can no longer administer justice! Good: I, too, will now bargain. Give me the freedom of this bad boy; I will adopt him as my child, take him with me to Ulm, and endeavor to give him a better rearing than you can give him. During the eleven months I have spent in the tower my fortune has lain unproductive; in justice you should compensate me for the interest I have lost; give me this boy, I will accept him in lieu

of the interest due me, as an increase to my possessions vouchsafed me by God during the period of my suffering. With this condition I will subscribe and swear to your paper."

The threatening crowd had already penetrated to the hall leading to the court-room. The council would have no choice but to accept, even if the condition imposed by Maria Hollin had been much more onerous.

When she came to sign the paper she found with it a bill for her board and lodging during the eleven months of her imprisonment. This she, however, smilingly returned to the clerk, who, the furious crowd being already at the door, tore it to pieces with all possible expedition, scattering the fragments under the table.

Jörg, who had in the mean time been relieved of his chains, gazed about him as in a dream, passively submitting to all that took place.

Maria Hollin took him by the hand and led him to the door, where they were received by the entering crowd with jubilant shouts. To show that he was even now not quite at his wits' end, the clerk called out to the departing couple in semi-audible tones, "This gentle child of adoption will in his home at Ulm at last find the gallows to which he is justly entitled."

Maria Hollin heard what he said, and, turning

on the threshold, exclaimed in a loud tone of voice: "City clerk, you too should be imprisoned for eleven months, in order that you might learn to understand the human heart. You would then perhaps find that there are people who despise death and at the same time long for it, so desolate, so devoid of charm are their rude lives; and that, on the other hand, there are many who have partaken so plentifully of what is truly glorious in life that they have learned to love it, who are fearless of the death they do not seek. The former fear death because they have not learned how to live; for the latter it has fewer terrors, because they know well how to live. I mean to teach this, my son, so to live that he shall learn to despise in a true Christian sense the death of which he has already shown himself fearless in his own wild way."

She kept her word. In her house Jörg became a brave and honest man, whose services to his new home, the city of Ulm, were in the first decade of the Thirty Years' War of so important a nature that its people long held his name in honor. The witch-persecuting judges of Nördlingen were deposed from their offices, and the entire city government renewed and purified. Upon those five years of terror followed a better era, in which law and justice again held sway in the time-honored old imperial city.

From the German of Professor W. H. RIEHL, by CHAPMAN COLEMAN.

THE FORTUNES OF LITERATURE UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE value of literature, as an art of expression, unquestionably depends upon the social conditions under which it is practiced. However differently, in particular cases, the balance of indebtedness between the author and his age may be accounted, society does determine somewhat his mental characteristics, and still more the limits of his experience; his work is a reflex of the social life in which he shared. If it fortunately happens that the authors and the people of a country think and feel about the same objects in ways not so dissimilar as to make them unintelligible to each other, and thus possess an essential bond of union, literature becomes an expression of national life, a permanent embodiment of the national spirit. The literature of England answers most nearly to this idea of a national literature; and therefore M. Taine, as he himself says, chose to write of it, because it

better illustrates and supports his theory that a nation's life—the character and circumstances of its people and the special social movements of its successive ages—determines, by a force akin to natural law, a specific literature. If he had chosen to write of American literature, how ill would it have served his purpose! Perhaps M. Taine would reply that we in America are not a literary people, that we have no national literature, and that what literature has flourished among us is of a leaf and fiber sprung from foreign soil; in such a reply, indeed, there would be much truth.

Certainly our literature has been, to a remarkable degree, remote from the national life. There has been but slight mutual obligation between our books and our politics or our society. Even among men of genius, who are usually more withdrawn than others from the influence peculiar to their time, and are either indifferent to them

or masters over them, our men of genius seem peculiarly isolated. Their temperaments, in so far as these were the result of past human experience working secretly through the subtle channels of hereditary descent, were born of a civilization far different from our own, a civilization religious, colonial, and local, not secular, self-sustaining, and national. These men fashioned the treasures of our literature by their own creative force and artistic instinct, with but slight obligation to their country either for the material of their work or for the knowledge of their craft. Engrossed with their own unshared powers and qualities, they stood aloof from the nation and its concerns. They set out on the eternal search for beauty and truth, guided, like all the greatest, by the elemental principles in human nature, like voyagers on strange seas, steering by the pole-star, borne on by trade-wind or Gulf Stream; but their ships were unfreighted with a public hope. Or—since voyagers is too venturesome a name for them—say, rather, they joined the company of pure artists, who, illuminating the spirit of man rather than the spirit of their age, acknowledge the lordship of no country, but belong to the race—the men who gather within themselves, as into a star of intenser light, the scattered and obscure rays that are a lamp of beauty to the feet of every man. Amid that company how should they hear the axe ringing in the lonely wilderness of the Genesee, or catch the joy on the face of the adventurous explorer on hard-won mountain-peaks, with the promised land spread out westward before him? Some unreal Hiawatha-echo did penetrate even there; some prospect of an Astoria, with its natural marvel and human hardihood (less prized than the ruinous, legend-haunted Alhambra), was caught sight of; a spell of romance was woven about the Hudson, and a mysterious beauty evoked from the wintry life of Puritan dwellers by the shores of Massachusetts Bay; but to the America present before them it is scarcely too much to say our men of genius were wellnigh deaf and blind. There is something startling in this spectacle of the gifted and trained mind absorbed in its pursuit of imaginative delight, heedless of the humble muscle which was meanwhile building up a great nation; seldom, in literary history, has there been so complete a sundering of the changeless work of men's spirits from the work of men's hands which, however transmuted, still no less endures.

Our men of genius were isolated in yet another way. Underived and solitary genius has frequently not only stimulated and delighted its contemporaries; it has gathered about itself a band of disciples, has kindled zeal, deepened conviction, hardened intellectual strength, so that

on its eclipse its battle with darkness went on in the victory of younger men—men not of genius, but of culture. Among us literature has had no such continuous tradition; where the torch fell, it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imitators, who came to nothing; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived, no poet has caught the music of Longfellow, no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. They are not connected with their countrymen even by the secondary tie of calling into being a body of literature with power to enter effectively into the nation's life, to shape the character and determine the expansion of its thought. We have not earned the right to claim these men as a national possession by any important contribution to the growth of their genius, nor have they given us that right by anything distinctively national in their work or their influence; ushered in by Donatello and Evangeline, they find a welcome at the hearthstone of every lover of the beautiful, but, except for the accident of birth, there is little reason why the welcome should be warmer in America than in England.

Men of culture, whose work makes up the larger portion of any literature, are much indebted to circumstance and opportunity. In America they have been, as has been seen, without a literature of virile power; they have also been without a society vigorous enough to stamp an image of itself in letters. In the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges, the wit, sense, and malice of a cultivated society expressed themselves with such intelligence that the age, although one of high political excitement and of great consequence to the institutions and civilization of England, is yet mainly known as a literary age. The society from which American men of culture took their bent was civilized in other ways than that at Twickenham, but it was so inferior to it in its sense of the value of literature to life, in active, keen intelligence, and in consummate mastery of the art of speech, that it was incapable of any similar literary expression. The lack of such a society as the wits of Queen Anne moved in sent our men of culture to attend in English drawing-rooms and at English dinner-tables. This resort to the Old World was natural, and indeed inevitable. The Revolution made us an independent nation, but in literature we remained a province. At the beginning of the century it was sneeringly yet truly said that the Americans let Europe make their fashions and their books for them, as if our women were without taste and our men without mind. We developed ancient English political ideas, and, with our ears intent upon the future, we put ourselves under the sway of the ideas to come, de-

mocracy and its unrevealed forces ; in literature, on the contrary, we sought neither to disestablish nor to amend the English tradition. We kept not only the unchangeable standards of good literature, but so possessed were we by the social spirit and tastes of the mother-country that we kept also the subject and the style in which the peculiarities of a nation manifest themselves if at all. Thus Irving, our first great man of letters, deriving his culture from social life abroad, taking his style from Addison and Steele, and interesting his readers in sketches of English rural life or in foreign legend, came to leave (in Mr. Lowell's phrase) "a name either English or Yankee." So, too, Ticknor, Allston, and their successors were molded by the foreign influence; the foreign standard of education and literature became firmly established, and has not yet yielded its ground.

"You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,

With their salt on her tail your wild eagle is caught ;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean."

What Mr. Lowell wrote of his generation has not ceased to be true of our time. To-day American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens. In these later years, however, our strongly marked national life has given rise to a domestic literature (if I may so term it) having to do with ourselves and our own concerns; it reflects, it is true, the ruder elements of our civilization—our rough life on the border, our vulgar life abroad, our homely middle-class life in the East—and it is usually embodied in fugitive and imperfect forms, but sometimes, as in the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in forms of exquisite finish. This literature, whatever its defects, is the product of our own soil, and unsheathes a green blade of hope. In England some of it has met with a sort of criticism—as if, being American, it were absolved from Old-World canons of excellence and free to indulge whatever extravagance, nonsense, or immodesty it pleases, if only a flavor of the soil be kept—that shows clearly enough that English taste is no longer definitive for us, and in this fact there is also a sign of promise. But, if we except this younger and less perfect literature, it would seem that the nation has contributed but little more to culture like Lowell's, adorned by dignities and graces that are the acquirements of laborious years, than to genius like Hawthorne's, aureoled by its own effluence. If humor be left out of the account, it is broadly true that whatever is characteristically American in our men of culture as a class has been overborne, checked, blighted,

deadened by the mastering spirit of the English tradition.

This state of things is, however, neither dishonorable nor disheartening. The existence of a powerful foreign influence has never proved innate and pervasive feebleness in the men who receive and assimilate it. It shows an unsatisfied craving, a need of human nature making itself imperatively known and seizing with avidity on what it requires; it shows, in a word, the incompleteness of native culture. Thus the young men of England in one age resorted to Italy, in another to France; that great age of Queen Anne was woven warp and woof, English sense, strength, and grossness with French taste, skill, manner, as well in the court as in the literary sets; in each age the foreign influence supplemented native culture, but did not displace it; transformed and refined, but did not destroy it. The uninterrupted, though lessening, ascendancy of the English tradition in American literature indicates not only that our civilization is of English descent, and that we rightly claim a share with Englishmen in the honor of their literary past, as is too often and too boastfully said; it indicates that our national life has not provided nutriment for intellect, that our men of culture have submitted to be Anglicized as their only resource for remedying this defect in our civilization—a defect, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Arnold, in the sense of the value of intelligence applied to literature.

This does not involve our being an illiterate people. On the contrary, we are, as a nation, anxious for literary fame. We are grateful to our men of letters. We honor their works among the noblest ornaments of the republic. The illustrious names in our literary annals are familiar in our households and ready on our lips. The grief that was felt at Irving's death, men of his generation say, was only less than the mourning over Washington. The loss of Bryant revealed undiminished admiration for the pursuit of literature. From what does this popular feeling spring? Is it rooted in a perception of the civilizing power of literature, in an adequate comprehension of the great offices that are discharged by literature, as a mode of refined amusement, as a treasury of knowledge about the things of the mind, as a bond of sympathy with humanity, as an open access to the fellowship of the great? Something of this conception there is; but the popular desire for literary fame springs, there is too much reason to fear, from a jealous national pride, and is rooted in the thin soil of national vanity. But, whatever its cause may be, this popular appreciation of success in literary pursuits encourages literature, and we are, besides, a reading people. Why, then, in spite of these

two favorable conditions for literary production, are we deficient in the sense of the value of applying intelligence to literature?

The answer is obvious. In the great work of furthering civilization—that multiform and complex result of many powers working toward the one final end of harmonizing the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life—in this great work where the nations are enlisted each in the service of some few of these many powers, and make progress each along those lines which are either indispensable or most expedient for itself, it has fallen to the lot of our people to be penetrated by the value of two great ideas, and we serve these with all our strength and with all our heart; the ideas, namely, of democracy, as a means of securing the well-being of great multitudes of men, and of the economy of labor, as a means of lessening human toil and increasing the share of material goods that the ordinary man will obtain. These two ideas, belief in the power of democracy to lift the masses into a life of larger freedom and more active intelligence, belief in the power of the utilization both of natural forces and of human ingenuity to increase the comfort of life, control our civilization, and subordinate to themselves all other ideas in which a civilizing power lies. We are not Greeks secure of our liberty and our bread and wine, interested in the things of the mind, in beauty, and wisdom; our interest, for better or worse, is to make sure the welfare of those engaged in the humble occupations of life. To this task we are irrevocably committed; in achieving it man can afford to lose much else that is also valuable.

Let us consider the influence of these two great ideas upon our literature successively. Democracy created the common schools for a public defense against popular ignorance. The common schools gave rise to a great reading class; they made us, indeed, a nation of readers. This great class is eager for information, teachable, sensible of the uses of books for amusement and instruction. It is endowed with the tastes and attached to the standards that naturally belong to a class accustomed by its democracy and Protestantism to rely above all things upon private judgment; that is, to trust decisions of which the validity is limited by a narrow experience. Curiosity is its most noticeable characteristic. It is curious to know what is going on in the world, to learn the manners and customs and the aspect of distant lands, and the events that take place in them, to understand mechanical processes and the scientific explanation of natural phenomena; and these interests, the variety and relative force of which may be measured with considerable accuracy by the contents

of "Harper's Monthly Magazine" (still more by the columns of our Sunday newspapers), are unduly stimulated by the multiplicity of books consequent on modern facilities for travel, the diversity of our industrial development, and the exhaustless variety of scientific experiment and enterprise. This great reading class is curious, too, but in a far less degree, to know biography and history; here its curiosity stops. It does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas. The same class in France, the readers among the French people, are interested in the ideas of speculative politics; our public is indifferent to them, for it has a complacent satisfaction with our institutions as they are, and is possessed by a conservative instinct. The ideas of rational religion, too, our public hears of, for the advocacy of them is loud-voiced and aggressive; but the public shrinks from them. It does not escape from them: they have lessened the vehemence with which hereditary ideas in religion are held, have increased tolerance, and have made men easy in holding vague notions and content with half-convictions; but they have discredited religious discussion, and have failed to enter into the national life with the disintegrating and destroying power of continental rationalism. The curiosity of our public enlarges mental horizons and multiplies mental activities; but it does not penetrate to the spirit, it does not vitalize thought, or result in wisdom. It is a curiosity about facts, about concrete things, the things of the world; it is not a curiosity about the things of the mind, about ideas.

The second obvious characteristic of our great reading class is its fondness for sensation, its desire for strong, pungent, and unusual effects—the analogue of the barbarian's delight in glaring colors. An acute observer of large experience has lately told us—and any news-stand will bear out his testimony—what is the imaginative literature on which our least cultivated reading class feeds—tales of romantic adventure on the high-seas, of ruffianism on the border, of impossible deeds, and ridiculous successes. But what is the case with the reading of the higher class, the class that is the best product of the common schools, that reads Dickens, Macaulay, Poe, and even, sometimes, Carlyle? Is not one reason why Dickens is more popular than Thackeray with this class his lack of temperance, which led him to caricature rather than portray, which led him at times to discolor and distort human nature? Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and

that in his hands discolor and distort history? Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing of the marvelous genius, too little acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class. Carlyle is a thinker, but he is among the first to be read by that small portion of the public which has a nascent and fitful interest in the things of the mind; and he is read by them and by others of larger culture because he wields a Thor-hammer, because when he celebrates the dignity of work he is thinking of the labors of Hercules, because when he adores heroism he has in mind Valhalla warriors, because even when he exalts the virtue of silence he raises a din of words. Here, too, I say nothing of the truth that is in him, but is not one great source of his power the fact that he uses the sensational manner, that he discolours and distorts truth? These great men of letters, in whose work imagination has so large a share, hold reality with a slackened grasp, and this commends them the more to readers of imperfect culture, which is, perhaps, most surely tested by such delight in illusion as characterizes our great reading class. The taste of our public, in imaginative literature, errs by departing from the real; it also errs by departing from the beautiful. To say this is to say that our public, discontented with reality and contented with ugliness, has no conception of pure art or the attempt to evolve the beautiful out of the real; it does not reject pure art (for the highest privilege of pure art is that it gets itself acknowledged wherever there is a spark of feeling or a ray of mind), but it does not require art to be pure. To sum up, the curiosity of our public leaves the mind too opaque to ideas, its fondness for sensation leaves the spirit too impatient of truth, too tolerant of what is gross and rude. There is little need to add that the patronage of such a public will not of itself give rise to any valuable speculative or imaginative literature.

The second great idea of which mention was made, the idea of economizing labor as a means of material progress, has developed the characteristic national virtues, resolution, enterprise, ingenuity, industry, and has wrought out vast and beneficent results. What is praiseworthy in its work is familiar to all. In respect to literature,

its most obvious influence has been to lessen the amount of intelligence in the service of literature. It has had the giving of the prizes that men are prone to think the great prizes of life—riches, power, and the social consideration that comes of these; it has drafted off the intelligence of the country in pursuit of them, and has discouraged literature as it has discredited other modes of human activity. In doing this, however, it has created wealth, and one great function of wealth is the encouragement of literature. How has wealth discharged this function in America? In other countries wealth creates a body of cultivated intelligence in the community, a class of men such as Mr. Arnold addressed upon equality, and which he described, "The large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, with an abundance among them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." In England this class has been built up mainly from the younger branches of the aristocracy, from the universities, and from the owners of hereditary wealth amassed in the commerce of the last two centuries. We, in America, are glad that we have no aristocracy; we are accustomed to sneer at the possessors of wealth inherited from the commerce of two or three generations ago—the blue blood; we have universities, scores and hundreds of them, but it will be as well not to inquire how they fulfill their function of forming a body of intelligence such as Mr. Arnold describes. What is the class that our wealth has produced—not the men engaged in useful employments, but the men relieved from engrossment with business, who have opportunities for the indulgence of liberal tastes? What is the nature of this class? It is a class of seekers after material comfort, a class that satisfies the senses with no ulterior end beyond securing gratification, devoted to luxury and the display of it, a sensual class. Abroad, its members have Paris for their Mecca; their home and national goal of pilgrimage is New York.

The wealth of to-day has not given us a body of cultivated intelligence; nevertheless there is such a body among us; there are individuals, many of them, with the characteristics of the English class. They have come from the wealth of past generations, from the families of the elder clergy, and from those self-made men who have acquired liberal tastes which are either the result of a university education or the equivalent of one. But they do not constitute a distinct and coherent class. They do not naturally gravitate toward a center like London or Paris, as the intellect of England and France gravitates. They are scattered throughout the country and among suburban towns. They have little social communication with one another. Their very ability limits

their culture, for in their isolation it tempts them to indulge idiosyncrasies of taste, to be excessive here and defective there, because they lack the companionship of other equally active minds to restrain their excess and repair their deficiencies. They have no means of knitting themselves into a society, of making themselves felt as a body of intelligence ought to make itself felt. Some years ago Mr. Arnold complained that the cultivated class in England was similarly made up of isolated members who formed "no powerful body of opinion," and were "not strong enough to set a standard up to which even the journeyman work of literature must be brought if it is to be vendible." He was comparing the English class with the French Academy. But the English class is not further removed from the French Academy in point of consistency, stability, dignity, and effective force, than our cultivated class is removed from that of England in the same respects.

Out of this deficiency results another—the lack of a body of right criticism. It is safe to assert that there are not a half-dozen organs of critical opinion in America for which a respectable author would care in the least. The habit of our critics is to give a synopsis of the work under review, to correct its errors of print or of statement, and to make it known to the world. This may be a very useful or even indispensable service, but it is not criticism. Criticism educates rather than informs. Were there among us an effective body of cultivated intelligence, it might recall and invigorate this misdirected and feeble criticism, for it is the natural office of such a body to receive impressions from the higher critics, to modify its standards of taste in consequence, and to apply these modified standards to current literature or to require their application by others. Without such a body criticism is seldom a mode of advancing excellence. There is no need to dwell upon this. Let any one compare secondary criticism abroad, its vigor of thought, its various culture, its range of information, its compass of reflection, its sense of how many different considerations limit any judgment, with secondary criticism in America, and the poverty of the latter will be only too plain. The worst mischief of all is, that the great reading class is left, without the restraints of higher criticism, to the mercy of its own narrow interest in ideas, and to its own false taste, and is abandoned to the license of the authors who know the trade of pleasing it too well. The people is teachable, but no teacher is found for it. Yet, in an age of stable democracy and of unstable religion, literature has a tenfold value for the people. Few realize how true it is that the time is at hand when the ideals of life must be enforced by literature, or not at all. The moral

health of the community depends, in a rapidly increasing degree, upon what it reads; for this reason there are few things which thoughtful Americans need to observe more closely than the drift of our literature toward permanently low standards.

These facts—that the main body of American literature adapts itself to the demands of an imperfectly educated public, that the cultivated class in America exerts no considerable influence upon the popular taste, and, furthermore, produces no separate literature markedly its own, and, thirdly, that American criticism is so inferior as scarcely to deserve attention—will determine, in the main, the immediate future of American literature as an expression of national life. If these conditions of development continue unchanged, America must be indebted, in the next generation, to the influence of foreign taste and foreign thought upon her men of letters, and to the originative power of whatever isolated men of genius may be born to her, or else she will produce no worthy literature. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these conditions of literary development are riveted upon the nation. There are several forces at work to counteract the present drift. Our great reading class has created public libraries, which have for one of their highest functions the amelioration of the popular taste. The able acquirers of wealth have endowed many academic and collegiate institutions, and the West, deeply sensible of the value of education, has provided for its higher branches perhaps too generously; these seats of learning, however rude and imperfect now, will become hearths of culture. The gross, indolent, newly enriched class, if its wealth continues in the same families, is likely to give place, in the next generation, to a class of rudimentary and, in some instances, even of liberal culture. Foreign influences will, as in the past, repair the defects of native standards. Men of genius, should they arise, will work their unforeseen changes. The idea of material progress, too, must yield somewhat its commanding position, as a larger body of men acquires the means of leisure for the higher occupations and enjoyments of the mind, and thus literature, relieved from the excessive competition of business pursuits, will enlist more servants. Something may be hoped, also, from the intelligent attempt, now being made in New England, to form a true literary taste in the children of the common schools; it is possible that such a taste may be bred into our people by means of the public school and public library—instruments equal in power to the Dionysiac Theatre, and vastly greater in their range of power. All these considerations blended together justify a larger hope than at first seemed

rational; but the revolution that these influences may bring about will be slow and difficult.

I have referred, with scarce intelligible brevity, to that great function of literature—the keeping alive the tradition of the ideal life. It is this function that literature in America has discharged most inadequately. Emerson and Hawthorne alone, the first in a wider, the second in a far narrower circle, have been spiritual teachers of their countrymen. This failure is a symptom of the chief danger in American social life; it seems to show that the idea of democracy will result, as its opponents have always predicted, in a debasement of the social ideal. Democracy has given to America political liberty, social equality, and a fair field for all who wish to win the prizes of life; but this is an imperfect gift. It is much to have secured these advantages; but, although they have contributed to the greater cleanliness, hopefulness, and industry of ordinary human life, there is something yet lacking. The main characteristic of the social life they have developed in this country is its homeliness; the main characteristic of the social life toward which civilization works is beauty. If democracy has exhausted its virtue in creating a homely life; if it tends to make men contented with less perfection than they are able to reach; if it results in undervaluing the best in man's nature—it is, to that extent, at war with civilization; at war with the attempt to reconcile the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life. Democracy holds the future in its fee, and will work out the destiny of the children of the masses, and decide what is to be the lot of him who is born into the world's struggle for life with only the capacities of the ordinary man; but, if, in doing this, it reduces the highest to the level of the commonplace, it is out of harmony with that natural law, hitherto approved by reason, which tends to preserve the most perfect types at the cost of the less perfect. In order to avoid such an issue, it is necessary for the people to learn that political freedom, social equality, and a fair field are not all the blessings at which society should aim; that, by themselves alone, they are not even the most valuable things in life, but are merely essential conditions of blessings which they make possible; it is necessary that the people should cultivate a sense of the value of other civilizing powers—beauty, literature, manners—of whatever goes to civilize the life of men's hearts and brains. The practical ideal of life, that which the ordinary man actually strives toward with hope, at least, of partial success, would then be modified, and the homeliness of social life in America might then give way to the beauty of a highly civilized life. The development in America of such a highly cultivated people as

were the Athenians is as little to be hoped for as the appearance of such a highly cultivated class as were Queen Anne's men of letters; but American civilization must realize something of the Athenian ideal if it is to produce a national literature worthy of respect. For, after all is said, the defects of American literature, as an expression of the nation's life, are due, when the last analysis is made, to the social ideal; its hopes for the future depend upon the probability of a radical change in that ideal.

The fortunes of literature in America may have a value for Englishmen beyond that of an example of the influence of democratic institutions upon an important department of human activity. The English type of civilization has already been modified by the American type in several respects, and may approach it still further, perhaps most nearly in this matter of popular literature. It is a significant fact that the peculiar literature of the American public has already stolen its unnoticed way to the mother-country, as is evinced by the comparatively great circulation in England of such popular magazines as Harper's and Scribner's monthlies. It may be that, as the provincial universities become established and extend their influence, and as the special education of women assumes more importance, the standards of culture will become more diverse and the principles of the ruling criticism will become less restraining; it is probable that the more general education of the people in the common schools will create a reading class endowed like our own, demanding a special literature on which the hold of the higher criticism will be slack almost to feebleness. It is not possible that there should be a decline in the vigor of the English genius; but perhaps, in the modification of old classes under the influence of modern life, the line of demarkation will be too sharply drawn between the middle class, of irresistible power in determining the national life, and the cultivated class in which the higher civilization survives. Two dissociated literatures may arise, one of the people, the other of real culture, but the former of vastly the greater power. It is enough to suggest such far-off contingencies for whatever consideration they may meet among men who remember that popular instruction is now, more and more, by books and not by sermons, by newspapers and magazines, not by prayer and praise. Meanwhile the great fact remains, that the English race on either side the ocean has hitherto, if the whole range of life be taken into account, best solved the problem of securing the welfare of the ordinary man; the further working out of that task in England and America is of vast consequence to mankind. It may be that the social ideal is

to be debased ; but, if literature is worthy of its great office as a spiritual teacher, if it has regenerative force, a new ideal may arise, as I believe it will, the ideal that George Sand placed before the French peasant with faith in his final accomplishment of it, the ideal of the life of that "happiest of men, who, having the science of his labor and working with his own hands, earn-

ing welfare and liberty by the use of his intelligence, shall have time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God." The fortune of literature in America, in lending little effective aid toward this result, may yet be retrieved ; the fortune of literature in England, let us hope, will need no retrieving.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY (*Fortnightly Magazine*).

MRS. LAMB'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. LAMB is certainly to be congratulated upon the successful completion of her arduous task. Nearly four years ago it became our pleasant duty to record in the "Journal" the appearance of her first volume, covering the period from the foundation of the city (*anno urbis condite*) to the eve of the Revolution. A second portly but compendious volume brings the narrative down to the present time, and Mrs. Lamb rounds off her work with a picturesque, descriptive sketch of the great metropolis as it appeared in 1880.*

In our notice of the earlier volume of this work, we said : "It is much more than a history ; it is a teeming *omnium gatherum* into which have been collected, along with the customary historical data, a whole library of biographical sketches, all the legends and traditions that have clustered around the achievements of the pioneers, family histories, personal and social anecdotes, the characteristic gossip of the several periods, picturesque delineations of manners and customs, and a kaleidoscopic succession of *tableaux vivants*, in which we catch as in a mirror 'the very age and body of the time.' The wonder is that, amid such a variety and profusion of material, the author has not entangled herself in an inextricable labyrinth of words ; but the thread is never wholly lost, the narrative moves continuously if not steadily forward, and the reader speedily discovers that the mass of apparently irrelevant matter which seems to impede the story really illuminates and vivifies it as nothing else could."† All this, *mutatis mutandis*, is precisely what rises in the mind to be said of the second volume of Mrs. Lamb's

work. There are the same opulence and profusion of materials, the same teeming variety of anecdotal and illustrative details, the same carefully outlined portraits of distinguished or conspicuous persons, and the same pictorial treatment of characteristic incidents, fashions, customs, and ceremonials. If anything, there is a more vivid sense of the superabundance of materials in this volume than even in its predecessor, and a keener interest in observing how the author confronts the difficulties of her task.

One of these difficulties, which may almost be said to have begun with the second volume, was that of deciding what area, so to speak, should be covered by her narrative. Prior to the Revolution, the history of New York had a certain completeness and homogeneity. The relations between the several colonies were not so close but that it is perfectly easy to trace the separate career of each, and to disentangle the various threads of interest where they seem to intermingle. Of course it is not possible for colonies, any more than for individuals, to maintain a position of absolute isolation ; but New York, Philadelphia, Boston, were as clearly discriminated from each other in the pre-Revolutionary period as if they had belonged to different hemispheres. The difficulty, indeed, would have been to find a stream of history broad enough to comprise and blend their several currents ; and in the earlier half of her work Mrs. Lamb seldom found it necessary to go outside the limits of the colony of which New York City was at once the heart and the head. With the outbreak of the joint War for Independence, however, the situation completely changed. What was going on in New York at any given moment became much more dependent upon the resolutions of a body of men sitting at Philadelphia, or the movements of a general in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, or the fortunes of war in South Carolina and Georgia, than upon the impulses and interests of her own

* History of the City of New York : its Origin, Rise, and Progress. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Copiously illustrated. Vol. II. Embracing the Century of National Independence, closing in 1880. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. Large 4to, pp. 820.

† See "Appletons' Journal" for December, 1878.

inhabitants; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one of the most influential events in the history of the city occurred at Yorktown, Virginia. After independence had been achieved, and New York was become the metropolis of an empire instead of the headquarters of a province, the interlinkings of its destiny with that of other and distant localities grew increasingly complex; and, during the greater portion of the period covered by Mrs. Lamb's present volume, it has been impossible to say with precision of any given event whether it belonged to the local history of the city or to the general history of the country.

The difficulty to which we have referred as pertaining particularly to this later installment of the work was that of deciding how far beyond the immediate limits of the city the chain of events should be traced, or whether an arbitrary limit of any kind should be accepted. On the one hand, there was the danger that, in isolating New York too much, we should be made to lose sight of the dominant fact that it is the focus of the multiplied interests of a great nation—the central ganglion of a continental nervous system. On the other hand, there was the danger lest, in launching out upon the tidal movement of events, we should lose sight entirely of that little rill which, after all, has a course and significance of its own.

The method practically adopted by Mrs. Lamb is that of subordinating the particular to the general; and her second volume is really a very serviceable compend of the post-Revolutionary history of the United States. Her account of Federal legislation and of the various Revolutionary campaigns is more detailed than has previously been given in any except the two or three larger general histories, and the same may be said of her narrative of the War of 1812, and of the incidents which led to it. In many portions, indeed, it is difficult to perceive what relation the narrative bears to the history of New York City, until we remind ourselves of the fact that Mrs. Lamb has deliberately constructed her record upon the theory that, as she says in the introduction to her earlier volume, "New York is the central point in all American history."

That the adoption of this plan has involved a loss as well as a gain will very readily be perceived. There are few readers who would not be both interested and instructed by Mrs. Lamb's outline of the national history, dwelling as she generally does on the picturesque and personal side of events; but, after all, her space was limited, and the inclusion of one series of facts has, of course, involved the exclusion of another series which some will be apt to regard as even more pertinent. Of what we may call the political side of the city's history, for example, Mrs.

Lamb has substantially nothing to say; yet, from whatever point of view we regard it, it is difficult to deny the immense significance as well as the curious interest of this. Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., has truly remarked that the next great political problem which the race will be called upon to solve is that of the government of great cities under democratic institutions; and there is scarcely an aspect of this problem upon which the municipal history of New York would not throw light, if carefully recorded and interpreted. With an unprecedentedly rapid accumulation of wealth, and the absorption of the more influential part of the inhabitants in this accumulation; with a mixed population composed largely of aliens, yet enjoying all the opportunities afforded by universal suffrage—the involutions and consequences of these two circumstances furnish material for a record as significant as was ever penned; yet Mrs. Lamb's only reference to any of these topics is the casual remark that, of two hundred thousand immigrants coming into the port of New York, about fifty thousand usually become denizens—they can hardly be called citizens—of the metropolis. Still more significant of the limitations of the book in this respect is the fact that neither Tweed's, nor Sweeney's, nor Oakey Hall's name appears in the index; while the only reference to the transactions with which their names are associated is as follows: "One of the dark passages through which New York has recently passed, was in 1872, when the citizens of both political parties combined against the public plunderers who had for years controlled the city government. A committee of seventy was chosen, and the leaders of one of the most remarkable conspiracies ever aimed at municipal integrity brought to justice."

Aside from the implication here that the "dark passage" consisted in the combination of the citizens against the public plunderers, and the bringing of the latter to justice, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that far too little is made of "one of the most remarkable conspiracies ever aimed at municipal integrity," and one of the most significant episodes in the history of the city. We are convinced, indeed, that, with her keen sense of the picturesque and the striking, Mrs. Lamb would have bestowed far more attention upon the "Tweed régime," but for the pressure upon her space as the work drew to its close. The wellnigh universal mistake in the construction of works of such magnitude is that a disproportionate space is assigned to the earlier periods, involving hurry and a *diminuendo*-scale toward the end; and Mrs. Lamb is not among those who have succeeded in avoiding this mistake. Three liberal (and highly interesting) chapters are devoted to an account of the War

of 1812, in which the part of New York City was, to say the least, not conspicuous; and, as a consequence, the entire period between 1835 and 1880—including the Civil War, the Draft Riots, the Tweed Ring frauds, etc.—has to be dealt with in a single chapter, which, after all, is rather descriptive than historical.

This is a criticism suggested by a survey of the work as a whole, but in the actual reading of the earlier portions one is seldom disposed to find fault with the introduction of those details for which Mrs. Lamb has such an insatiable appetite, and which she exhibits such patient industry in collecting. The opening scenes of the Revolutionary War are described with great zest and animation; and we get from her narrative a new sense of the extent to which, in places like New York, it was a sort of civil conflict between quondam friends and neighbors, and of the rough-and-ready justice dispensed to Tories and other suspected parties. The special difficulties encountered by New York in joining the confederation of the colonies and the special efforts made by the English ministry to detach her from the threatened coalition are extremely well described; and so, in the main, are the military incidents of the opening campaign around New York, which resulted in its becoming for upward of seven years substantially a British garrison town.

Regarding one of these incidents, however, we are constrained to qualify our commendation. With an amiable desire to excuse a fault in those who have already been grievously punished for it, Mrs. Lamb devotes nearly a page to exculpating the conduct of the detachment at Kip's Bay (near the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, on the East River), whose poltroonery came very near costing Washington half the army with which he was defending New York City. The facts of that affair—one of the most humiliating of the entire war—are, briefly, as follows: Hoping to effect a surprise which might enable them to cut the American army in two, and capture at least half of it, the British commander, on the morning of September 15, 1776, placed a numerous body of troops on a flotilla that had been secretly collected in Newtown Creek, and sent them across the river, under cover of five men-of-war, to effect a landing on Manhattan Island some distance above the unsuspecting city. Observing this movement, and knowing that the fate of Putnam's division in the city was sealed unless the landing could be delayed, the Americans sent two brigades in hot haste to support the detachment at Kip's Bay; but this support arrived on the ground only to find that the detachment, without waiting for either attack or defense, had fled from their intrenchments, leaving the British to land and advance unmolested.

"This was hardly cowardice," says Mrs. Lamb, because "it was well known that the city was not to be defended." Moreover, "had such a handful of troops opened fire upon the enemy, it would have been a mere exhibition of foolhardiness, as useless as unjustifiable," since "nothing was to be gained by it." The propositions that when it is generally known that a place is not to be defended to the last extremity, the troops at any given point are entitled to abandon it on the approach of the enemy without rendering themselves amenable to the charge of cowardice, and that it is an exhibition of foolhardiness to fire on troops who are assaulting works which you are stationed to defend, will be sufficiently novel to students of the science of war; but, aside from this, their inapplicableness in this particular case is but too dismally apparent. In the first place, the position of the American army was such that its safety was in a peculiar degree dependent upon the steadiness and tenacity of detachments placed in precisely such positions as that at Kip's Bay; and, in the second place, to have delayed the advance of the British for thirty minutes would have been worth more to Washington and Putnam than the lives of the entire detachment, even if they had all been "brave men and true." Moreover, the verdict of Washington himself is decisive. No great commander ever took a more lenient view of this sort of misbehavior on the part of his men; but when, at the end of a four-mile gallop from headquarters, he came upon his fleeing and demoralized troops, the outburst of his wrath is said to have been terrible to behold, and there can be no doubt that in the effort to arrest their panic he exposed his valuable life in a desperate and reckless manner.

But, indeed, it must be said that Mrs. Lamb's entire attitude toward war is characteristically amiable, not to say feminine. She evidently sees something like turpitude in the manoeuvres by which the British, during the period of inaction after Sir Henry Clinton's return to New York from Philadelphia, destroyed sundry outposts of the American army who had neglected the usual precautions against surprise. One would have supposed that she might have taken to heart the answer which in a previous chapter she represents General Philip Schuyler as making to General Burgoyne when the latter spoke regretfully of the destruction of the former's Saratoga property: "Don't speak of it," said Schuyler; "it was the fate of war." But it is quite evident throughout that Mrs. Lamb's idea of the duty of the British is that they should stand out fairly in the open and be beaten, and that she finds it difficult to reconcile herself to that sort of reprisals in which Americans were the sufferers.

The circumstances and ceremonies of the

Peace are very well told, and the fact that New York was for a year or so the capital of the young nation furnishes Mrs. Lamb with the opportunity for several of her most interesting and animated chapters. The social life of this period was particularly brilliant, and Mrs. Lamb deals with it *con amore*; but, though we had marked several passages for quotation just here, we must content ourselves with her account of the welcome extended to General Washington when he came to New York to be inaugurated as first President under the Constitution (in 1789). The theme is hackneyed, of course, but for that very reason the selected passage will serve all the better to illustrate the author's talent for lively and picturesque description—a marked and characteristic feature of her work:

"Thompson [the Secretary of the Senate] arrived at Mount Vernon on the 14th of April, and on the morning of the 16th Washington started for the seat of government. He wrote to Knox that his 'feelings were not unlike those of a culprit going to the place of execution'; and in his diary recorded his 'mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than he had words to express.' His journey, however, was like one continued triumphal procession. Cities, towns, and villages vied with each other in doing him honor. People gathered by the roadside and shouted as he rode by. Soldiers were paraded, triumphal arches were erected, and flowers were strewn along his pathway. At Gray's Ferry, over the Schuylkill, he was escorted through long avenues of laurels transplanted from the forests, bridged with arches of laurel-branches, and, as he passed under the last arch, a youth concealed in the foliage dropped upon his head a beautiful civic crown of laurel, at which tumultuous shouts arose from the immense multitude. At Trenton a magnificent triumphal arch, supported by thirteen pillars, had been erected by the ladies, and, as the hero passed under it on his white charger, thirteen lovely maidens carrying baskets scattered flowers plentifully before him, singing at the same time an ode composed for the occasion. At Elizabethtown Point he was received by a committee from Congress, of which Elias Boudinot was chairman, and by Chancellor Livingston, Secretary Jay, Secretary Knox, the Commissioners of the Treasury, the Mayor and Recorder of New York, and other dignitaries.

"An elegant barge constructed for the purpose of conveying him to the city was in waiting, commanded by Commodore Nicholson, in which he embarked, and as it moved from the shore other barges, fancifully decorated, fell into line. The glittering procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, when, as if by magic, dozens of boats gay with flags and streamers dropped into its wake. All the vessels and sloops in the bay were clad in holiday attire, and each saluted Washington as he passed. The Spanish man-of-war Galveston displayed every flag and signal known among

nations, as the presidential barge came abreast of her. Upon a sloop under full sail were some twenty-five gentlemen and ladies singing an ode of welcome, written for the occasion, to the tune of 'God save the King.' Another small vessel came up, distributing sheets of a second ode, which a dozen fine voices were engaged in singing. Bands of music on boats upon all sides, perpetual huzzas, and the roar of artillery filled the air, while over the whole exhilarating scene the sunshine fell from cloudless heavens.

"The ferry stairs at Murray's Wharf were carpeted, and the rails hung with crimson. Governor Clinton received the President as he landed upon the shore which had been recovered from a powerful enemy through his own valor and good conduct, at which moment popular enthusiasm was at its climax. The streets were lined with inhabitants as thick as they could stand, and the wildest and most prolonged cheers rent the air. Military companies were in waiting to conduct Washington to the mansion prepared for his reception, but it was with difficulty that a passage could be pressed through the joyous throng. Colonel Morgan Lewis, aided by Majors Morton and Van Horne, led the way, and the various regiments were followed by the officers of the militia, two and two, the committee of Congress, the President-elect with Governor Clinton, the President's suite, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of New York, the clergy, the foreign ministers, and an immense concourse of citizens.

"Every house on the route was decorated with flags and silken banners, garlands of flowers, and evergreens. Every window, to the highest story, was filled with fair women and brave men. Every inanimate object seemed alive with the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. From the skies, apparently, fell flowers like snow-flakes in a storm. And in every possible form of unique device and ingenious ornamentation the name of WASHINGTON was suspended from roof to roof, and upon fanciful arches constructed for the occasion. The multitude shouted until hoarse, and the bells and guns caught up the echoes, and with ceaseless clamor and deafening din proclaimed the universal gladness.

"Upon reaching his destination Washington was immediately waited upon and congratulated by the foreign ministers, and by political characters, military celebrities, public bodies, and private citizens of distinction. He then dined with Governor Clinton at the gubernatorial residence in Pearl Street. In the evening the entire city was brilliantly illuminated."

More animated still, though too long to quote, unfortunately, is the description of the inaugural ceremonies and festivities; and the accounts of the Federal celebration, in honor of the ratification by New York of the Federal Constitution, and of the festival to celebrate the completion of the Erie Canal (in 1825), may fairly be described as masterpieces of their kind. With faults of style that lie upon the surface, and with occasional crudities that are rather surprising in one who is evidently so painstaking a writer, Mrs.

Lamb has an unfailing instinct for the picturesque, the salient, the characteristic; and, in her record of any given series of incidents or occurrences, she may be relied upon to direct attention to that which is best worth attention.

This faculty is not possessed in equal measure by many writers who on other grounds would be entitled to a higher rank, and it is owing to it chiefly that the "History of the City of New York" is readable throughout. Yet this is not the only, nor the highest, quality of an historian that Mrs. Lamb has manifested; and we should feel that we had done less than justice if we failed to bear cordial and unequivocal testimony to the tireless assiduity and patient industry with which she has sifted and arranged the bewildering

mass of her materials. The printed authorities to which she refers and which she quotes would alone have been sufficient to intimidate a less resolute inquirer; but these have only furnished what may be called the holiday portion of her task. From family archives and from the unpublished accumulations of the antiquarian and historical societies she has gleaned much that is fresh as well as interesting; and it is evident that many of her facts are the fruit of that direct questioning of living persons which to many students is the most discouraging and repellent of tasks. Upon the genealogies alone an incredible amount of labor must have been expended; and her volumes are a great storehouse of facts which no future historian or student of history is likely to neglect.

A DIALOGUE ON POETIC MORALITY.

"God sent a poet to reform his earth."

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

"AND, meanwhile, what have you written?" asked Baldwin, flicking the flies with his whip from off the horse's head, as they slowly ascended, in the autumn afternoon, the hill of Montetramito, which, with its ilex and myrtle-grown black rocks, and its crumbling mounds, where the bright-green spruce-pine clings to the washed-away scarlet sand, separates the green and fertile plain of Lucca from the marshes of the Pisan seashore. The two friends had met only an hour or so before at the foot of the Apennine pass, and would part in not much more again. "And what have you written?" repeated Baldwin.

"Nothing," answered the younger man, drearily, leaning back languidly in the rickety little carriage—"nothing, or rather too much; I don't know which. Is trash too much or too little? Anyhow, there's none of it remaining. I thrust all my manuscripts into my stove at Dresden, and the chimney took fire in consequence. That's the tragic history of all my poetical labors of the last two years." And Cyril, lying back in the carriage with his arms folded beneath his head, smiled half sadly, half whimsically, in the face of his friend.

But Baldwin did not laugh.

"Cyril," he answered, "do you remember on a birthday of yours—you were a tiny boy, brought up, like a girl, with curls and beautiful hands—one of your sisters dared you to throw your presents into the garden well, and you did it, before

a number of admiring little girls: you felt quite a hero or a little saint, didn't you? And then my little hero was suddenly collared by a big boy fresh from school, who was his friend Baldwin, and who pulled his ears soundly and told him to respect people's presents a little more. Do you remember that? Well; I now see that, with all your growing up, and writing, and philosophizing, and talking about duty and self-sacrifice, you are just the self-same womanish and uncontrolled *poseur*, the same romantic braggadocio that you were at seven. I have no patience with you!" And Baldwin whisked the whip angrily at the flies.

"Mere conceit—effeminate heroics again!" he went on. "Oh, no, we must do the very best! Be Shakespeare at least! Anything short of that would be derogatory to our kingly nature! No idea of selecting the good (because in whatever you do there must be talent), and trying to develop it; no idea of doing the best with what gifts you have! For you are not going to tell me that two years of your work was mere rubbish—contained nothing of value. But, in point of fact, you don't care sufficiently for your art to be satisfied to be the most you can; 'tis mere vanity with you."

Cyril became very red, but did not interrupt.

"I am sorry you think so ill of me," he said, sadly, "and I dare say I have given you good cause. I dare say I am all the things you say—vain, and womanish, and insolently dissatisfied

with myself, and idiotically heroic. But not in this case, I assure you. I will explain why I thought it right to do that. You see I know myself very well now. I know my dangers; I am not like you—I am easily swayed. Had those poems remained in existence, had I taken them to England, I am sure I should not have resisted the temptation of showing them to my old encouragers, of publishing them, probably; and then, after the success of my other book, and all their grand prophecies, the critics would have had to praise up this one too; and I should have been drifted back again into being a poet. Now, as I wrote you several times—only, of course, you thought it all humbug and affectation—such a poet as I could be I am determined I will not be. It was an act of self-defense—defense of whatever of good there may be in me.”

Baldwin groaned. “Defense of fiddlesticks! Defense of your vanity!”

“I don’t think so,” replied Cyril, “and I don’t think you understand me at all in this instance. There was no vanity in this matter. You know that since some time I have been asking myself what moral right a man has to consume his life writing verses, when there is so much evil to remove, and every drop of thought or feeling we have is needed to make the great river which is to wash out this Augean stable of a world. I tried to put the doubt behind me, and to believe in art for art’s own sake, and such bosh. But the doubt pricked me. And, when suddenly my uncle left me all he had, I felt I must decide. As long as I was a mere penniless creature I might write poetry, because there seemed nothing else for me to do. But now it is different. This money and the power it gives are mine only as long as I live; after my death they may go to some blackguard: so, while I have them, I must give all my energies to doing with them all the good that I possibly can.”

“In that case better give them over to people who know best what to do with them—societies or hospitals, or that sort of thing—and write your verses as before. For I don’t think your thoughts will add much to the value of your money, Cyril. You’ve not a bit of practical head. Of course, you may, if you choose, look on idly while other people are using your money. But I don’t think it is specially worth doing.”

Cyril sighed, hesitated, and then burst out rapidly:

“But it is the only thing I *can* do—do you understand? I can’t write poetry any more. Perhaps that may be the only thing for which I was ever fit, but I am fit for it no longer. I can not do what I have got to despise and detest. For I do despise and detest the sort of poetry

which I should write—mere ornamental uselessness, so much tapestry-work or inlaid upholstery. You believe in art for art’s own sake—Goethianism—that sort of thing, I know. It is all very well for you, who have an active practical life with your Maremma-drainings and mine-diggings, a life in which art, beauty, and so forth, have only their due share, as repose and refreshment. It was all very well in former days also, when the people for whom artists worked had a deal of struggle and misery, and required some pure pleasure to make life endurable; but nowadays, and with the people for whom I should write, things are different. What is wanted nowadays is not art, but life. By whom, do you think, would all the beautiful, useful things I could write, all the fiddle-faddle about trees and streams and statues and love and aspiration (fine aspiration, which never takes a practical shape!) be read? By wretched, overworked creatures, into whose life they might bring a moment of sweetness, like a spray of apple-blossom or a bunch of sweet-peas into some black garret? Nothing of the kind. They would be read by a lot of intellectual Sybarites, shutting themselves out, with their abominable artistic religion, from all crude real life; they would be merely so much more hot-house scents or exotic music (*con sordino*), to make them snooze their lives away. Of course, it is something to be a poet like those of former days; something to be Tasso, and be read by that poor devil of a fever-stricken watchmaker whom we met down in the plain of Lucca; but to be a poet for the cultured world of to-day—oh, I would rather be a French cook, and invent indigestible dishes for epicures without any appetite remaining to them.”

So saying, Cyril jumped out of the gig, and ran up the steep last ascent of the hill. He had persuaded himself of his moral rightness, and felt quite happy.

Suddenly the road made a sharp bend between the overhanging rocks, grown in all their fissures with dark ilex tufts and yellow broom and pale pink cyclamen; it turned, and widened into a flat grass-grown place, surrounded by cypresses on the top and ridge of the hill. Cyril ran to the edge and gave a cry of pleasure. Below was stretched a wide strip of Maremma swamp-land, marked green and brown—green where the grass was under water, brown where it was burned into cinders by the sun; with here and there a patch of shining pond or canal; and at the extremity of this, distinguishable from the grayish amber sky only by its superior and intense luminousness, the sea—not blue nor green, but gray, silvery, steel-like, as a mirror in the full sunshine. Baldwin stopped the gig beneath the cypresses.

“Look there,” he said, pointing with his whip

to a dark greenish band, scarcely visible, which separated the land from the sea; "those are the pine-woods of Viareggio. It was into their sand and weeds that the sea washed Shelley's body. Do you think we should be any the better off if he had taken to practical work which he could not do, and declared that poetry was a sort of French cookery?"

Baldwin tied the reins to the stem of a cypress, and threw himself down on the warm sere grass on the brow of the hill, overlooking the tangle of olive and vine and fig-tree of the slopes below.

"In Shelley's time," answered Cyril, leaning his head and shoulders against one of the cypresses, and looking up into its dark branches, compact in the center, but delicate like feather and sparkling like jet where their extremities stood out against the pale-blue sky—"in Shelley's time things were rather different from what they are now. There was a religion of progress to preach and be stoned for; there was a cause of liberty to fight for—there were Bourbons and Lord Eldons, and there were Greece and Spain and Italy. There was Italy still when Mrs. Browning wrote: had she looked out of Casa Guidi windows now, on to the humdrum, shoulder-shrugging, penny-haggling, professorial, municipal-councilorish Italy of to-day she could scarcely have felt in the vein. The heroic has been done—"

"There are Servia and Montenegro, and there are Nihilists and Democrats," answered Baldwin.

"I know—but we can't sing about barbarous ruffians, nor about half-besotten, half-knavish regicides; we can't be democrats nowadays—at least I can't. Would you have a man sing parliamentary debates, or High Church squabbles, or disestablishment, or woman's rights, or anti-communism? sing the superb conquests of man over nature, etc., like your Italian friends, your steam-engine and mammoth poet Zanella? The wonders of science!—six or seven thousand dogs and cats being flayed, roasted, baked, disemboweled, artificially ulcerated, galvanized on ripped-up nerves, at Government expense, in all the laboratories of Christendom, in order to discover the soul-secreting apparatus, and how to cure old maids of liver-complaint! Thank you. My Muse aspires not thereunto. What then? Progress? But it is assured. Why, man, we can't even sing of despair, like the good people of the year '20, since we all know that (bating a few myriads of sufferers and a few centuries of agony) all is going to come quite right, to be quite comfortable in this best of all possible worlds. What then remains, again? Look around you. There remains the poetry of beauty—oh, yes, of pure beauty, to match the newest artistic chintzes;

the poetry of artistic nirvâna, of the blissful sleep of all manliness and energy, to the faint sound (heard through dreams) of paradisiac mysticism sung to golden lutes, or of imaginary amorous hysterics, or of symphonies in alliteration. And this when there is so much error, so much doubt, so much suffering, when all our forces are required to push away a corner of the load of evil still weighing on the world: this sort of thing I can not take to." And Cyril fiercely plucked out a tuft of lilac-flowered thyme and threw it into the precipice below, as if it had been the poetry of which he was speaking.

"Do you know, Baldwin," went on Cyril, "you have destroyed successively all my gods; you have shown me that my Holy Grails, in whose service one after another I felt happy and peaceful to live, like another Parzival, are not the sacred life-giving cup brought down by angels, but mere ordinary vessels of brittle earth or stinking pewter, mere more or less useful, but by no means holy things; ordinary pots and pans, barbers' basins like Mambrino's helmet, or blue-china teapots (worst degradation of all) like the Cimbue Browns'. I believed in the religion of Nature, and you showed me that Nature was sometimes good and sometimes bad; that she produced the very foulness, physical and moral, which she herself chastised men for; you showed me whole races destined inevitably to moral perversion, and then punished for it. So I gave up Nature. Then I took up the fashionable religion of science, and you showed me that it was the religion of a sort of Moloch, since it accustomed us to acquiesce in all the evil which is part and parcel of Nature, since it made us passive investigators into wrong when we ought to be judges. After the positive, I threw myself into the mystic—into the religion of all manner of mysterious connections and redemptions; you showed me that the connections did not exist, and that all attempted sanctification of things through mysticism was an abomination, since it could not alter evil, and taught us to think it might be good. O my poor Holy Grails! Then I took up the religion of love; and you proceeded to expound to me that if love was restricted to a few worthy individuals, it meant neglect of the world at large; and that, if it meant love of the world at large, it meant love of a great many utterly unworthy and beastly people. You deprived me of humanitarianism, of positivism, of mysticism; and then you did not even let me rest peaceably in pessimism, telling me that to say that all was for the worst was as unjust as to say that all was for the best. With a few of your curt sentences you showed me that all these religions of mine were mere idolatries, and that to rest in them for the sake of peace was to be

utterly base. You left me nothing but a vague religion of duty, of good; but you gave me no means of seeing where my duty lay, of distinguishing good from evil. You are a very useful rooter up of error, Baldwin; but you leave one's soul as dry and barren and useless as sea shingle. You have taken away all the falsehoods from my life, but you have not replaced them by truths."

Baldwin listened quietly.

"Would you like to have the falsehoods back, Cyril?" he asked. "Would you now like to be the holy knight, adoring and defending the pewter basin or blue-china teapot of humanitarianism, or positivism, or mysticism, or æstheticism? And what becomes of the only religion which I told you was the true one—the religion of good, of right? Do you think it worthless now?"

"I think it is the religion of the Unknown God. Where shall I find him?"

"In yourself, if you will look, Cyril."

Cyril was silent for a moment. "What is right?" he said. "In the abstract (oh, and it is so easy to find out in the abstract, compared to the concrete!)—in the abstract, right is to improve things in the world, to make it better for man and beast; never to steal justice, and always to give mercy; to do all we can which can increase happiness, and refrain from doing all which can diminish it. That is the only definition I can see. But how vague!—and who is to tell me what I am to do? And when I see a faint glimmer of certainty, when I perceive what seems to me the right which I must do, who again interferes? My friend Baldwin, who, after preaching to me that the only true religion is the religion of diminishing evil and increasing good for the sake of so doing, coolly writes to me, in half a dozen letters, that the sole duty of the artist is to produce good art, and that good art is art which has no aim beyond its own perfection. Why, it is a return to my old æsthetic fetish-worship, when I thought abstract ideas of beauty would set the world right, as Amphion's harp set the stones building themselves. . . . Am I justified in saying that you merely upset my beliefs, without helping me to build up any; yes, even when I am striving after that religion of right doing which you nominally call yours—?"

"You always rush to extremes, Cyril. If you would listen to, or read, my words without letting your mind whirl off while so doing—"

"I listen to you far too much, Baldwin," interrupted Cyril, who would not break the thread of his own ideas; "and first I want to read you a sonnet."

Baldwin burst out laughing. "A sonnet! one of those burned at Dresden—or written in

commemoration of your decision to write no more?"

"It is not by me at all, so there's an end to your amusement. I want you to hear it because it embodies, and very nobly, what I have felt. I have never even seen the author, and know nothing about her, except that she is a woman."

"A woman!" and Baldwin's tone was disagreeably expressive.

"I know; you don't believe in women poets or women artists."

"Not much so far, excepting Sappho and Mrs. Browning, certainly. But, come, let's hear the sonnet. I do abominate women's verses, I confess; but there are such multitudes of poetesses that Nature may sometimes blunder in their production, and make one of them of the stuff intended for a poet."

"Well, then, listen," and Cyril drew a notebook from his pocket, and read as follows:

"God sent a poet to reform his earth,
But when he came and found it cold and poor,
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous boor
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,
He thought, 'Myself can make one better worth
The living in than this—full of old love,
Music and light and love, where saints adore,
And angels, all within mine own soul's girth.'
But when at last he came to die, his soul
Saw earth (flying past to heaven) with new love,
And all the unused passion in him cried:
'O God, your heaven I know and weary of;
Give me this world to work in and make whole.'
God spoke: 'Therein, fool, thou hast lived and died.'"

Cyril paused for a moment. "Do you understand, Baldwin, how that expresses my state of feeling?" he then asked.

"I do," answered the other, "and I understand that both you and the author of the sonnet seem not to have understood in what manner God intended that poets should improve the earth. And here I return to my former remark, that when I said that the only true religion was the religion not of Nature, nor of mankind, nor of science, nor of art, but the religion of good, and that the creation of perfect beauty is the highest aim of the artist, I was not contradicting myself, but merely stating two parts—a general and a particular—of the same proposition. I don't know what your definition of right living may be; mine, the more I think over the subject, has come to be this: The destruction of the greatest possible amount of evil and the creation of the greatest possible amount of good in the world. And this is possible only by the greatest amount of the best and most complete activity, and the greatest amount of the best activity is

possible only when everything is seen in its right light, in order that everything may be used in its right place. I have always preached to you that life must be activity; but activity defeats itself if misapplied; it becomes a mere Danaides's work of filling bottomless casks—pour and pour and pour in as much as you will, the cask will always be empty. Now, in this world there are two things to be done, and two distinct sets of people to do them: the one work is the destruction of evil, the other the creation of good. Mind, I say the *creation* of good, for I consider that to do good—that is to say, to act rightly—is not necessarily the same as to *create* good. Every one who does his allotted work is doing good; but the man who tends the sick, or defends the oppressed, or discovers new truths, is not creating good, but destroying evil—destroying evil in one of a hundred shapes, as sickness, or injustice, or falsehood. But he merely removes, he does not give; he leaves men as poor or as rich as they would have been had not disease, or injustice, or error, stolen away some of their life. The man who creates good is the one who not merely removes pain, but adds pleasure to our lives. Through him we are absolutely the richer. And this creator of good, as distinguished from destroyer of evil, is, above all other men, the artist. The scientific thinker may add pleasure to our lives, but in reality this truth of his is valuable, not for the pleasure it gives, but for the pain it removes. Science is warfare; we may consider it as a kind of sport, but in reality it is a hunting down of the most dangerous kind of wild animal—falsehood. A great many other things may give pleasure to our lives—all our healthy activities, upper or lower, must; but the lower ones are already fully exercised, and, if anything, require restraint; so that French cooks and erotic poets ought rather to be exterminated as productive of evil than encouraged as creative of good. And moral satisfaction and love give us the best pleasures of all; but these are pleasures which are not due to any special class created on purpose for their production. Oh, I don't say that any artist can give you the pleasure you have in knowing yourself to be acting rightly, or in sympathizing and receiving sympathy; but the artist is the instrument, the machine constructed to produce the only pleasures which can come near these. Every one of us can destroy evil and create pleasure, in a sort of incidental, amateurish way, within our own immediate circle; but as the men of thought and of action are the professional destroyers of evil, so the artists are the professional creators of good—they work not for those immediately around them, but for the world at large. So your artist is your typical professional creator of

pleasure; he is fitted out, as other men are not, to do this work; he is made of infinitely finer stuff than other men, not as a whole man, but as an artist: he has much more delicate hearing, much keener sight, much defter fingers, much farther-reaching voice than other men; he is specially prepared to receive and transmit impressions which would be as wasted on other creatures as the image in the camera on unprepared, ordinary paper. Now, what I maintain is simply this, that, if, according to my definition, the object of destroying as much evil and creating as much good can be attained only by the greatest activity rightly applied, it is evident that a man endowed to be an artist—that is to say, a creator of good for the whole world—is simply failing in his duty by becoming a practical worker; that is to say, an amateur destroyer of evil. What shall we say of this artist? We shall say that in order to indulge in the moral luxury, the moral amusement, of removing an imperceptible amount of pain, he has defrauded the world of the immense and long-lasting pleasure placed in his charge to give; we shall say that, in order to feel himself a little virtuous, this man has simply acted like a cheat and a thief."

Baldwin had spoken rapidly and earnestly, with a sort of uniform or only gradually rising warmth, very different from the hesitating, fluctuating sort of passion of his companion. There was a short silence; Cyril was still seated under the tall, straight cypress, whose fallen fruit, like carved balls of wood, strewed the sere grass, and whose compact, hairy trunk gave out a resinous scent, more precious and strange than that of the fir: he felt that he was momentarily crushed, but had a vague sense that there lurked somewhere reasons, and very potent ones, which prevented his friend being completely victorious; and Baldwin was patiently waiting for him to muster his ideas into order before continuing the discussion. A slight breeze from the overclouded sea sent a shiver across the olives into the ravine below, turning their feathery tops into a silver ripple, as of a breaking wave; the last belated cicalas, invisible in the thick, plummy branches of the cypresses, sawed slowly and languidly in the languid late afternoon; and from the farms hidden in the olive-yards of the slope came faint sounds of calling voices and barking dogs—just sound enough to make the stillness more complete. "All that is very true," said Cyril at last, "and yet—I don't know how to express it—I feel that there is still remaining to me all my reason for doubt and dissatisfaction. You say that artistic work is morally justifiable to the artist, since he is giving pleasure to others. From this point of view you are perfectly right. But what I feel is, that the pleasure which the artist thus gives is

not morally valuable to those who enjoy it. Do you follow? I mean that the artist may be nobly and generously employed, and yet, by some fatal contradiction, the men and women who receive his gifts are merely selfishly gratified. He might not perhaps be better employed than in giving pleasure, but they might surely be better employed than in merely receiving it; and thus the selfishness of the enjoyment of the gift seems to diminish the moral value of giving it. When an artist gives to other men an hour of mere enjoyment, I don't know whether he ought to be quite proud or not."

Baldwin merely laughed. "It is droll to see what sort of hyper-moral scruples some people indulge in nowadays. So, your sense of the necessity of doing good is so keen that you actually feel wretched at the notion of your neighbors being simply happy, and no more, for an hour. You are not sure whether, by thus taking them away for a moment from the struggle with evil, letting them breathe and rest in the middle of the battle, you may not be making them sin and be sinning yourself! Why, my dear Cyril, if you condemn humanity to uninterrupted struggle with evil, you create evil instead of destroying it; if mankind could be persuaded to give up all of what you would call useless and selfish pleasure, it would very soon become so utterly worn out and disheartened as to be quite powerless to resist evil. If this is the system on which poets would reform the world, it is very fortunate that they don't think of it till they are flying to heaven."

"I can't make it out. You seem to be in the right, Baldwin, and yet I still seem to be justified in sticking to my ideas," said Cyril. "Do you see," he went on, "you have always preached to me that the highest aim of the artist is the perfection of his own work; you have always told me that art can not be as much as it should if any extra-artistic purpose be given to it. And while listening to you I have felt persuaded that all this was perfectly true. But then, an hour later, I have met the same idea—the eternal phrase of art for art's own sake—in the mouths and the books of men I completely despised; men who seemed to lose sight of all the earnestness and duty of life, who had even what seemed to me very base ideas about art itself, and at all events debased it by associating it with effeminate, selfish, sensual mysticism. So that the idea of art for art's own sake has come to have a disgusting meaning to me."

Baldwin had risen from the grass, and untied the horse from the trunk of the cypress.

"There is a storm gathering," he said, pointing to the gray masses of cloud, half-dissolved, which were gathering everywhere; "if we can get

to one of the villages on the coast without being half-drowned while crossing the swamps, we shall be lucky. Get in, and we can discuss art for art's own sake, and anything else you please, on the way."

In a minute the gig was rattling down the hill, among the great blasted gray olives, and the vines with reddening foliage, and the farmhouses with their fig and orange-trees, their great tawny pumpkins lying in heaps on the threshing-floor, and their autumn tapestry of strung-together maize hanging massy and golden from the eaves to the ground.

Baldwin resumed the subject where they had left it: "My own experience is, that the men who go in for art for art's own sake do so mainly from a morbid shrinking from all the practical and moral objects which other folks are apt to set up as the aim of art; in reality, they do not want art, nor the legitimate pleasures of art; they want the sterile pleasure of perceiving mere ingenuity and dexterity of handling; they hanker vaguely after imaginary sensuous stimulation, spiced with all manner of mystical rubbish, after some ineffable half-nauseous pleasure in strange mixtures of beauty and nastiness; they enjoy, above all things, dabbling and dipping alternately in virtue and vice, as in the steam and iced water of a Turkish bath. . . . In short, these creatures want art not for its own sake, but for the sake of excitement which the respectabilities of society do not permit their obtaining, except in imaginative form. As to art, real art, they treat it much worse than the most determined utilitarian; the utilitarians turn art into a drudge; these æsthetic folk make her into a pander and a prostitute. My reason for restricting art to artistic aims is simply my principle that, if things are to be fully useful, they must be restricted to their real use, according to the idea of Goethe's Duke of Ferrara:

"Nicht alles dienet uns auf gleicher Weise:
Wer viel gebrauchen will, gebrauche jedes
Nach seiner Art: so ist er wohl bedient."

I want art in general not to meddle with the work of any of our other energies, for the same reason that I want each art in particular not to meddle with the work of any other art. Sculpture can not do the same as painting, nor painting the same as music, nor music the same as poetry; and, by attempting anything beyond its legitimate sphere, each sacrifices what it, and no other, can do. So, also, art in general has a definite function in our lives; and, if it attempts to perform the work of philosophy, or practical benevolence, or science, or moralizing, or anything not itself, it will merely fail in that, and neglect what it could do."

"Oh, yes," continued Baldwin, after a minute,

as they passed into the twilight of a wood of old olives, gray, silvery, mysterious, rising tier above tier on either side of the road, a faint flicker of yellow light between their feathery branches—"oh, yes, I don't doubt that, were I a writer, and were I to expound my life-and-art philosophy to the world, the world would tax me with great narrowness! Things are always too narrow for people when they are kept in their place—kept within duty and reason. Of course, there is an infinite grandeur in chaos—in a general wandering among the unknown, in a universal straining and hankering after the impossible: it is grand to see the arts writhing and shivering to atoms, like caged vipers, in their impotence to do what they want. Only it would be simpler to let those do it who can, and my system is the only one which can work. Despair is fine, and nirvâna is fine, but successful and useful activity is a good deal finer. Wherefore I shall always say, 'Each in his place and to his work'; and you, therefore, my dear Cyril, to yours, which is poetry."

"I think your philosophy is quite right, Baldwin, only somehow I can't get it to suit my moral condition," answered Cyril. "I do feel quite persuaded that sculptors must not try to be painters, nor musicians try to be poets, nor any of them try to be anything beyond what they are. It is all quite rational, and right, and moral, but still I am not satisfied about poetry. You see a poet is not quite in the same case as any other sort of artist. The musician, inasmuch as musician, knows only of notes, has power only over sounds; and the painter similarly as to form and colors; if either be something more, it is inasmuch as he is mere man, not an artist. But a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, knows, sees, feels a great many things which have a practical and moral meaning—just because he is a poet, he knows there is something beyond poetry; he knows that there are in the world such things as justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness—he knows all this, which the mere musician, the mere painter, does not—and, knowing it, perceiving, feeling, understanding it, with more intensity than other men, is he to sweep it all out of his sight? is he to say to justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness, 'I know you, but my work lies not with you?' Is he to do this? O Baldwin, if he be a man, and an honest one, he surely can not—he can not set aside these ideas and devote himself to his art for its own sake."

Baldwin listened attentively to the passionate words of his companion, and, twitching at a sprig of olive as a branch swept across their heads in their rapid movement through the wood, he answered quietly:

"He will not set aside the ideas of justice and injustice, of good and evil, of purity and

impurity, Cyril. He will make use of them even as the musician uses his sounds, or the painter uses his colors. Such ideas are at least one half of the poet's material, of the stuff out of which he creates—the half which belongs exclusively to him, which he does not share with any other artist; the half which gives poetry a character in many respects different from that of painting or music. I have always laughed at the Russian idea of morality or immorality in architecture, or painting, or music, and said that their morality and immorality were beauty and ugliness. I have done so because moral ideas don't enter into the arts of line, or color, or sound, but only into the subjects to which their visible and audible works are (usually arbitrarily) attached. But with poetry the case is different; and, if the poet has got a keener perception (or ought to have) of right and wrong than other men, it is because a sense of moral right and wrong is required in his art, as a sense of color is required in painting. I have said 'art for art's own sake,' but I should have been more precise in saying 'art for beauty's sake.' Now, in poetry, one half of beauty and ugliness is purely ethical, and, if the poet who deals with this half, the half which comprises human emotion and action, has no sense of right and wrong, he will fail as signally as some very dexterous draughtsman who should have no sense of physical beauty and ugliness, and spend his time making wonderful drawings of all manner of diseased growths. Of course, you may be a poet who does *not* deal with the human element, who writes only about trees and rivers, and in this case your notions of right and wrong are as unnecessary to you as an artist as they would be to a landscape-painter. You use them in your life, but not in your art. But, as soon as a poet deals with human beings and their feelings and doings, he must have a correct sense of what in such feelings and doings is right and what is wrong. And, if he have not this sense, he will not be in the same case as the painter or musician who is deficient in the sense of pictorial or musical right and wrong. The wise folk who have examined into our visual and acoustic nerves seem to think, what to me seems extremely probable, that the impression of æsthetic repulsion which we get from badly combined lines or colors or sounds is a sort of admonition that such combinations are more or less destructive to our nerves of sight or of hearing; so, similarly, the quite abstract aversion which we feel to an immoral effect in literature seems to me to be the admonition (while we are still Platonically viewing the matter, and have not yet come personally into contact with it) that our moral sense—what I may call our nerves of right and wrong—is being disintegrated by this purely intellectual con-

tact with evil. And, moreover, our nerves of right and wrong are somehow much less well protected than our visual or acoustic nerves: they seem to be more on the surface of our nature, and they are much more easily injured: it takes a good deal of bad painting and bad music to deprave a man's eye or ear, and more than we can well conceive to make him blind or deaf; but it takes less than we think of base literature to injure a man's moral perception, to make him see and hear moral things completely wrong. You see, the good, simple, physical senses look after themselves—are in a way isolated; but the moral sense is a very complex matter, and interfered with in every possible manner by the reason, the imagination, the bodily senses—so that injuring it through any of these is extremely easy. And the people whom bad painting or bad music had made half-blind or half-deaf would be less dangerous to themselves and to others than those who had been made half-immoral by poetry."

"But at that rate," said Cyril, "we should never be permitted to write except about moral action, if the morally right is the same for the poet as the pictorially right for the painter. Baldwin, I think, I fear that all these are mere extemporized arguments for the purpose of making me satisfied with poetry, which I never shall be again, I feel persuaded."

"Not at all," answered Baldwin. "I mean that the moral right or wrong of poetry is not exactly what you mean. If we were bound never to write except about good people, there would be an end to half the literature of the world."

"That is exactly what I saw, and what showed me the hollowness of your theory, Baldwin."

"Because you mistook my theory. There could be no human action or interest if literature were to avoid all representation of evil: no more tragedy, at any rate, and no more novels. But, you must remember that the impression given by a play or a poem is not the same as that given by a picture or statue. The picture or statue is all we see; if it be ugly, the impression is ugly. But in a work of literature we see not only the actors and their actions, but the manner in which they are regarded by the author; and in this manner of regarding them lies the morality or immorality. You may have as many villains as you please, and the impression may still be moral; and you may have as many saints as you please, and the impression may still be immoral."

The road had suddenly emerged out of the olive-woods covering the lowest hill-ranges, and in a few minutes they were driving through a perfect desert. The road, a narrow white ribbon, stretched across a great flat tract of country: field after field of Indian-corn, stripped of its

leaves and looking like regiments of spindles; and of yellowish-green grass, half under water; on either side a ditch full of water-lilies, widening into sedge-fringed canals, in which the hay of coarse, long grass was stacked in boats for sheer want of dry soil, or expanding into shallow patches of water scarcely covering the grass and reflecting, against the green of the meadow below, the boldly-peaked marble mountains of Carrara, bare, intensely ribbed, veined, and the blue sky and rainy black clouds. Green, brown fields, tufts of reed, hill and sky reflected in the inundated grass—nothing more, not a house, or shed, or tree for miles around—in front only the stormy horizon where it touched the sea.

"This is beautiful," cried Cyril; "I should like to come and live here. It is much lovelier and more peaceful than all the woods and valleys in creation."

Baldwin laughed. "It might be a good beginning for final nirvâna," he said; "these are the sea-swamps, the *padule*, where the serene Republic of Lucca sent its political offenders. You were locked up in a tower, the door bricked up, with food enough to last till your keeper came back once a fortnight; the malaria did the rest."

"It is like some of our modern literature," answered Cyril, with a shudder; "Maremma poetry—we have that sort of thing, too."

"By-the-way," went on Baldwin, "I don't think we quite came to the end of our discussion about what a poet ought to do with his moral instincts, if he has any."

"I know," answered Cyril, "and I have meanwhile returned to my previous conclusion, that, now that all great singable strifes are at an end, poetry can not satisfy the moral cravings of a man."

"You think so?" asked Baldwin, looking rather contemptuously at his companion—"you think so? Well, therein lies your mistake. I think, on the contrary, that poetry requires more moral sense and energy than most men can or will give to it. Do you know what a poet has to deal with, at least a poet who does not confine himself to mere description of inanimate things? He has to deal with the passions and actions of mankind—that is to say, with a hundred problems of right and wrong. Of course, men who have deliberately made up their mind on any question of right or wrong are not shaken by anything in a book; nay, they probably scarcely remark it. But, if you remember that in the inner life of every man there must be moments of doubt and hesitation, there must be problems vaguely knocking about, you will understand that for every man there is the danger that in such a moment of doubt his eyes may fall upon a sentence in a book—a sentence to other men trivial

—which will settle that doubt for ever, rightly or wrongly. There are few of us so strong that the moment does not come when we would ask, as a good Catholic does of a confessor, what is right and what is wrong, and take the answer, which is one of the two that have been struggling within himself, as definitive; and to us, who do not go to confession, a book, any book casually taken up, may be this terribly powerful spiritual director. People used to exaggerate the influence of books, because they imagined that they could alter already-settled opinions; nowadays I deliberately think that they underrate this influence, because they forget how it may settle fluctuating opinion. The power of literature is in this way very great."

"It has been, formerly—yes, I grant it," answered Cyril; "but it is no longer what it was; in our cut-and-dry days it is necessarily smaller."

"On the contrary, much greater now than perhaps almost at any other time. These are not cut-and-dry days, Cyril, but the very reverse; you must not let yourself be deceived by a certain superficial regularity, by railway journeys and newspapers, and a general civilization of hand-books and classes. In reality there is more room for indirect moral perversion or enervation in our days than there has been for a good while; for the upsetting of ideas, the infiltration of effete or foreign modes of thought and feeling, is much greater in this quiet nineteenth century than it was, for instance, in the Renaissance or the eighteenth century. With all their skepticism, the people of those days had a great fund of tradition about everything; they were floating about a good deal, I admit, but they were fully persuaded of the existence of certain very solid moral rocks, to which they might always tie their boat when it grew over-rough; rocks of religion or deistic mysticism, or of social *convenances*, which we have now discovered to be by no means granite, but some sort of sea deposit, of hardened sand, whose formation we understand and no longer rely upon. The most arrant skeptics of the past had always one great safety, that they were in a groove; they saw, understood, sympathized with only their own civilization. What they thought right they had never seen questioned—they never imagined that any one could regard as wrong; hence the most liberal thinkers of former days always strike us, with their blindness to all but their own civilization, as such Philistines. Things have changed since then; they began to change already, as soon as men began to look at other civilizations; and the suggestive first-fruit of this early ethnographic eclecticism may be seen in Diderot's very beastly books: he found that South-Sea Islanders had not, on the subject of incest, the same views as Christian

folk; whereupon it struck him that those views might be due to prejudice. It was not the development of the natural sciences, but rather of the historic and ethnographic, which upset people's ideas; it was the discovery of how our institutions, moral and social (hitherto regarded as come straight from heaven), had formed themselves, and how they were subject to variation. Speaking of poets, look at a pure man, I believe a very pure man, Shelley, if you want to understand the necessity of poets having a greater solidity of moral judgment than the mere Joneses and Browns who stick to their shop, and are not troubled with theories. Add to the influence of scientific doubt, of the doubt created by books on the origin of ideas and institutions (showing of what moonshine they are often made), the utterly confusing effect of our modern literary eclecticism, our comprehension and sympathy with so many and hostile states of civilization, our jumbling together of antique and mediæval, of barbarous and overripe and effete civilizations, our intellectual and moral absorption of incompatible past stages of thought and feeling, with the follies and vices inherent in each—sum up all this, and you will see that, with our science and our culture, our self-swamping with other folks' ideas, we are infinitely less morally steady than the good skeptics of the days of Voltaire, who always believed in the supremacy of their own century, their own country, their own institutions, their own conventionalities; who were in danger only from their own follies and uncertainties, while we are in danger from the follies and uncertainties of every past century from which we have inherited. And you will see, if you look, that that skeptical eighteenth century, which was very much more credulous and conservative than ours, was very little divided and upset in its ideas; certain things were universally admitted, and certain others universally rejected; in that day there was always the master of the ceremonies—Propriety. He knew exactly what could be permitted: in the dining-room, drunkards yelling filthy jests; in the drawing-room, polite gentlemen stalking or tripping through their minuets. It is different nowadays."

Cyril nodded. "I understand what you mean," he said, "but I don't see the application yet."

"Well," answered Baldwin, "I will show you one instance of the application. Have you ever thought over the question of—how shall I call it?—the ethics of the indecent?"

Cyril stared. "No; it never struck me that there were any. I don't write indecent things, it doesn't amuse me, I feel not the smallest desire to do so; if anything, I feel rather sick at such things; that is all."

"That is all for you, but not all for other peo-

ple. You don't feel attracted to write on some subjects; well, other people not only feel attracted, but imagine it is their duty even if they are not."

"They are pigs; I have nothing to do with them." And Cyril looked as if he had settled the matter.

"But they are not pigs—at least, not all of them; or they are not entirely pigs, by any means," insisted Baldwin. "You are not going to tell me that a man like Walt Whitman is a mere pig. Still, there are things of his which to you are simply piggish. Either Whitman is a beast or you are a prude."

"That depends upon difference of nature," said Cyril, quickly, vaguely desirous of putting an end to a discussion which brought forward an anomaly.

"That is merely repeating what I said," replied Baldwin. "But in reality I think it is *not* a difference of nature. I think it depends on a difference of reasoned opinion—in short, upon a sophistication of ideas on the part of Whitman. I think it depends, in him and the really pure men who uphold his abominations, upon a simple logical misconception; a confusion of the fact that certain phenomena have been inevitable with the supposition that those same certain phenomena are therefore desirable—a confusion between what has been, and could not help being, and what may be and ought to be. It is the attempt to solve a moral problem by an historical test."

"I don't understand in the least, Baldwin."

"Why, thus: our modern familiarity with the intellectual work of all times and races has made people perceive that in past days indecency was always part and parcel of literature, and that to try to weed it out is to completely alter the character of at least a good half of the literature of the past. Hence, some of us moderns, shaken as we are in all our conventional ideas, have argued that this so-called indecency is a legitimate portion of all literature, and that the sooner it is reintroduced into that of the present the better, if our literature is to be really vital and honest. Now, these people do not perceive that the literature of the past contained indecencies, merely because, being infinitely less self-conscious, less responsible than now, the literature of the past contained fragments of every portion of the civilization which produced it. For, besides what I might call absolute indecency, in the sense of pruriency, the literature of the past is full of filth, pure and simple, like some Eastern town; a sure proof this, that, if certain subjects which we taboo were not tabooed then, it was not from any conscious notion of their legitimacy, but from a general habit of making literature, like the

street of some Oriental or mediæval town, the scene of every sort of human action, important or trifling, noble or vile; regarding it as the place for which the finest works were painted or carved, and into which all the slops were emptied. Hence, in our wanderings through the literature of the past, our feet are for ever stumbling into pools of filth, while our eyes are seeking for the splendid traceries, the gorgeous colors above; our stomachs are turned by stenches even while we are peeping in at some wonderful rose-garden or fruit-orchard. I think you might almost count on your fingers the books, up to the year 1650, in which you are sure of encountering no beastliness—choice gardens or bowers of the soul, or sacred chapels, kept carefully tidy and pure—viz., Milton, Spenser, the 'Vita Nuova,' Petrarck, Tasso—things, you see, mainly sacred or spiritualistic—sort of churches where only devotion of some sort goes on; but, if we go out to where there is real life, life complete and thoughtless—Shakespeare, Rabelais, Molière, Ariosto, Cervantes, Aristophanes, Horace—the evil odors meet us again at every step. Well, nowadays, this has all been misunderstood. People have imagined that an inevitable nuisance of the past ought also to be a deliberately chosen nuisance of the present: a line of argument which appears to me to be similar to that of a man who, because the people of Lisbon used, in the days of my grandfather, to practice a very primitive system of sewerage, should recommend that the inhabitants of modern London should habitually empty their slops on to the heads of passers-by. I am crude? Well, it is by calling nasty things by beautiful names that we are able to endure their existence. I think that people who should attempt such literary revivals ought to be fined, as the more practical revivers of old traditions certainly would be."

Cyril paused a moment. "I think that this sort of offenders, like Whitman, are not evil-doers, but merely snobs—they offend not good morals, but good taste."

"That's just such an artistic and well-bred distinction as I should expect from you," answered Baldwin, rather contemptuously. "I wonder what the words 'good taste' signify to your mind? Everything and nothing. They are offenders against good taste, you say. Well, let us see how. If I hang a bright-green curtain close to a bright-blue wall-paper, you will say it is bad taste; if I set Gray's 'Elegy' to one of Strauss's waltzes, that is bad taste also; and if I display all my grand furniture and plate (supposing I had it) to my poor neighbor, whose chintz chair is all torn, and who breakfasts out of a cup without a handle, that also is bad taste. Each for a good reason, and a different one; in each

case I am inflicting an injury, too slight and inadvertent to be sin, against something—the green curtain and blue paper combination pains your eye; the Gray's 'Elegy' and Strauss's waltz combination annoys your common-sense; the contrast between my riches and your poverty inflicts a wound on your feelings: you see that all sins against taste are merely a hurting of something in somebody. So that, if writing indecent poems is an offense against good taste, it means that it also inflicts some such injury. That injury is simply, as the world has vaguely felt all along, an injury to your neighbor's morals."

"But," put in Cyril, "such a man as Whitman has no immoral intention, nor is he immoral in the sense that Ariosto and Byron are sometimes immoral. The man is not a libertine, but a realist. He wishes people to live clean lives; all he says is, that everything which is legitimate, innocent, necessary in life is also legitimate and innocent in literature. And although I should rather select other subjects to write about, and would rather he did so likewise, I can not deny that there is logic in saying that there can be no harm in speaking of that which there is no harm in doing."

"Yes," said Baldwin, "that is just the argument of such men. And the answer is simply, that there are things that are intended to be done and *not* to be spoken about. What you call logic is no logic at all, but a mere appeal to ignorance. It so happens that the case is exactly reversed—that there are a great many things which there is not the smallest immorality in speaking about, and which it would be the most glaring immorality to do. No one shrinks from talking about murder or treachery; nay, even in the very domain of sexual relations, there need not be the smallest immorality, nothing at all perverting, in a play which like the whole *Orestes* trilogy, or '*Othello*,' or '*Faust*,' turns upon adultery or seduction; no one also has the slightest instinct of immorality in talking about the most fearful wholesale massacres. Yet the world at large, ever since it has had any ideas of good and evil, has had an instinct of immorality in talking of that without which not one of us would exist, that which society sanctions and the Church blesses. And this exactly because this is as natural as murder—of which we speak freely—is the contrary. For, exactly because certain instincts are so essential and indispensable, Nature has made them so powerful and excitable; there is no fear of their being too dormant, but there is fear of their being too active, and the consequences of their excess are so hideously dangerous to Nature itself, so destructive of all the higher powers, of all the institutions of humanity; the over-activity of the impulses to which we owe our

birth is so ruinous of all that for which we are born, social, domestic, and intellectual good, nay, to physical existence itself, that Nature even has found it necessary to restrain them by a counter-instinct—purity, chastity—such as has not been given us to counteract the other physical instincts, as that of eating, which can at most injure an individual glutton, but not affect the general social order. Hence, the slightest artificial stimulus is a danger to mankind, and the giving thereof a crime; for the experience of all times tells us what modern psychology is beginning to explain—viz., the strange connection between the imagination and the senses, the hitherto mysterious power of awakening physical desires, of almost reproducing sensation, possessed by the mind, even as the mention of dainty food is said to make the mouth water, and the description of a surgical operation to make the nerves wince. So that the old intuition, now called conventionalism, which connects indecency with immorality, is entirely justified. Crime may be spoken of just because it is crime, and our nature recoils therefrom; indeed, I think that nowadays, when our destructive instinct (except in small boys and professors of physiology) is becoming effete, there has ceased to be any very demoralizing influence in talking even of horrors. But the immorality of indecency is quite unlike the immorality of—how shall I distinguish?—of ordinary immorality. In the case of the latter the mischief lies in the sophistication of the reason or the perversion of the sympathies; as, for instance, in Machiavel's '*Prince*,' or any of a hundred French novels. In the former case, that of indecency, the immorality lies in the risk of inducing a mood which may lead to excess—that is, to evil. And, as a rule, I think this inducing of a mood is the commonest source of moral danger, whether the mood be a sensual or a destructive one."

"I don't see how you make that out; although I now understand what at first seemed to me mere inexplicable instincts—founded on nothing."

"Some things are inexplicable, perhaps, but be sure instincts are not founded on nothing. Misconceptions are mere false conceptions; but a good half of what people call social convention is based upon a perfectly correct conception, only mankind has forgotten what that conception was. Well, I should place the various sorts of demoralization of which literature is capable in this order: No. 1, and least dangerous, sophistication of judgment; No. 2, and more dangerous, perversion of sympathy; No. 3, and most dangerous, inducement of questionable frame of mind. And I place them thus because it seems to me that this is the order of facility, and consequently universality; I mean that fewest people can be

found who depend sufficiently on their deliberate ideas, and most effort is required to sophisticate them; whereas least effort is required, and most effect produced, in the matter of inducing a mood; the perversion of sympathy is half-way. Of course, if we could imagine (as once or twice has actually been the case) that the moral ideas of a whole people were sophisticated, that would be the worst, because the least remediable; but, in the first place, people act but little from ideas, or few persons do, and it is difficult to alter people's ideas; and, in the second place, the sophistication of conscience of single individuals is kept in check by the steadfastness of the mass of mankind, and, consequently, as in such men as Diderot, reduced to mere talk, without corresponding action. But a mood is easily induced without the reason even perceiving it, and the more necessary the mood is to Nature, the more easily it will be aroused—the more natural an evil, the less danger of it; the more an evil is the mere excess of the necessary, the more danger there is of it."

"It is curious how you marshal ideas into their right places," said Cyril. "There remains one thing to be said about the ethics of impropriety. The people who go in for writing upon subjects which thirty years ago would have distinctly been forbidden do not all of them write as Whitman does; they are not all what I should call openly beastly. They do their best, on the contrary, to spiritualize the merely animal."

"That is just the most mischievous thing they could possibly do," interrupted Baldwin. "I know the sort of poets you mean. They are the folk who say that things are pure or impure, holy or foul, according as we view them. They are not the brutal, straightforward, naturalistic school; they are the mystico-sensual. Of the two, they are infinitely the worse. For the straightforward, naturalistic pigs generally turn your stomach before they have had a chance of doing you any harm; but these persuade themselves and you that, while you are just gloating over sensual images, you are improving your soul. They call brute desire passion, and love lust, and prostitution marriage, and the body the soul. Oh! I know them; they are the worst pests we have in literature."

"But I don't think they are intentionally immoral, Baldwin."

"Do you think any writer ever was intentionally immoral, Cyril?"

"Well, I mean that these men really intend doing good. They think that if only some subjects be treated seriously, without any sniggering or grimacing, there ceases to be any harm in them. They say that they wish to rescue from the mire, where prudery has thrown it, that

which is clean in itself: they wish to show that the whole of Nature is holy; they wish to purify by sanctifying."

Baldwin listened with a smile of contempt. "Of course such words seem very fine," he said; "but a thing is either holy or is not holy; all the incense of poetry and all the hocus-pocus words of mysticism can not alter its nature by a tittle. And woe betide us if we once think that any such ceremony of sanctification can take place; woe betide us if we disguise the foul as the innocent, or the merely indifferent as the holy! There is in Nature a great deal which is foul: in that which men are pleased to call unnatural, because Nature herself chastises it after having produced it; there is in Nature an infinite amount of abominable necessity and abominable possibility, which we have reason and conscience to separate from that which within Nature itself is innocent or holy. Mind, I say innocent *or* holy; for innocence and holiness are very different things. All our appetites, within due limits, are innocent, but they are not, therefore, holy; and that is just what mystico-sensual poetry fails to perceive, and in giving innocence the rank of holiness it makes it sinful. Do you know what is the really holy? It is that of which the world possesses too little, and can never possess too much: it is justice, charity, heroism, self-command, truthfulness, lovingness, beauty, genius—these things are holy. Place them, if you will, on a poetic altar, that all men may see them, and know them, and love them, and seek after them life-long without ever wearying. But do not enshrine in poetic splendors the merely innocent; that which bestows no merit on its possessor, that which we share with every scoundrel and every animal, that which is so universal that it must for ever be kept in check, and which, unless thus checked by that in ourselves which is truly holy, will degrade us lower than beasts. For in so doing—in thus attempting to glorify that in which there is nothing glorious—you make men think that self-indulgence is sanctity; you let them consume their lives in mere acquiescence with their lusts and laziness, while all around is raging the great battle between good and evil. Worst of all, in giving them this worship of a mystic Ashtaroth or Belial, you hide from them the knowledge of the true God, of the really and exclusively holy, of good, truth, beauty, to know and receive which into our soul we must struggle life-long with the world and with ourselves—yes, struggle for the sake of the really holy with that mere innocence which is for ever threatening to become guilt."

Baldwin paused; then resumed after a moment: "I believe that mankind as it exists, with whatever noble qualities it possesses, has been gradually evolved out of a very inferior sort of

mankind or brutekind, and will, I hope, be evolved into a very superior sort of mankind. And I believe, as science teaches us, that this has been so far effected, and will be further effected henceforward, by an increased activity of those nobler portions of us which have been developed as it were by their own activity; I believe, in short, that we can improve only by becoming more and more different from the original brutes that we were. I have said this to explain to you my feelings toward a young poet of my acquaintance, who is very sincerely smitten with the desire to improve mankind, and has deliberately determined to devote a very fine talent to the glorification of what he calls pure passion, pure in the sense that it can be studied in its greatest purity from the brute creation."

Cyril made a grimace of disgust.

"No, indeed," continued Baldwin, "that poet is not one of the æsthetic-sensual lot you seem to think. He is pure, conscientious, philanthropic; but he is eminently unreasoning. He is painfully impressed by the want of seriousness and holiness with which mankind regards marriage, and his ambition is to set mankind right on this subject, even as another poet-philanthropist tried to improve family relations in his 'Laon and Cythna.' Now, if you were required to use your poetical talents in order to raise the general view of marriage, in order to show the sanctity of the love of a man and a woman, how would you proceed?"

"I have often thought about that," answered Cyril; "but it has been done over and over again, and I think with most deliberate solemnity and beauty by Schiller and Goethe in the 'Song of the Bell' and in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' Well, I think that poetry can do good work in this line only if the poet see where the real holiness of such love lies; in the love not of the male and the female, but of the man and the woman. For there is nowhere, I think, greater room for moral beauty and dignity than in the choosing by a man of the one creature from whom only death can separate him; of the one friend, not of a phase of his life, but of his whole life; of the one soul which will grow and mature always by the side of his, and, having blossomed and borne fruit of good, will gently fade and droop together with his. But this is not the most holy part of the choice, for he is choosing also the mother of his children, the woman who is to give half their nature, half their training, to what children must mean to every honest man—the one chance he possesses of living as he would have wished to live, of being what he should wish to have been; his one chance of redeeming his errors, of fulfilling his hopes, of realizing in a measure his own ideals. And to

me such a choice and love in the sense of such a choice become not merely coldly deliberate, but passionately instinctive, are holy with the holiness that, as you say, is the only real one; holy in all it implies of recognized beauty and goodness, of trust and hope, of all the excellence of which it is at least the supposed forerunner; and its holiness is that upon which all other holiness, all the truthfulness and justice, and beauty and goodness of mankind, depend. This is how I view the sanctity of the love between man and woman; how all the greatest poets, from Homer to Schiller, and from Schiller to Mrs. Browning, have viewed it; and it is the only possible view that I can conceive."

Baldwin nodded. "That is how I also see the question. But my young poet is not satisfied with this—he wishes to make men believe in the holiness of that which is no more holy, and far oftener tends to be unholy, than eating or drinking; and, in order to make mankind adore, he lavishes all his artistic powers on the construction of an æsthetical temple wherein to enshrine, on the preparation of poetic incense with which to surround, this species of holiness, carefully separated from any extraneous holiness, such as family affection, intellectual appreciation, moral sympathy; left in its complete, unmixed simplicity of brute appetite and physical longing and physical rapture; and the temple which he constructs out of all that is beautiful in the world is a harlot's chamber; and the incense which he cunningly distills out of all the sights and sounds of Nature are filthy narcotics, which leave the moral eyes dim, and the moral nerves tremulous, and the moral muscle unstrung. In his desire to moralize he demoralizes; in his desire to sanctify one item of life, he casts aside, he overlooks, forgets, all that which in life is already possessed of holiness. Thus my young poet, in wishing to improve mankind, to raise it, undoes, for the time being, that weary work of the hundreds of centuries which have slowly changed lust into love, the male and female into a man and a woman, the life of the body into the life of the soul; poetry, one of the highest human products, has, as it were, undone the work of evolution; poetry, which is essentially a thing of the self-conscious intellect, has taken us back to the time when creatures with two legs and no tail could not speak, but only whine, and yell, and sob—a mode of converse, by-the-way, more than sufficient for the intercourse of what he is pleased to call the typical Bride and Bridegroom."

They had got out of the strange expanse of brown and green swamp, and, after traversing a strip of meager, redeemed land, with stunted trees and yellowish vines, had reached the long, narrow line of pine-woods which met the beach.

They passed slowly through the midst of the woods, brushing the rain-drops off the short, bright-green pines, their wheels creaking over the slippery, fallen needles imbedded in the sand; while the setting sun fell in hazy yellow beams through the brushwood, making the crisp tree-tufts sparkle like green spun-glass, and their scaly trunks flush rosy; and the stormy sea roared on the sands close by.

"I think your young poet ought to be birched," remarked Cyril; "and if anything could add to my aversion, not for poetry, but for the poetic profession, this would, which you have just told me. You see how right I was in saying that I would have more moral satisfaction in being a French cook than in being a poet."

"By no means," answered Baldwin. "In the first place, my young poet ought not to be birched; he ought to be made to reflect, to ask himself seriously and simply, in plain prose, what ideal of life he has been setting before his readers. He ought to be shown that a poet, inasmuch as he is the artist whose material is human feeling and action, is not as free an artist as the mere painter or sculptor or composer; he ought to be made to understand that nowadays, when the old rules of conduct, religious and social, are for ever being questioned, every man who writes of human conduct is required, is bound, to have sound ideas on the subject—that because nowadays, for better or for worse, poetry is no longer the irresponsible, uncontrolled, helter-skelter performance of former times, but a very self-conscious, wide-awake, deliberate matter, it can do both much more harm and much more good than it could do before."

They were slowly driving along the beach, among the stunted pine-shoots and the rough grass and yellow bindweed half buried in the sand, and the heaps of sea-blackened branches, and bits of wood and uncouth, floating rubbish which the waves had deposited, with a sort of ironical regularity, in a neat band upon the shore; down here on the coast the storm had already broken, and the last thin rain was still falling, dimpling the gray sand. The sun was just going to emerge from amid the thick, blue-black storm-clouds, to descend into a clear space, like molten amber, above the black, white-crested, roaring sea; it descended slowly, an immense pale, luminous globe, gilding the borders of the piled-up clouds above it, gilding the sheen of the waves and the wet sand of the shore; and, as it descended, the clouds gathered above it into a vast canopy, a tawny-orange diadem or reef of peaked vapors encircling the liquid topaz in which the sun moved; tawnier became this garland, larger the free sky, redder the black storm-masses above; till at last the reddening rays of the sun

enlarged and divided into immense beams of rosy light, cutting away the dark and leaving uncovered a rent of purest blue. At last the yellow globe touched the black line of the horizon, gilding the waters, then sank behind it and disappeared. The wreath of vapors glowed golden, the pall of heaped-up storm-clouds flushed purple, and bright-yellow veinings, like filaments of gold, streaked the pale amber where the sun had disappeared. The amber grew orange, the tawny purple, the purple a lurid red, as of masses of flame-lit smoke; all around, the sky blackened, until at last there remained only one pile of livid purple clouds hanging over a streak of yellow sky, and gradually dying away into black, with but here and there a death-like, rosy patch, mirrored deadlier red in the wet sand of the beach. The two friends remained silent, like men listening to the last bars, rolling out in broad succession of massy, gradually-resolving chords, of some great requiem mass—silent even for a while after all was over. Then Cyril asked, pointing to a row of houses glimmering white along the dark lines of coast, below the great marble crags of Carrara, rising dim in the twilight—

"Is that the place where my friends will pick me up?"

"Yes," answered Baldwin, "that's the place. You will be picked up there, if you choose."

"I must, you know." And Cyril looked astonished, as if for the first time it struck him that there might be no *must* in the matter. "I must—at least I suppose I ought to—go back to England with them."

"You know that best," replied Baldwin, shortly. "But before we get there I want to finish what we were saying about the moral value of poetry, if you don't mind. I gave you the instance of Whitman and the mystico-sensual school merely because it is one of the most evident; but it is only one of many I could give you of the truth of what I said, that if a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, has—what the painter, or sculptor, or musician, inasmuch as they are such, have not—a keener sense of moral right and wrong than other men, it is because his art requires it. Consider what it is deliberately to treat of human character and emotion and action; consider what a strange chaos, an often inextricable confusion of clean and foul, of healthy and pestilent, you get among, in penetrating into the life of the human soul; consider that the poet must pick his way through all this, amid very loathsome dangers which he often can not foresee; and not alone, but carrying in his moral arms the soul of his reader—of each of his thousands of readers—a soul which, if he see not clearly his way, if he miss his footing, or tread in the soft, sinking soil (soft with filthy bogs), may

be bespattered and soiled, perhaps for ever—may be sucked into the swamp pool or poisoned by the swamp air; and that he must thus carry, not one soul, but thousands of souls, unknown to him—souls in many cases weak, sometimes already predisposed to some loathsome moral malady, and which, by a certain amount of contact with what to the poet himself might be innocuous, may be condemned to life-long disease. I do not think that the poet's object is to moralize mankind; but I think that the materials with which he must work are such that, while practicing his art, he may unconsciously do more mischief than all the professed moralists in Christendom can consciously do good. The poet is the artist, remember, who deliberately chooses as material for his art the feelings and actions of man; he is the artist who plays his melodies, not on catgut strings or metal stops, but upon human passions; and whose playing touches not a mere mechanism of fibers and membranes like the ear, but the human soul, which in its turn feels and acts; he is the artist who, if he blunders, does not merely fatigue a nerve or paralyze for a moment a physical sense, but injures the whole texture of our sympathies and deafens our conscience. And I ask you, does such an artist, playing on such an instrument, not require moral

feeling far stronger and keener than that of any other man, who, if he mistake evil for good, injures only himself and the few around him? You have been doubting, Cyril, whether poetry is sufficient work for a man who feels the difference between good and evil; you might more worthily doubt whether any man knows good from evil with instinct sure enough to suffice him as a poet. You thought poetry morally below you: are you certain that you are morally up to its level?"

Cyril looked vaguely about him; at the black sea breaking on the twilit sands, at the dark outline of pine-wood against the pale sky, at the distant village lights—vaguely, and as if he saw nothing of it all. The damp sea-breeze blew in their faces, the waves moaned sullenly, the pines creaked in the wind; the moon, hidden behind clouds, slowly silvered into light their looser, outer folds, then emerged, spreading a broad white sheen on the sands and the water.

"Are you still too good for poetry?" asked Baldwin, "or has poetry become too good for you?"

"I don't know," answered Cyril, in the tone of a man before whose mental eyes things are taking a new shape. "I don't know—perhaps."

VERNON LEE (*Contemporary Review*).

ONE YEAR IN A GERMAN COOKERY-SCHOOL.

IT was the last day of April, at half-past ten in the evening. Bedtime had come; and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saying, "God bless you, my child!" and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age, and, according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a cookery-school, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a baroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course,

I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are *forced* to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.

My luggage was prepared, and everything was finished. I had nothing to do but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my

head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice pictures that bothered my poor brain that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen-fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station; another kiss, another shaking of the hand, and the train started, carrying me toward unknown people and unknown work.

The same afternoon I arrived at the station at S—, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped, when a very venerable-looking, tall old clergyman, with long, white curly hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fräulein H— was in there. I said yes, and, shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K—, from Bellstädt, my foster-father for the coming year.* He told me to follow him to his carriage, which was waiting outside the station. Although I was not otherwise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and, while Mr. K— went to inquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their sympathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me, in his homely Thuringian dialect, not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said, "my dear Fräulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; every one was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh, how much more unhappy they were when they had to leave this station! And, Fräulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy: *you* do not look as if you were going to be the first to leave this place without regret!"

I blessed that simple, sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstädt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid;

and we enjoyed a delicious drive through the fascinating valleys of the Thuringian Forest, till at last our carriage, after having passed a small but pretty village, stopped before the front door of a two-storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden-trees. A rather small but neatly-kept garden, with a beautiful, green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, was to be seen at the right side of the house; while another bigger one, full of fruit-trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices of girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use toward elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand; and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me by the hand and asked my Christian name, telling me at the same time that all girls in her house were called by their Christian names. After this, we went to my room, where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comfortable, but without luxury. She—"Aunt Mary," as we all had to call her—told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection, to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves of dark and useful stuff; besides twelve large, dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen-work, twelve white ones for housework, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sundays, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your companions."

After dinner, where two of the "Pensionärinnen," as we were called, had served, Mr. K— read out of the Bible, gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early! At five, Aunt Mary came to call us; we took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's hair. This—probably because of our German nationality, but assuredly not (as the author of "German Home-Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as children—was very long and strong; and therefore would have taken too much time to comb it out ourselves.

From half-past five in the morning our day was divided in the following manner: The new-

* *Pflege-Vater* is the name given to the head of the house where the German girl is sent to learn her household duties, and indicates that for the time he has become her guardian.

ly-arrived and still stupid girls began with easy work, two and two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps, and to mend the linen; two worked in the garden, and had to feed the animals; but, except during the first month, they were only expected to attend to the poultry. Two had to arrange the dinner, tea and coffee table, and to wash the dishes we used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to milk the cows, and on a wash- or ironing-day to take part also in that labor. According to this plan we changed our work every week.

I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say; while four under-ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months; and each of the newly-arrived girls was given to the special guardianship of one of these. It would be too detailed if I were to describe every day of my training. I began the first week by cleaning the rooms and the lamps. This, by-the-way, is a very unpleasant duty. We were not allowed to complain of any work; and I am glad and proud to say we never did, for we knew "it must be!" The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be harder; for our backs, quite unaccustomed to bend all day, digging earth, planting flowers, and weeding borders, ached badly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat, coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock, one serves at the meals and washes the dishes, accompanying that monotonous work by cheerful songs. But then, last but not least, that fourth week—oh! I shiver, only thinking of it! I see myself again, standing in the kitchen, peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poultry; while my six-months-experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how—to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen-day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes, when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me that I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her; she took one pigeon, touched its head and—turned it round. "You see that it is simple," she said then; "do it, now."

She gave me a white pigeon, with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it, and oh! everything seemed to turn round with me; I felt as if I could not move one limb. I was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far away in the land where

the pepper grows; but suddenly, Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying, "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming Heaven knows about what?—One, two, three," she counted, with a voice that permitted no disobedience, and one, two, three, and my right hand was holding the poor pigeon's head that I myself in my bitter duty had twirled off. Tears were streaming out of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the dimmest day of my life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons of the world pursued me in my dreams, calling out for revenge on me for their dead sister.

The following weeks brought hard work. To remain in the hot kitchen day after day was not easy. To wash the greasy crockery was no joke. And then, when we had to stand and wash from morning to night at the sheets, table-napkins, and all the body-linen, then afterward to iron, mangle it, and all that, I assure you that was not just a pleasure for spoiled young ladies. It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes.

As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen work; and you might have seen us standing—all eight of us—round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinsed out the linen in the clear-flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would soon be at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots of water that we extravagant girls sent at him!

So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed to be too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of

the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend, and in Mr. K—— we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard; but still there was one which I always did with showers of tears. That, as you can guess, was—killing poultry: ducks, geese, pigeons. I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine!

After six months' hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew!

Perhaps, dear reader, you have had enough of our German cookery-school, and I see many a young lady comfortably leaning back in her arm-chair, saying: "Nothing in the world would induce *me* to lead such a dull, hard life! Thank God that I am not a German girl!" Fiddlesticks! Noah's ark! My proud young lady, it is not quite so dull as it seems, and I am sure that, after having read what follows of my story, you will understand my saying that the year in the cookery-school was one of the happiest I ever spent.

I said that the place I lived in was a village. It was a dear old place, and I should like to tell you a little more about it. It was situated, as I said before, in the Thuringian Forest, and was full of all the charm a place possesses that is far away from railroads. The village was surrounded by splendid old fir-woods, and pleasantly animated by a small, swiftly-running, sun-bright river. The population was made up of middle-sized folk, neither especially good nor yet bad looking, but dressed in a very pretty, bright costume. The men wore light-blue trousers and a wide blue blouse; the women short red petticoats, colored apron, a black-velvet bodice, and white short sleeves. Their hair, plaited in about eight tresses, was coiled about the head, with a red or blue handkerchief twisted over it.

The village contained about twenty-four houses, all (except the squire's and the parson's) with a straw-thatched roof, and on nearly every third roof a stork was nested. Those dear storks; what a pleasure they are to every German heart! It seems as if they belonged to the family, and no greater joy is ever seen on any face, be it young or old, than on the day when the stork, after a long absence, comes home to his old nest, first of all looking into it, and then, convinced that everything is in order, beginning to clatter with his bill, giving greeting to all his friends who are standing about beneath, waving their pocket-handkerchiefs in welcome. We have a sort of divine adoration for our storks; a stork's nest on a roof is called the greatest sign of luck. No one

ever thinks of killing a stork, and, if this happens, the crime is punished with from seven to ten years of imprisonment.

Never in my life but once have I heard of a stork being willfully killed. It happened in this village, and often, indeed, have I heard the event talked about. The story is so sad and strange that I should like to tell it here. It took place as follows: A young man out of mere boyish wantonness shot the hen-stork some days before they began their long and troublesome journey to Africa. Winter was gone; the stork's nest was again without snow, and the warm sun and mild spring air made people look forward to the arrival of the storks. At last they came. All the nests, except the one which through human cruelty had lost its mistress, were soon full of eggs, which the hen-birds were busy hatching. One day, a stork, which was flying alone toward the village, came to the nest upon the parsonage-roof. The female stork, unmindful of approaching danger, was sitting silently in her nest alone, when the strange bird swooped passionately down, and began a furious fight with her. She defended her nest, her eggs, herself, as bravely as she could, but at last her strength failed, and the stranger stork succeeded in hacking the eggs to pieces and throwing them out of the nest. Then, but not till then, he seemed satisfied with what he had done, and with a savage rattling in his throat he flew away. The villagers, meanwhile, stood watching this horrible scene without being able to help the injured mother-bird. This story shows curiously that the feelings and passions both of men and animals are very much alike. The poor stork, pining for his mate who had been murdered, sees another in her full maternal happiness. Mad jealousy comes over him, and, being himself unhappy, he wants to make others unhappy too. The wretched bird, it may be added, was never seen again after the tragedy. Most probably he put a speedy end to his own miserable life.

We had not much society in our village. There was only the squire's family, consisting of a father, mother, three grown-up sons, and four young men who were being taught farming. The Sundays were our usual days for meeting. Sometimes we were all invited to the squire's house, or else they used to call on us. The greatest pleasure for us girls was of course to go there, for then we had no work to do, and could enjoy our holiday. And oh, how well we knew how to do that! The old people left us to ourselves, giving us full leave to do whatever we liked. The dining-room was at our disposal; and, by-the-by, this noble old room is worth while making acquaintance with. It was in the old part of the house, built about two hundred years ago. The walls and ceiling were paneled with

wood, admirably carved. An old-fashioned chandelier, that with the brightness of its lights had served at many happy and sad family occurrences, hung in the middle of the room, while the walls were decorated with magnificent horns of stags and deer, shot long ago by ancestors of the house. To this room we went; a cupboard containing an old hand-organ was opened, and, while one played this oft-used and obedient instrument, the rest of us danced waltzes and galops. Sometimes we had games or acted plays, and, when tired of all these, it was pleasant to sit or walk about arm-in-arm, under the moon-lighted oak-tree that from generation to generation had secretly hearkened to the ever-old and ever-new whispering of young and hopeful love.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real poetical love in a cooking-school, where you expected that sentimentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet, if

you will promise not to tell about it, I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself secretly to the squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love-story which began there ended so happily. I know of one young man, who once under the oak-tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away irrevocably.

Again the last day of April arrived; my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it.

But the day appeared, and again the carriage was waiting at the door; and, embracing them all, with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good-natured, smiling face, "I told you that *you* would not be the first to leave the place without regret!"

E. H. (*Cornhill Magazine*).

AT HOME IN FIJI.

THERE are no performances in which it would seem to be more unlikely that women should compete with men than in geographical exploration or in daring adventures among strange peoples or in remote lands; yet it is precisely in this apparently incongruous field that the recent achievements of women have been most conspicuous, and their powers most clearly demonstrated. Sir Samuel Baker has often declared that the success of his African expeditions was largely due to the fortitude and sagacity of his wife; but this may have been the kindly illusion of affection, and there are other instances in which women have either taken the lead or made their ventures alone. The arduous achievements of Miss Bird in the Sandwich Islands, in Japan, and in our own Rocky Mountains, have astonished and charmed an immense circle of readers. For nearly all that is now known of the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates we are indebted to Lady Anne Blunt, whose Byronic ancestry explains at once her romantic appetite for adventure and the audacious courage with which she seeks it. And it is only a month or two since we extracted some of the more striking passages from the record of Lady Florence Dixie's sportsmanlike experiences amid the wilds of Patagonia.

A high rank among this adventurous sisterhood must henceforth be assigned to Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, whose name must not be con-

founded with the similar one which her lion-hunting brother has made famous. A few years ago this lady published the record of her experiences in a journey "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." Since then she has traveled over the whole of Ceylon; has spent three years in the Fiji Islands and other islands of the Pacific; has visited Australia and New Zealand; extended her travels to Japan and the Celestial Empire; and made the journey home by way of America. A portion of the observations and experiences accumulated during these teeming five years is recorded in a work just issued from the press of Blackwood, and entitled "At Home in Fiji";* and no more instructive and readable book of travels has lately been offered to the public. The author does not appear to be actuated by the feverish appetite for perilous adventure which seems to spur and animate Lady Blunt and Lady Dixie; nor does she exhibit the self-reliant courage and indomitable fortitude of Miss Bird. There is a certain tone of startled apprehensiveness and a magnifying of small discomforts, which, in spite of the examples we have cited to the contrary, we are inclined to regard as characteristically feminine. Yet there is no lack

* At Home in Fiji. By C. F. Gordon Cumming, author of "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." With Map and Illustrations. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, 1881.

either of courage to dare or of patience to endure, and there can be no doubt that Miss Cumming went tranquilly into dangers from which men would have shrunk simply because of a wider knowledge of what they involved. In the matter of literary skill Miss Cumming is greatly inferior to Miss Bird; yet even here there are a feminine reticence and lightness of touch that lend a charm which we miss in Miss Bird's luminously direct and sometimes trenchant phraseology. In reading Miss Bird's books we almost forget the sex of the writer, or recall it with an effort; but one could hardly read a page of Miss Cumming's narrative without being convinced that the author is a lady, and the ever-present consciousness of this imparts a piquancy and zest to trifling incidents which could hardly be obtained in any other way. In one feature of her equipment, moreover, Miss Cumming possesses an advantage over all her rivals. She sketches and paints with indefatigable industry, and, if we may judge from the photographic reproductions, with no little skill. The seven autotypes with which the volumes are embellished would be valuable and interesting even if unaccompanied by the text which they illustrate so attractively.

Miss Cumming's visit to Fiji was due to one of those apparent accidents of which life is so largely made up, especially the life of those who stand ready to avail themselves of opportunities. Shortly after the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain—an event which occurred in the autumn of 1874—a relative of Miss Cumming's, the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, was appointed first Governor of Fiji; and he at once invited her to accompany Lady Gordon to her remote home. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, as a cruise in the South Pacific had been one of the dreams of her life; and in March, 1875, the large and somewhat hastily collected party composing the Governor's family and staff left England. The voyage was made by way of the Suez Canal and Red Sea to Sydney, in New South Wales, where the ladies of the party remained for six months in order to give the gentlemen time to prepare acceptable quarters for them in Fiji; and it was not until the middle of September that they were actually landed at Levuka, on the Isle of Ovalau, the temporary capital of the new colony.

The author confesses with some *naïveté* how vague was her knowledge of Fiji prior to her visit, and, as the knowledge of the average reader is likely to be at least equally vague, it may be well for us to reproduce the items of general information with which she introduces her narrative. The Fijian group, then, lies in the South Pacific, about ten degrees south of the equator, thirty degrees east of the north coast of Australia,

and twenty degrees north of New Zealand; and embraces about two hundred and fifty islands, of which seventy or eighty are inhabited. Some of these islands are of considerable size, the largest, Viti Levu or Great Fiji, being about ninety miles long by fifty broad. The next in size, Vanua Levu, the Great Land, is upward of one hundred miles long by twenty-five broad; Tavuni and Kandavu are each twenty-five miles long; while Bau, the native capital, is scarcely a mile in length. Each of the principal islands forms a center, round which cluster from twenty to thirty minor isles, forming totally distinct groups, whose people are almost unknown to one another. The surface of most of the islands is extremely rugged and mountainous, traces of violent volcanic action being everywhere apparent; and the climate is, for the tropics, unusually genial and healthy. At the time of the cession they were inhabited by about fifteen hundred whites and one hundred and fifty thousand natives; but the very first blessing brought by British rule was a plague of the measles, which swept through the islands with the virulence that characterizes such diseases in the tropics, and in less than a year carried off just one third of the population. Most of those that remained (as well as of those that had been swept away) had adopted Christianity; and the new-comers, who supposed that they were venturing among untamed savages, were astonished to find that fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches bore testimony to the march of events since 1835, when a few brave missionaries flung themselves into the midst of a nation of ferocious cannibals.

As the guest and companion of Lady Gordon, Miss Cumming naturally spent most of her time at the Government House, in Levuka; but she availed herself of every opportunity for visiting other sections, accompanied the Rev. Mr. Langham, chief of the Wesleyan Mission, on many of his professional circuits, entered into friendly relations with the people everywhere, and unquestionably saw and learned more of Fiji than any other member of the party of which she was a member. The record of her observations and experiences took the shape of familiar and gossip letters written to various members of the home circle. In making her book she has simply arranged these letters in chronological sequence; and, though the narrative thus gains considerably in vividness and realism, things that one would naturally expect to find in juxtaposition are widely separated, and the reader of it gets an impression of scrappiness and incompleteness which a more skillful use of the material at hand would have obviated. In detaching for our own sketch some of the more interesting passages, we shall make no attempt at consecutiveness in the order

of either occurrence or arrangement, but shall aim simply to convey an idea of Fiji and the Fijians, and to indicate by specimens what the reader will find in Miss Cumming's entertaining volumes.

In the first place it may be observed that her descriptions do not convey a very dignified idea of the capital which formed her home during her stay in Fiji. It was simply a single street consisting of a strip of rocky, muddy, or shingly sea-beach, with houses on only one side. Various attempts had been made to build a low sea-wall, but this was invariably washed away by the first high tide, and it was a mystery that the houses themselves escaped. "One thing," she observes, "that would strike you as peculiar is to see a whole town without one chimney. There is a house which apparently has a couple, but these are only ventilators. You would also be impressed by our magnificent lighthouses—two wooden pyramids which, seen at a certain angle to one another, mark the passage through the coral reef. These are, I think, the only representatives of lighthouses in this most dangerous group. But at present the colony is too poor to build any, and Mother England is too stingy to allow us any." But, whatever else was lacking, churches were abundant. Besides the Wesleyan native chapels, there were a large Wesleyan church for the white population, a Roman Catholic Church, and an Episcopal one. The number of churches, in fact, is one of the noteworthy features of the islands. "Every village," we are told elsewhere, "on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

Perhaps the most startling among the early experiences of the new arrivals was that Fiji, though teeming with a tropical luxuriance and variety of products, was one of the most expensive places to live in in the world. Most of the officials had been sent out on ridiculously small salaries, because they had been assured before leaving England that living would cost them nothing and they could save all their pay; but they found that living in London was economical in comparison. Small, one-storied bungalows rented for about twenty dollars a week, and were difficult to obtain even at that; there were no hotels or lodging-houses; and food could scarcely

be obtained at all. Though the sea swarmed with fish, none could be bought; vegetables were unknown articles of diet; meat and poultry were dearer than in England; milk was a shilling a quart, and eggs three shillings a dozen. Even the supply of fruit was very scant, consisting only of indifferent bananas, pineapples, and oranges. But, perhaps the worst difficulty was with household servants, the natives being either hopelessly stupid or utterly indisposed to learn the new ways of strangers. "Day after day you must show them exactly how everything is to be done, and may be certain that each time it will be wrong, and that the moment your back is turned they will proceed to twist up a bit of tobacco in a banana-leaf, and deliberately smoke their cigarette before touching the work you have given them. Probably they will follow you to ask where the matches are, and the only answer to any remonstrance is '*malua*' (by-and-by), a universal principle which is the bane of Fijian life." To get any cook at all was next to an impossibility, and those finally obtained demanded (and received) the modest sum of five dollars a week, and then refused to wash even the smallest articles of household linen.

Nearly every island is surrounded with a barrier-reef of coral, which supplies them with natural breakwaters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which they can commonly pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect can not live within the influence of fresh water, and thus an entrance is secured to these havens of rest. The coral reef at Levuka afforded the author an endless resource of amusement and profit, and she devotes several enthusiastic pages to its description:

"The rich blue of the harbor is separated from the purplish indigo of the great ocean by a submarine rainbow of indescribable loveliness. This is caused by the coral reef, which produces a gleaming ray as if from a hidden prism. The patches of coral, sea-weed, and sometimes white sand, lying at irregular depths, beneath a shallow covering of the most crystalline emerald-green water, produce every shade of aqua-marine, mauve, sienna, and orange, all marvelously blended. The shades are continually varying with the ebb and flow of the tide, which at high water covers the reef to the depth of several feet, while at low tide patches here and there stand high and dry, or are covered by only a few inches of water; treacherous ground, however, on which to land, as the sharp coral spikes break under the feet, cutting the thickest leather, and perhaps landing you in a hole several feet in depth, with still sharper coral down below. The highest edge of the reef lies

toward the ocean, and a line of dazzling white surf marks where the great green breakers wage their ceaseless warfare on the barrier; but the passage through the reef is marked by a break in the white line, and a broad roadway of deep blue connecting the inner waters with the great deep; and this, again, passes in gradual gradations of color from the intense blue of the harbor to the glittering green of the shallow water on the inner side of the reef. Altogether it is most fascinating. The scene is loveliest at noon, when the sun is right overhead, and lights up the colors beneath the water on the coral coves. . . .

"The first essential is to go in a boat which draws very little water, and which has no new paint to be considered. Then, when the tide is low, and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral-beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oars would disturb the clear surface of the water, beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches, which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges and heaps of brain and mushroom corals. These living shrubs assume every shade of color: some are delicate pink or blue; others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But, vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away, as the living creatures melt away and die, when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we know in England are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

"Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it—the clear translucent water, which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet coral-lines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds. There are great red fish, and purple-green fish, and some of bright gold, with bars or spots of black; but loveliest of all are the shoals of minute fish, some of the most vivid green, others of a blue that is quite dazzling. Some have markings so brilliant that I can only compare them to peacocks' feathers. These all congregate in families, and a happy life they surely must have. Some of the loveliest of these are so tiny that you can keep a dozen in a tumbler; others are about the length of your finger. Besides these myriads of minute fish, there are all manner of living creatures which peep out from their homes beneath the ledges and crevices of the coral—vigilant crabs of all sizes and colors, and sea-anemones in endless variety, and wonderful specimens of Echini."

Two months after her arrival, on the 21st of November, occurred the curious "Balolo Festival"—or Feast of Worms—which is connected with an extraordinary fact in natural history, peculiar, it is believed, to these islands. The festival is thus described:

"The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Some are fully a yard long; others about an inch. It has a jointed body and many legs, and lives in the deep sea. Only on two days in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first day is in October, which is hence called 'Little Balolo,' when only a few appear. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them. They make their calculations by the position of certain stars. After this no more are seen until the high tide of the full moon, which occurs between the 20th and 25th of November, which hence takes the name of 'Great Balolo,' when they rise to the surface in countless myriads, always before daybreak. In the Samoan Isles the day occurs about a fortnight earlier. At certain well-known points near the reef, the whole sea, to the depth of several inches, is simply alive with these red, green, and brown creatures, which form one writhing mass, and are pursued by shoals of fish of all sizes, which come to share the feast with the human beings. The latter are in a state of the wildest excitement, for it is the merriest day of the year, and is looked forward to from one November to the next by all the young folk.

"About midnight they go out in their canoes, and anxiously await the appearance of the first few worms, and great is the struggle to obtain these, which herald the approach of untold myriads. For several hours there is the merriest sport and laughter, every one bailing up the worms and trying who can most quickly fill his canoe, either by fair sport or by stealing from his neighbor. All is noise, scrambling, and excitement, the lads and lasses each carrying wicker baskets with which they capture the worms without carrying too much salt water on board. As the day dawns, these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths, and by the moment of sunrise not one remains on the surface; nor will another be seen for a twelvemonth, when, true to its festival, the balolo will certainly return. Never has it been known to fail, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, white or brown. Nor is there any record of any one having seen one rise to the surface on any save the two appointed days, which are known as the 'Little Balolo' and 'Great Balolo.'

"Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens dug on the beach, and have a great feast—a regular whitebait dinner, in fact. So now you know the true meaning of the 'Diet of Worms.' So great is the quantity taken, that the supply generally lasts for several days, being warmed up when required; and basketfuls are sent to friends

at a distance, just as we in Scotland send a box of grouse. Such is our prejudice against all manner of worms that few Europeans appreciate this dainty, which nevertheless is really not nasty, especially when eaten like potted meat, with bread and butter. It is rather like spinach, with a flavor of the sea—perhaps I should compare it with the laver of the Scilly Isles."

One of the remarkable peculiarities of Fiji is the strange lack of animal life. There are literally no indigenous four-footed creatures except rats and flying-foxes, and even the native rat has died out since foreign rats arrived in ships. The pigs, which now in some places run wild in the jungle, were originally introduced by the Tongans, who also brought cats, ducks, and fowls. Prior to the arrival of the Governor's party, the natives had never seen a horse, and their astonishment at the spectacle of a man on horseback knew no bounds. Happily, serpents also are almost unknown, and the few that exist are not venomous. In walking through the densest undergrowth, nothing more alarming is encountered than a few innocent lizards or an occasional land-crab. Centipedes and scorpions are known to exist, but are very rarely seen. The worst plagues are flies, mosquitoes, and cockroaches. The latter infest every house, and are in their turn devoured by large spiders. The ants, too, are energetic friends of the housekeeper, and organize burial parties for cockroaches as fast as they are killed. "Every morning," says our author, "we see solemn funerals moving across the veranda to the garden, and these are parties of about one hundred of the tiniest ants dragging away the corpse of a large cockroach." Contrary to the usual idea of tropical countries, vegetation, though luxuriant, is neither varied nor especially beautiful. Says our author:

"In one respect we were greatly disappointed in this place (Levuka): *there are scarcely any flowers*. This strikes us all the more, as we have come direct here from Australia, where we left the whole country literally aflame with blossom. You can not fancy anything more lovely. And here in the tropics, where people always vainly imagine that flowers are so abundant, we have fewer than in any place I have yet been to. Scarcely any house has even a flower-bed round the windows; and the very best garden in the place would, except for the beauty of its crotons and other shrubs, scarcely be dignified with the name in England; and yet infinite care is expended on it, and a handful of roses or other blossoms of any sort is the greatest boon its owner can bestow on us. As to wild flowers, I have walked day after day till I was weary, without finding as many flowers as would fill a small vase.

"The ferns, however, are exceedingly lovely. Innumerable species grow in richest profusion in every damp ravine, and great tufts of birds'-nest and other

ferns cling to the mossy boughs of the gray old trees. Every here and there you come on a rocky stream or shady pool round which they cluster in such luxuriance and variety that it makes you long to transport the whole fairy-like dell to some place where all fern-lovers might revel in its beauty. And this is only the undergrowth; for the cool shade overhead is produced by the interwoven fronds of great tree-ferns—their exquisite crown of green supported by a slender stem from twenty to thirty feet high, up which twine delicate creepers of all sorts, which steal in and out among the great fronds, and so weave a canopy of exquisite beauty. Loveliest of all are the delicate climbing-ferns, the tender leaves of which—some richly *fringed* with seed—hang mid-air in long, hair-like trails, or else, drooping in festoons, climb from tree to tree, forming a perfect network of loveliness. It is a most fairy-like foliage, and the people show their reverence for its beauty by calling it *Wa Kolo*, or God's fern.

"I ought to mention that, though there are no flowers within reach, there are several flowering trees with unattainable and, happily, not very tempting blossoms. They are all alike remarkable for having a most insignificant calyx, and being almost entirely composed of a great bunch of silky stamens which fall in showers on the ground below. The most attractive of these is the *kaveeka*, or Malay apple, which bears tufts of crimson blossoms especially attractive to certain lovely scarlet and green parrots with purple heads, and which in due season bears a very juicy though insipid crimson or white fruit. These parrots are few and far between; and I miss the flocks of bright wings which so delighted me in my glimpse of Australian bush."

A more pleasant feature of the vegetation is the total absence of the thorny plants with which tropical jungles usually bristle. In Ceylon our author complains that she was perpetually being torn by cruel thorns, every shrub seeming armed with sharp needles; but the only thorny tree she observed in Fiji was the wild citron, and even that was not indigenous. On the other hand, Fiji has traps for the unwary quite peculiar to itself:

"The commonest of these is the tree-nettle, which really is a large forest-tree. Beautiful but treacherous are its large, glossy leaves, veined with red or white, most attractive to the eye, but anguish to the touch; days will pass ere the pain of that burning sting subsides. However, forewarned is forearmed, and you are in no danger of accidentally touching these large, showy trees, as you so often do the insignificant but obtrusive little nettle of our own woods. There are, however, several other trees which are so intensely poisonous that it is dangerous even to touch them accidentally. One of these is the *kankaro*, or itch-plant, from which exudes a milky juice causing agony, especially if the tiniest drop come near the eye. Instances have occurred when a man has ignorantly selected this wood, either

as timber from which to fashion his canoe, or a spar suitable for his mast; and, incautiously sitting on the wood while carpentering, has discovered, when too late, that the subtle poison had entered by every pore, and that his whole body was rapidly breaking out in angry spots, causing an irritation utterly unbearable, and lasting for months, sometimes years.

"There are several splendid trees which are quite new to me, being peculiar to the South Seas. Such are the *ivi*, or Tahitian chestnut, and the *udelo*, with large, glossy leaves, like the India-rubber tree. Both these are valuable, as affording cool, deep shade. There is also the *vutu*, with its blossoms like tufts of silk fringe; the *tavola*, or native almond-tree; and the *ndawa*, whose young leaves are bright crimson, and give a gleam of color to the general expanse of green. Then there is the *mbaka*, which grows like the sacred banyan of India, beginning its life as a humble parasite, and in old age presenting an intricate network of white stems, pillars, and roots. The commonest scrub-foliage is a hybiscus, with bluish-gray leaf and a pale, primrose-colored blossom, with a dark claret heart: it is a pretty flower on the tree, but dies when gathered."

The Fijians are described by our author as a fine race, stalwart and well formed, offering a complete contrast to the hideous blacks of whom she saw a few in Australia. They are intelligent in appearance and friendly in manner, and their scrupulous honesty is a theme to which she recurs over and over again. In the matter of dress, the amount worn in heathen days does not appear to have been oppressive. "A thick fringe of colored grass, or hybiscus fiber, from three to four inches in length, was the full dress of a young lady in the mountains; indeed, it is so to this day among the tribes who have not yet adopted Christianity, or who, since the scourge of the measles, have returned to heathenism. Most Christians, men and women alike, now wear a cloth reaching from the waist to the knee, and over this such decoration as fancy prompts—whether gay fringe of colored grass, delicate creeping ferns, or bright golden croton-leaves, cunningly fastened so as to overlap one another and form a close, short petticoat—and a very becoming dress it is, especially when worn by a group of pretty girls, perhaps standing beneath the shadow of a plantain-tree, or holding one of its broad leaves above their heads, to shield them from the burning rays of the sun, the rich tones of their brown figures standing out in strong relief against the vivid blue of the sky." On ceremonial or festive occasions the dress and ornamentation are more elaborate. Then—

"White native cloth is worn as a girdle, and hangs behind in large folds; wreaths of long hanging grass are worn round the arms and legs as well as on the body. Some even powder their hair black, or else wear huge wigs of heathen days, and crowns

of scarlet parrots' feathers. Most have their faces painted with every variety of color, in stripes, circles, and spots. Some are all scarlet, with black spectacles, or *vice versa*; some, of a very gaudy turn of mind, half blue and half scarlet. Some are painted half plain and half spotted, or striped like clowns. In short, fancy has free scope in devising grotesque patterns of every sort. Many are entirely blackened down to the waist, or perhaps have one side of the face and one shoulder dyed dark-red; but the commonest and ugliest freak of all is to paint only the nose bright scarlet, and the rest of the face dead black, and very hideous is the result. The paint-box on these occasions is very simple: red ochre supplies one shade, and the seeds of the vermilion-tree supply another. The nearest wood-fire yields black in abundance; while a dark-brown fungus is found on the bark of certain trees, and finds immense favor with many who can not understand how infinitely more beautiful is the rich brown of their own silky skin, with its gloss of cocoanut-oil. The gaudy blue is a recent addition to their stock—from English laundries; and an unusually vivid scarlet likewise tells occasionally of dealings with British traders.

"On great festivals the family jewels are all displayed. They consist of necklaces of whales' teeth rudely fastened together with sinnet, or else most carefully cut into long, curved strips like miniature tusks, highly polished, and strung together in the form of a great collar, which is worn with the curved points turning outward like a frill. The average length of each tooth is about six inches; but some necklaces, which are treasured as heirlooms, are nearly double this size, and all the teeth are beautifully regular. Their effect when worn by a chief in full dress is singularly picturesque, though scarcely so becoming as the large, curved boar's tooth, which sometimes forms an almost double circle, and is worn suspended from the neck, the white ivory gleaming against the rich brown skin. . . . But, alas, for the vulgarizing influence of white men! Already the majority of the islanders have sold their own admirable ornaments, and wear instead trashy English necklaces, with perhaps a circular tin looking-glass attached, or an old cotton-reel in the ear instead of a rudely carved ear-ring. In the more frequented districts this lamentable change thrusts itself more forcibly on the attention, as almost all the fine old clubs and beautifully carved spears have been bought up, and miserable sticks and nondescript articles—including old European battle-axes—take their place."

The elaborate head-dresses which used to distinguish the islanders have been mostly done away with; but they were once a favorite mode of ornamentation, and are thus described:

"Each great chief had his own hair-dresser, who sometimes devoted several hours a day to his master's adornment, and displayed quite as much ingenuity in his designs as the potters or cloth-painters do in their work. The general aim was to produce

a spherical mass about three feet in circumference; but a very successful hair-dresser has been known to bring this up to five feet! This mass was composed of twists of curls or tufts—oftenest of thousands of spiral curls, seven or eight inches long, shaped like a cone, with the base turned to the outside, and each individual hair turned inward. Others encouraged a tuft to grow so stiffly as to resemble a plume of feathers. Many had a bunch of 'love-locks,' small, long curls hanging on one side; others a few long, very fine plaits hanging from behind the ear, or from one temple; or half the head was curled and half frizzled; it was also dyed according to taste. And some dandies liked to have their heads partly colored, black, sienna, and red; in short, there was no limit to the strange varieties thus produced—far more diverse than the most fanciful devices of any fashionable lady in Europe."

Prior to the advent of the missionaries in 1835, and for many years afterward, the Fijians were the most ferocious cannibals known to mankind; and Miss Cumming listened to many stories, and found many traces, of the revolting practice. Among her collections were several forks of carved wood which had been used exclusively for human flesh, this being the only meat that might not be touched with the fingers, because it was supposed to produce a skin-disease. One young chief, misunderstanding a question which she asked as to the different ways of cooking human flesh and pork, assured her with effusion that "there's no comparison between them—human flesh is so much the best." And on another occasion "a horrible old ex-cannibal" crept close to her traveling companion (Mr. Langham), and stroked him down the thigh, licking his lips, and exclaiming with delight, "Oh, but you are nice and fat!" How frail a barrier has as yet been erected against the custom is shown by the fact that, in a war which occurred during her visit, the mountain tribes relapsed at once into cannibalism, eating the slain, and killing prisoners for the purpose.

On one of her journeys she met with a ghastly reminder of the extent to which the practice was anciently carried. A row of smallish stones, extending about two hundred yards, was pointed out to her as a genuine "cannibal's register," representing the number of human bodies actually eaten by two chiefs—one stone for each body. There were eight hundred and seventy-two of them, and at least thirty had been removed! As might be conjectured, too, the hideous custom was marked by every conceivable aggravation of cruelty and outrage. One favorite phase of cold-blooded revenge and insult offered to enemies in war was to collect the bones of the bodies eaten and reduce them to powder. Then, when peace was restored, and the tribes next feasted together, this nice ingredient was

added to some favorite pudding. Afterward, should war again break out, it was the height of triumph to taunt the late guests with having eaten the dishonored bones of their kindred!

With the exception, perhaps, of the conversion of the Sandwich-Islanders, which strikingly resembles it, missionary effort has never achieved a more signal triumph than in the transformation it has brought about in the condition and practices of the natives of Fiji. We have already mentioned the fact that at the time of Miss Cumming's visit, in 1875, nine hundred churches and fourteen hundred schools were in successful operation; but even this fact, impressive as it is, fails to convey an adequate idea of the change that has been wrought. Substantially the whole population has been brought to accept Christianity, and the fidelity with which they follow its teachings and practice its precepts should put to shame the older Christian communities whence the missionaries set forth on their errand of enlightenment. Alone in their remote island homes, isolated from the rest of the world, these gentle people have acquired the virtues of civilization without its accompanying vices; and, in view of the probable consequences, one is tempted to regret the step which must inevitably increase their contact with the sort of "Christians" whom the older civilizations send forth on missions so different from that they have hitherto known.

At any rate, it is matter for congratulation that the most vivid picture we are likely to have of Fiji and the Fijians was drawn at a time when the missionary work was fairly complete, and when the other deteriorating influences had hardly begun to operate. Some of the most interesting passages in Miss Cumming's book describe her missionary journeys with Mr. Langham; and many of those picturesque incidents connected with the work of conversion that are rapidly becoming traditional, and will speedily die out of memory, are here placed on record. We should be glad to linger over these, but lessening space warns us to proceed, and with a few glances at the existing customs and manners of the people we must bring our article to a close.

Among the characteristic native amusements which have retained their ancient vogue, and which are resorted to on every occasion of merry-making or festivity, the first place is to be assigned to the *méké*, which is a quaint national dance with accompaniment of singing. Says our author, bringing together the results of her observations of the various *mékés* at which she was present:

"Some of the old *mékés* are not considered desirable, as, for example, that dance of death which accompanied the carrying of dead bodies to the tem-

ple, preparatory to cooking them, and others of heathen or immoral association. The schools are therefore encouraged to select new subjects. So they gave us a dance and pantomime all about the capture of Jerusalem, and very curious it was. . . . The town then divided into two companies. One acted as orchestra, sitting on the ground—some clapping hands, some striking the ground with short, resonant bamboos—all singing. The other company danced—the quaintest, wildest dances you can conceive, with much pantomime and most graceful action. Every action and posture one sees in a good ballet are found here; and such pretty grouping with fans, spears, or clubs! Many of the figures are very intricate, and the rapidity of movement and flexibility of the whole body are something marvelous; it seems as if every muscle was in action, and all the postures are graceful. The dance gets wilder and more excited as it goes on, generally ending with an unearthly yell, in which all the spectators join. . . .

"Here in the mountains each company carried spears, clubs, or fans, all of which played their part in the various dances—most of which are so old that the meaning of the songs and pantomime are alike forgotten by the actors. In one long piece of by-play all the men of the village appeared dressed alike, their heads being plastered with lime, looking just like powdered footmen (only that they were brown, and naked to the waist). It was so very solemn that we thought some terrible tragedy was being recounted; but we were told it was only a story about an empty basket!

"In one very old dance, a queer, fluttering creature, with a huge fan in each hand, to represent wings, kept dancing round and round a covey of cowering children, whom he bowled over, two at a time. Then, as they lay prone, he fanned them to life again, and so drove them along to join the orchestra. This is supposed to be a bird of prey providing for her young, and of a species unknown in Fiji.

"Somewhat similar is a dance in which half the men are armed with spears, the other half carry large palm-leaf fans, adorned with streamers of blue and white native cloth. After an intricate dance, in which extraordinary feats of agility are displayed, these two companies form into separate lines and have a sham fight. Again and again the whole regiment of spearmen fall flat on the ground, as if all slain simultaneously, and the others, bending over them, fan them assiduously till life is restored, and they once more spring to their feet. This is a particularly pretty dance; no carefully studied ballet could be more effective.

"Another, which is particularly characteristic, is a club-dance, in which half the men present are armed with war-clubs of very varied and curious forms, while the others carry long and beautifully carved spears. Sometimes each man carries a spear in one hand and a club in the other; and often, I regret to say, a number of common muskets replace the old clubs, and look strangely out of keeping with the barbaric surroundings. These war parties always

advance slowly, attitudinizing and swinging from side to side. Gradually they become more animated, brandish their spears and clubs, go through all manner of evolutions, keeping such perfect time that each line of warriors seems to move like one man—every hand and foot moving in unison. The speed and action go on increasing till each individual dancer seems to be performing the closing movements of a Highland fling or a sailor's hornpipe, but with far more varied postures. At some of the larger gatherings, from two to three hundred dancers will join in the *méké*, and, as they are generally the picked men of the district, the scene is the more effective.

"Each district has certain dances peculiar to itself, and the people of one neither can nor will join in the *méké* of another. Thus the people of aristocratic Bau positively sneered when asked whether they could not perform some of the dances of their neighbors at Rewa, which monopolizes the most graceful *méké* of all, namely, one which represents the breaking of the waves on a coral-reef—a poetic idea admirably rendered. Years ago I remember the delight with which we hailed an exquisite statuette in Sir Noel Paton's studio, representing the curling of a wave, by a beautiful female figure, supposed to be floating thereon; but I never dreamed that we should find the same idea so perfectly carried out by a race whom we have been wont to think of only as ruthless savages. The idea to be conveyed is that of the tide gradually rising on the reef, till at length there remains only a little coral isle, round which the angry breakers rage, flinging their white foam on every side. At first the dancers form in long lines and approach silently, to represent the quiet advance of the waves. After a while the lines break up into smaller companies, which advance with outspread hands and bodies bent forward, to represent rippling wavelets, the tiniest waves being represented by children. Quicker and quicker they come on, now advancing, now retreating, yet like true waves, steadily progressing, and gradually closing on every side of the imaginary islet, round which they play or battle, after the manner of breakers, springing high in mid-air, and flinging their arms far above their heads to represent the action of spray. As they leap and toss their heads, the soft white *masi* or native cloth (which for greater effect they wear as a turban with long streamers, and also wind round the waist, thence it floats in scarf-like ends) trembles and flutters in the breeze. The whole effect is most artistic, and the orchestra do their part by imitating the roar of the surf on the reef—a sound which to them has been a never-ceasing lullaby from the hour of their birth.

"Another *méké* peculiar to this district represents a number of flying-foxes in the act of robbing a garden of ripe bananas. Perhaps a couple of hundred foxes will assemble, to say nothing of a couple of little foxes. A tree bearing the coveted fruit is fastened to a strong pole in the center of the ground; and it says much for the native sense of humor that, instead of hanging up a bunch of real bananas, they must needs devise an artificial bunch with a square

gin-bottle filled with oil hanging from the tip, to represent the great purple blossom. In the first figure of the dance, scouts are sent out to see that the coast is clear, and they flutter round the imaginary garden with outstretched arms, imitating the cry of the flying-fox. Soon the whole flock approach, chattering noisily over the prospect of the feast, circling and fluttering round and round after the manner of all bats. Then one proceeds to climb the tree, and hangs himself up by the legs, head downward, with outstretched arms, flapping his wings, and crying just like a flying-fox. A second soon follows, and disputes his position. They squeal, and scratch, and bite one another, and a battle of the bats ensues, in which the first-comer is routed. After a while some one shoots the intruder, who falls helplessly from the tree. All this time the rest of the flock have been dancing and fluttering around, the peculiar movements of bats being admirably rendered, even to the rushing sound of the wings, which is given by a jerk of the body, which causes all the scarfs to swing simultaneously; and these, being made of dried leaves of the *pandanus*, or screw-pine, which are long and narrow as a grass, rustle on the slightest movement, and their combined noise produces a rushing sound, greatly resembling that of the black-winged army. As an illustration of a comic dance, I may mention a pantomime representing a pig-hunt. He is supposed to be concealed in the long grass, and the hunters, round whose neck hang large boars' tusks, very suggestive of danger from such a hidden foe, advance cautiously in search of him. At last he is found, captured alive, and dragged in triumph to the village, amid the acclamations of the spectators."

Perhaps the most curious, and certainly the most poetical of the *mékés* is one which is thus described in the private journal of Sir Arthur Gordon:

"Nai kalukalu, the Stars. This was a very curious *méké*. Two circular inclosures of bamboo, about five feet high, were erected, within which two parties of dancers began to whirl round, waving white *masi* fans over their heads. Gradually, one by one, they came out of the door of their inclosure opposite each other. This was the rising of the stars. They met, danced the usual sort of dance, and, at one part of it, threw away their fans. This was to represent the shooting-stars."

Traces of the same gay fancifulness and sometimes poetic imagination are seen in the names given to children:

"Some of the brides and bridegrooms [a wedding was something which our author never missed] retained their old original names, which, literally translated, are characteristic; those of the women being such as Spray of the Coral Reef, Queen of Parrot's Land, Queen of Strangers, Smooth Water, Wife of the Morning Star, Paradise, Mother of her Grandchildren, Ten Whales' Teeth (i. e., very precious). Some were cruelly ill-named from their birth. To

any one who has suffered from the sting of a Fijian nettle such a name as Lady Nettle seems rather a cruel one to bestow on a little innocent. Nor can Waning Moon, Drinker of Blood, or Mother of Cockroaches, be considered flattering, though Mother of Pigeons sounds more kindly. Earthen Vessel is more complimentary than might at first sight appear, when we consider the preciousness of the water therein stored; while Waited For, Smooth Water, Sacred Cavern, One who Quiets, are all more or less pleasant. The men's names are equally fanciful. Such are The Stone God, Great Shark, Bad Earth, Bad Stranger, New Child, More Dead Man's Flesh, Abode of Treachery, Not Quite Cooked, Die out of Doors, Empty, Fire in the Bush, Spark of Fire, Day, Night, The Great Fowl, Quick as Lightning, Laggard, Imp, Eats like a God, King of Gluttons, Ill Cooked, Dead Man, Revenge, Carpenter, and so *ad infinitum*.

"Where Christian names have been adopted at baptism they are almost invariably Scriptural names Fijianized, I had almost said Italianized. Such are Taiviti for David, Lydronia or Litia for Lydia, Mirama for Miriam, Naboooco for Nebuchadnezzar, Set-avenie for Stephen, Zacheusa, Bartolomeo, Luki, Joeli, Amosi, Clementi, Solomoni, Jacopi, Josephi, Isaia, and Epeli, the latter representing Abel. In short, in any large assembly you could scarcely fail to find namesakes of all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, with their mothers and wives, the Scriptures having been ransacked from beginning to end to afford sufficient variety. Some few modern names are heard, such as Alisi and Arietta, and occasionally the name of some revered white man has been adopted, the prefix of Mr. being especially insisted on!"

This conveys some impression in regard to the Fijian language, which is said by our author to be liquid and full of vowels, sounding when spoken remarkably like Italian. There are very few guttural or hissing sounds, and there are many words in which every other letter is a vowel. It is a remarkably rich language, and is said to be capable of expressing minute shades of ideas. Thus there are three words for the possessive pronouns, varying with the nature of the noun following, as *my* food, *my* drink, or *my* canoe. Personal pronouns are equally varied; there are no less than six words answering to our *we*. There are seven words to express different conditions of weariness, six to express seeing, a dozen for dirty, fourteen for to cut, and sixteen for to strike. There are separate expressions for washing clothes, house, dishes, feet, hands, body, face, or head; also for such varied movement as that of a caterpillar, a lizard, or a serpent, or for the different manners in which it is possible to clap hands ceremonially.

As it was never written down, except by the missionaries, there is of course no literature, but there was a copious folk-lore, consisting of le-

gends and fables which were known throughout the isles. Some few of these fables were gathered by our author, and it is surprising to find Fijian versions of several of Uncle Remus's best stories. Here, for example, is a very slight variation from the latter's famous story of the race between the rabbit and the tortoise :

" 'The crane and the crab,' say the Fijians, 'quarreled as to their powers of racing. The crab said he would go the fastest, and that the crane might fly across from point to point, while he went round by the shore. The crane flew off, and the crab staid quietly in his hole, trusting to the multitude of his brethren to deceive the crane. The crane flew to the first point, put down his ear, and heard a buzzing noise. "That slave is here before me," said he, and flew on to the next point. Here the same thing happened, until at last, on reaching a point above Serna, the crane fell exhausted, and was drowned in the sea.' "

At the time this was told, another native who was present capped it with an almost exactly similar story—only in this case the competition was between a crane and a butterfly :

" 'The butterfly,' he said, 'challenged the crane to fly to Tonga, tempting him to do so by asking him if he was fond of shrimps. The butterfly kept resting on the crane's back, without the crane knowing it, and whenever the bird looked round and said to himself, "That *kaisi* (low-born) fellow is gone ; I can rest and fly slowly now, without fear of his overtaking me," the butterfly would leave his back and fly a little way ahead, saying, "Here I am, cousin," until the poor bird died exhausted ; and the butterfly, who had no longer his back to rest on, perished also.' "

Still more startling is it to find a Fijian version of Charles Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig." It was told to Miss Cumming in the mountains of Viti Levu, as follows :

"The legend tells how, many years ago, there had been a fight at Nandronga, and the dead bodies of the slain were laid under the overhanging eaves of a house until the living had time to bury them. The house accidentally took fire and was burned down, and the bodies were of course roasted. The chief ordered that they should be removed, and the men who lifted them burned their fingers : they instinctively put their hands to their mouths, licked, and liked the flavor. They called to their friends, who followed suit ; and thus the people of the isles discovered how excellent a thing is roast flesh—a fact which they had previously had no chance of testing, as, with the exception of a small rat, no animal of any sort existed on any of the isles, until the men of Tonga imported pigs. Thus it was that cannibalism originated in the isles."

It would appear, however, that the Fijians discovered a more economical plan than the Chi-

nese, and substituted heated stones for burning houses. Their present mode of roasting is to dig pits, line them with firewood, and arrange on this a layer of stones ; when these are heated, the animals to be roasted are laid on them, with several hot stones inside each to secure cooking throughout. Then comes a covering of leaves and earth, and the process completes itself. Another process, which the author describes herself as watching with interest, was that of the girls preparing *mandrai*, which is bread made of bananas and bread-fruit :

"A Fijian baker's oven is simply a pit lined with plantain-leaves and filled with bananas or bread-fruit, on which the girls tread to compress them into a pulpy mass ; this they then cover with a thick layer of green leaves and stones, and leave it to ferment, a process which begins about the third day. The indescribable stench which poisons the air for half a mile round on the day when these dreadful pits are opened is simply intolerable—at least to the uneducated nose of us, the *papalangi* (i. e., foreigners) ; but the Fijian inhales it with delight, therein scenting the bread and puddings in which he most delights. These puddings are sometimes made on a gigantic scale, on the occasion of any great gathering of the tribes. One has been described to me as measuring twenty feet in circumference ; and on the same occasion—namely, the marriage of old King Tanoa's daughter to Ngavindi, the chief of the fisherman tribe—there was one dish of green leaves prepared, ten feet long by five wide, on which were piled turtles and pigs roasted whole ; there was also a wall of cooked fish, five feet in height and sixty feet long. The puddings are generally made of *taro*, cooked and pounded, and made into small lumps, which are baked, and afterward heaped in one great pit lined with banana-leaves, and mixed up with sugar-cane juice and pounded cocoanut. I have been told about one great feast for which nineteen gigantic puddings were prepared, the two largest being respectively nineteen and twenty-one feet in circumference."

One of the characteristic native customs which forms an invariable part of the ceremonial on nearly all public occasions, and especially when chiefs are inaugurated, is the brewing of *yangona*. Miss Cumming witnessed the process shortly after her arrival, and thus describes it :

"Picture to yourself the deep shade of the house, its brown smoke-thatched rafters and dark thatch-roof, with a film of blue smoke rising from the fireplace at the far end, which is simply a square in the floor edged with stones, round which, on mats, lie the boatmen, and a group of natives with flowers coquettishly stuck in their hair, and very slight drapery of native cloth, and fringes of bright croton-leaves. A great wooden bowl, with four legs, is brought in. It is beautifully polished from long use, and has a purple bloom like that on a grape. A

rope is fastened to it, and the end of this is thrown toward the chief. The yangona-root is then brought in, scraped and cleaned, cut up into small pieces, and distributed to a select circle of young men to chew. The operation is not *quite* so nasty as might be supposed, as they repeatedly rinse their mouths with fresh water during the process, which occupies some time; while all the company sit round most solemnly, and some sing quaint *mékés* (i. e., choruses), very wild and characteristic.

"When the chewing process is complete, each man produces a lump of finely-chewed white fiber. This is then deposited in the large wooden bowl, and one of the number is told off to pour water on the yangona, and wring it out through a piece of hibiscus-fiber, which is like a piece of fine netting. A turbid, yellowish liquid is thus produced, in taste resembling rhubarb and magnesia, flavored with sal-volatile. It is handed round in cups made of the shell of large cocoanuts, the chief being the first to drink while all the onlookers join in a very peculiar, measured hand-clapping. When he has finished, they shout some exclamation in chorus, and clap hands in a different manner. Then all the others drink in regular order of precedence.

"Though no one pretends to like the taste of yangona, its after-effects are said to be so pleasantly stimulating that a considerable number of white men drink it habitually, and even insist on having it prepared by chewing, which is a custom imported from Tonga, and one which has never been adopted in the interior of Fiji, where the old manner of grating the root is preferred. It certainly sounds less nasty, but *connoisseurs* declare with one voice that grated yangona is not comparable to that which has been chewed! The gentlemen all say that sometimes, when they have had a very long day of hard walking, they are thankful to the native who brings them this, the only stimulant which he has to offer; and that its effect is like sal-volatile. Confirmed drinkers acquire a craving for it. Its action is peculiar, inasmuch as drunkenness from this cause does not affect the brain, but paralyzes the muscles, so that a man lies helpless on the ground, perfectly aware of all that is going on. This is a condition not unknown to the British sailor in Fiji."

Several other peculiar and characteristic customs are described in the following passage:

"In every village there is invariably one large house called the *buré*, where all the young men sleep. It would be contrary to all notions of propriety that

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they should occupy the same house as the women, even their nearest relations. In fact, brothers and sisters, or brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and various other near kinsfolk, are forbidden even to speak to one another, or to eat from the same dish. For a man to eat food left by a woman would be highly *infra dig.*; and to unroll a mat belonging to a woman, or to lie down upon it, would be the height of impropriety. The laws of affinity in regard to marriage are very curious. First-cousins, who are children of brother and sister, may intermarry, but the children of two men who are full brothers may on no account do so; indeed, may hardly speak to one another. No word exists to express uncle. All brothers are alike called father by the nephews, but the nephew has various rights greater than those of the son. In the matter of succession it is the brother, not the son, who succeeds as head of the family, and *he* is succeeded by *his* brother; finally, the succession reverts to the eldest son of the eldest brother. This order is, however, liable to modification by the rank of the mother, or the personal influence of the nephew, who enjoys most singular privileges. He is called *vasu*, and in certain districts is allowed the extraordinary prerogative of claiming anything he wishes which belongs to his uncle or the uncle's vassals, especially the uncle on the mother's side. If the nephew is a *vasu levu*—i. e., the son of a high-born woman by a high chief—there is practically no limit to the exactions to which he may subject his unfortunate uncle. He may appropriate his new canoe, his best garments, his valuable curtains, mats, club, necklace—whatever he covets; and the uncle has no redress—the action is *vaka viti* (custom of Fiji), and that argument is unanswerable. I have even heard of a nephew of a chief of Rewa who, having quarreled with his uncle, exercised this right to the extent of seizing his store of gunpowder, and employing it against him."

Some of the most graphic, and unquestionably the best-written, chapters in the work are those in the second volume, in which the author describes the incidents of a six months' stay in New Zealand; but these we can only refer to. Of the book as a whole it may be said that, in spite of the scrappiness which the form of letters inevitably produces, it is entitled to a high place in the class of books which Dr. Johnson assured Boswell that he enjoyed most of all—those, namely, that "tell us of unknown lands, strange people, and curious customs."

FRENCH FAMILY LIFE AND MANNERS.*

I.

EVERY one knows that in France marriage, which is the basis of family life, is arranged on principles of expediency. At the same time, foreigners are wont to judge of these matters with too little discrimination. When a young Frenchman has sown his wild oats—for "*il faut que jeunesse se passe*" has been elevated to a moral principle—is close on thirty, and in a position to set up a house, his parents, his friends, and often the young man himself, begin to look round for a suitable alliance. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that he is only marrying a dowry. This is, no doubt, a *sine qua non*; yet a man is generally content if his wife's income amounts to half his own. As a rule, her fortune is kept separate (*régime dotal*), though sometimes, especially in the north, no such division is recognized. In these arrangements, by which the wife's share is invariably secured to her, we see the spirit and character of French marriage. As a rule, the law protects both the mother and the children in every way against neglect, desertion, extravagant habits, or a fondness for speculation on the part of the husband—a protection which a bride sometimes resents as implying a want of confidence, a wife as a troublesome restraint. But not the question of fortune alone is taken into consideration. Equal importance is attached to health, to age—the bride must be generally ten years younger than the bridegroom—to character, about which the most careful inquiries are made, to the habits of life, and, above all, to the circle of society to which each belongs. A Frenchman prefers not to marry above his own rank of life, and very seldom marries below it. It is not too much to say that the *mésalliances* which are the result of passion never occur. I never remember to have heard of a young man of wealth and good position marrying his sister's governess, or of a girl of good family eloping with her brother's tutor—events which are common enough in countries of Germanic race, not to mention greater aberrations, such as sometimes come to light in England. In the mother's eyes, the really important thing is that her daughter's future husband should know the world (to use the regular euphemism), that he may not begin to do so after his marriage; for on one point everybody is agreed, that "*il faut que jeunesse se passe*."

After the *fiancés* have made acquaintance with each other, the bridegroom visits the bride every evening in the presence of her relations, "*pour faire sa cour*." The use of the confidential "*tu*" is of course not to be thought of during this one month's probation; they are hardly allowed to shake hands. Love is expected to follow marriage, and it usually does. Most French marriages turn out happily, often more happily than our love-matches. Unity of interests, especially after the birth of children, brings husband and wife nearer together, and gives them the same wishes and aims; habit does the rest, and friendship, at least, seldom fails to grow up between them. In the middle class infidelity is very rare, and a warm affection, which falls little short of love, generally characterizes family life. But this is not the case in the highest ranks of society, where it is not uncommon to find husband and wife living in complete independence of each other; still less in the working classes, where concubinage is the rule, though it is often legalized by a late marriage. It is rare for married men to frequent restaurants and *cafés*, as in Germany; and it is only, as a rule, in the highest and lowest classes that they go habitually to the club or the *marchand de vin*. The description given by Gustave Droz of family life in his popular book, "*Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé*," is, on the whole, very true to life. That such a book should have reached its seventieth edition certainly gives a curious idea of the delicacy of the French *bourgeoisie*. A German would rather have courtesans introduced than see the veil thus drawn aside from the mysteries of marriage.* Yet, taken as it stands, Droz's book gives a vivid picture of French married life, and of the cheerfulness and harmony which usually prevail in it. It is, however, characteristic that, with all her affection for her husband, a Frenchwoman is generally fonder of her children than of him.

It is a well-known fact that in France the number of children is limited. French morality, taking its principles as it does from the conclusions of the understanding, not from the impulses of the heart, forbids more children to be brought into the world than can be conveniently provided

* From "France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century." By Karl Hillebrand. Translated from the German.

* Not that the German middle class display an excess of delicacy, as any one knows who has had the pleasure of traveling with newly-married couples on the Rhine steamers, or has read the matrimonial advertisements of a German newspaper—rather a strong form of "*mariage de raison*."

for and educated. The children, generally two or three in number, become the sole care and the sole interest of their parents, whose tenderness goes far beyond the limits of prudent affection. The custom of sending children out to nurse in the country, which used to be the invariable practice, has almost entirely ceased in the upper and upper middle classes, and it is for the most part confined to the lower orders, small tradesmen, artisans, etc. For it is considered wrong, on moral grounds, to take an unmarried nurse into the house, and a married one can not be obtained except for comparatively high wages. Only the children of the educated middle class can therefore be kept at home. There they become the universal subject of conversation; they soon begin to have their meals with their parents, who always attend to them first. Every wish is granted, every whim satisfied, every word and every movement held up to admiration. In short, they are systematically spoiled, and the unpleasant task of accustoming them to discipline and order is reserved for their future teachers. At ten years of age a boy has to go to the *collège*, a girl somewhat later to the *pension*, in both cases as boarders (*internes*). In the last ten or twenty years, however, it has become much less common to send girls of good position to a boarding-school. It is easy to imagine what a struggle this separation costs the parents; still it requires less courage to make the sacrifice once for all than to show the firmness and severity which day after day are required to curb the self-will of the children. At school, it is said, a boy's character is formed; yet it usually happens that the *collège* and *pension* are just the places where a child's imagination, hitherto so anxiously guarded, may be corrupted in a few weeks. Nothing shows more clearly how entirely French morality is a matter of calculation than the almost pedantic way in which children, especially girls, are kept in ignorance of natural facts. They are never allowed to stir out of the house alone; a careful watch is kept on what they read; and not only what is actually immoral, but anything that is likely to occupy or foster the imagination, good and bad alike, is put out of their way. It is extraordinary what a preponderance the understanding obtains with girls by this systematic deadening of the imagination, especially now when they are educated at home so much more than formerly. Nor is there any danger of a girl of good position forgetting herself, as happens in England, or of engaging in some absurd attachment, as is so often the case in Germany.

The affection of the parents and their noble feeling of responsibility to their offspring aid this wholesome dread of making a "*sot mariage*." A Frenchman is very unwilling to be separated

from his children, nor can he easily be induced to let his daughter marry any one, however rich, who lives out of the country. And certainly no respectable French family would allow their child to go out alone into the world to gain her bread, as long as there was a crust in the house to share with her. It is always an object to keep even a married daughter, if not at home—for the prudent Frenchman has learned by experience that this arrangement is not always successful—at any rate in the same town. The sons, too, are expected, if possible, to remain in their native place, to succeed to their father's business, as tradesman, doctor, or lawyer. Emigration is out of the question. Nor are they prepared to gain their independence by founding a business for themselves. The father, in his turn, is not easily drawn into speculation likely to endanger his children's fortune. He looks upon his savings as their property, and the law by limiting the freedom of testation teaches him to do so. He is scrupulously faithful and conscientious in the management of his trust, and in protecting the interests of his children. This may at bottom be only another form of egoism, if we may consider the individuality of the parents to live on in the children; and, even if we take the opposite view, it is an unselfishness which does not agree with the German idea of personal independence. Still, whether one approves or not of the principle of the French family life of to-day, it is certain that Guizot is right when he says: "The sentiments and duties of the family have an immense influence in the present day. . . . Parents have never lived on such affectionate and intimate terms with their children, have never given so much thought to their education or their future. True it is that selfishness, depravity, and worldly frivolity are but too common; . . . yet, if we take society as a whole, if, in other words, we consider the millions who, living unnoticed, yet constitute France, we find how strong are the domestic affections and virtues which make the children's education an object of eager and untiring care on the part of the parents."

It may easily be imagined what an event it is when the sons first go to school. Once there, a boy finds plenty of stimulus for his imagination, which has till now been unnaturally restrained. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that, in any other respect, school-life neutralizes the influence of early education, or that it impairs family affection. The Thursday visit of the parents to their sons is a happy event for all; the return home for the holidays a festival; the parting, when they are over, a heart-rending scene. We may apply to the whole nation the remark which the historian Monod makes about French soldiers, when he says that they

do not know what a deep, pure love is, though they think of their family with reverence and affection. This domestic love is, unfortunately, very liable to degenerate into blind fondness, and the evils of the early education may be traced through the whole of after-life. Hence the dread of taking any responsibility, and the habit of shirking unpleasant duties; hence, that want of moral courage, of a high sense of duty, and of true manliness, which is so injurious to all public life in France. Enlightened self-love is, in fact, the basis of the whole education. It is not the brutal selfishness of a man who subordinates his neighbor's every interest to his own, regardless alike of the feelings and welfare of others, but a prudent, refined egoism, accompanied with polite expressions, and sparing others only to be spared itself. Two things above all are impressed on French boys and girls—first, that not to be or to have, but seem to be or seem to have, is the all-important question; secondly, that they must always beware of entering into any engagement or involving themselves in anything which does not affect their own interests. And, curious to say, the Frenchman has no notion that there can be any other moral ideal than that drawn from considerations of prudence and expediency.* As it is the understanding, therefore, not conscience, which supplies the ruling principle of conduct, the object of the parents is not so much to give their sons strength of character as to make life smooth for them and remove every thorn and stone out of their path. Thus the choice of a college is in no small degree determined by the prospect of their associating with the sons of influential families, who may aid their advancement in after-life, and still more, of course, by the chance of success in the final examination. On passing out of the Lycée, a young man enters one of the various schools—École Normale, École Polytechnique, École Militaire, École Forestière, etc., in which case he costs his parents nothing after he is eighteen or twenty, and from his twenty-second year receives a salary as master, engineer, officer, etc. If, however, he does not succeed in getting into one of these schools, he enters as supernumerary into a Government office. In either case he is provided for early in life, and, after going steadily through all the stages of promotion by seniority, at length arrives at a position of respectable mediocrity; while such portion of their fortune as the parents are allowed by the law to dispose of themselves (*la quotité disponible*) is reserved to facilitate his sister's marriage. If the family is well off, the son studies law, and at twenty-five may hold some posi-

tion as lawyer, for instance, or as *substitut du procureur*. Under any circumstances, a Frenchman of the middle class, by the time he is thirty, is expected to be in a position to make a suitable marriage. Such is the regular course of life which the care and prudence of the parents provide for their children, who in their turn repay this love with fondness and respect; although this respect is accompanied by a familiarity which we should hardly think desirable. A family continues thus united long after it has ceased to exist as a natural institution, in spite of different interests, opinions, and occupations.

In England as well as in Germany, where the family owes its rise to the sexual instincts transformed and idealized, it continues to exist only so long as its offspring look to it to satisfy their equally idealized needs; with the maturity of the children and the foundation of new homes, in obedience to the same principles, it is either broken up or only loosely held together by the weakest ties. The French family, on the other hand, which in its origin is a matter of arrangement and calculation, and is simply a social institution, continues to subsist long after the material union has come to an end. It is often touching to see the love of grown-up sons for their mothers; while not only brothers and sisters, but also cousins and second-cousins, hold together, help one another in all the circumstances of life, unite in watching over the honor of their name and the respectability of their family, and form in fact a permanent association. Even death does not sever the family tie: a constant and affectionate remembrance honors the dead with an almost religious worship.

The law only gives expression to the universally prevailing sentiment when it takes upon itself to decide and arrange the settlement of family affairs. It is contrary to the principle of French law to allow a father the free disposal of his property. Personal freedom in France is subordinated by custom as much as by legislation to justice and equality, and a father can no more disinherit an unworthy son than make the best, most capable, and most beloved of his children his sole heir. But, unlike the German peasant, a Frenchman never thinks of evading the tyranny of the law by coming to terms with his children during his lifetime. After all, it seems only natural to him to do on compulsion what *la justice* commands.

Although a purely civil marriage is considered to be in bad taste, and as an infringement of the laws of propriety—those idols of a morality based on calculations of expediency—and is, therefore, always completed by a religious ceremony, French marriage is none the less an essentially civil, social institution. As such, it is and

* This morality is common to all mature nations; we need only point to the practical precepts of Balthasare Gracian and Baldassare Castiglione.

must be indissoluble. In Germany, on the contrary, marriage is founded on inclination, and, when the inclination expires, it too may expire. To persons in a state of high-pitched and over-refined sentimentalism, it may even appear sinful for the one to survive the other; but a civil institution, in which the interests of a third party are involved, and whose permanence is a guarantee of social order, can not be thus trifled with. The worst that can happen is a judicial separation (*séparation de corps et de biens*), which at least renders possible an external formal continuance of the union. This form of separation, however, like everything which may excite notice or diverges from the regular course of things, is anxiously avoided. Infidelity is far more rare among the *bourgeoisie*, but also far less severely judged, if only kept secret and not forced upon public notice (*affiché*), than a certain class of French literature would seem to indicate. For the harm consists not in the fact, but in its publicity—not in the breach of trust and duty, but in the offense against society. People will pardon a woman who has one or more lovers without exciting notice, or, at any rate, not exclude her from society; but, if a noise is made about it, and she leaves her husband that she may no longer share in what seems to her a desecration of marriage, even if she does not fly into the arms of a lover, she is unmercifully condemned, and is with difficulty admitted again to the circle of her acquaintances. For, as I have said, marriage is a social institution, and, as such, it is under the protection of the laws of propriety—a protection which they are far better able to afford than the laws of the land.

This social character, so marked in marriage, extends also to friendship. No doubt a Frenchman is as capable now as in the days of Montaigne and Laboëtie of a noble, devoted, unselfish, even a warm and tender friendship; but such friendship is becoming every day more rare. Intimacy among Frenchmen now arises generally from quite a different source. Habits, companionship, party ties, social position, community of interests, mutual esteem, are the principal bonds of union among them. A foreigner is easily mistaken in judging of the relation in which such men stand to each other. Misled by their effusive manners and customary professions of good-will, he gives them credit for a sentimentality which is quite alien to their nature. Such characteristics as these are as favorable to social intercourse as they are injurious to individual character; and it is but natural that the charms of society should often involve a sacrifice of the deeper elements of human life.*

French manners and customs, like French family life, are entirely under the influence and direction of abstract logical principles. The laws of propriety have absolute power; to obey them is the first of all duties, to defy them the most unpardonable of all faults. A Frenchman's virtues are utilitarian in the higher sense of the word. They contribute to the preservation of social order, while even his faults, little as he knows it, tend to produce the same result. Purity, personal devotion, truthfulness, and work for the sake of the thing itself, are indeed virtues without any external end, and only capable of satisfying the conscience; and among the nations of Germanic origin on both sides of the Atlantic they are considered requisite to a noble character. The virtues which the civilized Celt values most highly are respect for property and the family as the corner-stones of society, a sense of honor and social tact which give to society its fair exterior, moderation, and prudence, on which alone depends the continued enjoyment of the pleasures and good things of life. And the vices which each of these two races and civilizations condemn most severely are simply the opposites of their virtues.

In no country is honesty (*probité*) more common than in France. It is to be found everywhere—in town and village, and in every rank of life—from the millionaire down to the poorest laborer. Swindlers (*escrocs*) and thieves, of course, exist in France, though not in greater number than in England and America, but petty thefts are almost unknown. On this point servants and workmen have a scrupulous sense of honor. Stealing among members of a household, purloining objects of small value, and overreaching, are things of which one hardly ever hears. During the twenty years which the writer of these pages passed in the most widely different parts of France, he never locked up anything, nor had he cause to repent it. Neither is a foreigner often overcharged, or advantage taken of his ignorance of the language and coinage. A Frenchman is, in short, perfectly trustworthy in money-matters—that is, if the state be not the second party in the transaction. Here, again, we begin to see the difference between the public and private character of the French, which we shall so often have occasion to point out. Every day there are cases of smuggling, of the Government receiving bills in excess of the right amount, of evasion of taxes, and of false returns of income; for, after all, an untruth does not weigh so heavily on the conscience of a Celt or a Latin as on that of a Teuton, and consequently these acts are not judged at all severely. The state is not a living person, with whom one associates; all share alike in what it gains or loses; no individ-

* The writer's truest and most intimate friend is a Frenchman, and, what is more, a patriotic Frenchman.

ual suffers by such an infringement of the law, nor is the regular course of social order disturbed thereby. And it is society and its laws, not the state and its laws, which the Frenchman respects.

The relation between masters and servants is in many respects excellent. Acts of dishonesty are, as I said, unknown; and if a cook levies a certain percentage on her purchases (*fait danser l'anse du panier*), she is not cheating, but only exercises a recognized right. In no country are there more old family servants than in France; for though the domestics who like change of place and never become attached to any family are the rule there as everywhere, yet there is scarcely a house in which you do not find one of those old servants who have seen the children and grandchildren grow up. At the same time, if I am not mistaken in what I have seen, habit and a liberal allowance of rights and liberties often have more to do with this than personal fidelity and devotion. Thus, whereas a German servant resembles a dog in his attachment to his master, a French servant, like a cat—which is, I may mention by-the-way, the favorite domestic animal of the country—attaches himself rather to the house; and a cat, as is well known, is more constant in its affection than a dog. Besides, French vanity is apt to look upon fidelity and obedience in the light of servility. The German idea of personal subordination, the relation of employer and employed which prevails in England, the patriarchal familiarity *à la Leporello* and Don Juan of an Italian household, are equally unknown in France. There a servant stands in the same relation to his master as a minister to his king; nor would a Frenchman of the nineteenth century ever be proud to bear the Prince of Wales's motto, "*Ich dien*."

One very prominent trait in the French character is love of order. A Frenchman's house and dress are alike unexceptionable. We are often told that he likes to be well dressed, but that means, as a rule, that he dresses simply with good taste and quietly. For, it is his first care in dress, as in everything else, to avoid making himself conspicuous (*ne pas se distinguer*). At the same time, whatever he wears must be genuine. The French have no liking for false jewels and sham gold. The table-linen and sheets are perfectly plain, but always of good strong linen. The daughter of a *bourgeois* would never wear the flimsy silk, the doubtful underclothing, or the slipshod shoes of a German baroness. The same holds good of a Frenchman's food. His moderation has become proverbial, and, as a fact, he lives simply but well; for, though he wants but little, that little must be the best of its kind. You find just as good oil,

butter, coffee, and meat in the small close room of a Parisian *concierge* as on a rich man's table. There is not a small tailor but has his glass of wine and dessert regularly at his mid-day meal. So extraordinarily particular, indeed, are the French about having things well cooked, that dinner, like dress, becomes a practical question of the utmost importance, and occupies the master as well as the mistress of the house a good part of the day. However economical a Frenchman may be, he grudges nothing for his kitchen or his toilet, in quality at least, if not always in quantity. It is to this that the solidity of French retail trade is due. Lacking the enterprising spirit of the English, German, or American merchant, which seems to him simple madness, the Frenchman keeps on safe ground in matters of business, and is averse to engaging in the most trifling speculation. He likes his customers, the sources of his supply, and the quality of his goods to be such as he can depend on. And you may be sure of always having the same class of goods, and of always being charged the same price.

There are few in the present day who would not allow that the French are a most thrifty nation. No one in the middle class ever spends the whole of his income. If, as Mr. Micawber preached but did not practice, a man who spends £99 19s. 11d. out of an income of £100 is rich, but a millionaire who gets through £10,001 for every £10,000 is poor, then every Frenchman is certainly rich. I never knew a single instance in the *bourgeoisie* of a man who had not some money of his own—not one but derived from some source or other his six hundred or twelve hundred francs a year besides what he earned. But it is a well-known fact that in Germany and England by far the larger part of the middle class live from hand to mouth, that is, on the proceeds of their work. Extravagance, too, is far commoner among people of Teutonic race. These only work hard to be able to spend freely; the lavish expenditure of a rich American is almost beyond belief. Except perhaps among the highest classes, in the matter of dress a Frenchman never incurs unnecessary expense. He very seldom indulges, like the German paterfamilias, who goes in for a bottle of champagne, organizes picnics, makes tours, and then has to pinch himself for the rest of the year; but he lives with the same simplicity, comfort, and propriety from the 1st of January to the 31st of December.

His moderation in seeking enjoyment, which is intimately connected with taste in art and ease in social life, is, like the more graceful build of his body, a mark of the long existence and refinement of the race which inhabits the soil of France, and whose progress in civilization has

never been violently interrupted, as the German was two centuries and a half ago. At the same time this sense of measure (*σωφροσύνη*) is rather an intellectual than a moral quality. We seldom find, in nations that have grown old, the touching grace of character which often lies hid beneath the rough Germanic husk, and which, if it but once break through, diffuses such a genial warmth in our heart.

Never, perhaps, have the French brought to a greater perfection than now the good taste which is shown in the whole exterior of their life, in the considerate politeness which prevails among all classes, and in the tact with which every one sees that his house, his dress, and his circle of friends are in accordance with his age and his position. I do not even except the age when France was really in her prime—that grand, attractive eighteenth century, in one sense the most moral of all the epochs of French history. For moderation and tact are not only quite compatible with effeminacy, egoism, and self-indulgence, but they are often the consequences of these vices; they make it possible to satisfy them more continuously and more thoroughly; they are, so to speak, the virtues which enable a man to sin with comfort. And, while they render it easier to satisfy the desire for a comfortable enjoyment of life, they soon undermine the more manly moral qualities. "This passion for material well-being," said an eminent politician, Duvergier de Hauranne, thirty years ago, "is destroying among us all nobility of sentiment and all enthusiasm for the ideal; the conceptions of good and bad, right and wrong, are becoming obscured—every grand original thought is suppressed." And ten years later a greater than he, Alexis de Tocqueville, comparing past and present together, exclaimed: "The men of the eighteenth century scarcely knew this kind of passion for comfort, which is the mother of slavery, a lukewarm but persistent passion, which readily unites, or, so to speak, entwines itself with certain virtues of private life, with domestic affection, with regularity of conduct, with respect for religious belief, even with a temperate but regular observance of the national worship; a passion which is compatible with honesty but makes heroism impossible, and all whose greatness consists in producing men of great respectability and no public spirit. The men of that time were at once better and worse: they loved joy and sacrificed to pleasure; their morals were, perhaps, more loose and their passions and ideas less temperate than those of our generation; but at least they were free from the regulated respectable sensuality which we see nowadays."

Nor is it public life alone which suffers from this calculated pursuit of enjoyment and comfort.

In private life, too, a Frenchman has "*les défauts de ses qualités*." If he is not extravagant, he is not open-handed. Anxious to please and ready to be of service, he grudges no amount of trouble or time to help a friend, or even a casual acquaintance; but nothing can induce him to open his purse; so well does he follow the advice of Polonius, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." And, though there are no doubt striking exceptions, we can on the whole say of the economical, industrious French *bourgeois*:

"La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse,
C'est là son moindre défaut."

The meagerness of French subscription lists is no secret.* The richest man would consider it an injustice to his heirs to devote a tenth or even a thirtieth part of his income to a charitable purpose; whereas a wealthy German—now no longer a rarity—is always ready to help an unfortunate friend with two thousand thalers or so. A poor Frenchman would be too proud to ask for or even to accept such alms; while his rich fellow-citizen hardly ever dreams of making a sacrifice of this kind, except to save the honor of a member of his family, in which case he does not hesitate even to draw on his capital. Yet it has happened to me to see very touching instances to the contrary; and every impartial observer must have been struck with the ungrudging, spontaneous, impulsive manner in which a Frenchman shows his readiness to render assistance, as long as the demands on his sympathy do not extend to his purse.

Many foreigners believe the French to be incapable of any work which requires energy and perseverance. This is a great mistake. Nowhere is more hard work done than in France, that is, at a certain time of life. It is incredible what a young Frenchman, with the natural quickness of his race, can learn in four or five years, and how, gay and restless as he is, he can sit whole days and nights over his books, if—and only if—there is some end to be attained; for a Frenchman seldom works for the sake of the subject itself. He studies hard to pass an examination; he works like a horse (so to translate the French expression "*piocher*") to gain a certain number of places in the class list of the University; he toils to get a post, or money, or an order, or a name, or a seat in the Academy. But, as soon as he has what he wants, there is an end to it. A Frenchman rarely continues to work when it is no longer absolutely necessary.

* The subscriptions, amounting to eighteen million francs, collected for the victims of the inundations in Languedoc in 1875, are a perfectly new and very important fact.

If he does so, it is to obtain new means of gratifying his vanity. Even this stimulus is absent wherever, as in the army or on the bench, he is certain of his red ribbon and of promotion by seniority and favor. In fact, from his school-days far on into life, vanity and a less excusable characteristic, envy, produce a competition which in some sense takes the place of the Englishman's sense of duty and the German's devotion to work for the sake of the thing itself. In any case, however, it is always some temporal good which a Frenchman seeks to acquire by his labor. He naively calls this way of looking at things "practical," when he compares it with the disinterested activity of those whose motive is either love of truth or the desire after well-done work irrespective of any material advantages. A schoolmaster, for instance, who devotes all his life and thought to education, without any idea of making money, and undisturbed by any desire to rise above so humble a social position, is a *rarissima avis* among our neighbors. Hence the impossibility, let me remark by-the-way, of carrying out elementary instruction in France by lay teachers.

A very unpleasing point in French morality, which, however, is so well known that we scarcely require to mention it, is the laxity in respect to sexual intercourse. Yet we must not forget how essentially the ideas of conduct and morality change from land to land and from century to century. Here, if anywhere, the old saying applies, "*Vérité en deçà des Pyrénées, erreur au delà.*" Thus a Frenchman looks upon a man who takes at all too much wine as having degraded himself, and on a German lady who pours no water into her wine as a person of doubtful morality. He considers Germans and English, who sing the praises and idealize the delights of wine, as sheer barbarians, while the French

grisettes and *lorettes* appear to a German a sign of the utmost frivolity and corruption. Now, as the drinking-bowl plays a part in all the scenes of German life, so do women in all the relations of French society. You can go every evening to a German theatre, and you are sure to have a carouse or a drinking-song; nor is there an opera, or a ballet, or a tragedy, or a comedy put on the French stage in which the action does not turn on what we should consider an immoral love-affair. "*Où est la femme?*" a French judge who was conducting an inquiry is once said to have asked with astonishment, when he did not at once find a woman concerned in the matter laid before him. And this question, which has become proverbial, only expresses a truth. I shall return later on to the influence of women in society and politics; I am only speaking here of more intimate connections. A Frenchman is in the highest degree sensual; he is enterprising, and is not restrained by any belief in the purity of women, by any principles impressed on him early in life, or by any fear of public disapproval. Nay, he is from his youth up educated with the idea that success in this field can only bring him honor. If only he is not so foolish as to marry his mistress or become a father unwittingly, or compromise the woman he is in love with, if she is married, neither his father nor his mother considers it a sin for him to amuse himself (*s'amuser*). Even deceiving a friend is not branded as treachery, if it is only to conceal a love-affair with his wife. German abstinence on this point, which caused so much surprise during the war, appears to the French, and perhaps not without reason, only as the result of colder blood, as a want of passion, or even as unmanly bashfulness. They do not like to acknowledge that the "habit of disposition," which the whole German education gives, tends to this result.

(Conclusion next month.)

OLD DREAMS.

WHERE are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not: the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yester-eve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the
beech;

And for one moment heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight;
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

F. W. B.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN an English magazine entitled "The Theatre," a writer by the name of Miller gives the readers of that magazine what he calls "Memories of the New York Stage." Mr. Miller's memories are a little astonishing, and, if taken as a type of the literature of reminiscence now so abundant, are calculated to awaken profound distrust in regard to the accuracy of much that reaches us in this way. Mr. Miller's recollections begin with the year 1836. "At that period," he says, "and for several years thereafter, I was a resident of New York." He then proceeds to describe the Park Theatre, which all old New-Yorkers hold in such affectionate remembrance. He says:

"The Park was, in fact, in all respects an example of what a theatre should—not be. It was ugly, dirty, gloomy, inconvenient, and ill-lighted. . . . The stage appointments, too, closely resembled those of the London theatres of the time, and miserable enough they were. The arrangement of the scenery, in particular, was very ill-contrived—little or no improvement having been made in this respect, notwithstanding the great advance in the mechanical arts since the days of Garrick, a period of upward of seventy years. Not only were the admirable set-scenes, elaborately built up, with which for some years past the playgoer has been familiar, wanting, but, whatsoever the place represented, the plan on which the stage was 'set' was pretty nearly the same; the side-scenes, or 'wings' as they are technically termed, being invariably placed at intervals of six or eight feet apart, so that a distressed heroine might frequently be seen rushing from one side of the stage to the other, seeking vainly to escape from a spot, it was ridiculously palpable to the spectator, there was no obstacle to her leaving whenever she pleased. A carpeted floor was a luxury never indulged in, and the furniture was usually of the most beggarly description—a table, a sofa, and a couple of chairs being considered amply sufficient for any apartment in the palace of the richest noble. One thing, too, used to have a very odd appearance: when the play happened to be a tragedy, in those scenes in which any of the characters were to be killed, pieces of green baize were laid on different parts of the stage for the actors to fall upon, so as to save their dresses from injury."

Now, the Park Theatre was not wonderfully decorated, after the manner of the Madison Square and the Fifth Avenue Theatres of to-day, but that it was "ugly, dirty, and gloomy" is wholesale—forgetfulness. The house was lighted with gas, as all the theatres are now, and was fully as bright and cheerful. The parquette was then the pit, and filled only with men, and thus did not present a very enlivening picture; but at that period ladies went to the theatre, as they do now to the opera, in full dress, and the first and second rows of the dress circle were often filled with brilliantly dressed women, producing an effect that the theatres of to-day, with all their fine decorations, can not equal. Nor was the theatre itself either gloomy or dirty, speaking comparatively. It was the theory then that the auditorium of a theatre

should not by excessive color or decoration compete with effects of color on the stage, and hence a comparatively subdued style of ornamentation was adopted, and this subdued style made the ladies' toilets in the boxes all the more effective. We suspect that an array of fine-looking women in full dress makes a picture that even Messrs. Tiffany and Colman would find it hard to overcome, notwithstanding the great resources at their command.

"Set scenes" on the stage, of which the writer speaks, were not so common as now, and inclosed scenes, with ceilings and walls, came in somewhat later. As for carpeted floors being "a luxury never indulged in," where were the man's eyes, or rather where is his memory? In 1841 "London Assurance" was produced at the Park Theatre, with every appointment known to the stage of to-day (with the exception of inclosed scenes). There were set scenes; the floors were carpeted; there were rich furniture, upholstery, and all the little things that make up a drawing-room picture. In fact, the play was much ridiculed on this very account, and familiarly dubbed "The Upholstery Drama."

A very short time after this, Charles Kean produced "King John" in a style that has never been equaled. Indeed, all the Shakespearean revivals since have been founded upon this example, but never with so much success—with less success, because Mr. Kean was an artist and a scholar. He understood the principles of pictorial art as applied to the stage, and his scholarly tastes prompted him to make the play an accurate historic as well as effective art picture. Every costume was constructed with the closest fidelity to recognized authorities, and every piece of scene-painting was the product of historic study. Mr. Kean's artistic knowledge and perceptions were evinced by his always keeping the pictorial feature subordinate to the human figures—so that the actor should not be crushed by his surroundings. This principle is continually forgotten in spectacular plays of to-day. Mr. Kean availed himself of everything that would heighten and enrich the historic picture without belittling the actors. We have seen plays in certain scenes of which the spectator would have to hunt among the accessories and furniture for the persons of the drama. Mr. Kean made no such mistake as this. In fact, "King John," and afterward "Richard III," were models in this field of art, which have not yet been bettered with all the supposed increased resources of pictorial and decorative art.*

* As an illustration of the estimation in which the production of "King John" was held by the public, and of the performance of *Lady Constance* by Mrs. Kean, we subjoin a poem which appeared in the daily papers at

"King John" was the first Shakespearean play, we believe, produced with scenic splendor, but there were spectacular plays before it. "La Bayadère," with the superb Mademoiselle Augusta, was one; "The Bohemian Girl" was not without good scenic pictures; and the writer—who is writing only of what he remembers—recalls hearing a good deal of talk about a wonderful "Cataract of the Ganges," produced before his time. Mr. Miller is certainly wrong in affirming that good scenery was unknown at the time he mentions.

the time, written by Anne C. Lynch, now well known in letters and society as Mrs. Botta :

"ON SEEING MRS. KEAN AS CONSTANCE IN 'KING JOHN.'"

"'Twas no illusion ; from the past the veil was rent away ;
The tide that never changes, ebb'd, and bore me to that day
When in the lists and on the field brave deeds of arms were done,
When England blushed beneath the rule of recreant King John.

"Scenes from that dim and buried past came thronging on the gaze
In all the splendid pageantry of those heroic days.
There Angers' towers and battlements in stately grandeur frowned
Upon the engines of grim war grouped threat'ningly around.

"And where the gathering, warlike ranks in burnished armor gleamed,
The sacred oriflamme of France, the red-cross banner streamed ;
There Templars came with cross and sword, vowed to the Holy Land—
There were the fiery feudal lords, each with his vassal band :

"And, in his scarlet robes arrayed, the haughty legate strode,
As when above the prostrate king in ancient days he trode—
Forgetful for the hour I lived in that chivalric age.
Amid the stirring scenes portrayed on history's varied page.

"But when the gentle Constance came and bowed her queenly head
To that wild tempest of the soul, that grief profound and dread,
The pageant vanished from my sight ; I only heard her words—
I only felt the woe that thrilled the heart's electric chords.

"Years bring decay and change and death to kingdom and to clime,
But human sympathy and love are changeless through all time ;
In the eternal now they live ; though centuries o'er them roll,
They bloom for ever fresh and young, immortal as the soul.

"Thou on whose brow the coronet of injured Constance shone,
Who to the glittering circlet gave a luster not its own,
Thou canst recall those lovely forms the faded past inurns ;
Thou summonest, and the shapeless dust to life and youth returns !

"Thou hast the spell, the magic power, the heart's deep founts to move—
To wake the latent ecstasies of hope, despair, and love ;
And many a poet's loveliest dream now bears thy form and face,
Speaks in thy sweet, impassioned voice, and wears thy matchless grace."

In one particular our reminiscent friend evinces a most astonishing talent for inventing, or for getting his memory strangely twisted. We refer to his assertion that "pieces of green baize were laid on different parts of the stage for the actors to fall upon." This is delicious. The stage was at one time always covered with green baize—not with pieces of that material—and not for actors to fall on, but for the reason that green baize acted as an excellent foil for the scenery and costumes, adding to their beauty and effect, and also because the stage looks raw and cold with bare boards. This was the purpose of green baize, which on the stage of to-day is often replaced by painted canvas.

"Set scenes" were not possible until plays came to be written with each act in one scene. All or nearly all old English comedies have one or more changes of scenes in each act, and this renders elaborate stage furnishing for interior scenes impossible. "London Assurance" was one of the earliest of English plays written with each act in one scene. This is an established French method, which our dramatists were a long time in adopting. It is a method that increases the difficulties of construction, but it certainly adds much to the unity and *vraisemblance* of a play (the prompter's whistle and the rapidly-shifting scenes that follow are apt to be disenchanting), and is a help toward full and appropriate stage decoration. Set scenes, however, are indispensable in parlor comedies only. In historic plays, or plays of picturesque character, good effects are always possible without this arrangement. Mr. Kean obtained varied and some splendid effects in the fifth act of "Richard III," numerous and rapid as are the changes of scene.

We have been assuming all along that fine scenery and rich stage appointments are good things. They are so, we think, when not made of primary importance. Above all things, let us have good acting, even if in order to secure it we should have to go back to the table and two chairs of which the reminiscent Mr. Miller speaks ; after good acting, graceful, agreeable, and appropriate appointments are always welcome.

No incident of last month excited so much interest as the publication of the revised New Testament. Four hundred thousand copies of the Oxford edition were placed upon the New York market simultaneously at a given hour, in many different sizes and styles ; copious extracts were published in all the newspapers, in many instances with parallel passages from the King James version ; within twenty-four hours cheap American editions were for sale on the news-stands ; on the ensuing Sunday the merits and demerits of the revision were discussed in many pulpits, and in almost all circles they became a leading topic of conversation. For a week, at least, everybody was reading the New Testament, so that probably there were more people studying Scripture at that time than at any other in our history.

Possibly the great interest which the publication

of the revision has excited, and the study of the sacred writings which it has stimulated, are of themselves sufficient to justify the cost and labor of the work, but otherwise we can not see that any good has resulted or can result from the changes that have been made in the sacred text. There are a few alterations that are eminently acceptable, but very much the greater number contribute nothing to a better understanding of the Holy Word. They are possibly nearer to the original Greek, and may satisfy verbal critics better, but changes that are merely scholarly in their character, that, without throwing new light on a passage, or strengthening its meaning, simply come nearer to the exact form of the original, are changes that will do more harm than good. The great mass of Bible readers do not study it for shades of meaning, or with critical attention to its exact phraseology, but always with mind intent upon either the story, or the admonitions and moral guidance that it gives them. And change that does not help them to a better comprehension of what they read is worse than idle, for it distracts, it converts familiar and loved forms of expression into unfamiliar ones, it destroys long associations, it weakens impressions, it brings into question the sacredness of the text, it undermines veneration and confidence, and it makes unstable that which was believed to be wholly stable. There are no doubtful or obscure passages in the Bible that have not been explained hitherto as fully as possible by commentators, and there are no questionable renderings of the original that have not been indicated. It is entirely possible by marginal references to mark everything in the accepted version that is of doubtful accuracy, avoiding all mere verbal niceties, and this is all that, in our judgment, should have been attempted.

It must be remembered that the New Testament is not only a body of doctrine, but a standard of the English tongue. For nearly three centuries the King James version has been read and studied by all English speaking peoples. It has been the model of students, while innumerable of its phrases have passed into the vernacular, enriching the speech of the common people. Its breadth of expression, its quaintness, its wisdom, its aptness, its ripe significance, its mellow tone, have combined to endear it to all classes—to scholars and the unlearned, to people of much and people of little faith. It is not commonly felt to be a translation. Its wise utterances seem to come at first-hand. Consequently, changes of any kind lay violent hands on something that is sacred—sacred apart from its promises and the hopes that it inspires, apart from its religious character—but sacred just as a classic is sacred, just as Homer was to the Greeks, Goethe is to the Germans, Shakespeare to the English. To remake utterances, therefore, that are hallowed by long association, except in cases where they are distinctly misleading—if there be any such—seems to us supremely unwise. The man of letters as well as the pious zealot, the lover of good ripe old English as well as the Christian, can not fail to deplore useless tampering with a text so long read with devotion and delight by millions of people.

So far as our survey of the changes that have been made goes, we observe very few that there seems any good reason for. Sometimes the new phraseology is an improvement on the old, and, were the New Testament now for the first time produced in English, would naturally be preferred. On the other hand, the new forms are quite as often decidedly inferior to the old. It is nearer the Greek to substitute "love" for "charity" in the well-known phrase "faith, hope, and charity," and in other places where the later word is used, and, although intelligent readers interpret "charity" largely as meaning love, it is perhaps only proper, as it is doubtless sometimes misapplied, to make the change. The passage "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat," is rendered, "Be not anxious for your life," etc., and this we think a judicious change. The discrimination between the words "Gehenna," which signifies the place of punishment in the future life, and "Hades," the abode of the dead, which was not made in the authorized version, is also to be commended. But these and a few other important emendations have been recognized as desirable for a long time. Many readers have mentally accepted them, and all that was necessary was a marginal correction. It wasn't worth while to reconstruct the whole Testament because a dozen or so passages were confessedly erroneous.

One inevitable result will be, that every new generation now, the barrier having been thrown down, will be tempted to make a revision of its own. Scholars do not now agree as to the accuracy of some of the new renderings; the acute Biblical criticism so prevalent will year by year discover new errors; and we shall find hereafter a perpetual agitation for other changes, until after a succession of revisions little will be left of the text originally given to English worshippers.

WE publish in this number of the "Journal" an article entitled "The Fortunes of Literature under the American Republic," which, though written by an American, made its first appearance in an English periodical. It contains, we think, a great deal of truth, and is not a little suggestive, but there are certain utterances scarcely supported by the facts. It speaks of the eagerness of our reading public for books of a certain kind, but declares that it "does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, *it has no curiosity about ideas.*" The italics here are our own. Assuredly the writer, Mr. Woodberry, is in error here. There are some very conspicuous instances of American curiosity about and hospitality for ideas. It was with American readers that Herbert Spencer first got a hearing, and he still finds here the largest and most general appreciation. Carlyle was first accepted by American readers. Comte and the Positive Philosophy have probably found as wide an acceptance in this country as in England. All the leading science

writers of Europe are as widely read and studied in America as elsewhere. It is in the United States that the only magazine in the English tongue devoted to speculative philosophy is published. In the West there is a Platonic Club, and a periodical devoted to the purposes of the association. Emerson has been one of our lights; Bronson Alcott and his "Conversations" are peculiarly American in their character; the Concord School of Philosophy evinces a very remarkable taste and aptitude for philosophic study. In truth, with us there is an overfondness for new generalizations, for new theories, for new speculations on government, science, law, and society. Much of what is written and advocated in these directions is crude. The new theories are not always "rational conceptions," they are usually hasty and ill-digested; but the innumerable essays, pamphlets, and books that are written on speculative theories—only publishers and editors have anything like an idea of their extent, for probably not one in a hundred of the productions of this nature that are written ever gets into type—evince the fermentation that is going on, the domination of ideas and the curiosity prevalent in all ranks in regard to them.

Elsewhere Mr. Woodberry says: "Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and that in his hands discolor and distort history?" Inasmuch as Macaulay is just as popular in England as here, there is no pertinence in the question as applied to American readers. It will be found that there is very little difference in the estimate in which English authors are held in the United States from that in England, and hence Mr. Woodberry's comments about Dickens, Thackeray, and Macaulay have no distinctive application to literary taste with us here. From Macaulay he proceeds to Poe, and asks: "Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing," he continues, "of the marvelous genius, too little

acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class." Here our critic is wholly wrong, because he proceeds from assumed facts. It can not be said that Poe's weird tales possess any marked fascination over the popular mind. There has never been a cheap edition of these stories published, and it is safe to say that the sale of copies of the one edition in the market does not average five hundred annually. It is a certain portion of the literary class, and not the general public, upon whom Poe's tales exercise the fascination of which our critic speaks. As in many other instances, these tales are very much written about by critics and magazinists, but the world of readers is commonly very indifferent to them. No doubt, however, the circle of readers and admirers would be enlarged were they before the public in a more accessible form.

In writing of American taste it should be borne in mind that we are an heterogeneous people, that different sections as well as different groups exhibit widely separated tastes and proclivities. And, then, in no country does the populace have so large a place in all questions of art, literature, and government. The tendencies of a few studious minds in Germany determine the literary reputation of that country. The social bent and intellectual likings of Parisians are accepted as characteristic of the whole French people. The authority of a group of scholars and writers makes literary laws for England. In the United States there is no center and no authority, and everywhere groups and classes follow their instincts regardless of other groups and classes. So general is this differentiation on all sides, that it is almost impossible to say of anything that it is not, without evidence springing up from unexpected quarters to show that it is.

Notes for Readers.

ANY one who desires to see how the life of Christ looks when regarded from the purely secular point of view, will find in "Rabbi Jeshua: an Eastern Story" the means and the opportunity for gratifying his curiosity. Rejecting with undisguised contempt the gospel narratives, and all the other authorities that are usually relied upon, the author bases his account almost wholly upon the brief and succinct chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, who lived contemporaneously with "Rabbi Jeshua," was the companion of one of his first disciples, and in his old age dictated a narrative of the significant events of which he had been cognizant. According to this

account, nothing whatever is known of Christ's nativity or ancestry, and the first we learn of him is that, moved by the preaching of Hanan (John the Baptist), he determined to join the celibate sect of the Hasaya, and applied to Hanan for the initiatory rite of ablation. Afterward, in accordance with the custom of the sect which he had joined, he retired into the desert for several years; and when next he appears upon the scene, after Hanan's betrayal and imprisonment, is known as the "gentle rabbi," who preaches to the poor, and endeavors to mitigate the hardships of their lot. Viewed from our author's standpoint, the supernatural powers with which he

was supposed to be endowed dwindle into the mere skill in medicine distinctive of the sect of the Hasaya to which he belonged, and the miracles with which he has since been credited are simply characteristic specimens of the legends which the wonder-loving imagination of the East has always clustered around the names of great teachers and reformers. The idea that he was the Messiah was one of the illusions which the Rabbi Jeshua himself shared with his disciples; and the very first step which he took in vindication of his claim brought him to a shameful death at the hands of the priests and Pharisees whose interests were imperiled by his pretensions. After the crucifixion, his body was laid in the rock sepulchre of a rich Pharisee, among the gardens outside the town; but, like Savonarola, whose career resembled his in many other respects, Rabbi Jeshua was fated to leave not even a relic of his mortality. "The women who came to embalm his body found the tomb broken open, the body no longer within. The stone had been rolled away, and the vanishing figure of a white-robed stranger was seen, or believed to be seen, by the terrified and dismayed mourners, who fled forthwith from the sepulchre. Many were the legends which arose in consequence of this mysterious sequel to the history of the great Rabbi; but the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik closes with the account of the open tomb, and the trembling women; and of Rabbi Jeshua, as of Moses, it may truly be said that 'no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.'"

The book is remarkably well written, Canon Farrar himself being surpassed in the vivid world-painting with which scenes in the Holy Land are depicted. For literary skill, however, the palm must be assigned to the concluding chapter, which is a bitter satire upon the existing society of Christian England. Wandering about London in the hope of tracing some echoes, at least, of the noble teaching of the great Galilean Rabbi, the author represents himself as entering the open doors of "a large plain edifice," apparently consecrated to some religious purpose. His attention was first directed to the congregation, the majority of whom were women, but with a fair proportion of elderly men and a few mild-looking youths. "The general impression which they produced was that of sleek prosperity and success in life. . . . The fresh red faces and sparse gray hairs of the men, their shining bald heads and well-filled cheeks, were the very emblems of prosperous respectability and good-natured self-complacency. They were, moreover, all rich. They had ostrich-feathers, and flowers, and fruits in their bonnets, velvet jackets and silk skirts, great gold watch-chains, glossy hats and good broadcloth frock-coats, well-starched linen, and a profusion of rings, chains, brooches, and jewels." At length a comfortable-looking preacher stood up in an oak-tulip pulpit, and began reading soberly from a written address. "I listened with attention to his teaching. He explained that in consequence of the sin of the original man the whole human race had become depraved, and that men

were born with a curse upon them which condemned them to eternal torment. Not through their own sin, not through any crime individually committed, but merely through the fact that they were born into the world, and that their ancestors sixty centuries ago had sinned in the far-off East. There was no hope, no help for them, however virtuous their lives might be; for, like the Gaim of the Jewish creed, Gehenna was their fate. He told, moreover, of a youthful God sacrificed by the wrath of an Elder Divinity, and afterward brought back to life and immortality. A deity beneficent to and loving mankind, and one through whose favor—not by any deed of their own, except that of worshiping himself exclusively—men might escape their doom, and be received into an ethereal paradise of clouds and angels. The preacher concluded by recommending the ritual of his creed to the congregation, and by collecting money for the conversion of the Madagascans to this gloomy and paradoxical dogma." Perceiving that there was evidently no trace of the Rabbi Jeshua in such teaching, our author went next into "a beautiful Gothic building of elaborate style," where the congregation were evidently still richer than before, and where, after an address by an elegant young priest, an "offertory" was taken up "for the church flower-decorations and for the fund in aid of providing cotta-surplices for the choir." A meeting of the "æsthetic sect," a lecture-room where the great secrets of Nature were expounded by a teacher who "stated that he had hunted through the whole body for the presence of any non-material element of life, and, not having found any, had been enabled to draw the safe conclusion that none such existed"; a picture-gallery thronged by *dilettanti*—all these were visited without finding a trace of the doctrines or influence of Rabbi Jeshua; and our author was forced to the sorrowful conclusion that these had either perished wholly or been perverted.

It is no slight praise of Mr. John Albee's little book on "Literary Art" to say that it not only treats of but practically exemplifies its subject. In form it is a conversation between a painter, a poet, and a philosopher, and it is a long time since we have read such piquant and skillfully managed dialogue. Mr. Albee has just the light, rapid, and somewhat playful touch requisite for such work, and, while his dialogue has all the cleverness necessary to catch and hold the attention, it is not so incessantly brilliant as to obscure the personality of the supposed interlocutors. The discussion ranges over a wide field, and the conclusions reached are little more than negations; but every step is marked by some fine thought, some acute suggestion, or some apposite illustration, and the path of the reader is strewn with flowers even if it leads to no definite goal. Among the questions dealt with, of course, is the oft-debated one as to the relative importance of form and invention in literary art. The philosopher, who naturally places substance before form, insists that invention should be ranked first. To this the poet demurs. "Invention," he says, with

considerable point, "is much more common than is supposed. How many tales and poems have we met that contained an excellent gift of this sort, but wanting in workmanship!—especially now when the whole world is open to those in search of subjects. The copyright-office and the patent-office are full, the one of uncirculated books and the other of unemployed models; good conceptions, but wanting in structural, organic force. Some affect to think this lack of little consequence, and that even the smallest amount of essence is to be more diligently sought after than superabundant body, which they call a mere external, or wrappage, to divert or seduce the mind from its purpose. There was a monkish doctrine of this sort. And even Tertullian will not allow beauty to be anything more than 'an additional outlay of the divine plastic art.' Notice the word '*additional*,' and how it degrades the sentiment. He might as well have said honestly and at once, *superfluous*. In literature sometimes one must praise the invention, sometimes the form; if both, praise can go no further. In masterpieces there is an equipollence of invention and plastic force. One age, even different readers, emphasize one or the other, deferring to some prevailing tendency or taste." The mention by the poet of intellect who, like Æschylus and Bacon, appealed themselves and their work to future generations, provokes the following neat epigram from the painter: "That is rather a fashion among a certain class of writers. Some of them, however, make larger bequests than their estates will pay."

THOUGH, like other works of art, designed primarily to amuse, the novel is too efficient an instrument not to have been put to many uses, and it is quite within the range of experience that it should be used as a weapon of personal warfare. Mr. Henri Rochefort, therefore, is not without a precedent when he attempts to revenge himself for his political defeat and social ostracism by assailing his enemies under the thin disguises of fiction. His much-talked-of novel, "*Mademoiselle Bismarck*," is simply a bitter attack upon M. Gambetta, whom he holds up to the most merciless ridicule under the pseudonym of "*Talazac*." Another Parisian celebrity, Madame Adam, whose name has been associated with that of Gambetta, is more good-naturedly satirized as "*Madame Maunoir*"; and the gossips of the capital have found no difficulty in identifying several others among the characters. The unfortunate MacMahon is giped at openly and by name. After the October elections had annihilated the clerical coalition, and broken up the De Broglie cabinet, "it was said that the marshal was more than ever decided to carry things to extremities; that he had been beaten, but that *defeats frightened him less as he became accustomed to them*. It was added that he took each day three glasses of absinthe more than the day before, which was his way of coming to a decision." The title itself is a fling at Bismarck, the *sobriquet* of "*Mademoiselle Bismarck*" having been bestowed upon the heroine because of her being detected in a

series of the most shameless and unscrupulous intrigues. Regarded merely as a novel, the merit of the performance is very slight. It is cleverly constructed—altogether too cleverly for realism or *vraisemblance*; but it has an air of levity and journalistic smartness about it, which, while piquant and provocative for a moment, is a fatal blemish in what professes to be a work of imaginative art. However, it is probable that M. Rochefort's chief purpose in writing the book was to render his enemy ridiculous, and in this he has achieved a cruel success.

THERE can be no doubt that, in his "*Short History of the English Colonies in America*" (Harpers), Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has made a genuine and valuable contribution to American history. The colonial period, it must be confessed, is the period over which historians have been most prone to linger, and it is rather our post-Revolutionary history that now stands in need of elucidation; but, while the theme itself is hackneyed, Mr. Lodge's method of treatment is fresh and suggestive. The history proper, so far as this deals with the chronological sequence of events, is a subordinate portion of his work, the main object of which is to portray the social character and aspect of the several colonies at the time of their severance from the mother-country. "Who and what the people were who fought the War for Independence and founded the United States—what was their life, what their habits, thoughts, and manners—seemed to me, when I began my study of American history, questions of the deepest interest. They were questions, too, which appeared to me never to have been answered in a compact and comprehensive form; and this volume is an attempt to supply the deficiency." The method of arrangement, though open to objection, as the author admits, is probably the best that could have been devised. Each colony is treated separately, a chapter being devoted to its history from the date of its settlement to the year 1765 (the date of the Stamp Act Congress, when the national life may be said to have begun), and another chapter to a description of its condition in and about the year 1765. In drawing the social picture, New England (embracing the four colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire) is dealt with as a whole, the differences between them being too slight to render separate treatment necessary. Three concluding chapters deal briefly with the Revolutionary War and the Peace of 1782, and give a concise outline of the events which resulted in national existence.

To the long list of already existing anthologies, another has been added in the shape of a very tastefully bound and handsomely printed volume entitled "*Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*," edited by the late Epes Sargent, who gave the finishing touches to the work on what proved to be his death-bed. Of course no collection of such magnitude could fail to contain many of the masterpieces of English poetry, and it is equally certain that no compiler could make a selection which, as a whole,

would precisely meet the views of any other person than himself. Even in such a work there is always room for the exercise of individual taste, and it can not be denied that in this respect Mr. Sargent has availed himself of the opportunity to its full extent. The majority of readers, we imagine, who critically examine his list, will be quite as much surprised by what it includes as by what it omits; and not many will be reconciled to a standard which assigns as much prominence to Southey as to Wordsworth, and which excludes Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity," and his majestic sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," in order to make room for a page or two of Kirke White's pseudo-religious insipidities. No doubt many similar incongruities are explained by the obvious desire of Mr. Sargent to make his collection fresh and individual; an object which he has accomplished, partly by selecting the less familiar pieces of well-known poets, and partly by allowing a considerable portion of his space to the minor versifiers of the past half-century—to the choir of singers who were contemporary with the compiler and many of whom have outlived him. We know of no other collection of the kind that includes so many of the fugitive meteorites that in times recently past have flashed across the poetic heavens, or so many of those "pieces" whose popularity has hitherto been confined to the readers of magazines and newspapers. The authors are arranged in chronological order, and one feature of the work that is deserving of unqualified praise, are the critico-biographical notices prefixed to the selections for each poet. Though very brief in scope and terse in style, these are generally discriminating and always interesting, and there can be no doubt as to the great assistance they render to the average reader.

THE story from the German entitled "The Two Prisoners," in this number of the "Journal," comes to us from the translator, at Berlin, accompanied by a letter from the Hon. Andrew D. White, our minister to Germany, from which we take the liberty of quoting the following: "For many years past I have been deeply interested in the writings of Professor Riehel, of the University of Munich, who, among the scholars and literary men of Germany holds a very honored place. He has published several volumes of special treatises, lectures, and essays connected with the history of German civilization (*Cultur-Geschichte*), but the most interesting—indeed, the most delightful of all his writings—is a series of historical novelettes, which he has been publishing at intervals for several years past. Both as to matter and style, nothing could be better. As to the matter of each, it is generally a story with which the circumstances and ideas of some particular time are interwoven; and, as a life-long student of modern history, I may say that I have never seen anything at the same time more historically and psychologically true than these exquisite short stories. As to the manner, his are among the few German works I have ever read in a really clear, bright, and flowing style." Our readers, after this eulogium, will

be tempted to look afresh, if they have not ready, at the story of "The Two Prisoners."

WE last month spoke erroneously of Bas, Page as an American painter, in referring painting of "Joan of Arc," recently exhibited in this city. Le-Page is a French artist, in no identified with American art.

THE most important book of the month is the "Revised Version of the New Testament," which appears in numberless editions, and of which some two million copies are reported to have been sold already in this country and in England. Very useful to those who wish to study it carefully is "The Comparative Edition of the New Testament," embracing the revised and the old or King James's versions, arranged in parallel columns. This latter is a Philadelphia enterprise (Porter & Coates).—Another book which will prove very useful to either the student or the reader is the "Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament, explaining the Reasons for the Changes made in the Authorized Version," by Alexander Roberts, D. D. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.). Dr. Roberts was a member of the English Committee of Revision, and his work is supplemented with an American Appendix which explains the relation of the American Committee to the whole work.—Among other works of a religious character a prominent place must be assigned to Professor W. Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church: Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism," of which an American edition has been issued by the Appletons.—A new installment of Mr. Joseph Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures" comprises those delivered during the winter of 1880-'81, and deals with "Christ and Modern Thought," with a preliminary lecture on "The Methods of meeting Modern Unbelief" (Roberts).—Also designed to vindicate orthodox Christianity from certain forms of attack that have been recently made upon it is "Christianity's Challenge; and some Phases of Christianity submitted for Candid Consideration," by the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D. (Chicago: Cushing, Thomas & Co.).—This last-mentioned volume consists of a series of lectures, and of the same character is "The Mosaic Era," by Dr. J. Munro Gibson, who treats of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.).—"The Hereafter of Sin: What it will be; with Answers to Certain Questions and Objections," by Rev. John W. Haley, M. D., is published by Warren F. Draper, of Andover.—The second volume of the excellent "Early Christian Literature Primers," edited by George P. Fisher, D. D., is "The Fathers of the Third Century," by Rev. George A. Jackson (Appletons).—"A Church History to the Council of Nicæa, A. D. 325," by the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D. D., is offered to the public by James Potts (New York).—"From Exile to Overthrow: a History of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity to the Destruction of the Second Temple," by Rev. J. W. Mears, is published by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.—"The Kingdom of Israel from its Inception under Joshua, its First President, in the Year of the World 2553, to the Second Advent of Christ," by J. P. Philpott, is published in St. Louis by the Advocate Publishing House.—"Circumstantial Evidences of Christianity," by Daniel Carey, is published by Phillips & Hunt (New York).—From Robert Carter & Brothers (New York) we have "The Palace

considered; or Sermons to Children," by Rev. William suppose
 met that are the concluding volumes (Vols. II and III) wanting
 whole (Appletons), and a "Memoir of Major-General The of
 H. Thomas," by Richard W. Johnson (Lippin-
 the on—Almost at the opposite pole of biography is
 emple Life-Work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks, Minister in
 in stUniversalist Church," by Elbridge Streeter Brooks
 thjoston: Universalist Publishing House).—A compen-
 sious work for the general reader is "The Life and Ex-
 plorations of David Livingstone," by J. S. Roberts (Bos-
 ton: D. Lothrop & Co.).—Parton's long-expected "Life
 of Voltaire," in two volumes, with portraits and other
 illustrations, is just issued from the press of Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co.

An ideal book for boys, full of the most varied and animated stories of adventure, and very copiously and attractively illustrated, is "The Young Nimrods in North America," by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers).—The third volume of the new series of "Appletons' Home Books" is a useful and practical little treatise on "The Home Garden," by Ella Rodman Church, with tasteful illustrations.—The "Journal of a Farmer's Daughter" is the prose work of Elaine Goodale, one of the authors of "Apple-Blossoms," and contains for frontispiece a picture of Sky Farm (Putnams).—"Random Rambles," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts), is a collection of "pen-and-ink sketches" of certain picturesque features of the European tour, which does not attempt to be "anything so formidable as a book of travels."—"The Wilderness-Cure," by Marc Cook (New York: William Wood & Co.), gives many valuable and practical suggestions to campers-out in the Adirondacks, written by one who has proved in his own case the efficaciousness of the "cure" which he recommends.—"The School of Life," by William Rounseville Alger (Roberts), is designed primarily for edification, but by the author's literary skill it has been rendered readable as well.—"Coöperation as a Business," by Charles Barnard (Putnams), is "the story of many a nimble sixpence, the record of simple savings and every-day economies that the author hopes may interest plain folks who have a thrifty mind."—A seasonable book, and a worthy memento of the genial and cultured author, is a new and enlarged edition of "Underbrush," consisting of literary, social, and miscellaneous essays by the late James T. Fields (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—Messrs. Holt & Co. have issued new and cheaper editions of Wallace's "Russia," and the "Carlyle Anthology."—In this connection we may mention a popular edition in two volumes of Carlyle's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," from the Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—A useful little book which is the product of much and diversified experience is "How to travel: Hints, Advice, and Suggestions to Travelers by Land and Sea all over the Globe," by Thomas W. Knox (New York: C. T. Dillingham).—"Town-Hall Suggestions," an address delivered by Mr. Whitelaw Reid at the opening of a new City Hall in Xenia, Ohio, is issued by Henry Holt & Co.—A book which should be very useful in every household is "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, with illustrations and five colored plates from designs by Colman, Gibson, Rosina Emmet, and others (Scribners).—"The History of Woman Suffrage," edited by Elizabeth Cady

Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joselyn Gage, is planned on a monumental scale, Volume I containing 878 octavo pages, with another to follow. The present volume is illustrated with a number of steel-engraved portraits.—An "Illustrated Birthday Text-Book, with Quotations from Shakespeare," is issued by D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston), and the "Emerson Birthday-Book," by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of the most useful of recent contributions to the literature of popular science is "Anthropology: An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization," by Edward B. Tylor, D. C. L., F. R. S., copiously and richly illustrated (Appletons).—A recent addition to the Chautauqua text-books is "Man's Antiquity and Language," by M. S. Terry, D. D. (New York: Phillips & Hunt).—From D. G. Brinton (Philadelphia) we have "Hydrophobia: A Monograph for the Profession and the Public," by Horatio R. Bigelow, M. D.—"English in Schools," by H. N. Hudson, is a collection of essays that were originally printed in the several volumes of the new "Annotated Shakespeare's Plays for School Use" (Boston: Ginn & Heath).—Messrs. Roberts Brothers publish an American edition, revised and enlarged, of the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott's "How to tell the Parts of Speech, an Introduction to English Grammar."

Very highly spoken of by the English press is "Matrimony," a novel, by W. E. Norris, republished here in Holt's "Leisure-Hour Series."—Another late issue in the same series is "A Matter-of-Fact Girl," by Theo. Gift.—"Blessed Saint Certainty" is by the author of "His Majesty Myself," and reintroduces certain of the characters that figured in the earlier story (Roberts).—"The Story of Helen Troy" is by the author of "Golden Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert," and is published by the Harpers.—From the same publishers we have an illustrated boy's story, "Who was Paul Grayson?" by the prolific author of "Helen's Babies."—"The Bailiff's Maid" is a romance from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister (Lippincotts).—Also from the German (by Mary J. Safford) is "A Question: The Idyl of a Picture by his Friend Alma Tadema, related by Georg Ebers" (New York: William S. Gottsberger).—"Rosecroft: a Story of Common Places and Common People," by W. M. F. Round (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is a semi-religious tale of American life.—On the other hand, "Mother Herring's Chicken," by L. T. Meade (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers), is a story of the streets of London.—Part II of "The Steam House," by Jules Verne, is entitled "Tigers and Traitors," and is translated from the French by Miss Agnes D. Kingston (Scribners).—Recent issues in Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series are "The Great Violinists and Pianists," by George T. Ferris; and "Loukis Laras: Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the Greek War of Independence," by D. Bikelas, translated from the Greek by J. Gennadius.—The latest numbers in the rapidly-growing Franklin Square Library are "My Love," a novel, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; "Beside the River," a tale, by Katharine S. Macquoid; "Harry Joscelyn," a novel, by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Miller's Daughter," by Anne Beale; "The Chaplain of the Fleet," by W. Besant and J. Rice; "My First Offer and Other Stories," by May Cecil Hay; and "Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century as contrasted with its Earlier and Later History; being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880," by John Cairns, D.D.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN FIVE PARTS.—PART THIRD.

XI.

IT is as natural to kindly natures as to superior minds to seek to understand things, even when they are those which wound them—and to understand is to forgive. After being very indignant against Madame de Moisieux, Mademoiselle Maulabret, who was kindness itself, ended by pitying her, and in truth the marquise was worthy of pity.

The day that the worthy man whom she had selected as a tutor for her son undertook to demonstrate to him that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, he began to cry, and exclaimed :

“Mamma says that you are an honest man : give me your word, then, that these three angles are equal to two ; but for the love of Heaven don't demonstrate anything to me !”

Madame de Moisieux never forgave him for not being able to conquer either algebra or geometry, nor for having attributed to Charlemagne the good words of Henri Quatre. She would have submitted to having a fool for a son, if this fool had not devoured her substance as he did. While her husband lived she had left to him the care of gratifying the costly caprices of this impossible being who was her penance, her crown of thorns, her cross. But, for the last few years, he had fallen entirely to her charge, and she felt herself weighed down by the burden.

Lésin had inherited from his father, after she had skillfully arranged their business matters, only about a hundred thousand francs, of which he made about two mouthfuls : not that his tastes were expensive—a flask of rum and the society of the first comer amply satisfied him—but he

loved to play the peacock and the sultan. To the woman who asked for two louis he gave fifty : he enjoyed dazzling these *filles*. The marquise was convinced, and with reason, that she would have neither rest nor security until she had married him. She had vainly employed all the resources suggested by her cleverness and her ingenuity, and was at an end of all. She decided to send him to the United States, where, she had been informed, the young ladies looked on a marquis as a dainty morsel. But Lésin displayed his charms in vain from New York to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans ; he had not met a single heiress who would look at him. To amuse his solitude and cheer his loneliness, he drank more and more. The Goddess of the Bottle gives herself to any man, whether he be a fool or a genius. She is not a prude.

He had finished his small fortune six months before ; the marquise sent him money, telling him distinctly that it was the last on which he could count from her, for she had no more. It is possible that she was not so poor as she pretended, but this was her secret. Suddenly a light flashed through the mists of her horizon. She discovered by accident that Monsieur Cantarel had a ward, and that this ward was an heiress ; she sang the Canticle of Simeon. Monsieur Cantarel had already rendered her services for which she did not feel that she was paying too dearly by playing bezique evening after evening with him. She could extract almost anything from this love-sick dotard, who burned with adoration for her rank as well as herself. She decided that, after he had got rid of her creditors for her, he would do the same in regard to her son, and that through his obliging assistance

Lésin would marry a round million and receive his diplomatic appointment, after which he could be sent so far away that she need not even hear of him again.

"This would be the last of my worries," she said to herself; and then she thought it would be possible to carry out other plans. She appealed to the whole seven portraits to witness her good intentions.

After having held counsel with herself, Mademoiselle Maulabret decided that self-respect and prudence alike commanded her to feign ignorance of the designs these people had upon her—the hare had seen the glitter of the huntsman's gun, but it suited it to pretend otherwise. She continued to go nearly every day to the chalet, where Madame de Moisieux received her very warmly, calling her "*Ma toute belle*," and affecting to speak with entire frankness of all her perplexities on the subject of her son. She complained that he was awkward, timid, and deficient in form, but the foundation was good, for his heart was all right, generous, and noble. She told anecdotes of his kindness and generosity which were enough to bring tears to the eyes: he was a man who would give the clothes off his back to a beggar. In New York he had been a great deal at the hospitals, where he had given away his money with a lavish hand. She wished him to marry, she said, being persuaded that a wife would have such a happy influence over him that she could transform him into a finished gentleman. Unfortunately, he showed no inclination to take a wife; he had refused several desirable connections that she had proposed, and insisted that he could never marry unless he loved, and love had never come.

"This wretched boy," she said, "drives me wild by his obstinacy, which I have now resolved to conquer. I know perfectly well that the woman whom he marries will be very happy. My son is not a genius," she added, with a smile, "but you see, *ma belle*, it is the fools who make the best husbands."

Mademoiselle Maulabret was annoyed sometimes by meeting Lésin at the chalet, but the lectures freely administered by his mother had borne their fruit. He was quiet and comparatively inoffensive. He did not take the trouble to pay any especial court to Jetta. To use his own elegant language, "he could have her when he wanted her—the affair was all cut and dried"; and he congratulated himself, for, as he said, "in spite of all her saintly airs, the little girl is a dainty morsel."

It was the *dot*, however, of which he thought most: he knew very well how rich was the sauce with which he would eat her. He was not alto-

gether lacking in imagination, and had already disposed, in advance, of these twelve hundred thousand francs, and decided that his happiness would not be perfect unless he had plenty of dogs—one pack of hounds as gray as mice, and another which should be all white with black or liver-colored spots. He saw them all before him—he had named them all—he whistled to them; and, when they ventured to bark at inconvenient moments, this man with the generous, tender heart beat them without mercy.

He rebelled greatly at being compelled to be so long on his good behavior; he regarded all these preliminaries as most unnecessary and foolish. When he had spent an afternoon studying and weighing his every word and gesture, he was utterly overwhelmed with fatigue—as exhausted as if he had performed one of the ten tasks of Hercules; and he took the first opportunity of stealing away to the Café du Cheval Blanc, much frequented by all the coachmen of the neighborhood. This was his favorite society. With these men he could stretch out his legs without restraint, put his elbows on the table, boast and swear, and be as consequential as he pleased.

They called him "Monsieur le Marquis" two or three times in every sentence, they appreciated his jokes, and mingled their coarse voices with his thick laugh. He paid for their drinks, gave them lessons in billiards, astonishing them by the audacity of his game. Sometimes, surrounded by an open-mouthed circle, he related his culinary exploits, his *bonnes fortunes*, and described America and the fair Americans, or he announced in innuendoes his approaching marriage, described the château he would build—his stables and his horses; while all through this lovely vision rushed and tumbled the breathless hounds, with their long noses close to the hanging ears and the frothing jaws of the white dogs.

We must do him the justice to say, however, that he never said who it was that he intended to marry. Whenever her name was on his lips the recollection of his father's face when he rebuked impertinent curiosity, and of the dignity and reserve of that father, enabled him to hold his tongue and merely look important. It was a matter of some difficulty for him to get out of the Cheval Blanc without being seen. He would open the door cautiously, look timidly out into the street, and, finding it empty, would hurry away, spending an hour or more in the open air, which did not, however, prevent the marquise from saying to him:

"Where on earth have you been? Heavens! how you smell of rum!"

"You are very much mistaken," he answered.

And, while waiting for dinner, he would throw

himself on a sofa, and presently his eyes would close. The marquise would look at him with concentrated rage, and said to herself at least a hundred times :

"Dear Lord ! when shall I be rid of him ?"

She was full of hope, and was almost certain that the day of deliverance could not be far off. She started with the fixed idea that, to a young girl who knows only a convent and a hospital, a first declaration of love is an event, and that a little *bourgeoise* could never resist the temptation of becoming a marquise. She interrogated Jetta's face, but the face told her nothing. The best diplomacy is frequently to have none whatever. We all remember the anecdote of a celebrated minister who said one day to his king, "Sire, I am reputed to be a very shrewd man." The king replied, "My dear minister, I am shrewder than you, since I have no such reputation." At the end of three weeks Madame de Moisieux concluded that the first seeds had been sown, and that habit and her own eloquence had sufficiently reconciled Mademoiselle Maulabret to the pale face of the young man with the generous, tender heart. She resolved to precipitate the *dénouement*.

There were a great many rabbits in Monsieur Cantarel's park, which he had placed at the disposal of the young marquis. Lésin consequently shot them sometimes, but more often he missed them. One morning, in obedience to a suggestion from his mother, he proposed to Jetta that she should share the amusement. She consented most unwillingly, for her sympathies were with the rabbits. Two appeared—Lésin missed them both, and suddenly decided that a hunt with ferrets would be more amusing to the young lady. Monsieur Cantarel sent Lara to the keeper's house for a ferret, and, without waiting for him to come back, the party moved on to a certain portion of the park which the rabbits especially affected.

The path was narrow. Jetta was in front, Lésin next, and the marquise formed a rear-guard. Presently, on turning her head, Jetta saw that her chaperon had disappeared—she wished to turn back in pursuit of her, but Lésin said, with a mysterious air :

"My mother always knows what she is about !"

Jetta was frightened, but she did not show it. She moved on slowly.

"Here we are," he said, as they came out into a little clearing on a side-hill, where these timid and prolific animals had established themselves.

It was now his turn to be timid and uncomfortable. Leaning against an oak-tree, he asked himself how on earth he was to begin ! He be-

gan to fumble in his game-bag with his left hand, as if he hoped to find some idea there. Finally he spoke :

"I like the woods, don't you ? They always give me ideas."

And he riveted his round eyes upon her. She was evidently his idea. Jetta hastened to turn the subject.

"I never saw a ferret," she said ; "what are they like ?"

"Never saw a ferret ? Well ! I suppose they don't have them in convents. You will see one presently—they are pretty little animals of a yellowish white, with pink eyes. Yes, they are pretty creatures, but I like pretty young girls best."

This declaration was accompanied by a significant wink.

"You hunted sometimes in America, I suppose," said Jetta, hastily ; again determined to prevent his continuing on this dangerous path.

"Sometimes, but it was for another kind of hunting for which my mother sent me there. But I had no luck, and I came home. To tell the truth, the Americans did not suit me, and I swear, without wishing to flatter you, that I never saw one who was equal to you. Is it true that you once thought of becoming a nun ? Upon my word, that would be a great pity ! They would cut off your hair, you know—and really it is very beautiful. You are a blonde, you know."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it," she replied, trying to smile.

"But you are—and you can't make me believe that you are a brunette. Then what eyes ! And what a complexion ! What do you do to have such a complexion ?"

"I assure you I do nothing," she answered, coldly.

He was now well launched, and it seemed to him that he had only to push on.

He passed in review all Jetta's graces, while she anxiously watched for some one to come. Alas ! no savior was yet in sight. After he had commented on the color of her cheeks he began to talk of her lips, and then of her shell-like ear, which was, in truth, very charming. He did not propose to stop here, but intended to fall on his knees and ask for her heart. As he thought of this he interrupted his discourse a moment to lay his gun on the turf, which at this decisive moment was very much in his way. Then he resumed :

"I am not much at talking, and have no fine phrases at command. But, I swear to you that the first moment I saw you—yes, I swear—"

He, at this moment, beheld Lara at the farther end of the path coming with the ferret, and with Lara he never felt at ease. On the con-

trary, the air of the little page was so haughty that the marquis was really impressed by it. It is possible that he had a vague idea that Lara resembled a disguised prince, and that Lésin de Moisieux was like a mere groom in comparison. He stopped short, therefore, to the great joy of Jetta, who blessed Greece and all the Orient.

Postponing the conclusion of his declaration until another occasion, he busied himself with the ferret.

Having found two entrances to one burrow, he placed a bag in front of one, introduced the ferret into the other, and announced solemnly to Jetta that she would, in a few minutes, see a big rabbit come out followed by his enemy.

"There they are!" he said, over and over again.

But, minute after minute elapsed—there was no rabbit and no ferret. Lara was delighted at the disappointment of the marquis, and looked at Jetta with some significance. Lésin impatiently ordered him to gather the dry leaves together, and with these and some dry wood make a fire, the smoke of which should compel the ferret to come out. The leaves burned, but the ferret was still invisible. He either found himself very comfortable where he was, or he had discovered some secret issue. Then, forgetting everything—all his projects, his mother's instructions, the wood, and the ideas it had given him—with his eyes fixed alternately on the two holes, Lésin began to stamp his feet, to curse and swear, without noticing that Jetta had turned away and with rapid step had returned to the château.

When, just before breakfast, he entered the chalet, the marquise exclaimed, eagerly:

"Well! did you succeed?"

"Succeed! no, indeed—confound the beast! It disappeared in a hole. I must get another for Monsieur Cantarel—that will make it all right."

"Another ward? What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean the ferret, of course! Would you believe—"

"I believe that you would weary the patience of an angel! We were talking of Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"Ah! to be sure. Well! all is as we wish in that quarter."

"You proposed, then?"

"Yes—or rather I nearly proposed. I should have said more if that confounded Lara had not appeared, as usual, when he was not wanted. I don't like that fellow—he is presuming and impertinent. He acts as if he thought he was master here."

The marquise colored, which was an event with her. She did not choose that her son

should comment on her management of her household.

"Thanks then to Lara, thanks to the ferret," she answered, angrily, "you allowed Mademoiselle Maulabret to depart as free as she came."

"Yes—I suppose so; but I said some very tender things to her, and everything is going smoothly."

"Your tender things were well received, then?"

"Of course! I tell you this little girl is all right. The affair is as good as settled. But I would give one of my packs of hounds to know what has become of that cursed ferret!"

The marquise gave him a look of profound contempt, and murmured:

"I must take the field myself; otherwise we shall never get on."

XII.

THE next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, Monsieur Cantarel was making preparations to go to Paris. The carriage which was to take him to the station stood before the steps. The coachman, immovable on his box, held the reins ready to start. The footman had opened the door, and, stiff as a ramrod, awaited his master. Jetta from her window looked down on the elegant *coupé* glittering in the bright winter sunshine. It had been washed and cleaned with exemplary care. The hub and the spokes of the wheels sparkled, while one could see one's self in all the brass-work. The horse was champing his bit impatiently; the thorough-bred, nervous-looking head, ornamented with red cockades, was thrown up in the air with sudden starts and jerks. He was evidently laboring under some delusion in regard to his social position, and supposed himself to be in the service of an emperor.

The master appeared, wrapped in a pelisse which added to the amplitude of his form and to his importance. Looking up, he caught sight of Jetta, laughed, and called to her to come down. She threw a hood over her head and obeyed. He went up the steps again to meet her. He looked her full in the face, laughed again, and murmured:

"Little deceiver!"

Then he added, aloud, "I shall certainly begin to believe in miracles."

With a puzzled air, she waited for him to explain himself.

"Yes, it is time for me to believe in miracles, since a little girl like you can perform one."

He interrupted himself to examine his equipage and his servants, in order to assure himself that they were worthy of himself. His whole manner was that of a general who inspects his troops on the eve of a battle. The cravat of his valet struck him as not immaculate.

"Go and change it at once," he said, sternly. Then, returning to Jetta:

"How did you fascinate him to this degree? Ah! these nuns; they can do anything. The poor boy cares no more for eating or drinking—"

"Not for drinking?" she said, with a forced smile.

She did not know what she was saying, and scarcely where she was. She continued, hastily:

"Ah! uncle, I swear to you—"

"You swear?" he interrupted, tapping her on her cheek. "Since when have the nuns permitted themselves to swear? I shall certainly tell Mother Amélie. Come, now, last evening the marquise told me all. This poor woman adores her son so much that she has consented to his wishes. She dreamed of a duchess or a princess for him, but this little girl wished otherwise; so did Heaven, it seems, and Mademoiselle Maulabret will be a marquise."

Jetta's eyes were fixed on the cockade on the ear of the horse. She saw unending difficulties and discomforts before her. If she should say no, promptly and decisively, this would embroil her with every one, and the thought of the anger and dissensions she would encounter struck dismay to her pacific soul.

She clasped her hands, and, in a tone of entreaty, she said:

"Listen to me, sir! My dear uncle, listen to me!"

But he would not listen. His valet appeared at this moment, and he stepped into the *coupé*. The door closed upon him, the horse threw up his head, and the carriage rolled off. He leaned from the window, and, kissing his hand to her, called out:

"Good-by, Madame la Marquise!"

A few hours later, Madame Cantarel and Mademoiselle Maulabret were seated opposite each other, both knitting a stocking. Silence which Jetta hesitated to break filled the room. It seemed to her that she was in the presence of a statue, and that statues were not to be addressed. Finally, she summoned all her courage and, dropping her knitting on her lap, she said:

"Madame, will you be good enough to come to my assistance?"

"What is the trouble, my dear? Can't you manage your narrowing?"

"I wish to Heaven it were only the question of the narrowing of the stocking I am knitting! Did you know that the marquise and my guardian are determined that I shall marry Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux?"

The girl then hastily related all that had taken place, but she could not flatter herself that she was heard, so unmoved was the expression of

her aunt's face. When she had quite finished speaking, Madame Cantarel replied:

"Do you think, my dear, that you are telling me any news? I understood it all on the very day that your uncle informed me of his intention of spending the winter at Combard. I saw at once that he intended to subject you to a kind of solitary confinement. Pretty and rich as you are, the flies would have swarmed around the honey. They wished to prevent you from seeing any other man than this charming marquis, and so spare you the embarrassment of a choice. Use your common-sense. Why should you be so astonished? A marriageable young man and a girl with a dowry of twelve hundred thousand francs! The marquise would be a most unnatural mother if she allowed such a chance to slip through her fingers."

"It is not with Madame de Moisieux that I wish you to interfere. I beg of you to ask my uncle—"

"I should be delighted, my dear, to serve you," interrupted Madame Cantarel, dryly, "but I do not remember having asked your uncle anything for the last fifteen years. And then, too, were I to consent to plead your cause, you may be assured that I should speak to deaf ears. You have no idea of the prodigious ascendancy exercised over him by Madame de Moisieux. The Spaniards are in the habit of saying to the stranger who calls upon them, 'My house is at your disposal.' They speak metaphorically. Monsieur Cantarel, however, has placed at the disposal of his fair neighbor his park, his hot-houses, his carriages, his ten horses, and his twelve servants. There is no metaphor in these facts. Not that he intends to yield to her absolutely and entirely all this property; but he wishes her to reap all the benefits to be derived from them. To do her justice, I must admit that she is very discreet. She accepts flowers, peaches, melons, and grapes. But your uncle, at times, has the ideas of a grand seigneur—*taton rouge* ideas, if I may so describe them. He took it into his head, without saying anything to any one, that he would buy that vineyard next to her plantation. You know the one I mean—the one the wall of which, with the broken bottles on top, cuts off the view from the summer-house. He presented himself one morning before the lady of his thoughts with the title-deed in his hand, and said, dropping on one knee before her:

"'Belle marquise, the vineyard is yours, and so is the wall; before to-morrow night a squad of twenty workmen will level it to the ground.'

"She had the good taste to be angry, and they were very near a rupture. To his great regret, he was obliged to leave his wall standing, and keep his vineyard. She declared that the

wall sheltered her from the north winds. This did not prevent her obliging neighbor from offering her a saddle-horse two months later; this too she refused. This did not prevent him, however, from offering her his ward to-day, and she accepts. You probably will not care to ask how I know all this. Your uncle has so many things on hand that I am compelled to attend to all the affairs of the place. Monsieur Violet, his intendant, renders his accounts to me. Monsieur Violet is a chatterbox. I never question him; but, if I prevented him from talking, the poor man would certainly die, and I do not desire his death."

She stopped talking, and began to count her stitches. Then, raising her great, languishing eyes to the ceiling for a minute, she turned them slowly on Jetta.

"It seems to me," she continued, "that a young girl who has spent nearly a year in a hospital ought to know more than other girls of her age, and therefore that one may speak very plainly to her. My dear, be sure of one thing—be sure of what I tell you—Monsieur Cantarel and Madame de Moisieux have concluded some kind of a bargain together, and he flatters himself that the day when the charming Lésin is settled for life he can on his side exact something from the mother's gratitude. I am satisfied that she is merely trifling with him, but he does not think so."

Jetta felt faint and sick; her knitting and her ball of yarn dropped from her helpless fingers. This discovery was even worse than the other. That Madame de Moisieux should have deceived her by her caresses, she had come to regard as only natural. But that her guardian—She had flattered herself that in spite of his surly ways he had learned to love her a little, and now she found out her error! No, this story, so repugnant to her in its details and its insinuations, could not be true! Mother Amélie had never told her anything like this. She suddenly remembered the scene in the summer-house. She saw that stout man kneeling there, unable to recover himself; she remembered how ridiculous his position was, his embarrassment and almost anger. The story was true—only too true.

Then lifting her eyes, and watching her aunt calmly knitting, she felt ashamed of her own self-absorption in the presence of this martyr to fifteen long years of servitude. She was tempted to put her arms around her aunt and kiss her, but Madame Cantarel, who seemed to divine the pity in this young heart, continued with a cold, ironical smile:

"Ah! you need not trouble yourself to try and console me. It matters little to me. Your uncle is a very strange person."

"Madame, give me your advice."

"Advice! What good would that do? I do not like to meddle with the affairs of other people. Besides, you should learn to rely on yourself. Do you feel equal to resistance? If so, resist; if not, accept your lot: and it is quite possible that this is the best thing you can do. Follow my example. Begin with anger, continue with contempt, and finish with indifference. Or, rather, do better than I, begin at once with indifference. Yes, it is almost happiness, particularly if you can cultivate a caprice of some kind. Why, by-the-way, can't you cultivate a passion for black poultry?"

"I am not philosophical enough for that," answered Jetta, with a sad smile; "and I am very much afraid that black poultry would not suffice for my happiness."

"Then I can only say that I am very sorry for you," answered Madame Cantarel.

And the discussion was closed.

An hour before dinner, Mademoiselle Maulabret was alone in the *salon*, buried in thought, when Monsieur Cantarel unexpectedly appeared. Pulling her ear, he cried:

"Tell me, little girl, what message shall I take to the château for you to-night?"

This was the signal for the battle to begin—the first shot. She gathered together all her courage, and answered in a firm voice:

"My dear uncle, I leave it to you, who are so much a man of the world, and have so much consideration for me, to make Madame de Moisieux understand without wounding her that this marriage is impossible."

He started back, as if a bomb-shell had exploded under his feet.

"Impossible! I am curious to know why."

"I am very sensible," she continued, in a voice that was even firmer than before, "of the honor Madame de Moisieux proposes to do me, but it seems to me—"

"Well! it seems to you—?"

"That I can never become accustomed to his face nor to his manners."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will admit that I am accustomed to them already. I like the young man; he is very intelligent and very nice. To be sure, he is not an Apollo. Must you have an Apollo, then? You will be obliged to order one, I fancy. Upon my word, you are modest in your demands! Have you forgotten who you are, and whence you come? Have you forgotten that your mother was an adventuress, and that your father blew out his brains? Such things, my dear, are rather a smirch on a young girl's name, and more than one honest man would be scared away by them. Believe me, you are not a girl who is likely to be easily established in life."

"But I am not at all anxious to marry," she replied.

He was furiously angry.

"Ah! I see; I understand what you mean! Mademoiselle is a mystical dove. Mademoiselle intends to be the bride of the Lord! And who put such beautiful ideas in your head? Mother Amélie—an old horror, who took to religion because she could not find a man courageous enough to marry her. But you make me talk nonsense."

Gentle as was the dove, she had, when occasion required, both beak and claws to defend those she loved.

"I don't know whether Mother Amélie be an old horror or not," she answered, in a tone of indignation, "but I do know that none of the sick people to whom she consecrates her life thinks her ugly any more than I do myself; and I know, too, that my uncle Antonin, who did not love her, rendered her justice, and respected her very highly."

"What an authority that is which you quote!—a man who is capable of leaving twelve hundred thousand francs to a simpleton was absolutely crazy—his mind was weak. Your great-uncle Antonin, child, had not common-sense. That is my humble opinion. What have you to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Good! Then, as you are kind enough to yield the floor to me, I will simply say to you that if the Government knew its duty it would have long since dispersed all these collections of hospital nuns. The sick people would be none the worse off, I assure you, for everybody else would take care of them. Paul Jacques and I—yes I, Louis Cantarel, would be the first to do so."

Carried away by her indignation, she had the audacity to say to him:

"Mother Amélie is not afraid of either small-pox or typhoid fever."

Fortunately for her, he did not understand the allusion.

"Tut! tut!" he said. "Jesuits and nuns are typhoid and small-pox. When will France be purged of them all? Women came into this world to become mothers, and that is your duty. Besides, to take the vows is immoral and illegal. Don't you know that perpetual vows are contrary to the civil code, one article of which distinctly says that laborers are forbidden to make engagements for life?"

"It seems to me, sir," she answered, in a calm tone, "that marriage itself is an engagement for life."

He did not condescend to reply, but, crushing her with a look of pity, he began to pace the *sa-*

lon—blowing like a seal to get rid of his anger. He was, in reality, more surprised than irritated. Up to this moment Jetta, in conformity with Mother Amélie's instructions, had been so complaisant and yielding in little things that he had supposed her incapable of resistance in larger ones. The opposition he now encountered simply amazed him. He determined to change his plan of attack and try sentiment, which was her forte. He seated himself by her side, and patting her folded hands—

"Don't you love your guardian a little, my child? Tell me, don't you love me a little?"

She nodded an affirmative, which was as much of an effort to her as a long discourse would have been, so heavily did all she had heard that day weigh on her heart.

"You would be doing very wrong not to love your old guardian, little girl, for he is very fond of you. Now, look here!"

He drew from his pocket a small jewel-case which he laid before her, and, in the purring tone which one employs to soothe a rebellious baby, he said:

"Just open that, little Jetta—my dear little Jetta, open that. What is it inside, did you ask? Look for yourself. Let me open it. Bless me! what do I see? A pretty little silver elephant, if I live! That is a fashionable ornament which your old guardian, who is always thinking of you, bought in Paris to replace that cross which you always wear on your neck—that everlasting cross, Jetta, which your guardian is beginning to be very tired of. Can't you love your guardian a little, and can't you believe in his affection for you, my child, when he, who has so much important business always on hand, yet has time to remember to buy little elephants for you? And yet you are willing to make this poor man who thinks so much of your happiness and who wishes to make you a grand dame—you are willing, I say, to make him very unhappy. Has not he found for you a real marquis—a marquis of twenty-four carats? Ah! my child—my dear child, you are really very unkind."

He had almost succeeded in bringing tears to his eyes, and he was quite astonished not to see any in Jetta's, which at that moment were absolutely black—it was impossible to believe that generally they were blue. She looked at the little elephant, and, although it was of silver and its tusks were of ivory, the eyelashes of this ungrateful creature remained unmoistened.

"This girl's heart is of adamant, surely," he thought to himself. Then, all at once, as if moved by a sudden thought, he changed his tone and exclaimed, in a solemn manner:

"And my election—my election!"

She could not, in the least, understand why

an election to the Municipal Council of Paris should have any possible connection with her affairs; she soon understood, however.

"I am sure, Jetta, that you did not remember my election. I am not blaming you, child. Young girls can't be expected to think of everything. They are always occupied with their own little affairs, and naturally feel little interest in affairs of state. But, suppose, my darling—and the mere putting of the supposition into words fills me with horror—but just suppose that you persisted in taking the vows which, as I just told you, are in direct opposition to both the spirit and the letter of the civil code, suppose that this old woman—I should say this Mother Amélie—should enroll you in the black army, and suppose then that one day, in an electoral session, one of the electors should rise, and, addressing citizen Louis Cantarel, should say:

"Citizen, you had a ward—what have you done with her?" Ah! my dearest, I should be ruined, simply ruined!"

He did not doubt that this last argument would be effectual, and he repeated over and over again, "My election—my election!"

Presently he bethought him of still another argument to advance.

"We were speaking of your uncle Antonin. I am ready to believe that he respected Mother Amélie; but you will admit that he was an atheist. Now, I am not one; I believe in God in my own way: I believe in the God of Jean-Jacques—in the God of Robespierre, in a layman's God, you understand. But Antonin believed in nothing, in nothing whatever. Now, then, do you suppose for a moment that this outspoken atheist would have left you a fortune if he had supposed that it would go to enrich the Church and the Jesuits?—for the Jesuits, you know, are at the bottom of everything. Do you not feel that, if you refuse to marry Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux, you are betraying the intentions of the testator? Now, Jetta, don't you see this yourself?"

"My great-uncle Antonin," she replied, gently, "declared in his will that he intended to respect my liberty, and he gave me two years to make up my mind."

He had believed her to be conquered by his eloquence, and she was still resisting. In a state of towering indignation he tore off the cross of Rhine stones which she wore on her neck, and exclaimed:

"This cross is detestable; it has such a stupid expression! I do not wish to see it again, and I insist that you shall replace it with the elephant."

Then, banging his hat down on his head—

"Your great-uncle Antonin intended to respect your liberty, did he? Well, then, I respect

it also, and that is why I shall allow you precisely twenty-four hours to make up your mind!"

And he went out, slamming every door after him. All through dinner he was in the most excruciating humor. He never once opened his lips except to reprove his servants. He thought of the pangs of disappointment which the marquise would feel when she learned that she had been checkmated, and dreaded the reproaches which she would naturally shower on him. He remembered, too, that the gratification of his own hopes must be indefinitely postponed. He did not dream that his head was perfectly transparent to the sleepy eyes of his wife, who easily read every thought formed in his brain. She divined all his fears, all his chagrin, and all his misadventures made her as happy as a queen. Hardly had he risen from the table than, relinquishing his game of bezique, he hurried to the library, and, locking himself in, wrote a note in the following terms:

"MY DEAR MARQUISE: There is a hitch somewhere. The little fool says no. But rely on me; it never shall be said that Louis Cantarel was beaten by a nun. Even if she were supported by ten thousand Jesuits I would gain my ends!"

The servant who carried this note brought back the reply:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOR: The news you send me afflicts me more than it surprises me. In this world everything has its 'hitches,' as you say. Let us try to be patient. Come and dine to-morrow with my son and myself, and we will consult together."

While this mail was running between the château and the chalet, Mademoiselle Maulabret was writing to Mother Amélie, to tell her what had taken place, and implore her assistance and advice. Then she rejoined Madame Cantarel in the *salon*, and this quiet sleeper, who saw everything, said to her:

"What is that horrible thing, my dear, hanging on your neck? It made me uncomfortable all through dinner. Are you, then, given over to elephants, wild beasts, and the like?"

"It is a punishment which I well deserve," answered Mademoiselle Maulabret, with a smile.

They sat for an hour knitting in profound silence, but, when they separated for the night, Madame Cantarel said, softly:

"It seems to me, mademoiselle, that you have some character. I do not know that I ought to congratulate you upon it, for indifference is a very comfortable thing. But one day we shall know which of our two methods is the best."

And to Jetta's infinite surprise her aunt put

her arm around her waist and kissed her forehead. It was her way of showing her gratitude for the happy day the girl had given her.

The next day, Mademoiselle Maulabret was walking in the park and meditating on her sad fate and on the discomforts she would now be called on to endure, when suddenly she heard a voice calling her :

"Jetta! *Ma belle!*"

She had hardly time to look around before she was caught in the arms of Madame de Moisieux, who, pressing her affectionately to her breast, drew her down on a bench at her side and said, abruptly :

"Not a word now! Listen to me, and do not answer. Remorse has kept me awake all night. When the cocks crowed at dawn I was still thinking that I had grieved you. You know that I love you, and yet I have been the cause of all your recent annoyances. Monsieur Cantarel is the kindest of neighbors, but he espouses the interests of his friends with too much zeal, and I am sure that he has overstepped my instructions—Not a word, I tell you! I have the floor, if you please. After all, I am not to blame. Mothers are weak creatures, and my son is badly in love. He has never been so before, and this is the fruit of his economies. Ah! your beautiful eyes have made sad ravages in his heart. The passion he has conceived for you will not be very easily cured, my dear. But do not be troubled; he can hold his tongue as well as myself. The affair is in the past; you shall hear no more of it. In return, I have two favors to ask of you: In the first place, I implore you to behave toward us as if nothing had occurred, for, were I compelled to renounce our delightful intimacy, I should be inconsolable. Then there is another thing. You have certain scruples which I respect profoundly. But we change with time, sometimes. In three months—or call it four—well, in four months, we will sit here again together, and I will say to you, 'Are you still of the same mind?' You will answer yes or no, as seems to you best. You see that I wish to keep a little door open in the rear. It is with me as with my poor little summer-house, whose view has been intercepted by a wretched wall. Monsieur Cantarel proposes to put up a wire fence instead of the wall, which kind offer I accept, for I really shall not be sorry to see the green of the vineyard and the weather-cock on the bell-tower. My dear child, do not destroy all our hopes at once. Leave us a little outlook toward the future. You, too, must give us a wire fence instead of a stone wall! Not one word! I read in your eyes that you consent, and I thank you with all my heart—the heart of a mother and the heart of a friend."

So saying, she kissed Jetta hastily first on one

cheek and then on the other, and fled, leaving the girl greatly relieved, although somewhat vexed with herself for the mute concession she had yielded. But wire fences have one good thing about them—they can be seen through, but not opened.

When the marquise, Monsieur Cantarel, and Lésin took their seats at table, one might have thought them three generals the day following a lost battle. They bore the imprint of defeat on their brows. Monsieur Cantarel looked a little ashamed. His chagrin was a mixture of anger and humiliation. Madame de Moisieux bore her rebuff with better courage. She knew the heights and the depths of destiny, and her courage was not cast down by an accident. Lésin, however, was furious with rage and excessively mortified. He had felt absolutely certain of the result, and his awakening was proportionately cruel. He was paler than ever, and would gladly have strangled the little *bourgeoise* who had been impertinent enough to turn her back on a marquis. But he had no intention of relinquishing the chase; his obstinacy was only equaled by his vanity. Lara was sent away when dessert was placed on the table; the precaution was useless, as the doors of the chalet were not thick, and Greek ears are proverbially acute. Lésin began a long litany—scolded and sulked like a child to whom the moon has been refused. His refrain was :

"I want her—I will have her!"

"Yes, you shall have her," answered Monsieur Cantarel. "Let me manage it, and you possess your soul in peace. If it is necessary, I shall not hesitate to employ coercion."

"No, I will never give my consent to anything of the kind," said the marquise. "I have seen Mademoiselle Maulabret within a few hours, and I promised her that we would await her decision."

Lésin was angry, and declared, like Monsieur Cantarel, that, if pretty girls persisted in their obstinacy, means other than entreaties should be employed.

"I understand women," he said; "they like to be driven with uplifted sticks. There was one in New York almost as pretty as Mademoiselle Jetta—"

The marquise was so exasperated by the folly of her son that she interrupted with scanty ceremony, and, in spite of the presence of Monsieur Cantarel, she said, scoffingly :

"Are you sure, sir, that she was not a servant in a tavern?"

"I assure you, my dear mother, that the lady in question was the wife of a banker—"

"I don't wish to hear any more about your bankers and their wives," said the marquise. "I

tell you that this little girl conceals under her gentle manner the strongest possible will."

"She is a perfect little nun," cried Monsieur Cantarel; "with her pinched-up mouth and little wheedling ways, she bears the trade-mark of the Jesuits. They will make all France just like themselves if they have their own way, I tell you. Poor France!"

"Let the Jesuits, as well as the bankers and their wives, rest in peace, and we will go on with our own matters. My opinion is, that this poor child has scruples which must be carefully managed. And do you know one thing, my dear neighbor? We have made a great mistake in keeping her in this solitude. A desert is favorable to contemplation. Carry her off to Paris at once, and keep her there a month; it is a wonderful place to cure timid consciences."

"She will see that old horror."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Mother Amélie, of course."

"You will see to that—it is your own affair. Let her live in a perfect whirl of society. Take her to the theatre constantly; it is there more particularly that scruples are blunted and deadened."

Monsieur Cantarel would not at first listen to this proposition. The idea of relinquishing his *tête-à-têtes* and his dear bezique for a full month was positively painful to him, all the more that he had fallen a prey to a certain vague uneasiness which he did not venture to impart to any one. He ended finally, however, by giving his consent, but it seemed to him that his resignation was entitled to some recompense, and he waited for Lésin to leave the room. Unfortunately for him, Lésin had received his instructions. Madame de Moisieux had bidden him remain to the last. She determined that her son should be of some use to her.

Tired out at last, Monsieur Cantarel beat a retreat about eleven o'clock. As he opened the door, not in the best of humors, a great lump of earth, thrown by a vigorous hand, hit his hat, and knocked it into a ditch. As soon as he had found it he addressed a few energetic words to the invisible enemy who took such liberties with his august person. If he had hunted among the bushes, he might possibly have found a handsome young Greek.

Finally released, Lésin went to his chamber, where he had secreted a bottle of rum, and in the depths of this bottle he succeeded in burying for some hours his chagrins, his love, his cruelly disappointed hopes, the château of his dreams, and his two packs of hounds. With some difficulty he staggered to his bed, where he threw himself all dressed; but the next day he found at his bedside, when he woke, his hounds, the

color of gray mice, and his liver-spotted dogs.

"A little patience, my children," he said, aloud; "if my mother's diplomacy shoots too high, we will try something else."

XIII.

To the *intrigant* and to a man of ambition, Paris is the city where one arrives at everything. To the restless radical it is the holy capital of the Revolution, the Jerusalem of the *émeute*; for the man of capital it is a money-market which would be incomparable if London did not exist; to the *savant* it is one of the great *ateliers* of the human mind; to the man of imagination it is a museum where curiosity can be fully satisfied; for a man of pleasure it is a vast caravansary, where he has only to stoop to pick them up; for a pretty woman it is the only place in the world where she can dress herself, and for the *gourmand* the only one where people know how to eat; for the cab-horses it is a hell, where they sweat and grow thin; for the philosopher it is an observatory, where one can philosophize as much as one pleases, because it is easy to hide there, and to see all without being seen; for the loungeur it is the only spot in the world where each day some new event takes place, on which it is possible to utter some original *bon mot*; to the moralist it is a great thoroughfare, where the most shameful vices elbow the most admirable virtues. For Monsieur Cantarel, Paris, which he formerly loved not, had become a most adorable town since the palace had become the place where the municipal council met. He had purchased a fine hôtel in La Rue de Rivoli, on the first floor of which he lived; from his window he perceived the Tuileries, and he said to himself, "They are there now, and to-morrow I may be among them."

As to Mademoiselle Maulabret, Paris seemed to her one of the most charming of places, and especially desirable because there was, in a distant *quartier*, an old edifice of brick and stone, where she had passed ten months, and where she looked forward to spending the rest of her life, and to begin with a long talk with a woman in a black dress, and who, Monsieur Cantarel to the contrary, was neither old nor horrible. She determined to beg this favor by the most indefatigable complaisance. Although her guardian made her come and go, although he did not give her time to breathe, although he treated her like a race-horse in training, she was never weary, and lent herself with an excellent grace to everything which he proposed. From the circus and the office of "La Vraie République," the journal of which Monsieur Louis Cantarel was the proprietor; the principal theatres, and several of the

minor ones; the lake and the Chamber of Deputies; to a charity concert, and a *fête* given at the Continental Hotel—she was spared nothing. He said to her occasionally, with some impatience:

"Well, little dove! will you never learn to look a man full in the face?"

But the complaisance of this dove was put to rather a severe test. He took her to the opera one night when there was a new ballet. He considered that, of all the means that could be employed to prevent a young girl from entering a convent, the ballet is the most efficacious: he attributed to the *fêtes* and to the ballets a magic virtue, and regarded the *entrechats* as the most powerful allies of free thought. The ballet preceded "Der Freischütz." Monsieur Cantarel did not like music. Hardly had he installed his wife and his ward in their *loge*, than he himself went off to the office of his journal. He did not return for two hours; he was then accompanied by a pale young man whom he had met in the corridor, and whose unexpected appearance caused mademoiselle more than momentary discomfort; but she had sufficient self-control to allow none of this to be seen. Madame Cantarel was less mistress of herself. She replied to the salutation of this young man by a look which seemed to say, "What are you doing here?" He did not understand, nor did he care to do so.

After profound reflection Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux had decided that Mademoiselle Maulabret had refused him because she loved some one else. He piqued himself on knowing women, and he did not believe in their scruples.

"What is a scruple?" he said, with a Machiavellian air; "what does it amount to, after all?"

"You judge all women by bar-maids you have encountered," answered his mother. "You are certainly quite mad—what man could Mademoiselle Maulabret possibly love? She knows none."

"I am not so sure of that," he replied; "she may have lost her heart to some young surgeon or to some patient. You may be quite sure that there is milk in that cocoanut, and I intend to put Monsieur Cantarel on his guard."

And, thereupon, without listening to her, he departed for Paris, determined to remain there until he had made some discovery. He saw Monsieur Cantarel that same evening and again the next day, and each time that gentleman had laughed in his face, and informed him distinctly that his conjectures were simply preposterous. The young marquis pretended to be convinced, but those persons who have few ideas are apt to keep a strong hold on those they have. He held tenaciously to his, and determined to wait and watch.

Notwithstanding the coldness of Madame

Cantarel's greeting, he seated himself quietly. He was not in the least timid, having dined well; he leaned over the back of Jetta's chair and asked if she liked ballets.

"I don't know—I never saw one."

"But, generally speaking, do you like dancing?"

"I don't know. I was never at a ball."

"Ah! Indeed. Well, my aunt, the Countess Sirieux, gives one next week. I will get you an invitation, and we will dance the first polka together."

"I am infinitely obliged, but I don't know how to dance."

This was only half true, for she had taken dancing-lessons.

"I will teach you, then; it would be delightful."

"Indeed!" said Madame Cantarel; "but my niece never goes into society without me."

"That does not matter, madame; I will procure you an invitation."

"I am not in the habit of going to the houses of people whom I do not know," she answered, coldly, turning her back upon him.

He was about to reply, but fortunately the leader of the orchestra lifted his *bâton*—the violins and copper-throated instruments attacked the first bars of the overture, which was short, and presently the curtain rose. For at least ten minutes Mademoiselle Maulabret paid no attention to the ballet. The presence of Lésin, his noisy breathing close in her ear, his hot breath on the back of her neck made her wretchedly uncomfortable; his restless movements, moreover, jarred her chair and rendered her all the time vividly conscious of his vicinity. She was on the point of asking her aunt to take her away, when, all at once, the house broke into wild applause. A ravishing creature in rose-colored tarlatan, with white shoulders, and flowers in her hair, had come down the stage to the very footlights on the points of her toes. All the *lorgnettes* were fixed upon her, and the public continued to applaud. After a *congé* of several months their favorite had returned to them. Mademoiselle Maulabret at once forgot Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux, so charming did this creature seem to her. She was pretty and graceful, and to these charms she added that caprice and audacity, almost effrontery, which is in these days the spice without which success is impossible; she was, in fact, an exquisite combination of the woman and the sylphide.

"She is pretty," said Lésin, in the tone of a *blasé* connoisseur. "She is called Mademoiselle Rosella, but her real name is Mademoiselle Papet, and she is the daughter of a *fruitier* in La Rue du Foin."

"She wants people to think she is an Italian, and she is very wise," said Monsieur Cantarel. "France refuses to believe in the genius of her own *danseuses*, who, nevertheless, are one of her glories, for—"

He said no more. Although Madame Cantarel made it a rule never to contradict him, she could not refrain from striking a little impatient blow with her fan on the velvet-covered balcony, and, as he was more intelligent than Lésin, he understood.

Mademoiselle Rosella! It seemed to Jetta that she had heard the name before, but where and when she knew not, and just then she did not care to know, for she was under the charm. Little did she care either that Mademoiselle Rosella was merely Mademoiselle Papet, the daughter of a *fruitier* in La Rue du Foin. Had she been asked, she would have declared that this *danseuse*, in her gauze skirts, had come down from a star and would shortly return to it. She watched her floating over the stage, bounding into the air and coming down again so lightly, that she seemed to return to earth merely from condescension, and it seemed to her also that, if she did not fly away before her eyes, it was merely because she did not wish to humiliate poor human beings who were glued to the ground by their flesh and blood.

"It is not a woman—it is a butterfly," said Jetta to herself, "or a bird which has laid aside its wings for a little time, and soon it will resume them and disappear for ever."

Her eyes wandered around the house; when she looked back upon the stage, the rose-colored robe was no longer there, but she had not flown back to her star, for she was called before the curtain twice, and twice obeyed the call, each time humbly thanking the public which treated her like a spoiled child.

Jetta drew a long sigh, as if awakening from a dream.

"Then you will not come to the Countess de Sirieux's ball?" said Lésin, in her ear. "Do this for me; and, besides, you ought to see the great world."

"A little bird needs only a little nest," she replied.

Upon which he rose and went out, with a melancholy expression on his bowed face.

"What an animal!" muttered Monsieur Cantarel. He really could not help it. But, realizing what he had done, he said to Jetta, hastily: "I was speaking of that little Moldavian prince over there, who has never taken his eyes from you all through the *entr'acte*. Do you wish me to go down and give him your address?" And, as he wrapped himself in his cloak, he said: "Well, my girl, you have now seen a ballet. To me

the opera is not merely a place of amusement, it is an institution, and I look on the ballet as the best remedy against superstition and prejudices. When I have seen one, I feel myself to be a better man."

All the way down the stairs he developed this theme with great unction.

But he was by no means so bland the next day, when she expressed her wish to pay a visit to Mother Amélie, and apparently seemed to think she had earned a right to this favor. He sent her off with a hearty scolding, and forbade her to set foot within the hospital walls, telling her distinctly that were she to do so she would infringe on the clause of the will which stipulated that she should spend two entire years in the world. He did not fail to take advantage of this occasion to attack Jesuitism, and to castigate with stormy eloquence the immorality of mental reservations and of all casuistry.

Madame Cantarel, when informed by Jetta of her discomfiture, suggested that she should appeal to Monsieur Vaugenis as executor of the will of her great-uncle, and allow him to settle the question. While they were discussing the wisdom of this step, a note was brought in from the former President of the Chamber, who, having learned that Mademoiselle Maulabret was in Paris, begged her to come to see him. Her aunt lent her her *couffé*, and her maid and she were soon on their way. Three months before, Monsieur Vaugenis had considerably intimidated her by his somewhat affected gravity, and by the intermittent strabismus with which he was afflicted. She therefore approached him now with some timidity, but he put her at once at ease.

Madame de Moisieux was not there, and he could dispense with solemnity.

She submitted her case to him; he answered, laughing:

"Oh! we are not so exacting as all that. A father of the Church formerly said to a young man who did not like to fast, 'Eat beef, then, and be a Christian.' I will, in my turn, say to you, 'Go and see Mother Amélie as often as you please, but do not neglect your social duties and worldly virtues.' Now, one of these latter is to keep your word. You have not kept yours. You promised me not to take any important step without consulting me, and I was informed the other day by your guardian, who was trying to interest me on his side, that you had refused a brilliant offer."

"Would you have advised me to accept it, sir? Did you not say to me, 'Look out'?"

"And I say so still. I therefore told Monsieur Cantarel that he need not count on me. It is barely possible, you know, that we have our own candidate."

"You too?" she exclaimed, in a tone of such thorough consternation that he laughed heartily.

"Oh! do not be troubled; I do not propose to torment you. Your great-uncle Antonin, who liked to make people happy without consulting them, would have been charmed probably to marry you off; fortunately, however, he could find no man worthy of you. But he did quite otherwise in the case of my daughter, and we had to suffer for it. But let me tell you the story. There is no better judge than a young girl in a matter of this kind, when she has no personal interest in the affair, be it understood. We were formerly a trio of inseparable friends—your great-uncle, a rich refiner, Monsieur Valport, and myself. This good Valport was the first of us to leave this world, bequeathing to his son a fortune of three millions. He had always kept this son on short allowance. An avaricious father always has a prodigal son. For several years this handsome fellow—for he is handsome—has wasted his substance and his life; fortunately, he has something of both remaining. His adventures, which made considerable noise, offended your uncle, who loved him as if he had been his own child. He was therefore not easily reconciled to seeing a young fellow so richly endowed by nature, with a fine intellect and a good heart, deliberately enroll himself in the great army of do-nothings. He determined to rescue him by marrying him, and he never saw him without suggesting to him two or three partners for life, but he never received the smallest encouragement. Finally, your uncle thought of one of my daughters, and a short time before his death he sent for his young friend, and spoke to him very freely, but again without the smallest encouragement. A few days after this, our good luck or our misfortune threw my daughter in the path of this monster, and behold, our young man receives a *coup de fondre*."

"A *coup de fondre*?" repeated Mademoiselle Maulabret, bewildered.

"Yes, a *coup de fondre* is—well, I can't tell you precisely what it is. I only know that a minute before a man goes and comes, absorbed in his business and his pleasures, looking on at the rest of the world, hurrying past, and imagining that life consisted in just this. A minute later he is a different being; he has no longer a vestige of common-sense, and sees only 'her' in the whole universe. This is what is called the *coup de fondre*. Now, my dear mademoiselle, you see before you a father in a very uncomfortable state of mind. My daughter has doubts and hesitations. Ought I to attempt to combat them? Who will assure me that the day after his marriage he will not return to Satan and all the pomps and vanities? Then, too, my daugh-

ter has not, like yourself, been in a hospital, where you have learned that a man who is always well is an exception; that one must not only be accustomed to invalids, but also must take care of them without ever despairing of their cure; and, finally, that the most noble of natures is that of the doctor and the nurse. My daughter, I fear, will never be able to assume the necessary ascendancy; will never elevate him above the influence of his past. Will she understand how to strengthen his good resolutions, will she enable him to enter on a useful career, to become a man, in short?"

"O monsieur!" cried Jetta, "what a noble work that would be!"

And her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Very true. But how can we tell that this young girl has strength to accomplish it?"

"She must decide for herself, and that she can only do by rigorous self-examination. She must also—"

"Yes, I understand—"

"But, above all—" Jetta hesitated.

"Go on."

"Above all, she must love him a little"; and, as Jetta spoke, she colored deeply.

This was the first time she had uttered this word, and she did so now with considerable difficulty.

"To be sure," he replied, "we sometimes read the New Testament. It tells us that love is patient; that love is long-suffering; that it believes all, hopes all, and endures all. He who said this was born at Tarsus, and was called Paul. But certain people called him a visionary. The point is to know if women are capable of feeling this kind of love, and if Monsieur Valport is able to inspire it, and also if he be worthy of it. If I might only present him to you, then you could give me your opinion—"

"O monsieur!" she answered, with a frightened gesture, "I have so little wisdom."

"Your uncle insisted that you had a great deal."

She was about to reply, when the conversation was interrupted by a servant who appeared with a card on a silver tray.

"Bless me!" said Monsieur Vaugenis. "I forgot that this was the 25th of March, and the day that prisoners are liberated."

And he handed the card to Jetta. She read the name of Albert Valport upon it, and rose at once to withdraw, but Monsieur Vaugenis retained her, saying:

"Do me a favor, will you—a very great favor? I desire that you unseen will witness my interview with my future son-in-law. If he utters one word that is distasteful to you, I shall break with him."

All the girl's objections were cut short. Notwithstanding her resistance, he led her into an adjoining room, where he placed her in a chair, and, leaving the door partially open, he drew over it the heavy velvet *portière*.

"So you have arrived, my dear Albert?" he exclaimed, a moment later.

"Yes; I am here, my dear President," answered a rich, full voice, at the sound of which Jetta started violently. "I take it for granted that you expected me?"

"Not altogether. The only Albert Valport that I have known is a young man who, as a rule, comes when he is not looked for and never when he is expected."

"I introduce you, then, to another, who is very different, the most extraordinary punctuality being one of his virtues. But I beg of you give me some news of Madame Vaugenis and of your amiable daughters."

"Presently; but first let us discuss our little matter—the little bargain we made. Have you kept each clause of your engagement?"

"Let me see. I agreed not to leave Bois-le-Roi before the 25th of March. I have lived there alone, like a rat in a hole; but I did not find it so very bad, and I have reason to believe that next year I shall be made mayor of my commune, which will be a sore affliction to that dear Monsieur Cornet, who has heretofore held undisputed possession of the place."

"If I were Mademoiselle Vaugenis," thought Jetta, who had heard every word, "I would not marry him. He speaks of his prospects in altogether too great a tone of indifference."

Presently, on brief self-examination, Jetta came to the conclusion that she had another and very secret reason for thinking that this marriage had best not come to pass. But she had no time just then to go on with this examination. After a brief pause the conversation was resumed, and she listened with all her ears.

"There is one good thing about you," said Monsieur Vaugenis; "one can always believe you. We are told that the word of a Turk is worth ten signatures. You are a Turk in this respect. Now answer another question with equal honesty. The *liaison* that you wished to break—"

"Is broken for ever—so shattered, that no ingenuity can piece the bits together."

"One question more. You promised—"

"Pray do not continue. I admit that I have something to reproach myself with. A man's eyes starve sometimes, and I twice rode out in the direction of Combard."

"Combard!" said Mademoiselle Maulabret, with a start.

"It was Lindor without his mandolin. But I

was not repaid for my trouble. Once I saw from afar off, through a gate, a pretty gray hood, lined with blue, alone in the avenue. The next time I saw nothing at all. Then, too, I have another sin on my soul. I knew from the best authority that she adored chrysanthemums. I yielded to temptation and sent her one."

Jetta gasped for breath; her parasol, lying in her lap, rolled on to the floor. Fortunately, a thick Turkey carpet deadened the noise.

"He is talking about me!" she thought.

She placed both hands on her heart to still its beating, for it seemed to her that it must be heard on the other side of the wall.

"Your sins merit some indulgence," answered Monsieur Vaugenis. "You still love her, then?"

"What a question! Of course I do, otherwise why should I be here?"

"And what is there about her that pleases you so much?"

"You are too curious—you must not examine me in this way. For the first time in my life I love without knowing why; and this is real love—the only love that lasts."

"But you have not seen her for three months. Certainly the old saying can not apply to you—'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

"Don't make me out better than I am. I had her portrait."

"Did you steal it?"

"No, I smuggled it, so to speak. The day that he, whom you and I so deeply regret, wished to speak to me of her, and I had not the grace to listen to him, I yet felt a certain curiosity. I therefore went to her hospital on the pretense of making inquiries about a patient who had no existence except in my imagination. The young surgeon attached to the hospital was absent, and I was told that no one else could answer my inquiries. I said I would wait, and presently I discovered a white Sister kneeling before an old woman, whose leg she was bandaging. Absorbed in what she was doing, she did not notice that near her stood a man on whom she had worked such a spell that he was at that moment saying to himself, 'She shall be my wife.' I retreated to the embrasure of a window and drew from my pocket a note-book—you know that I sketch with facility. A nun dressed in black passed me and gave me a withering glance. I hid my note-book and fled. I finished this sketch afterward, and I assure you it is the best thing I ever did."

At these words Monsieur Vaugenis cried out:

"Are you sure, young man, that it is the woman who has taken your heart? Isn't it the dress?"

"I asked myself the same question," answered the young man, with some little hesitation. "But, on my way to the Bois-le-Roi, I

encountered her at a station. She no longer wore her white woolen robe, with its soft, clinging folds, and I saw that it was not the dress. But, enough of this. I have kept my promise: now it is for you to redeem yours."

"But what did I promise?" asked Monsieur Vaugenis. "Only to preserve absolute neutrality. Since I ceased to be president, I shirk all responsibility. Alas! my dear fellow, I foresee many difficulties in your path."

"I expect them. One must always struggle for happiness, and difficulties are the salt of life. I know them or I divine them, but I feel that I can conquer them. But, when will you present me? It is Tuesday. Madame Vaugenis receives every Thursday evening, does she not? I discovered at Combard that Mademoiselle Maulabret is in Paris. Will she be here Thursday?"

"I will make the proposition to her. But if she refuses, what then?"

The young man rose to take leave, and said, laughingly:

"If she refuses, I will horrify you by the enormity of my crimes, and I will make Monsieur Cornet happy by allowing him to be mayor for the rest of his life." He added more gravely: "Be neutral, but be kind. Are you not interested in my position? For the first time my interests, my good sense, my imagination, and my heart all agree. Tell this charming creature that I love her with all my reason and with all my lunacy."

"And thereupon you depart?"

"No—I escape," he answered, with his hand on the door. "Have you ever studied caterpillars? When ready to accomplish their metamorphosis and become chrysalides, they eat nothing, enjoy nothing, but wander from place to place restless and uneasy. I am a caterpillar all ready to spin my cocoon, and I propose to try, by constant movement, to obtain the *sang-froid* of which I shall stand greatly in need on Thursday next."

Hardly had Monsieur Valport departed, than the president took his way with slow and solemn steps to the next room. He found Mademoiselle Maulabret standing by the window very pale and motionless. He extended his hand to her; she would not see it. He drew aside to allow her to pass, but she did not move. She saw before her the dazzling rose-colored vision which she had so much admired the previous evening, and she said to herself:

"He sacrificed her for me! For me—Jetta Maulabret?"

It seemed to her that she had been listening to a fairy tale, and her face expressed mingled joy and terror. Certain fears are not without an element of joy. Then she looked down into the

courtyard: she saw a phaeton, a superb bay horse, and a groom. Monsieur Valport appeared. He jumped into his seat, and the groom gave him the reins. As he took them he looked up at the sky, in which a heavy black cloud promised a shower. The horse made a plunge, a spark rose from the pavement, and it seemed to Jetta that a part of herself rolled away with those wheels, and was carried in that carriage far away to a distant land, from which it would never return.

Monsieur Vaugenis touched her gently on the arm, and said:

"You will admit that I questioned him thoroughly? Did he say anything to displease you?"

She did not speak.

"Yes," he continued, "it would be as you said, a noble work; but you also said that it would be necessary for her to love him."

"It is impossible," she replied, in a low, dull voice, "it is impossible—I am not free."

"You have taken no vows?"

She repeated: "It is impossible. Ah! monsieur, tell him so, I beg of you."

"He would not believe me. And it would be therefore hopeless for me to attempt to save you the annoyance of telling him so yourself. You know he will be here on Thursday. Will you come?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice; and took her leave at once.

It required some minutes to descend the staircase; she was conversing with a ghostly shade—with an old man who was no more, and yet who moved by her side, step by step. She said to him:

"You are really cruel. Why have you invented such a method of tormenting me? Is this a battle? You will lose it, you may be sure."

But the ghost looked down upon her with no smile on the fleshless face, and he seemed to reply: "We shall see—we shall see!"

XIV.

The Thursdays of Monsieur Vaugenis were composed of two or three acts. First came music—vocal and instrumental—in which only first-rate artists took part. After that, an actor and actress from the Comédie Française performed a proverb or recited a dialogue, carefully concealing the name of the author, who was, however, easily recognized. Monsieur Vaugenis sat in a corner, huddled together, and nervous, with the perspiration standing on his brow, but with his eyes bright with excitement. He sometimes affected the most severe gravity. He had the air of a pastry-cook compelled to eat his own cakes. Occasionally, when applause came in the right places, and the piece was successful, he unbent a little and admitted that he agreed with his

public. Then he took people by the button and said in a coaxing, insidious tone, "How does it suit you on the whole?" His diplomacy was so transparent that every one was on his guard: former Presidents of the Chamber can not become authors with impunity.

As music and proverbs are not quite enough to make young people happy, the *soirées* ended, five or six times in the winter, to the lively satisfaction of the three young ladies of the house, in a little dance to the piano, while the fathers tried to forget their woes over a game of whist, after which supper was served.

When Mademoiselle Maulabret, accompanied by her aunt, appeared in the Vaugenis mansion, she created quite a sensation. Every one said, "Who is she?" and her history was soon buzzed about the room. She wore a tea-rose in her hair, and a robe of pale blue which was exceedingly becoming, and was a *chef-d'œuvre* of costly simplicity.

She was especially admired for a certain mysterious grace and suppleness which could not be the result of any dressmaker's art, and which was communicated by her soul to her body. Her emotion, which Monsieur Vaugenis was the only one to suspect, added to her charm. She had come to seek her fate in that *salon*, and she trembled as she entered. Music is an art which says what no tongue can fully render: there are in the human soul thoughts to which she imparts a voice, and we learn to recognize in ourselves a certain something which has hitherto been dumb. She has another advantage still: every one interprets her after his own fashion; each imagines that she tells him his own story. An *adagio* of Beethoven's was played. The violins breathed a divine music, which seemed to rise to the blue sky and into infinite space. They sang of mute and hidden joys, of ineffable delights. They told of a hospital nun who had fancied for a long time that the sick and the poor were enough to fill her heart, and who had now suddenly discovered that to love everybody is not to love. She had met him whom she had unconsciously sought, and she heard a voice in her ear saying over and over again:

"Tell this charming girl that I love her with all my sense and with all my heart."

Suddenly the alto broke in a storm — was heralded and burst. But the sun occasionally reappeared, and the divine melody, like a dove that has been caught in a tempest, shakes its drenched wings and persists in flying heavenward. The tempest increased in severity. Thunder crashed, rain fell, and soon the dove fell to the ground, wounded unto death. The *adagio* seemed intended to prove that the *fêtes* of the heart last but one day, that the foundation of

life is an inexorable denial, and that all ends in the triumph of that mournful, implacable thing which man calls, according to circumstances, Fate or Duty.

But lo! when all seemed lost, the music became softer and purer, and with its angelic sweetness was mingled something of triumphant certainty: the dove had revived, it soared above with outstretched wings; Fate disarmed had released its prisoner. When the violins were silent, Mademoiselle Maulabret realized that she had been dreaming, and that she was in a brilliantly lighted *salon*, where there were many men wearing white cravats and women brilliantly dressed, but that there was no dove fluttering about the chandeliers, and that a servant was offering her an ice. She took it, and, as she carried the spoon to her lips, she noticed that a lady seated near her, wearing a bird in her hair, was looking at her with a most disagreeable expression. It was a mother who, having a daughter with very sharp shoulders, had taken offense at the beautifully rounded ones of Mademoiselle Maulabret.

A moment later and Jetta forgot everything—the men in white cravats, and the women, good-natured or otherwise. She shivered, and was sure that he had come—that he was near her. She turned her head slowly to the right. He stood leaning against the door, and looking about with eagle-like eyes, which flashed when he saw her. There was a strange, buzzing sound in her ears; her heart beat until she was nearly suffocated. Monsieur Valport approached the lady who wore the bird. He talked to her with feverish gayety.

"What did you do with yourself at Bois-le-Roi?" she asked.

"I hardly know. I sang."

"Indeed! And now you intend to dance?"

"Most certainly."

"And with whom, then? Only young girls dance here."

"And the mothers put me under the ban?"

"No, but they would not scruple to put you *en pénitence*."

He was about to reply, when Monsieur Vaugenis, having struck the three taps of a conductor, announced that the piece, in one act, about to be represented, was called "*Un homme qui change ne demande pas pourquoi*."

Albert leaned toward the lady with the bird and said, laughing:

"That proverb, madame, dispenses me from further reply."

And, as the representation was about to begin, they were compelled to be silent. It is fortunate that Mademoiselle Maulabret was not obliged to report it for a morning paper, for her account would have been incoherent and incom-

prehensible. Notwithstanding her good intentions, she listened with only one ear to this little drama, hastily and carelessly written, the fruit of a certain facile spirit which ignored all difficulties. When one is not in the business one dares anything. The play had a success, thanks to the fine words with which it was plentifully besprinkled, and thanks still more to the excellent actors, which were beyond all price, and returned to Monsieur Vaugenis twenty per cent. of his capital. The story was of a dissipated young lawyer who suddenly becomes penitent, and, retiring to the country, lives a hermit's life. His valet is greatly astonished one fine morning at seeing him perform his toilet with excessive care, and is still more astonished at the orders he receives: in the twinkling of an eye the house is entirely reformed; it is more than a reform, it is a revolution. Presently a charming widow in the neighborhood appears, and asks an explanation of these great changes. The young lawyer gives some very ridiculous ones, and then the true one, by falling on his knees before her. There was a great deal about hearts and darts, and the like.

The plot was a simple one, and yet to Made-moiselle Maulabret it seemed very complicated. She interweaved it with her own history. Just as the ex-hermit fell at the feet of the charming widow, she was saying to herself:

"I came here determined to discourage his every hope—to make him understand that it was impossible.—O Father in heaven! come to my aid; in two or three hours all will be ended—for ever ended!"

She was greatly surprised to hear the hero of the play utter a cry of joy, and to see him kiss the hands of a very pretty woman, whose compassionate heart induced her to consent to be adored.

Presently she saw Monsieur Vaugenis coming toward her. He offered her his arm, and begged to be allowed to take her into the supper-room. When she declined, he took a seat by her side. Fortunately, he did not say:

"Well, what do you think of the play?"

Author as he was, he sympathized too much with her emotion to expect her to flatter him. He said, in a low voice:

"Have you reflected on our conversation of yesterday? Are you still determined to say no?"

"More determined than ever," she replied, gently.

"Then summon all your courage, for you have to do with a determined character."

At this moment, Monsieur Cantarel rose to go into the card-room. As he passed near Monsieur Vaugenis he said, in a whisper:

"I hear the beginning of a quadrille. Make

her dance. I have a holy horror of these stiff-necked, prudish creatures."

Monsieur Vaugenis looked after him as he walked away; then, turning back to Jetta, he said:

"He is frightfully out of temper. Shall I tell you why? It is quite an amusing anecdote. He went to-day to the sale of pictures at the Hôtel Drouot. Among the number was a Fragonard. It was very warm, and perhaps he had eaten too hearty a breakfast. At all events, Monsieur Cantarel fell asleep. At the end of some minutes, the auctioneer, elevating his voice, cried, 'Did some one offer twelve thousand?' The sleeper awoke with a start. The auctioneer thought it, or pretended to think it, a nod of assent, and promptly added, 'Gone!' His bill was presented before he was fairly awake. His expert, unfortunately, informed him that the picture was only a copy. It is not especially agreeable to buy a copy of a good picture when one is sound asleep, and therefore he wreaks his ill-humor on his ward, and calls her stiff-necked and prudish. By-the-way, have you any objection to dancing?"

"None whatever."

"Very good. But it is my duty to tell you that Monsieur Valport has just engaged the three young ladies of the house, the demoiselles Vaugenis, who are much gratified by the compliment. He has his own plans, undoubtedly. Did he not say the other day that one is always obliged to purchase one's happiness?"

"Pure calumny that is," cried Monsieur Valport, suddenly appearing. "I have too much taste, my dear president, not to find your daughters charming. I am as pleased to-night at the idea of dancing as if I were still a schoolboy; and I do not see—"

"So much the better," interrupted the president; "for I ought to inform you that Made-moiselle Maulabret does not dance."

Albert drew back a little, and said to Monsieur Vaugenis, looking at Jetta as he spoke:

"Help me out of my embarrassment, I beg of you. I have been fortunate enough to meet Mademoiselle Maulabret, but I have not yet had the honor of being presented to her."

Jetta had again the same strange ringing in her ears. Monsieur Valport's voice reached her from a distance, as it were. It seemed to her as if the whole length of the *salon* was between them.

"Mademoiselle," said the president, "permit me to present to you Monsieur Albert Valport, who was the *enfant-gâté* of your uncle Antonin."

"He loved us both, mademoiselle," Albert hastily added; "but the affection which he cherished for you was mingled with great admiration,

and in that with which he honored me was much indulgence."

"And you, mademoiselle, inherited this same indulgence with the rest of his possessions. Do Monsieur Valport the favor of dancing a mazourka with him when he has been the rounds with my three daughters, with whom he is so greatly charmed."

"Do you agree to this, mademoiselle?" asked Albert. "We will talk or dance, whichever you may prefer."

She bowed her head in silent assent. The battle had begun. The glove was thrown down, and she picked it up. It seemed to her that it would be easier than she had supposed to carry out her intention, and she began to feel much more comfortable.

"Ah! what is the matter?" cried Monsieur Vaugenis to one of his daughters, who was flying through the rooms.

"Matter indeed!" she answered, showing him her train, through which some awkward dancer had thrust his foot.

"But we can soon arrange that," said Jetta, and rising from her chair she followed the young girl to her room, passing through the billiard-room, which also served for a smoking-room, and which, fortunately, was empty. Jetta speedily, with needle and thread, repaired the injury. This occupation was of service to her. The little accidents of every-day life make a happy diversion in the great crises of the soul. One is glad to persuade one's self, for some few minutes, that the gravest difficulties of life may be as readily repaired as an accident to a robe.

As soon as her skirt was again in dancing order, Mademoiselle Vaugenis rushed lightly away in search of her partner. Jetta was also about to return to the *salon*, when some one presented himself most inopportunistly on the threshold of the billiard-room, effectually barring her passage. This some one was the Marquis Lésin de Moisieux. As Monsieur Cantarel had kept him *au courant* of all his ward's movements, the young man determined to present himself at the mansion of Monsieur Vaugenis. By following Mademoiselle Maulabret there he might hope to pursue the investigation on which he had determined.

The president had long before invited him to his Thursdays, but, caring little for music and comedies, Lésin had never gone there; but on this occasion he had determined to do so.

He had just arrived, greatly to the astonishment of Monsieur Vaugenis, who, in presenting him to his wife, squinted worse than ever. While his left eye welcomed the marquis, his right said to Madame Vaugenis, "Whence comes this extraordinary creature?"

Lésin at once went in search of Mademoiselle

Maulabret; not finding her, he appealed to Monsieur Cantarel, who, absorbed in his whist, answered in rather a surly fashion. The marquis consoled himself with two or three glasses of punch, and then, having nothing better to do, lounged into the smoking-room, where he was greatly surprised to find Mademoiselle Maulabret.

"Upon my word," he said, "I am like that shepherd in the 'Arabian Nights.' Deuce take it—what was his name? He went out in search of his father's asses, and he met somebody on the road, you know, who made him a king!"

"This shepherd of the 'Arabian Nights' was Saul, the son of Kish, and this somebody was the prophet Samuel," she answered, in an icy tone.

"Very likely—very likely! The fact is, I came to the smoking-room to smoke, and here I find you. What the deuce were you doing here?"

And he looked around the room, and under the furniture, as if seeking the solution of the enigma. She made him a sign to step aside, that she might pass.

"Not I!" he said, in response to her gesture. "Since I have you here, I shall not let you go until you have answered one or two questions which I have longed to ask. I tried to do so before—that day in Monsieur Cantarel's park, when I was interrupted by Lara, whom I can't endure, and by that confounded ferret who would not come out of the hole. Here, now, there are neither ferrets nor Laras, and I intend to say all I wish to say. Is it true, as my mother tells me, that you have refused to become a marquise?"

"Madame de Moisieux is perfectly correct in her statement," Jetta replied.

And, for the first time in her life, her face expressed both anger and contempt. It was because she was thinking of the other, of him whom she was about to refuse, and she was saying to herself:

"It is a little too insulting to suppose, when I reject a man like the other, that I would accept a creature like this."

He smiled as she looked at him. He did not believe in the scruples of women any more than he did in their maladies or their anger.

"One of two things is certain," he replied; "either Madame Cantarel is influencing you, for that woman does not like me—I am sure I don't know why—or—"

"She very likely has her reasons," interrupted Jetta; "but I do not know them; and I have not consulted her."

"Or—as I was saying—you love some one else?"

"By what right do you ask me this ques-

tion," she answered, no longer attempting to conceal her indignation.

And she was about to force her way, when she saw Monsieur Valport appear. He looked at her with great astonishment. Then turning to Lésin, he said, courteously :

"Excuse me!"

Lésin turned around quickly, and Albert entered the billiard-room.

"Mademoiselle, the mazourka is about to begin," he said to Jetta.

Even fools, when they are in love, have subtle clairvoyance. Lésin did not cry out, like Archimedes, "I have found it!" He simply contented himself with murmuring, "This is my man!" And, squaring himself again in the doorway—

"I am very sorry for you, sir," he said; "but Mademoiselle Maulabret will not dance this mazourka with you."

Albert, in utter amazement, turned and looked at him from head to foot, from the soles of his shining boots to the parting of his hair. He seemed to be taking his measure.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" he said, finally. "Ah! if I am not mistaken, you are the Marquis de Moisieux. Will you kindly explain, sir, why Mademoiselle Maulabret will not dance this mazourka with me?"

"She told me only three days since that she did not dance. If she has changed her mind it is, of course, with me that she will dance before any one else."

"Ah! but you know that inconsequence is the first right of man, and still more of woman," replied Albert, in a most contemptuous tone; and he offered his arm to Jetta, who felt her knees tremble under her as she said to him, hastily :

"Oh! excuse me; I am too tired."

He frowned and bit his lips.

"I yield to your fatigue," he replied; "but I should like to be certain that you are not influenced by fear."

"The first right of a woman is to be afraid," said Lésin, with a sneer.

Albert's eyes flashed fire, but he encountered an entreating glance from Jetta. This glance distinctly said: "You pretend to love me; I implore you to sacrifice your just anger for my sake."

With considerable difficulty he succeeded in controlling his anger to that degree that he could even smile as, bowing low to Lésin, he said :

"My dear marquis, you are altogether too clever for me. I can not hope to decipher your enigmas."

"I am, nevertheless, quite ready," answered Lésin, elevating his voice, and speaking with

great haughtiness, "to give you any explanations which it may please you to ask."

Fortunately, the sound of his voice was heard. The master of the house hurried in.

"My dear sir," he said to this young rooster, "permit me to present you to the wife of our first secretary to the embassy of Berlin. She has heard of you, and is eager to make your acquaintance."

"If this is a joke, it is a very poor one," said Lésin to himself, for he was in a mood when he was quite ready to quarrel with any one. But Monsieur Vaugenis was so perfectly in earnest and even solemn, that he was reassured, and even consented to be led away by him.

Monsieur Valport was in a hot rage; he felt his blood boil. When he had placed Jetta on a sofa, he sat down by her side. Then, in a constrained voice, he said :

"I must, then, renounce the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"Ah! you lose very little," she answered, trying to smile; "I am a wretched dancer."

"And you insist also," he continued, emphasizing his words, "that I shall not ask Monsieur Moisieux for the explanations which he so liberally offers."

"Oh, I implore you!" she said, in great terror.

"So be it, then; but it seems to me that so much docility and resignation on my part deserve some recompense."

What could she say to this? She had been strong at first, but she had not foreseen this incident, which had changed the whole aspect of things. She was under the charm of his presence, and to this charm was added a sense of fear. As Lésin had said, women have a right to be afraid, and therefore two enemies were assailing her door at one and the same time. She heard through the open doors the music from the next room—the intoxicating strains, lively and tender, of a mazourka. She saw young people who had not a care nor interest in the world other than that of moving in time or carrying their heads well and managing their elbows. She saw white dresses, blue, and pink, float past. And while these careless and happy creatures were thus devoting themselves to amusement, she, seated on this velvet sofa, which seemed to her almost like a vast solitude, was forced to reply to questions which admitted of no reply; she found herself battling with the unknown, with a great mystery, face to face with a handsome man, whose countenance expressed most contradictory things. She was at war with herself, with her own affrighted conscience, with her vivid imagination which depicted two men in a wood fighting a duel on

her account. Under what star, then, was she born? Ever since she had reached years of reflection, her eyes had seen only dreary objects, her ears had heard little save startling words; she had received as her appointed lot eternal labor and eternal anxiety; from one danger she fell into another, and now Fate seemed to have done its worst. It was in vain for the bird to struggle and beat its wings against the bars of the cage; he broke his feathers and his claws all in vain. Meanwhile the piano was still heard, and the pretty dresses floated past.

"Monsieur Vaugenis has confessed his perfidy," continued the handsome young man, who was perfectly pitiless in his love, and would on no account have renounced the opportunity chance had afforded him of improving his advantages. "You have heard all, and you know who I am. You know, too, that I can invoke in my favor the last wishes of him who loved you so much. You know, in short, that you hold in your hands the fate of a man. I am not much in myself, I admit, but a man must count for something. Listen to me one moment; I ask as my recompense only a little hope."

Was it, then, written that no person was to come to interrupt this unhappy conversation? She gave one long, appealing look at her aunt, who was at the other end of the *salon*, conversing with a respectable old gentleman, who had known her father. She was happy for a brief period in living over the past; her usual torpor had vanished. She was speaking with animation, almost with fire. There are trees whose summits have been injured by frosts, and which are living only at the roots; there are natures marred by contact with life and the world, but who are occasionally warmed up by souvenirs of the past.

"A little hope," continued Monsieur Valport; "is that too much to ask?"

She had the strength to reply:

"Impossible—impossible!"

His face changed, and he said:

"Do you wish to give me my liberty, then? I shall use it in a way that I myself shall regret."

These words might be understood in two senses; but, as he looked at Lésin, who was to be seen standing near the mantel, she shivered again at the thought of these two men fighting for her. Her throat contracted.

"Say 'Perhaps!' and I will depart contented," he continued, in a tone that was at once imperious and entreating. "I implore you to say 'Perhaps.'"

"Perhaps!" she murmured, hardly knowing that she had spoken, and unconscious of the look of joyous triumph with which he thanked her.

Although she spoke very low, her "perhaps" had reached the ears of Monsieur Vaugenis, who arrived on the scene a second too late, and on whose lips quivered an ironical smile. He had come to say that Madame Cantarel wished to go. Since he had no longer been President of the Chamber, the principle of Monsieur Vaugenis had been to find in all the incidents of life matter or a suggestion for a proverb in one act. It is an occupation which assists in consoling one's self for the chagrins of others, but it is less easy to find consolation for one's own. While he took Jetta to her aunt, the ex-president was saying to himself:

"A woman who goes to a ball determined to say 'No,' and who says 'Yes,' or almost yes, is a very good idea. The piece might be called '*Souvent femme varie*.' No, that won't do; the title is not taking enough."

Monsieur Cantarel had been as unlucky at whist as at the auction; he had lost twenty louis, which, in addition to his fraudulent "Fragonard," put the finishing touch to his bad humor. As he descended the stairs, he asked his ward if she had danced, and, on her replying "No," he exclaimed:

"No, of course not; you would be afraid of compromising the health of your soul!"

XV.

THE varied emotions of this *soirée* had utterly exhausted the strength of Mademoiselle Maulabret. On leaving the residence of Monsieur Vaugenis, she was so worn out that, no sooner had her head touched the pillow, than she was soundly asleep. For some hours she forgot everything, but when she awoke memory brought it all back to her. She sat up in her bed, and, with her thick hair floating over her shoulders, she buried her face in her hands. She looked like a repentant Magdalen weeping for her sins. Hers was this terrible "perhaps" which she had allowed her lips to utter. Instead of this victory which she had promised her conscience, she had brought from the battlefield only the consciousness of defeat; and, notwithstanding all the explanations which she made to herself, her conscience pricked her. She had not surrendered, it was true, but the besieger scented her approaching capitulation, and was already glorying in it. Should she be compelled to hoist the white flag?

Fortunately, there was an army in reserve, and perhaps all could be regained. Hardly was she dressed, than Jetta hastened to Madame Cantarel, and, with as much energy as if it were a matter of life and death, she implored her aunt to take her that afternoon to Mother Amélie.

She opened her eyes wide when Madame Cantarel, before giving her consent, said, coldly :

"It seems to me, my dear, that you and Monsieur Valport had a very serious conversation last evening. But I do not wish to pry into any of your secrets. Since you desire it, I will take you to your hospital. I have business in that *quartier*, and will leave you there for an hour, when I will call for you ; and we need say nothing about it to Monsieur Cantarel."

The impatience of Mademoiselle Maulabret counted every minute ; it seemed to her that the time would never come, and yet it did, as everything does. Oh, how dear to her was every paving-stone in that old courtyard, and how restful to her eyes were those old brick walls ! As she looked at them it seemed to her that a great weight was lifted from her heart ; she felt a sense of relief, as of approaching deliverance.

"When I go out of this gate," she said to herself, "I shall not be the same person ; my heart will be light and free. It is in this holy place that one hears those victorious words which strengthen and comfort, and which bring restless thoughts once more into order."

She entered by the principal staircase, and passed down the large ward—this ward, in her imagination, still belonged to her. Here was her first disappointment : she recognized no one and no one recognized her. Hospitals are but brief resting-places for the sick ; they come there to sit or to lie down, and presently are gone again. Everywhere there were new faces, everywhere indifferent eyes which did not light up when they rested on her face. The very walls appeared to regard her with severity, and seemed to say, "Who is this stranger ?"

In vain did she say to them, "It is Sister Marie—it is I !" She could not convince them. Where was her white woolen robe—what had she done with her apron, so dazzlingly white each morning and so dingy by night ? She had flowers in her hat ; she came from the world, and to the world would return ; the world was her master and she bore his livery, and in her heart was something mysterious and strange, a dream, a strain of music that was never known within the walls of a hospital. She saw the novice who had taken her place go to the side of a bed and give the sick woman some *bouillon*. She was tempted to take the cup in her own hands, but hers were gloved, and her gloves had eight buttons.

At last she met some one who knew her, and this was the house-surgeon, who, with his hat on his head, was just going out. He stopped short with a start, and, after looking at her for a moment, he went up to her.

"Ah ! Sister !"

He saw he was right, and then said, ceremoniously :

"Mademoiselle, excuse me ; you have come, I presume, to see the Mother : you will find her in her private room."

She did find her there, and the Mother was unchanged. The days and months that had passed over her had not changed her in the smallest degree : she had never been young, she ought not to grow old ; what can Time do to those who live in eternity ?

Why, then, did Mademoiselle Maulabret, after knocking at the door and then opening it herself, stand motionless, confused, and timid on the threshold ?

Perhaps she had transfigured Mother Amélie : our memory often deceives us ; she rubs her stump over all hard outlines, and veils them in a light mist which softens all crudities.

Mademoiselle Maulabret had forgotten that Mother Amélie's face was so terrible, and her great black eyes so austere and implacable. Was it possible to speak to her of certain things without trembling ? She had come there resolved to open her whole heart, to pour out her soul at the feet of this saint, and she felt herself overwhelmed by fear which almost paralyzed her—her throat contracted, and the words expired on her lips.

Although the Mother, on seeing her, had hastily risen from her chair, although she received her in the most cordial, eager manner, and though she extended to her both hands, Mademoiselle Maulabret, after devoutly kissing these waxen hands, took her seat in silence.

The Mother was obliged to question her :

"I expected you," she said ; "I was sure you would come. Did they raise many objections ?"

"No, Mother Amélie. Madame Cantarel brought me here herself."

"And this dangerous marquis—what have you done with him ?"

"Oh, pray do not let us talk of him ! There is no danger there."

"Did you refuse him in the terms I suggested ?"

"I was not obliged to follow your precious counsel, as he did not come back to the charge."

"But he will come ?"

"I fancy not."

"Then they have not worried you much ?"

"No, Mother ; I have no reason to complain of any one."

The Mother resumed after a brief silence :

"Do you know why they brought you to Paris ? They undoubtedly said to themselves that it is the place where too tender consciences are most easily hardened. They have taken you from *fête to fête*, from theatre to theatre ?"

It was with unmixed horror that she uttered this last word.

"You bade me, Mother Amélie—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "I bade you raise no opposition to their wishes. These people are faithless beyond words. Had you chosen to live in the world like a servant of the Lord, they would have disputed the will. The courts, of course, would have rendered a decision in our favor, but it is best to avoid a public discussion on this point. Certain newspapers would take advantage of the occasion to invent new scandals about us. At all events, I trust they have not compelled you to dance?"

"No, Mother."

"So much the better. Just think what a trial for a modest girl—for a child of Mary—to be held in the arms of a man!"

Jetta's eyelids fell.

"No," she thought, "I have not been held in the arms of a man, but this man is there in my heart."

She answered:

"Would to Heaven that a ball were the only temptation to which one is exposed in the world!"

"Why do you speak of temptations?" Mother Amélie hastily exclaimed. "You wrote me from Combar that there was nothing in the least seductive or dangerous."

"That is true," answered the girl, in some embarrassment; "but, since I came to Paris, I have found the very air full of a nameless something which softens the heart and enervates the will. Oh! there is no immediate danger," she continued, terrified by the look with which the Mother favored her; "but I feel languid and helpless, and I came here to gain strength from you. Speak to me—tell me what I ought to do in those hours when I feel less firm in my resolutions, less attached to my vocation."

"Remember constantly—keep before you the fact," answered the Mother, in a tone of authority, "that you have mentally pronounced your vows, and repeat them half aloud, over and over again, on your knees. There is, first, the vow of obedience, by which you have made a sacrifice of your own will to Almighty God; and, as this obedience extends to every detail of your daily life, however trifling, this sacrifice is the perfect holocaust. You can not dispose of yourself. Can one dispose of trust-funds? Then comes the vow of poverty, which consists in renouncing the enjoyment of our possessions, and which also includes the voluntary impoverishment of the heart. The Church commands us to rob ourselves of everything—not only of our worldly goods, but of our attachment for our fellow-creatures."

"Yet, Mother Amélie, you love your fellow-creatures," said Jetta, with some hesitation, "for

you consecrate your whole life to the care of the sick and the infirm." She added, "Would one not be allowed to love a person whom one has nursed and cured?"

"In these sad houses, where we are forbidden to occupy ourselves with the spiritual welfare of those about us," answered Mother Amélie, in a bitter tone, "we ought to regard the cares which we render to the body as a work intrusted to us by the Lord—a mortification which he imposes on us, and a means accorded by his grace which we may employ for our salvation. The third vow," she continued, "is, as you know, the vow of chastity, which places us under a double obligation, the first of which is to renounce marriage, the second to have, for all that the world calls love, all the horror and loathing which it deserves."

"What is love?" murmured Jetta, with downcast eyes.

"It is the rebellion of the flesh and the senses," answered Mother Amélie, with strange energy. "It is the fire of concupiscence. It is those carnal pleasures which belong only to animals. It is immodesty and sin."

If Mademoiselle Maulabret, wandering in the forests of the New World, had been compelled to ask her way of an Indian, and this Indian had replied to her eager questions in Choctaw or Sioux, her embarrassment would have been extreme; but to that embarrassment would not have been added the sad confusion of ideas, the secret shame which at this moment brought a mist before her eyes and beads of cold sweat to her brow. Immodesty and sin! These frightful words, alarming all her womanly instincts, did not convey any light to her understanding.

Since that interview with the president, when she had exclaimed—"It would be a noble work; but she must love him"—she had meditated long and seriously on the mysteries of this life. She had come to the conclusion that the vocation most acceptable to Heaven was that of the virgin who consecrates herself to the suffering and the needy. This vocation her conscience had freely chosen, and her conscience remained faithful to the silent engagement she had made. But she also decided that every condition in life has its sanctity. It seemed to her that to love a man would be to give him her soul and her body, to obtain from him in return a portion of his will and his whole heart. This heart, she said to herself, is a prey already disputed. It is not enough to have conquered it, it must be guarded and defended against foes from within and foes from without; against the assaults of passion and against the jealousies of the world, which roam around concealed happiness as a devouring lion roams about a sheepfold. It seemed to

her, moreover, that this incessant struggle demanded much vigilance, many sacrifices, and unwearying tenderness, an affection always attentive and always ready; but that the victory was full of infinite sweetness, and that there was joy in the suffering and suffering in the joy, and, as both joy and suffering are blended in the music of Beethoven, so might the God of heaven and earth, who has created both the soul and the body, pervade them both.

In a word, she considered love a sacred rose, which should be nailed to a cross. In fact, without being herself aware of it, it was less of a man than of love that she was enamored. Immodesty and sin! Mud was thrown on her fair vision. Her head drooped, and she fell into a sad reverie.

Meanwhile the Mother continued to talk. Her subject inspired her, and her eloquence came out in huge waves, like a torrent that overleaps its boundaries. She represented to Jetta that sin and immodesty are often committed in the heart. She warned her against the immodesty of free glances; against criminal curiosity; against the eagerness of ears which listen to doubtful words; against an imagination which leaves a stain on the soul; against the poison instilled drop by drop; against the cunning of the serpent, who resorts to every imaginable device to conquer angelic virtue, and rob the King of kings of his subjects and his sheep.

Thus did this holy woman, on whose face had never rested the passionate gaze of man, recite her lesson. She had given to the King of kings her virginity and the widowhood of her soul. He had found in her a most ungracious spouse, sharp and bitter at times, but always faithful and true. She watched Jetta, who would not meet her eyes. She felt a pang of anxiety; but her anxiety was mixed with anger. She presently said:

"Mademoiselle Maulabret, do you often think of your Mother? A step further, and your scruples will no longer disturb you."

Jetta started, but made no reply.

"Hear what I say. That which I fear for you is not the bad influence of those with whom you live, or whom you meet at *fêtes* and theatres, and in all the temples which Satan has built on this earth. I fear your own weakness more than all else. You are incapable of yielding to a threat, but I believe you extremely sensible to gentle words and adroit flattery."

She continued to examine Jetta, and her mortified flesh and macerated spirit were offended by the delicate freshness of her face, set off by a simple but exquisite toilet.

"Take my advice, mademoiselle, and when you go back to Combard break your mirror,"

said Mother Amélie, with sharp and angry vehemence. "What is beauty? The flower of the fields, which withers and fades. A man, who, without doubt, deserves to be punished by Almighty God because he has odiously calumniated the Jesuits, but who, perhaps, won his pardon for having passed his whole life in hating life and the world—this man said, 'Delightful as the play may have been, the end is certain—a little earth is thrown on the head, and that is the end!'"

Jetta's prolonged silence irritated her; her doubts were rapidly transformed into certainty, and Mother Amélie began to be certain that this young heart was concealing a secret from her. In a threatening voice she cried:

"And I have felt so sure of you, I have answered for you to man in my daily words, and to God in my prayers! If I could believe or suppose—"

"Ah! my Mother! my Mother!" said Jetta, with a terrified gesture, which she accepted as a denial.

This reassured her somewhat; she reproached herself for having been too severe and too vehement. She interrogated herself to discover if, in her zeal for the Holy Cause, she had not unconsciously mingled some bitterness of wounded self-love or personal interest. At once therefore she crossed herself, in her usual rapid way, in order to drive away the tempter.

"I am sure," she said, more gently, "that I have been too suspicious and too severe. One does not live in the world with impunity, my dear; you have, as you say, moments of languor, of spiritual torpor. Do not be too much alarmed. God, who tries you, will surely come to your aid. Perhaps you have been too confident in yourself. He wishes to warn you of your danger. Ah! you did wisely to come to me. I venture to hope that this visit will not be altogether useless to the welfare of your soul. One can not defend one's self too quickly against this evil flame of which the apostle speaks. We shake from our robes a lighted coal even before we feel the heat; it is only madmen who wait for the fire to burst forth."

At this moment a servant came to say that Madame Cantarel was below, and waiting for her niece.

"How avariciously they measure the time you give to me!" she said, compressing her lips with proud humility. "But the hopes of the wicked will be disappointed."

Then she clasped Jetta in her arms for a moment. The girl, touched by this unusual evidence of affection, murmured, as she kissed her hands again:

"Thanks, Mother. I am very glad to have seen you."

Mother Amélie walked through the ward with her niece, and, as she passed the image of the Holy Virgin, she made a deep genuflection, and said, in a low voice :

"The only safety for a girl like yourself is to place yourself under the protection of Mary the Immaculate—queen and protectress of virgins."

Jetta raised her eyes to the Holy Virgin, but she was a stranger to her. The image she had formerly seen in this same place held a child in her arms. This one had been replaced by another who seemed to have forgotten that a child had ever been born unto her, and that she had given a Saviour to mankind. Crowned with stars shrouded in an azure mantle, and with her hands folded on her breast, she seemed to offer herself as a subject of adoration to the universe.

When Jetta was seated in the carriage, Madame Cantarel asked several questions about Mother Amélie, but Jetta's replies were so absent and so brief that her aunt relapsed into her usual silence.

Alas ! from this hospital, where she had hoped to gain strength, she had come without having heard one of those victorious words which reassured and comforted her. Certain terms mercifully pursued her, haunted her like a bad dream, and tormented without convincing her. Occasionally she shook her skirts, as if to allow a burning coal to drop, but none dropped ! Madame Cantarel, who saw and understood, respected the sad silence of her companion. The *coupé* had nearly reached La Rue de Rivoli, when she said :

"You see, my dear, it is never best to consult any one ; the best way to settle your own matters is to do it yourself. You will have ample leisure now to dream, for Monsieur Cantarel, whom we have too long deprived of the fair marquise, informed me this morning that he meant to return to Combard to-morrow."

Mademoiselle Maulabret could not repress an exclamation of joy. Combard was a place where she could move about without seeing Albert Valport.

FRENCH FAMILY LIFE AND MANNERS.

II.

THE absence of anything like religious feeling (*Religiosität*) is very characteristic of the French nature: the language, in fact, has no equivalent expression. The country which, for a considerable space of time, has been the headquarters of Catholicism is not, as a rule, religious (*fromm*) in the German sense of the word. Even where religion appears in its most fanatical character, it is not the deep personal faith of the German or the sensuous belief of an Italian, but rather a form of party passion. In Bossuet himself the rationalist and partisan always appears ; his love for his Saviour comes from his head, not from his heart ; nor is there anything to distinguish his passion from that of a political party-leader such as we so often find in France, almost always above mean motives, often without personal ambition, and wholly absorbed in the idea of his party—an idea which generally resolves itself into a word. Yet such fanaticism in religion as well as in politics is the exception among the middle classes, however widely it may seem to be spread over the surface. Indifference is the general rule. The majority of educated Frenchmen are at the bottom Voltaireans ; they believe in a personal God and in another life, and therewith they are content. Not that this is their

professed religion. As no Frenchman living in good society would be satisfied with a civil marriage, so confirmation and communion are a necessary part of the education of his children. The dying never omit to receive the sacrament, and, however anti-clerical the sentiments of the deceased individual may have been, a priest always attends the funeral. Most families go so far as to fast on Friday, if it is only "*pour donner l'exemple aux gens*." It would be overshooting the mark to call this hypocrisy. It is, in fact, considered *mal vu* to make one's external actions agree with one's internal convictions in such matters. It shows a want of good taste, of which no educated Frenchman would be guilty at any price. Here, too, propriety and utility are the principles of conduct which are conscientiously followed. Nor must we allow ourselves to be deceived by the extent to which the French *bourgeoisie* interest themselves in the *Société de Saint Vincent de Paule* and other religious societies of the same kind. All that they wish to do thereby is to preserve religion in the lower orders as an antidote against the subversive influence of the revolutionists, convinced as they are that for the working-class morality and superstition are inseparable. This is chiefly, if not solely,

the ground on which a Frenchman of the middle class goes to mass and confession, or "practices" (*pratiquer*), as he very expressively terms it. I forget who called religion the best policeman; whoever it was, he expresses the secret conviction of almost every educated Frenchman. There are, indeed, not a few who accept wholesale and without any previous examination the religion which they have practiced and seen practiced from their childhood, as a ready-made, consistent, and final solution of the riddle of the world. To give any further thought to the question would in their eyes be useless, inconvenient, and even dangerous. Better once for all to exclude reason, with its spirit of curiosity and doubt from this "chamber of man's imagery." Let Reason pass reverently by, lest worse things than ignorance befall her. Even Pascal, the deepest French thinker after Descartes, only accepted Catholicism in order to escape from the terrors of skepticism—a wager (*gageure*), in which everything was possibly to be won, and nothing at any rate could be lost. Nor is any antagonism to the speculative doctrines of the Church implied in the hatred of priests, which is at work among the French as in all Catholic nations, be they of Latin, German, or Celtic race. It is logic, their beloved logic, which carries the French into extremes, as soon as it enters on religious questions, and which renders them averse to a creed so inconsistent as Lutheranism, or the vague, undogmatic German pietism. In truth, however, the immense majority of educated Frenchmen do not concern themselves at all with inconvenient questions of this kind, and keep their heads clear of the supernatural as much and as long as possible. In fact, they hold, as the popular saying goes, "*Notre Seigneur Dieu pour un bon homme*," which does not prevent them from taking off their hat mechanically to him.

In short, a Frenchman's religion, like his morality, is a matter of calculation. Outward observance is the criterion of the one, as respectable behavior is of the other. Now, a true German sets faith above works: good works have no value for him except as the expression of faith. But a Frenchman places the beneficial results of an action above the purity of its motive, and his morality is in fact limited to the simple precept, "Do not to another what you would not like him to do to you." A true German believes in election by grace, whatever form he may give to his creed. For him the heroes of his imagination, a Prince Henry and a Tom Jones, an Egmont and a Faust, with all their errors, are yet worthy of respect; nay, more so than the virtuous citizen who has done his neighbor neither harm nor good. For a German does not and can not doubt that—

"Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen Drang,
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst." *

But, in France, Socrates, who asserted that he had all the instincts for evil, but had overcome them, has always been held up as an ideal character; and Cicero's "*bonum*," which is also "*honestum*" and "*utile*," appeals to the Frenchman of to-day as to the contemporaries of Bossuet and Fénelon. To doubt the freedom of the will was and is considered simply immoral. They can not understand how Luther, the man of the most powerful will in modern times, could fail to believe in free-will. Could Calvin or Jansen have resolved to drop the dogma of predestination, who knows whether sober-minded France, which has always hankered after Gallican independence, might not now have been Calvinist or Jansenist?

Whatever thick-headed Teutons may think of the moral standpoint and political capacity of the French, the most conservative among them must allow that nature and education have made of the Frenchman the most perfect member of society known in history.† Nature has given him gayety and wit, amiability and refinement, a fine discrimination, the desire to please, and just enough egotism to prevent social life from becoming coarse, tiresome, or sullen. He has, therefore, with rare sagacity, so arranged his social life as to leave these qualities free play. We Germans always take things too seriously, both in the ordinary relations of life and in social intercourse, and a sort of easy indifference would, perhaps, in many respects, be to our advantage. Acquaintanceship, the agreeable stimulus of mere social intercourse, does not satisfy the sentimental German; his fellow-men are either indifferent to him or bosom friends. He takes their affairs to heart as if they were his own, and considers it egotistic or distrustful to reserve anything from a friend. What a German calls taking an interest in any one (*Theilnahme*), often, in truth, mere indiscretion or curiosity, is fatal to all easy social intercourse; for such intercourse presupposes independence; and, though it requires a man to place a part of himself at the disposal of others, it expects him to keep back another and by far the larger part. A man can only give himself up entirely to one or a few friends, otherwise he incurs the risk of exposing himself sooner

* "A good man, in the darkness and dismay
Of powers that fail and purposes o'erthrown,
May still be conscious of the proper way."

—(Faust, "Prologue in Heaven," translated by Theodore Martin.)

† If we may judge by the signs of the times, French rationalism is getting the upper hand in morals and politics both in England and Germany, as culture in the end always leads the popular judgment to reduce everything to the test of the bare understanding.

or later to a collision of interests or passions, and then there is an end to any intercourse at all. A Frenchman has an innate conviction that too great intimacy is the ruin of sociability, and therefore avoids it. In the same way he avoids anything so laborious as a detailed explanation, because it robs conversation, in which he is a *virtuoso*, of the charm of vivacity and variety.

French sociability has become proverbial. The fact is, a people, in whose nature gayety, communicativeness, and a continual need of some incentive outside of themselves are so deeply rooted, is eminently adapted for light, social intercourse. A Frenchman, too, though he never throws his doors open to the same extent as the Germans, likes his friends to come and see him. The limit he thus sets to his hospitality is in no slight degree due to the simplicity of his living, which we have already noticed; for, however sincere he may be, he always likes to appear more than he really is. He can not bear to let any one out of his own family, even his most intimate friend, see into his daily life. However limited his means may be, he has a strong objection to taking boys or girls into his house as boarders, so common a custom among German clergymen and schoolmasters. If he did, he would no longer feel as if he were living in his own house, and on this he sets far more store than is generally supposed. He is never happy, for instance, in lodgings. Even when only a student, he has his own furniture, if he can manage it, just as it is the ideal of every *petit bourgeois* and peasant to live on his own bit of ground. And, when he has a house, he carefully keeps it in his own hands. When he travels, he seldom or never lets his comfortably furnished home, as is the custom in England. It is the same thing with his hospitality. He is really hospitable enough, more so on the average than the German; but he likes to be his own master, and master in his own house, and himself to decide when and how to show hospitality. No one, as a rule, however old a friend he may be of the house, ever ventures to join the family dinner or come in for a cup of tea in the evening without an invitation. In the provinces the master and mistress are usually much too vain to invite their acquaintances to anything short of a grand dinner or a *soirée*.

In Paris people are more easy-going about such matters, and their hospitality is less heavy and formal, because the entertainments are more simple. It is not at all an uncommon thing in the capital to find an "open house" where the hospitality is of the simplest, though here, too, a previous invitation is absolutely necessary. Such receptions are of frequent recurrence. A married man seldom or never goes to his club,

and, if he belongs to the upper middle class, he would be acting contrary to all ideas of propriety if he frequented the *cafés*. But he does not on that account always stay at home. He and his wife go out almost every evening, and always together, generally to near friends or relations, with whom they keep up the same intimacy as before marriage. Yet in this circle of relations invitations to dinner are of far more rare occurrence; and outside this circle dinner-parties are unknown, except among very rich families, now that the ever-growing luxury, if it has not infected the whole middle class, has at least forced it to limit its hospitality more and more to intimate friends; for no one can bear to think that a comparison might be drawn to his disadvantage between himself and his more wealthy neighbor. Besides, dinner is always considered an end in itself. Its object is to satisfy a natural want and afford refined enjoyment; not, as in England, to be an excuse and opportunity for social intercourse, still less, as in Germany, to supply it with an artificial stimulus. Sitting for a long time after dinner is unknown in France. As soon as the last course is over, the guests leave the dining-room. Cards, music, and conversation fill up the evening, and the lively, talkative Celt does not require the aid of alcohol to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. His natural desire to please serves him here in good stead. He likes to be seen in the most favorable light. When he dons his evening dress he also dons his "society" mind, and leaves slipshod manners at home with his slippers. Accustomed as he is from his youth up to this intellectual dress, he moves about in it with ease and grace, whereas for us Germans it would be a perpetual hindrance and constraint. He brings with him for the general entertainment whatever he has seen or read, thought or heard, during the day, that can either interest or please. In his evening conversation, as in his books, he offers, so to speak, the neatly served-up dish, without displaying the whole culinary process, as was so long the habit of German writers. One must certainly have very crude ideas to call this acting a part. A Frenchman on such an occasion is not representing any other character; it is his very self which appears, albeit his better, or, if you like, his more amiable self. And, while he is winning laurels for this self, he enlivens and affords refined enjoyment to others. He respects and spares the susceptibilities of his neighbors, but is careful not to betray his intention lest he should wound their feelings. Just as we can make our way in a French crowd without injury to our ribs, so we move about in French society without the danger of anybody treading on our mental corns—a danger which is not always easily avoided in

countries where the candid friend is so highly appreciated. A Frenchman, however, is seldom content with this negative form of social duty to his neighbor; he finds it hard to deny himself the pleasure of flattery, and, agreeable as this may be for the recipient, it involves a sacrifice of truthfulness. French society is, in fact, a huge vanity insurance company. Compliments are paid in order to be returned, but they are never awkward or in bad taste. The flattery of a Frenchman, which he has reduced to an art, and in which he is a proficient, is skillful, apparently unintentional, never direct and never exaggerated, and it is the absence of the atmosphere created by it which makes him feel so ill at ease in foreign countries, and so thoroughly like a fish out of water.

This craving to satisfy his vanity shows itself in civil institutions as well as in social intercourse. The love of equality so falsely ascribed to him is found to be quite compatible with distinctions of every description; and there are such a number of them that everybody can be gratified by having at least one. Crosses and ribbons, prizes and dignities, titles and chairs, are so abundant, that the humblest merit need not fear to go empty away. It is curious too that, although every one knows how such distinctions may be obtained, they are still not only desired and envied, but also respected. No Frenchman is ignorant that it is quite impossible for "patient merit," to quote Hamlet's expression, to obtain the Legion of Honor or a seat in the Academy; the statutes expressly require formal application to be made for both, by letter in one case, in the other in person. None the less they enjoy far greater consideration than is attached, for instance, to the membership of a German academy or the possession of a German order. Yet in Germany these distinctions seek out persons of merit, instead of being sought for.

The vanity of the French, amiable as it is, childlike in its harmlessness, and entirely destitute of anything like concealment or hypocrisy, is closely connected with another of their social virtues—if virtues they be—I mean the so-called *respect humain*. It is incredible how sensitive a Frenchman is to ridicule. He can bear anything better than being laughed at. Misfortune and pain are nothing to him compared with ridicule. He feels a joke about himself as an insult or a humiliation. Hence the anxious care with which he avoids everything *qui ne se fait pas*, lest he should make himself conspicuous or excite a smile. This holds good in every sphere of life. As a true Frenchman would not on any account wear a hat which other Frenchmen do not wear, so he is unwilling to declare an opinion which is not generally received. I should never have ad-

vised an educated Frenchman to admire "Tannhäuser" after it had been hissed off the Parisian stage, or to find a spot on Victor Hugo's sun as long as it was the center of the planetary system. This characteristic produces a certain intellectual monotony which strikes us as strange in so vivacious a nation. It is, in fact, due to an entire absence of liberty of thought—a defect which is first stamped on their character by education, then further developed by their habits of life, and which mars their finest intellectual qualities. And it is the consequent dread of public opinion which renders a worthy political life absolutely impossible. I shall have occasion to speak again of this dread of public opinion; here I only wish to make one observation, which holds good not only in politics but in every department of life. At one moment we see the mass of honest citizens reduced by the feverish and passionate agitation of a few partisans to a state of silent submission, then to one of apathy; at another the shallow Utopian schemes and rhetorical platitudes of vain or inexperienced reformers produce a natural reaction, when the great majority of the nation again clings blindly to authority, and the men whose finer intellectual qualities oblige them to keep their judgment in suspense find no better alternative than mere routine. Nowhere is the doctrine of *laissez faire* more widely spread among men of sense and worth than in France, the very country where they have had most experience of the dangerous "tall talk" of the friends of the people.

A real terror of new systems and theories has seized the minds of the best men, and not without reason. We will not, however, pursue the subject further. At present we have only to deal with society, not with politics or literature, and it is enough to have pointed out how superstitiously a Frenchman respects the habits of life and opinions in which he has been brought up. A statesman of high character and eminent ability, whose like as a minister France has, alas! too seldom seen, once said to me in joke, "To tell the truth, you foreigners are all a little cracked (*toqués*)."

He merely meant to say that Americans, English, and Germans, all ventured more or less to emancipate themselves from prevailing opinions and customs. Yet, as a young man, he had traveled through England, Italy, and the whole of Hindostan. Imagine, then, what our eccentricities must be to a worthy citizen who has never left the Rue St. Denis or his native town, say Bourges or Douai!

Side by side with the social laws and the deep respect which they enjoy, and equally efficient in preserving the character and refinement of French society, are the laws of honor. These are indeed respected as much as the laws of the state are

despised. They are the true police of French society. It never occurs to a man to appeal to the courts of justice about a slander or an affront. It would only create the more talk and excitement, and that is just what he wishes to avoid. But the authority to which he does appeal is so generally recognized that a personal insult is almost unknown. The language itself has been so molded that you can say anything and everything without giving offense. If, however, offense is given, the matter goes before the invisible tribunal of society, an arrangement is brought about, or a duel ensues. Dueling is practically unpunished by the state tribunals, the obedient servants of public opinion. A special law, it is said, is being prepared about it; hitherto it has always been considered as murder (*assassinat prémédité*), or as unlawful wounding (*coups et blessures*). Yet a fatal duel seldom involves any punishment if brought before a jury, while a tolerably heavy penalty awaits one which has had no serious results if it should come under the cognizance of the tribunal of correctional police, and therefore of professional judges. In true French fashion, the law is not made to suit the facts, but the facts are expected to adapt themselves to the Procrustean bed of the law, which naturally can not recognize such an irrational mediæval institution as dueling.

This law of honor, like so much else in France, has its root in vanity. In direct contrast to the German or Englishman, a Frenchman pays more regard to a point of honor than to what is honorable, just as he thinks more of the consideration which worth enjoys than of worth itself. He at once resents anything which in the very least hurts his *amour propre*. These notions of honor are impressed on the French in their very childhood, just as they are brought up to shrink more from what is ridiculous than from what is wrong. According to our ideas, there is no such thing as a child's "honor," in the social sense of the word; honor can only be applied to men, and only to them in their social capacity. It is quite otherwise in France. There, a boy of twelve or thirteen would consider it an affront if his master boxed his ears; while in the most aristocratic school in England a youth of seventeen is caned if he has disgraced himself by telling a lie. What is true of school is true also of after-life. A Frenchman does not consider himself disgraced by a dishonorable action so much as by being accused of it, however undeserved that accusation may be. But, it is only fair to state that such actions are perhaps rarer in France than anywhere else. Nor can I too often remind my readers that it is impossible to describe a state of society without making generalizations which may often disagree

with the particular experience of other observers, but are not on that account invalidated.

That a Frenchman wishes his "light to shine before men" is a fact that none would question. What one likes about him is that he is not ashamed of this failing. It can not be denied, for instance, that he has physical courage. Yet he himself readily admits that to be thoroughly brave he needs spectators, and then there are no deeds of heroism of which he is not capable. A young man wrote to tell me he was going to the war, "there to meet his death or"—not to see his country saved, but—"to win the cross of the Legion of Honor." Even the far-famed chivalry of the Frenchman needs the presence of spectators if it is to appear in all its glory. He is ever ready to aid the feeble, to bow down to old age, to make little sacrifices, but he prefers to do it in public. This characteristic is intimately connected with the Celtic indifference to truth. I do not mean to insinuate that the Celt intentionally or maliciously perverts facts in order to deceive others and benefit himself; but he has a want of respect for the truth as such, a habit of unconscious exaggeration and "bragging," a way of making himself out to be braver, more generous, more learned, richer, and in a better social position than he really is. There is nothing like concealment, or doggedness, or bitterness in his vanity, nor is anything more alien to the French character than the conscious hypocrisy too often found in Germanic nations.

There is another element which contributes to the charm of French society: I mean its gallantry. Just as their excessive sensitiveness about personal honor, by entailing respect for the susceptibilities of others, renders social intercourse easy and pleasant, so gallantry gives it a charm and a piquancy, a stimulus, in fact, for which the "flowing bowl" of Germany is but a poor substitute. The coquetry of Frenchwomen is generally far more innocent than is supposed; at any rate, it is much more natural than its opposite. Their desire to please and their habit of making no attempt to conceal so innocent a wish render their conversation most attractive. The restraint imposed by their presence and the wish to share in such delightful intercourse makes the men more agreeable, while it obliges them to keep within limits which they might otherwise easily overstep. Unfortunately, what with the spread of the Anglomania among the higher classes and the strait-laced ideas about propriety at present in vogue among the *bourgeoisie*, the *naïveté* and general gayety of the French are fast disappearing. The old French *bonhomie*, the old innocent childlikeness, are growing every day more rare. On the one hand, it has become the fashion in the best society for

gentlemen to behave like English grooms and ladies like women of the town; on the other, a pedantic tone of seriousness and prudery, which sit but ill on a Frenchman, is beginning to creep into the middle classes and threatening to kill the bright and sociable spirit of olden times. The member of the jockey club adopts a form of behavior and indulges in a freedom of speech in the presence of marchionesses and duchesses which in better days would hardly have been tolerated in a less reputable kind of society; while a member of one of the liberal professions has such a regard for the virtue of his unmarried daughter that he thinks it necessary to suppress the most innocent joke. It seems as if the French were becoming incapable of the part which is the happy mean between these two extremes, and which they once filled with such grace and ease. The veiled and witty allusion to certain relations of life, the graceful and natural mode of paying court, the tasteful, pleasing insinuation of what would otherwise be objectionable—all this threatens to disappear. Even the vivacious, talkative Frenchman seems to be dying out. Once it was the custom for fellow-travelers and for those who sat together in the theatre to enter into conversation without any feeling of restraint; not, indeed, as in Germany, with a view to obtaining interesting biographical information, but in order to pass the time by talking about matters of general interest or of no special interest at all. Now, a man thinks he is forfeiting his dignity if he does not sit in his place in dumb silence, after the manner of Englishmen. The *salons* are, however, still tolerably free from this drawback, although here too it is becoming more and more the fashion to be stiff and reserved.

How much the national character has to do with the predominant part which women play in French society is seen from the fact that their influence has made itself felt in all periods of French history, and has been in no way impaired by the presence of the *bourgeoisie* on the scene since 1789. The Frenchwoman still rules supreme in the *salon*, in the bureau of the minister, in the family, and even in the house of business, as erst she ruled at court. She has not suffered, as the men have, from the habit of looking at things as mere abstractions. She has preserved intact her sureness of instinct, her intuitive power, and her firmness of character, because, unconsciously obeying her true nature, she has not sacrificed them to the abstract formulas of the understanding, or "principles," as they are pompously styled. In point of fact, Frenchwomen deserve to rule, for they are morally and intellectually far superior to the men. They are formed by nature to excel in what are specially

national virtues—love of order, thrift, and domestic affection. Cool, calculating, and practical, they are perhaps less easily troubled by conscientious scruples than the men, have a quicker and surer eye for the family interest, and follow it up with more energy. They are unsurpassed in their talent for housekeeping, for they manage the household with a firm and careful hand, without constantly talking about it, like German ladies. Many of them actually superintend their husband's business, which may explain the want of enterprise in French commerce. For a woman only looks to the profit which lies immediately before her; she does not willingly venture after a distant and uncertain gain, and has no taste for speculations attended by any risk. A Frenchwoman is never likely to lack boldness and perseverance in pushing her way; she has plenty of natural common-sense, and has not muddled it with "principles." She is the cleverest of mortals in turning to account any natural advantages, however slight, which she may possess, be it a pretty foot or a pretty voice. She is in the highest degree ambitious, passionate, though outwardly calm and self-controlled; never wanting in tact, elegant in her dress, adorned with a natural grace which it is the special aim of her education to foster; above all, endowed with character and determination. Possessed of such qualities, she guides her husband, or brother, or son; she urges him forward, makes the way smooth for him, undertakes any necessary business which may be distasteful to him; in short, she first wins him his position in life, and then helps him to assert it. To the prominent part which women play in France is largely due the peculiar tendency of French society and politics. The passionate pursuit of an immediate gain or interest has always been characteristic of French policy whenever it has not been aiming at the realization of abstract ideas. And, after *aplomb*, *esprit*, and *bon sens*, it is grace, cleverness, and vivacity which make society what it is.

It is the influence of women which makes French life so pleasant, and not for the women alone. In conversation a Frenchwoman is a born artist. She has not only a natural talent for it, which the men have in an equal degree, but she expresses herself with a freedom and naturalness which make the avoidance of any subject unnecessary; and, the higher her position in society, the more free and natural is her conversation. Anything like English prudery never enters her head; she calls a spade a spade, and thinks no more about it. While a German or English woman uses a hundred circumlocutions and blushes twenty times over, a young French lady speaks quite simply of the time of her *grossesse* as of the most natural thing in the

world, which, after all, it is. The absence of all sensual *arrières-pensées* renders friendship between persons of different sexes possible and even frequent in France. There are countries where this relation is apt to glide into a connection more close than honest; others where it explodes in an outbreak of passion; whereas in France it often lasts for years, with all the attraction which springs from difference of sex, and without degenerating into too great warmth of feeling. Although, if we look more deeply, we might find that a cool, reasoning spirit is essential to this relation, it is yet among the best and most permanent ingredients of French life.

Of course, in discussing the female element in French society, I am only speaking of married women. Within the last twenty years or so, it is true, it has become usual for daughters to be taken to balls, which serve as a kind of market where a man who wants to marry can look out for a wife without compromising himself, but the daily social intercourse between girls and young men which is so common in Germany, and still more in England, is strictly forbidden in France. Games, readings, picnics, skating-parties, and private theatricals, are comparatively rare, but, when they do occur, girls take no part in them. The closest companions often do not know each other's sisters. A young man does not care to introduce a friend to his family lest he should imagine that they contemplate a match between him and one of the daughters, while the friend in his turn does not ask to be presented lest he should appear to come as a suitor. This, of course, puts a stop to all easy intercourse and closer acquaintanceship between young unmarried people, and gives a color and a ground tone to French society very different from those which prevail among Germanic peoples. French girls have as little idea of what we call flirtation, with its good and bad sides and consequences, as they have of friendship and companionship with young men.

Among the things which are especially favorable to the social life of the French I ought to place one of their most estimable qualities—their readiness to help each other. A Frenchman is usually more obliging and attentive than a German, as he is also more sociable, because he is not naturally self-dependent or self-sufficing, and considers the principle of self-help as simple egoism. But what contributes more than all else to give French society its life and charm is its exclusiveness. Though the French are very fond of talking about their love of equality, they have really no ground for their claim. For these worshipers of equality, though they never look up to their superiors, always look down on their inferiors; so their principle practically amounts

to a man thinking himself as good as his betters. In no country is the line between the different classes more sharply drawn; in none are social prejudices more deeply stamped. "Even in our day," says De Tocqueville, "the jealousy and hatred of the different classes survive their legal existence, and it is only the mutual courtesy, universal among the French, that leaves on the minds of superficial observers a false impression of their equality."

The first social stratum consists of nobles or *bourgeois* who can keep up a comfortable and elegant establishment without working, and whose fathers did so before them. This, again, is divided, both in Paris and the provinces, into old nobility, new nobility, rich financiers, untitled land-owners, and so on. The second stratum is composed in its upper portion of lawyers and judges, the inheritors of the *noblesse de robe*, and after them of government officials, doctors, professors, and merchants. The respective members of these two strata visit each other, are to all outward appearance entirely on the same footing, being, in fact, only separated by the *con-nubium*, as they never intermarry. For, as De Tocqueville observes with great discernment, "If you wish to know whether the spirit of caste, and all the ideas, habits, and limits which it has created, is really abandoned by a nation, you must notice the marriages; these alone are capable of deciding the question." Shopkeepers, however rich they may be, form the third stratum, which does not belong to "society" proper, and whose members, therefore, are debarred from the privilege of dueling. Next come the lesser tradesmen, such as bakers and butchers; they are succeeded by the mechanics; then by the workmen who ply their handicraft at home, the peasant proprietors, and the day-laborers; last of all, by the factory-hands. Each of these classes is separated from the next by an impassable gulf, even where state legislation has endeavored to force them to unite. It can not, however, be denied that this caste system imparts to French society a stability, an order, and a security which are impossible in Germany, where all classes and professions are so intermixed. No doubt it gives birth to prejudices which we can hardly approve; but is society without prejudices conceivable? is it not founded on prejudices? and, if it were not for them, could it continue to exist?

All the virtues of the French of which I have spoken, as well as those of which I have still to speak, honesty, sobriety, readiness to oblige, fairness, and good taste, are essentially social. They are more a matter of reflection than spontaneity, a product rather of the understanding than of the feelings, although the strange excitability of

the French temperament leaves on most people a different impression. But temperament is not the same as either character or feeling (*Gemüth*). The childlike good-nature and the quick sympathy of the French, as much as their inconsiderate haste when they act in bodies, are rather a sign of impulsiveness than of deep feeling. And in like manner it is nothing more than impulsiveness which leads them into many of their faults. But, besides this peculiar excitability, we must remember how easily a people so essentially sociable are carried away as soon as they begin to act in a mass. Then love and hate, enthusiasm and anger, fear and foolhardiness, spread like a contagion. "Nothing is kinder or more good-natured," says Thiers, "than a Parisian crowd as long as its passion for destruction has not been aroused; but the slightest incident arouses it. It always reminds me of two greyhounds which a friend of mine reared up with a hare. The three were the best friends in the world. But one day in play the hare ran away from the hounds; they gave chase; their slumbering instinct awoke, and they killed it." De Tocqueville confirms this opinion: "The French, who are the gentlest and best-disposed people in the world as long as nothing occurs to throw them off their balance, become the most barbarous of all when they are seized by violent passion." Such, too, is the judgment of Voltaire, Chamfort, and Sainte-Beuve; and this want of self-control in the French, when once under the influence of passion, is treated with still greater severity, nay, with unfairness, by writers like Proudhon, Philarrète Chasles, or Émile Montégut, perhaps because they are conscious of this defect in themselves.

It amounts, then, to this: the virtues of the French nation of which I have spoken are conditional on a peaceful, regular course of affairs. They all aim at what is expedient, not at what is good in itself. They make daily life more easy, more pleasant, and more cheerful, than in any

other country in the world, and for ninety-nine days out of a hundred they suffice. But, on the unlucky hundredth day, when some unforeseen event happens, and the storm bursts in on the artificial building or threatens to loosen its different parts, their deficiency becomes evident. Then manly courage, self-knowledge, self-help, or a spirit of sacrifice and submission, would be virtues of more worth, but they are virtues which never grow in the soil of abstract conceptions. The bark falls off, and the weak stem bends or breaks before the rage of the tempest. What helplessness and imbecility ensue, what blind passion and pale-faced terror, what credulity and coarse selfishness, ay, what rage and cruelty! *Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare* is a French witticism; we might say with more justice, *Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais*. In both nations we find the same amiability and *naïveté*, the same wit and the same grace, the same good-humored vanity and the same pliability; only in France these qualities appear in a more refined and more cultivated form; they are exercised with better taste and to more advantage; they are more wisely controlled and regulated. But when this form and this order are wanting, when this guidance is lost, what is to become of the man who has not the law within himself, but obeys a guide as external as the compass he carries in his pocket? He roams about like a madman at the mercy of every wind, raging at himself and at others, to their mutual destruction. No Latin or Teuton will ever be capable of such outbreaks of fury as filled the world with horror on St. Bartholomew's night, in the days of September, or during the revolt of the Commune. No Latin or Teuton will ever lose his presence of mind or his self-respect to the same extent as the French did after their defeats in 1870. These are the moments when the Celt falls back into his state of nature—*Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais*.

AUTHORS FOR HIRE.

ENGLISH and American authors have lately been much perturbed in their minds as to the question of copyright. I gladly leave the details of the argument to those who can understand legal questions, and who have some personal interest at stake. Listening in the intermittent fashion of an outsider, I have been chiefly impressed by a discussion of general principles which now and then varies the dry technicalities

of the general controversy. The question is raised whether an author has or ought to have any right to his works, and suggests much pretty logical fencing as to why anybody should have a right to anything. The use of property, I should say, is the sum of all the evils of communism. We allow a man to have an exclusive right to a thing because infinite mischiefs would result from the abolition of such rights. The first and

most obvious mischief is, that otherwise there would be a general scramble for good things. If some shadowy sentiment did not guard even my umbrella, I could never leave it in the hall of my club. I should have to sit upon it incessantly, and to be ready to take up arms against the first passing bishop whose apron was threatened by a shower of rain. The same principle, of course, applies to my books—that is, to the actual row of volumes on my shelves. Like every proprietor of such objects, I tremble when a literary friend enters my study and I see his eyes wandering toward those humble rarities which I have had the luck to acquire, and which your great collector might think just worth permanent “borrowing.” But if my friend proposed to copy my book, or to have a precisely similar book produced, I should be a dog in the manger of the meanest kind if I had refused to gratify him. By so doing, indeed, he would in some degree diminish the value of my property; but he would increase the quantity of valuable objects in existence. If I am selfish enough to refuse such a proposal, the world at large has no interest in sanctioning my selfishness. If a cheap mode of manufacturing large diamonds were discovered, the proprietors of the Koh-i-noor and other such gems would be so much the poorer. They would lose so much command of their neighbors’ pockets. But their neighbors are not interested in maintaining that state of things which gives them that command. We do not hold that a man is injured by the acquisition of similar property by others, so long as his right to use his own property is respected. To do so would be to revert to those outworn economical superstitions which led the Dutch to destroy half their spices to raise the value of the rest. In this respect, therefore, there is no ground for copyright, though there is a conclusive reason for upholding a man’s right to his own books. Keep your own by all means, whether books or an umbrella, but you shall not forbid other people from making precisely similar books and umbrellas if they can do so without stealing. My “Shakespeare” or my arm-chair is not intrinsically the worse because thousands and millions of other people have “Shakespeares” and arm-chairs of the same pattern. On the contrary, I can read and enjoy all the better because I have so many fellow-students, some of whom are far better qualified for enjoying the same study. To justify, therefore, any such right as to limitation of a reproduction of my books, I must invoke some other principle. I am limiting the free action of my fellows, and I must give them some benefit in return. The principle to be invoked is obvious. Property is useful because communism would deprive men of a motive for labor. I till my field that I may reap the

harvest; and, if I have no right to the harvest, I shall not go through the labor. This is a perfectly good, and, so far as it goes, an unanswerable reason for allowing some privilege to the writer of books. So far as books are produced with a view to making money, we must, if we wish to have the books, give the author some means of making the money. The most obvious expedient is to give him a copyright; that is, to allow him to forbid the reproduction, except on his own terms. Such a right must always be limited, for the simple reason that it restricts the enjoyment of other people. If I am to be forbidden to reproduce a “Shakespeare,” I am prevented from what is in itself a harmless and a laudable action, in order that I may confer a boon upon Shakespeare and his fellows. I must, therefore, be satisfied that it is a real boon: that Shakespeare’s writing is facilitated by the right conferred upon him, and therefore that Shakespeare’s writings are worth the cost of the restriction imposed upon us all.

In this sense a copyright comes under the general case of a patent. When Watt invented the steam-engine, it was desirable that all who used it should pay him for a time in order that he and other inventors should be encouraged. But no reasonable person would suggest for a moment that Watt and all his representatives should have the right for all time to come to prohibit the use of steam-engines; for such a right would be fatal to the progress of inventions. It would create a mass of rights so complex and elaborate that industry would be strangled. We give, or ought to give, just so much privilege as will stimulate the energy of the inventor without unduly hampering the energies of his successors. The measure of the right is its advantage to society at large, and I fail to see how any other measure can possibly be suggested. Indeed, it is only worth saying explicitly in view of the daring claim sometimes set up by authors to an absolute and indefeasible right in their books. I am, says one, the absolute creator of my book; I have made it, not as a man makes a table, by changing old materials into a new shape, but made it out of nothing. It has come straight from my mind, and therefore to all time it belongs to me and to nobody else, and in a sense in which no other object can possibly belong to me.

I must, in passing, deny the fact. Nobody was ever original in this sense. Scientific and philosophic discovery is a race. The great discoverer is the man who is a hair-breadth before his fellows; who sees to-day the results which everybody will see to-morrow; and he sees them because he is on the highest step of the ladder, which is always being raised by the labor of his

fellows. Newton could not have been Newton without Kepler, nor could Watt have invented the steam-engine if it had not been half invented by numerous predecessors. Why should the man who makes the last decisive step absorb into himself all the merits of his predecessors? This is true even more conspicuously of the philosopher, and it is true even of the poet. He is not strictly a "maker," as we used to be told, but a shaper, of the thoughts and emotions; that is, of the countless obscure. He puts the last touch upon the thought which makes it enduring; but the material is as much provided for him as for the humblest artisan. If, therefore, you choose this high *a priori* road, you have first to solve an insoluble problem. How much has any man really "created"? How much is due to the preparatory laborer, and how much to the final polisher? Anybody may answer such questions who can. Let us grant that they can be answered. We know then what the man has done, and we are desirous to repay him. He is, let us say, a great scientific celebrity. His thought has been a leaven setting up a fermentation in the whole world of speculation. That, and nothing less, is the service which he has done to mankind, and that it is which, on this showing, mankind ought to repay. If so, the thing created is the idea, not the tool; and it is in the idea that he should have a property. Mr. Darwin, for example, should have an exclusive right to the theory of natural selection. Nobody should ever speak of differentiation and integration (I admit the plan has some charms) without paying toll to Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the book in which the idea was first revealed to mankind has but an indirect and accidental relation to this service. Mr. Darwin might have expounded his theories in conversation; he might have delivered them in lectures at a college. The man who first took them up and expounded them in popular shape would derive all the advantage derivable from books, unless you confine the right of propagating ideas as well as the right of printing a particular set of words. You profess to reward a man for his services to thought; but there is not the slightest security that you will reward him adequately, or that you will reward the right man at all.

But is not the very notion of a "reward" absurd? When a new idea has dawned upon a man's mind, it is not a thing to be bought and sold; for it is not his right, but his most sacred duty to reveal it to the world. Doctors have a rule which, whatever its motive, is surely most honorable: the rule that a man who has made some medical discovery is not to make it the base of pecuniary rights. If you wish to pay for discoveries, there are none which more clear-

ly deserve such payment. The man who invented anæsthetics or vaccination, who abolished a terrible disease and spared incalculable sufferings, deserves all that we could do for him. But it is felt, and rightly felt, that such services are not payable in hard cash. The reward, if reward is sought, must be in the accession of general respect and in the consciousness of a benefit conferred upon our fellow-creatures. The discovery of a new theory in science and philosophy should be regarded in the same light. You can not pay a man for devoting his life to speculation upon subjects unintelligible to the million, and yet of vital interest to their happiness. The only reward—and surely it is an ample reward—is in the sense that a man has given a perceptible jog to the slow-working brain of this humdrum world. And, equally, if a man can sing a new song for us, and set our weary thoughts to a new tune, he is bound to sing it without asking for pay. When Rouget de l'Isle composed the "Marseillaise," the service (or disservice) which he rendered was the adding a keener edge to the revolutionary fervor. Who can appraise the value of that service in francs and centimes? Would it not have been ridiculous to pay him by restricting its circulation, when his motive, if he had any worthy motive, was that it should be sung as widely, and penetrate the hearts of his countrymen as deeply, as possible? And is not every poet, after his kind, composing some fresh "Marseillaise" to inspire the toilsome march of humanity?

We are getting into regions too lofty for the argument? That is the very thing. The question of pay belongs to the lower sphere. Those who wish for restrictions upon the sale of books must not give themselves the airs of men really attempting to reward merit. The commercial question is altogether collateral and subordinate. The great writer, in one sense, deserves no pay at all; for he is only discharging the duty imposed upon him by his genius. Or, if we try to pay him, we can never pay him in due proportion to his merits. The commercial value of a book has no relation to its real value in the world of thought. Books which have altered all our lives have fallen still-born from the press; and contemptible rubbish has often made its author rich. It would be as sensible to reward great writers in this way as to reward statesmen by fees on every act of Parliament which they got passed in proportion to the number of times it is applied in the courts. If, however, you insist upon treating the question as one of bargain, the retort is easy. I have created this book, you say; therefore it is my property. What do you mean by creating? I mean that, but for me, it would have had no existence. You wrote it then, be-

cause you chose? Certainly. Then, if you chose, you could have let it alone? Where is your claim? If we had forced you to write, you would have had some claim upon us. You wrote at your own free-will and pleasure, and therefore presumably you accepted our terms. How can it be argued, if it be a question of bargain, that you have an indefeasible right to fix the terms on which your goods are to be bought? We offer such terms as suit our convenience. They do not suit you. Then your remedy is obvious: do not write. The only answer which you can make is, that we shall be the losers. But this brings us back to our old argument. So far as good books are useful, so far as a concession of the right helps the production of good books, it is expedient that the privilege should be granted; but not one penny or one fraction of a privilege more. The restriction is in itself—that is, in its direct action upon the readers—a disadvantage, like every other restriction upon trade. We should consent to it just so far as the disadvantage is compensated by results. No ingenuity can evade this plain issue. How far are copyrights useful to literature? That is the problem which we must answer fairly, instead of begging the answer; and the simplest way of suggesting the true answer is by observing the facts. Let us summon a few witnesses from the past, and see what they can tell us. Have they been stimulated by such rewards, or failed for want of reward? And let me be pardoned if for the moment I accept the office of devil's advocate; for the other side requires no additional representation. First, let us take note of the distinction which is unfortunately marked by no precise titles. "Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves," we know are all "cleped by the name of 'dogs'"; and such is the paucity of language that the same word "author" describes at once a Plato or a Shakespeare, and the writer of such an article as this present. The case, indeed, is common. A painter means indifferently either Raphael or the person who stains my walls; a musician may be a Mozart, or the wretch who turns the barrel-organ; and there is hardly a greater distance between the two ends of the scale of authorship. It does not follow that there is anything in the least degree dishonorable about the trade of authorship. It is one which an honest man may exercise without the slightest cause for shame. There is no more intrinsic vileness in being a journalist than in being a house-painter. But we do not invite Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Millais to color the outside of our houses; and we should be making as great a blunder if we forced our men of literary genius to fill the columns of the daily newspapers. Ephemeral articles may be very good things; but they corre-

spond to a manufacture, not to one of the fine arts. A good workman can turn out his daily supply of copy as regularly as an artisan can make bricks or cut out trousers. He must have practice and dexterity; a certain facility for improving the grammar while reproducing the sentiments of the great mass of commonplace people; and a quickness in divining the general currents of opinion. Given such talents, any man can be a respectable journalist, and the addition of any dash of genius is often rather an incumbrance than an advantage. True authorship begins just where journalism ends. The essential qualities of the art are just those which are superfluous in the trade. The author, of course, may write articles; nay, he may make his living by writing articles; and so he might, if it happened to be convenient, by cutting out trousers. But it would be just as true in one case as in the other, that he was deserting his higher vocation for a radically different occupation. The misfortune is, that the line of distinction is not always palpable; that the art slides into the trade by imperceptible degrees. As Mr. Millais could doubtless paint my house, if he chose, Mr. Tennyson might regularly supply the poet's corner of a country paper. In one case we should lose the "Order of Release" and "Chill October," and, in the other, "Maud" and "In Memoriam." The misfortune is that whereas, in one word, there is a plain external difference recognizable by everybody, the difference on the other requires for its recognition a certain amount of intelligence. Montgomery's "Satan" looked just like "Paradise Lost" to the reader who only considered typographical distinctions. The hasty reader fancies even now that the last slashing leader belongs to the same class of work as Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," or Junius's letter to the king. Nay, he even loudly proclaims at times that there is no real difference; and fancies, good, easy creature, that the leader could really be read with interest by human beings in the next generation. And, undoubtedly, it must be allowed to him that, here and there, at rare intervals, a real bit of artistic workmanship gets imbedded amid ephemeral matter; and that, in these days, even men of true genius are induced to allow true literary work to reach daylight though the channels ordinarily devoted to mere manufacture. It is just this vagueness, this existence of an equivocal border-land between the two regions, which makes the question worth discussing. For, when the artist is tempted to become the artisan, we flatter ourselves that we are encouraging literature; and smile at our wisdom and liberality in tempting the man who might have writtten for all ages to confine his efforts to the amusement of our

breakfast-table. We persuade a Burke to "cut blocks with a razor," and congratulate ourselves in providing Burke with a worthy career. If we confine the name of author to the genuine artist, and give to his humbler brother the inoffensive name of journalist, we may say that the relation between the two extremes is, on the whole, one of incompatibility. So far as a man becomes a journalist, he ceases to be an author, and *vice versa*.

Let us now call our witnesses, and look at one or two broad facts as to their general tendency.

Roughly speaking, we may say that in the seventeenth century scarcely any man could make a living out of literature in England. In the eighteenth many men could make a bare living; in the nineteenth many can make a very decent income. Can we say that the supply has improved with the demand? The trade has undoubtedly increased and multiplied beyond calculation. But, if we speak of the art, he would be a bold man who should say that there is any improvement at all. Have we now any work to set beside Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Bacon, with their minor stars of the great constellation? Is the literature of the present day, setting aside two or three men of genius, who belong rather to the previous than to this generation, to be compared to that of the great epochs? Is it even clearly better than the comparative dead level of the end of the last century? How many of the living writers under sixty will be read a century hence? I will not say—for I do not believe—that literature is really declining, nor maintain, what some people hold, that we may trace here as elsewhere the tendency of democracy to substitute a mass of commonplace respectability for a spare growth of more exalted excellence. The problem is far too complex to be answered in any off-hand formula. But it is at least plain that the finer growths of the literary vineyard are not multiplied in proportion to the pecuniary manuring of the field. It is said, and I suppose truly, that a successful dramatist at the present day could make an income at which the mouths of all the inhabitants of Grub Street would water. Even in the last century, playwriting was by far the most profitable part of the trade to which an author could turn his hand. Have our plays, then, improved since the days when the sole record of the lives of some of the most popular dramatists is due to the extreme difficulty which they experienced in raising a loan of five pounds? Plays at the present day have perhaps more literary value than is admitted by the persons who are always declaiming about the decline of the stage. This, however, is at least clear: that, through the seventeenth century the drama rep-

resents the highest literary achievements of the first writers of the time; that in the next century, there are only some half-dozen plays which have any claim to be in the first rank of literature; and that in the present century (putting aside plays like "The Cenci" or "Van Artevelde," not really intended for the stage) there are none. We could hardly apply a more crucial experiment to prove that money-payments can not secure good literature.

To prove that, we may say, is to burn daylight. What is a great book? How can it be produced? By offering rewards? If anybody thinks so, let him go through a course of prize-poems. An ingenious and amiable person proposed some time ago to offer a prize for the best essay upon the origin of evil. He was under the impression that he could get somebody to throw light upon that ancient puzzle by a chance of winning a few hundred pounds. That stimulus would be sufficient to convert mere aspiring youth into a philosopher profounder than Plato, or Leibnitz, or Kant, or Hume; and yet the potential philosopher must be so sluggish that, without the chance of a prize, he would not condescend to solve the doubts which have haunted humanity through all the centuries. The same simple-minded faith in the power of money was humorously expressed by a singularly acute political economist who, after listening to a long metaphysical discussion upon Being (or some such entertaining problem), observed: "Ah! if there was money to be made out of it, we should have answered these questions in the city long ago." It might have been answered that even these acute persons in the city have not yet succeeded in solving some of the problems which concern them most nearly, and wrangle as fiercely over theories about the currency as philosophers over the distinction between object and subject. Nay, even in matters touching all our pockets so closely, the chief lights are due to such abstract philosophers as Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, who have thought out the problems mainly for the love of thinking. We have a quaint notion in these days that anything can be achieved by offering prizes and stimulating competition. Some day, perhaps, we shall offer rewards for the best exhibition of the Christian virtues. Meanwhile our success does not appear to be very encouraging, and, though poetry is more salable than ever, the crop of rising poets is not remarkable for abundance or quality.

We shall not be surprised if we ask how poets are generated. Milton has given a familiar recipe for the performance; and, though familiar, it is worth remembering. To write an heroic poem, said the last man who has achieved the feat, you must lead an heroic life. Now, the man who

writes in order to sell, does not, of necessity, lead an heroic life. To produce the article, it is not enough to offer money, but to bring about the conditions favorable to heroes. What they may be, is a question rather too wide for the present occasion. But the saying is true, and true of more than heroic poems. Every great book is the product of a life. It need not be the product of a long life, for youthful work has its special prerogatives. But no book is really great which is not the concentrated essence of the writer's experience; into which he has not put his whole heart and soul, and, therefore, a good deal more than his desire to bring his wares to the best market. The wish for money may occasionally be the key which unlocks the fountain. Johnson wrote "*Rasselas*" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Had it not been for that necessity we should never have had the book, which, it is true, is very seldom read, but which is better worth reading than most of its author's performances. If "*Rasselas*" can scarcely be accepted as one of the greatest books, it is at least one of the fullest and most striking expressions of the sentiment "*Vanity of vanities*" which has ever come from a powerful mind plunged deep in the horrors of hypochondria. It is charged to the full with the melancholy conviction of the sadness of men's lives, which could only be generated by long and painful experience in a morbid nature, and which creates so often the analogy between Johnson and the great writer who best appreciated his character. Money was here the occasion, though not the efficient cause, of a powerful performance. But of how many other works can this be said? The advocates upon the other side are fond of citing certain famous cases, in which the reward has been scandalously insufficient. They begin, perhaps, with the five pounds for "*Paradise Lost*." They dwell upon Wordsworth's long period of obscurity; and prove that, till he had passed the average age of mankind, he got no return in hard cash for the poems which had soothed so many sufferers, and raised so many sunk in passive indifference to loftier conceptions of life and the world in which we live. They point out that Shelley's writings were a drug in the market, till markets had ceased to have any significance for him. Each of these great men, indeed, like others who might be cited, stood in direct and conscious antagonism to the established poetical creed of his day. And you can no more make literary reformers by improving the wages of men of letters, than you make ecclesiastical reformers by increasing the endowments of the Church. To be a reformer you must have something of the spirit of the martyr, and that is a spirit not to be bought with money. In propor-

tion to the increase of pay is the temptation to please the paymasters, and, therefore, to tickle the fancies of the vulgar. The man who makes money is the man who exactly gauges the taste of his public, and takes good care to aim neither above nor below the standard. Burke tells us that George Grenville hit the House of Commons of his day between wind and water. Burke's own intellectual artillery, as we know, had a way of flying far above the heads of that distinguished assembly. Therefore, Burke was unable at the time to hold the ear of the House as well as his antagonist. It is needless to say what has been the subsequent result.

The theory, you will say, applies only to the Puritans of literature; to the men with a lofty mission; to the few who are really in advance of their age and have the self-confidence—the conceit, shall we call it?—or the faith in their own inspiration which is necessary to sustain the spirits through an up-hill fight; who can resist the threats of Alexander the coppersmith, and the noisy worshipers of Diana of the Ephesians. But we can not accept the doctrine which for obvious reasons commended itself to the excellent Wordsworth, that unpopularity was an inseparable concomitant of genius. Most of the very greatest men, in the judgment of their own day, have also been greatest in the judgment of posterity. We have raised our estimate of Shakespeare and of Milton; we have lowered our estimate of Pope and of Dryden; but we admit of all, as it was admitted in their own time, that they were in the front rank of their contemporaries. Contemporaries err not in their selection of the best so much as in the comparison between the best of their own and of after-times. And even the cases where a great man has to struggle through a long period of neglect supply no reason for refusing them an ultimate reward. Everybody would rejoice in any pecuniary advantages which might come to Wordsworth in his old age, though the prospect of gaining them was not his motive for exertion. If our few great writers are now reaping a larger harvest than would formerly have been possible, we do not grudge a penny of it. Rather, were it possible, we would have every penny turned into a shilling. If our great men have worked for love instead of hire, it would be mean in us to make their unselfishness a pretext for cheating them of their pay.

The reply might be satisfactory if we could, in fact, bestow rewards without offering bribes. But there is the very knot of the difficulty. We are applying a stimulus which, so far as it acts at all, puts a premium upon the popular, the hasty, the superficial, and the flimsy, at the expense of the thorough and the profound; which

prompts every man to beat his bullion into gold-leaf, to produce his thought before it has had time to ripen, and to repeat, with jaded and flagging spirits, the performance only possible in the first freshness of early inspiration. Once a new school of thought had to sustain itself against universal ridicule by the consciousness of lofty purpose, and, to speak the truth, by a mutual admiration which was pardonable as a defense against outside scorn. When all the servile public followed Jeffrey's lead, and thought a horse-laugh the proper commentary upon "The Excursion" or "The Ancient Mariner," we can pardon Wordsworth and Coleridge for a little excess of reciprocal appreciation. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. At the present day a clique is in danger not from the contempt of the world—for even the ridicule is flattery in disguise—but from the rush of the unworthy into the true fold. The echo drowns the original voice: the innovator must out-paradox his own paradoxes on pain of falling into the rear of his imitators. To be original to-day is to set the fashion of to-morrow, and to find at last that, if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, it is also, in the long-run, the bitterest of satire.

A man has a chance of greatness in proportion to his power of resisting these enervating blandishments. To do good work you must stand on your own legs and despise the *claque* of ephemeral critics. Your motto must be something radically different from the desire of popularity or its fruits. Look back, for a moment, though the point be somewhat superfluous, at the great works of a period remote enough to allow us to speak of a permanent reputation. If any of the great men of the last century really worked for pay, were they not fools for their pains? Who was the greatest British metaphysician of the period? By common consent it was David Hume. Hume's metaphysical works, as we all know, fell still-born from the press. He became popular not by the works which changed the current of philosophical thought, but by the history which has sunk into neglect by intrinsic superficiality. Even now, the man who would contribute to abstract speculation must resolve, before everything, either to be ready to starve, or to have some independent income, or to eschew originality and write popular treatises for candidates in competitive examinations. Who was the profoundest theologian of the same period? Beyond all doubt it was Butler; and if Butler, to make a preposterous hypothesis, had had the smallest view to copyrights, would he not have been demented to spend years of patient labor in order to pack his ripest thoughts into a volume which, in readable type, will go comfortably into a waistcoat-pocket? He preached and

went far to practice the theory that the best book would be one which should lay down the vital principles and leave it to the reader to work out his arguments. Any bookseller could have told him that the way to make money was to spread a striking paradox over as many pages as possible, and turn out a work, for example, such as "The Divine Legation." Who was the greatest poet between Pope and Wordsworth? Probably Gray; and, if so, what are we to think of the elaborate and exquisite workmanship which made his "Elegy" and one or two brief poems a possession for ever to the world, and yet a possession which it required no effort of generosity to treat as a plaything for Walpole's printing-press? Theology and poetry, of a sort, can doubtless be made to pay at the present, but not the kind of theology and of poetry which was the outcome of such labor as that of Butler and Gray. Or, take a couple of books which have more appearance of commercial value. The "Wealth of Nations," said the most audacious of panegyrists, was the "most important book ever written"; the "Decline and Fall" is admittedly the one great monumental work of history in the language. Both of these works were doubtless pecuniary successes, but both of them were also produced in defiance of pecuniary considerations. If Gibbon had wanted money, he should have put himself up perseveringly for sale in the political market, instead of foolishly resisting the temptation. Some twenty or thirty years of unremitting labor might have been turned to incomparably better account than in the composition of an immortal work. The "Wealth of Nations" was the fruit of ten years' solitary retirement by a man who had every qualification for the trade of authorship, and who might doubtless have made a far better income by giving pleasant lectures in accordance with popular beliefs.

But this, it may be said, is to evade the true issue. Money rewards are doubtless insufficient to stimulate men to labors which no money can repay. They may even tend, in particular cases, to draw men away from such labors. But it is also true that much literature, and that of the highest class, has been produced by men who made literature a business. It is easy to produce a long list. Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Scott, to mention no others, wrote for money, and even lived to some extent by writing. To refuse payment would have been to stifle "Hamlet," and Dryden's "Satires," and Pope's "Epistles," and "Tom Jones," and the "Waverley Novels." We might add "Robinson Crusoe," "Tristram Shandy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the countless masterpieces of the present day. When we come to questions

of the might-have-been, there is always a fine field for differences of opinion; and the case is not to be begged by this simple observation. It is true that all these great men made money by writing. It is equally true that one essential condition of their success was that they wrote for their contemporaries. The literary Puritan, the man who stands apart "like a star," is invaluable; but he is not the only, or perhaps even the highest, kind of writer. We want the Scotts and Byrons as well as the Shelleys and Wordsworths; and it is difficult to say whether the man who can gather up into his own thought the strongest contemporary sentiments is not higher than he who heralds the dawn of the approaching creeds. But it is also true that such men have their characteristic weaknesses. It is conspicuously true of each of these great men—perhaps it is one secret of their power—that in them the more earthly element was developed along with the more spiritual; that they could live in the common atmosphere of ordinary impulse as well as in the loftier sphere which is the permanent dwelling-place of a few exalted spirits. And only unreasoning idolatry could deny that, so far as they condescended to become tradesmen, they contracted certain stains of the market-place.

Of Shakespeare, indeed, no man is permitted to speak freely. He is a superstition; and, if any one would incur martyrdom by depreciatory speeches in regard to him, he must come armed at all points, and not throw out a mere cursory profanity. Happily, we know very little about him, and therefore he may be pressed into the service of any theory. Each of us may write an imaginary biography which will have as good claims for acceptance as that of any German professor of æsthetics. In my private biography of Shakespeare it is clearly recognized that he was a thoroughly good man of business, and, alone among the dramatists of the day, made a competence by his occupation. The reasons are fully explained. He made it not as an author but as a manager. He was profoundly sensitive to the danger that his nature might be subdued to what it worked in, like the dyer's hand. He was forced to write down to his public at times. He would do mere journeyman's work and patch up third-rate plays if he thought that he could draw good houses; and he would, even in his best work, write bombast to split the ears of the groundlings, or have Gloster's eyes pulled out on the stage to treat the eyes of the spectators to a pleasant sensation. But, when he had saved a little money and made a satisfactory investment at Stratford, he would resolve to please himself first, yield to a demoniacal possession and write "Othello" or the first acts of "Hamlet," and tell

the mob what he thought of them through the mouth of Coriolanus. Whatever is disgusting, or offensive, or bombastical, is set down to the manager, and the superhuman energy of the nobler passages is credited to Shakespeare himself.

It is easy to find a parallel case—though the case of a man who only resembled Shakespeare in this particular. In Pope, as in Shakespeare, we have the man of genius in alliance with the journalist or day-laborer.

Pope translated Homer to gain an independence. He wrote the "Satires" to please himself. He did one piece of work—the "Iliad" at least—in the spirit of an honest laborer for hire. He turned out his fifty or sixty lines a day as regularly as a good artisan does his regular job in a factory, or as a journalist of to-day does his leading article or his regulated number of pages in a serial story. But he wrote his satires as a labor of love; he polished and repolished; he grudged no pains to give a keener edge to some cutting epigram, or to improve the flow of his rhythm. The "Epistle to Arbuthnot" is the essence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible: clear, bright crystals which have slowly precipitated from the turbid current of confused meditations, and fused together with the care of a skilled jeweler setting his most precious gems to the best advantage. To turn out such work as this, as to turn out Gray's "Elegy" or the most exquisite of Mr. Tennyson's poems, a man must be independent of any disturbing influence. He must wait patiently for the favorable instant, for the sudden flash of felicitous inspiration, which comes at rare intervals, and can not be called down by any conscious preparation. His pen acts as the lightning-conductor, not as a pistol ready loaded. It must wait for the right electric conditions before it will generate the shock. Pope was enabled to give himself a fair chance, because he had made money by Homer. But if he had made money in any other way, by speculating in the South Sea or by reviving his father's shop, his permanent service to literature would have been the same. I say nothing against the Homer, except that, like many other bits of work done for money, like Johnson's "Dictionary" or Goldsmith's histories, it does not represent the true Pope—the characteristic and culminating work which entitles him to a permanent place in literature proper. I do not say that Shakespeare's worst plays and Pope's most mechanical inspiration may not be worth having. I only say that, in both cases, the line between the inspired work and the mere journeyman's labor is distinctly drawn, and that we might lose the last without losing anything that makes the former, in the cant phrase of to-day, really "precious" to lowly human beings.

There are cases in which the division is less deeply marked. Take Dryden, for example. His latest biographer, Mr. Saintsbury, who has criticised him with most appreciative sympathy, has told us, I think, one great secret of his success and of his failures. Dryden, he says, was pre-eminently a man susceptible to the spirit of his time. He is the most accomplished mouth-piece of the sentiments characteristic of a certain social phase; the very type, therefore, of the literary class, which speaks not for the vanguard but for the main body of his contemporaries. He has the faults as well as the merits of his character. He is always a consummate craftsman; a master—as Mr. Saintsbury has emphatically shown and as every one has felt—of English versification; masculine, vigorous, and never failing in sustained and stately eloquence which extorts, when it does not invite, respect. But then it is also true that as he is distinctively and pre-eminently a man of the world—I do not use the phrase in its worst sense—so a very large proportion of his writing is worldly, and, as worldly, corruptible. What one misses is just that higher tone which marks the unworldly—the Milton or the Wordsworth. The courters attributed to him by Gray have doubtless

“Their necks with thunder clothed, and long resounding pace,”

and may bear him “through the fields of glory,” but they never fairly lift him to the empyrean. And this, in spite of all his technical merits and splendid force of mind, is the reason why decay has bitten so deeply into his work. For what is Dryden now? I do not mean what is he to thorough students who read partly for knowledge, but to those who read simply for love. Briefly he is “Alexander’s Ode” and “Absalom and Achitophel.” We are forced to admire his best plays, such as “All for Love,” but we are not charmed by it. It is a splendid attempt to rival Shakespeare on his own ground; but it fails, so far as it fails, because the intense glow of human passion which animates the “Antony and Cleopatra” is blended in “All for Love” with the unreal romanticism which suited the court of Charles II. The “Fables,” admirable as they are, have the same taint. They are too often of the earth, earthy. They want the fresh humor of his originals, and the sentiment is always dashed with lower elements. The critic may praise, but the simple reader feels the atmosphere to be heavy. Where Dryden succeeds, and succeeds beyond all cavil, is in those unrivaled political satires, where the shrewd judgment of a large-brained man of the world wants no reinforcement from higher poetical elements. He has not to affect a strut of unreal sentiment, but

goes straight to the mark like a magnificent gladiator aiming at once at the heart of his antagonist. He judges of men like a man, not like a spiteful partisan, with his petty code of political dogmas, nor from that lofty point of view which too often goes along with an incapacity for estimating character and leads to mere arrogant one-sidedness. He has found his true vocation, and labors in it with a practiced force of hand which is inimitable. That the satires were partly prompted by lower motives is likely enough. That they give the full impress of the true man is palpable and undeniable.

It is hard to say how far the lower, and the higher aim might be blended in any of Dryden’s impulses. Critics may still dispute as to the genuineness of his conversion, though we may safely reject Macaulay’s summary theory that he was simply a venal hypocrite. He was too much of a thinker not to feel the need and to be equal to the task of persuading himself of his own sincerity. But in any case he was, speaking generally, a striking example of the really great poet who is yet specially sensitive to the lower impulses. He could write mere ribaldry to tickle the fancy of his inferiors, and, though never wanting in a certain magnanimity, he could never soar above the world nor even above the less noble part of the world of his time, and, just so far as he had to write for money most unequivocally, he wrote those plays which have sunk as a whole into the limbo of far more worthless productions; while just so far as we see the true man in the satires, which might at least have been written from his personal interest in his time, and without any hint from his bookseller or his patrons, he achieved the work which can never be forgotten. If Dryden had been forced into making a living by some other occupation, we should have wanted—what few of us would miss—the long list of barely readable plays; but his hands might have been all the freer for his undying satires. At least, the need of temporary success pinned him down to the labor in which he was weakest till he was fifty; and it was not till an age when most poets have exhausted their pen, that he at last became conscious of his most precious gifts.

Dryden’s work marks the period at which the journalist is just beginning to emerge. In the next generation, he appears in full-blown vigor. But in those palmy days of Queen Anne, long regretted by the hapless scribes of Grub Street, the distinction between journalist and author was fully recognized. Swift, though he valued money as every shrewd man values it who has known the evils of poverty, despised writing for money to the end as heartily as Byron began by despising it. He gave his copyrights to his

friends and his publishers without a thought of personal profits. Doubtless his contemporaries did not always share this worldly indifference. They were quite capable of having an eye to a splendid subscription list or to the proceeds of the author's night at the playhouse. The excellent, Steele was not the man to turn up his nose at little emoluments which might evade the necessity of another draught upon Addison's pocket. Even the exemplary Addison was paid for his "Spectators," and profited, we may presume, by the success of "Cato." But his work was done to please himself or to glorify his party, not as a matter of business. Literary reputation was considered as a title to a share in the good things of the time, but literary performances were not supposed to be obtainable for hire.

The gentleman author, who was ready enough to accept some little acknowledgment of his merits in the shape of a place in the custom-house or upon the list of Irish pensions, looked down with scorn, cruel and unworthy perhaps in many cases, upon the poor garreteer who toiled in the service of Tonson or Curll. He recognized in theory the indelible distinction between the bread-making business and what he would have called the service of the Muses. By degrees, the system changed. Respectable authors began to emerge from the dismal shades of Grub Street. Defoe produced "*Robinson Crusoe*" as a matter of business, and we may be willing to accept it even at the price of the miserable degradation, the selling of body and soul to the practical dealers in such wares, by which poor Defoe had to keep body and soul together. And in the next generation we have to reckon among journalists such men as Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, who, though genuine inhabitants of the author's purgatory on earth, produced the literary monuments of the time. Yet it is equally true that, in all these cases, the author by profession, as he began to be called, was the worst enemy of the author by divine right. Poor Fielding's works are half filled by a long list of hack performances; and I will not ask how many of my readers are familiar with "*The Temple-bearer*," or "*The Wedding Day*," or even with "*Pasquin*" and the "*Historical Register*." The "*Life and the Death of Tom Thumb the Great*" alone retains some kind of suspended animation among the early labors of one of our very greatest and most masculine intellects. The works which now mean Fielding were written when he had painfully, and under sore stress of manifold incumbrances, wriggled himself out of Grub Street so far at least as to have something to fall back upon, and was so far in the position of Pope and Shakespeare. If Goldsmith's exquisite sensibility adorned everything that it touched, who must

not regret that so much was wasted in mere journeyman's labors, and is it not fair to draw the inference that he might have done as much or more, had he not been forced to exhaust his admirable powers in writing for booksellers, instead of some other honest trade which would have enabled him to compose masterpieces as a relief from work not at the rare intervals when spirits jaded by daily labor of a superficially similar kind might revive, enough to supply a spontaneous spring of activity? Johnson is the author of the famous sentence, that no one but a fool ever wrote except for money. But Johnson's history contradicts his theory, though he knew it not. For what is Johnson's great work? The "*Dictionary*," I admit, is pleasant reading: but it is hardly literature. "*Rasselas*," I have said, is impressive, but it is undeniably heavy. But the "*Lives of the Poets*" is undoubtedly a book of enduring claim to any one who can appreciate the ripe talk of a grand old literary craftsman, talking at his ease, as he talked in the parlor at Streatham, and dealing out his shrewd sense from a position of acknowledged superiority without bothering himself to court the tastes of an audience already conquered, or to drive bargains with booksellers.

The remedy popular with authors is simple. Defoe and Fielding, and Johnson and Goldsmith, should have been better paid; and then they would have been able to do better work. That depends upon the kind of work for which they would have received better pay. If that money was to be made by mere journalism, the first three at least were just the men to have been content with getting daily bread for ephemeral labors. But the answer may be given more confidently because the experiment has been tried. The present century introduced the golden era of magnificent rewards to writers. Has it produced better work, or has the best work won the highest prizes? The literary historian of the nineteenth century will clearly have to take notice not only of such men as Wordsworth and Shelley, but of such masters of style as Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Landor. Landor must have starved or given up his special excellence, if he had been forced to live by literature. De Quincey's magnificent style becomes a lifeless incumbrance just so far as he descends to the functions of the journalist. Lamb and Hazlitt were appreciated by little coteries; but Lamb's best work was assuredly that which served to amuse the intervals of his official labor; and Hazlitt, from the very fact that he had to write for money, remains fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The history of Coleridge is too exceptional to be of much value as a precedent; but at least it is plain that if ever he had con-

trived to explain his distinction between the reason and the understanding the effect would not have been a good pecuniary speculation. His marvelous poetry was worthless in a bookseller's sense, if put beside the tinsel and glitter of Tom Moore. Did the pecuniary rewards of literature encourage any one of these men to bestow benefits upon mankind? Was not the temptation, so far as it existed, a temptation to desert her true function? Southey was, perhaps, the most genuine man of letters of his day; and it may fairly be said in his case that whatever motives led to the composition of the "Life of Wesley," at least led to an admirable literary performance. Further, it may be urged that, if Southey had been freer to follow his own impulses, he would have simply added to the mass of sham epic-poetry. And yet nobody can read Southey without feeling that here too we have a case of literary degradation—one more example of the man of exquisite taste turned into a mere day-laborer. Southey's "Doctor," the pet plaything of his leisure hours, can hardly be called a success; the humor is apt to be labored, and his spirits too often flag. And yet I think that, in reading it, we are apt to think that this is what he could really have done excellently if he could have made his bread by mere honest mechanical occupation instead of exhausting his last intellectual energies in grinding out articles for the "Quarterly Review." He confirms the truth of the common remark that in literature, alone of all employments, the amateur is the superior of the professional; and the obvious reason is, that in literature the amateur is the only true professional. It is he alone who aims at quality instead of quantity; who thoroughly and systematically elaborates what he has to say instead of turning out crude guesses and half-digested fancies to take their chance in the world.

But we must give one glance in conclusion at the men who have made both fame and money. There are cases in which great rewards have come to great men, and the moral which they inculcate is so obvious that one is half ashamed of calling attention to it again. The chief writers who have drawn the great prizes of literature in this century are Scott, Macaulay, and Dickens. The conspicuous fact about Macaulay is precisely this, that literature was never his main occupation until the last years of his life. He was primarily a politician and a legislator, and a very large part of the enduring merit of his work is due to the fact that it is the work of a man whose interest in history was primarily that of a maker of history. The "Essays," which are his best achievement, were a mere by-play and pleasant occupation for leisure, and not the main business of his life or the labor to which he

looked for support. If we come to Scott and Dickens, the moral is as clear as it is painful. For Scott I profess the profoundest reverence. His greatest works seem to me to deserve even higher praise than they have yet received. The magnificent series of novels from "Waverley" to "Ivanhoe" is, as I think, about the best piece of work ever done in the same space of time. But who can speak of Scott without painful thoughts about the luckless ambition typified by Abbotsford, and the ill-omened combination of the author and the speculator? When Byron ridiculed Scott for his half a crown a line, Scott answered manfully and honestly that he was not ashamed of turning an honest penny by his labor; but we can see only too well that the satirist had aimed at a weaker place than he knew. Of Dickens I will only say this: that to my mind the most melancholy record of any author's life that I know is the last volume of Forster's "Life," in which we see how a man of fine genius may be worn to death by vulgar admiration and the intoxication of pecuniary success. It is bad enough that authors should be starved or forced to uncongenial labor, or have to toil through tenfold gloom of despondency and dyspepsia in forcing their way to the front; but it is perhaps still worse for them, and certainly worse for their lasting reputation, that they should start with splendid successes, and be stimulated by the shouts of the multitude to go on making more and more splendid successes, until they have exhausted themselves in spasmodic grasping at cheap triumphs.

But enough of this; for we are in danger of some very commonplace morality. What is the conclusion from it all? That authors should not be paid at all, or, rather, paid only in gratitude? To that there is at least one fatal objection. If authorship became less profitable than it is, the temptations to journalism would be all the stronger. Men must always be paid for ephemeral work, and this mode of making a living must always be open to men capable of better things. If we did not allow a Scott to have a copyright, he would simply be forced to write *feuilletons* for the daily papers. And this is a sufficient defense of copyrights. We can not possibly make it worth a man's while to do his very best—to write immortal poems or revolutionize the world of thought. By the very act of offering a money reward, we are appealing to the wrong motives. But we may take some measures to diminish the sacrifice which must in all cases be made. We may, by a liberal rule, enable the man to hope that in his old age, or after his death, he and his children may have the loss in some degree made up to them. It would, perhaps, be better if the whole system could be altered, but it is not yet

of pressing importance to inquire what will be the practice in the millennium. And, therefore, as I freely admit, this argument has next to no bearing upon any practical question. It is simply a protest against one incidental assumption, which is often made as a matter of course, and which is yet, I think, degrading to literature. Anything has a tendency to improve the literature of a nation which makes the whole national life richer in interests, more harmonious, and more energetic. The intellectual activity due to widening of the range of thought, the closer sympathies and heightened emotions, which mean that new creeds are dawning in men's minds and stirring their imaginations, will bear fruit in literature as elsewhere; and the honor paid by a healthy race to its natural leaders will, in one way or other, provide sufficient motives for the higher kinds of ambition. But the existence of a liberal system of money rewards for those who can but amuse our idle hours, or tickle us with new sensations, is a matter of very subordinate importance. The rewards, no doubt, are given in one sense to merit, for the public is a paymaster which does not and can not take mere private motives into

account. But neither can it consider the intrinsic value of the service rendered, and, therefore, the rewards are almost as often paid for an abdications as for a discharge of a man's highest duty. At best, they are not proportioned to merit, though they may reward merit incidentally. And, therefore, I fancy that men of letters would best consider their own dignity, if they treated the whole question as simply a matter of business and practical convenience. Their claims, so far as they are well founded, belong to a different sphere, and are such as can not be recognized by hard cash. To be as free as possible from such considerations is a condition of their retaining true self-respect. They should have pride enough to claim to be something more than higglers in the literary market. If honest gains come their way, they need not be disdainful; but they can not profess to work for hire without abandoning their true position, and they may as well take it for granted at once that they must generally make the choice between aiming at pay and aiming at real excellence. No ingenuity will make the two motives universally coincident.

Cornhill Magazine.

BADEAU'S MILITARY HISTORY OF GENERAL GRANT.*

IN spite of its sufferings, its cruelties, and even its brutalities, there is nearly always something noble and inspiring about war. If it stirs society to its depths, and often brings the dregs to the surface, there can be no doubt that it also affords opportunity for the display of some of the finest and highest qualities of which human nature is capable; and it is true of nations as well as of individual men, that they seldom appear to better advantage than when transfigured and exalted, as it were, by the lurid light of battle. Already we Americans—both those who participated in the conflict, and those who simply hear of it from their fathers—have come to regard the period of the civil war as the heroic age of the republic, and to turn toward it as a sort of relief from the vulgar turbulence of current "politics." Especially is this the case when we turn our attention from the people at large to those individuals whose career has been prominent in both epochs. It is saddening to contem-

plate the number of reputations refined in the fiery furnace of battle that have since been smirched with the tarred stick of partisan politics; and certainly, in the case of General Grant, that portion of his career which General Badeau has undertaken to record is the portion to which his friends are most likely to turn when they wish to vindicate their admiration of him.

It may be said, indeed, that their interest in it and admiration for it have increased rather than diminished; and for General Badeau this is an especial piece of good fortune. It is seldom that an author who should allow thirteen years to elapse between the two installments of his work would find that the interest of his subject had suffered no diminution thereby—that it would appeal, indeed, to an enhanced sense of its relative importance; yet we think there can be no doubt that this is the case with General Badeau's record of the strictly military portion of General Grant's career.

The first volume of the "Military History," which appeared in 1867, covered the first three years of the war, when Grant was making those campaigns in the West which first secured him

* Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau. In Three Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

his reputation as a general. During that period General Badeau was not personally associated with him, and his record of it, as he explains to us, was intended merely as a prelude to the more important period covered by the last two volumes, when Grant commanded all the armies of the Union. "During this period," says General Badeau, in the preface to Volumes II and III, "I was his military secretary and aide-de-camp, and therefore an eye-witness of the important circumstances in which he personally participated. I knew his plans and wishes, as well as his judgments of men and events. His correspondence with the Government, and with army and corps commanders, was familiar to me at the time. I have since examined the entire official record of the year, including the returns of troops and all the reports in existence by either national or rebel officers above the rank of brigadier-general. For what in these volumes is quoted from official sources, I can therefore refer to the original documents, in every instance on file in the national archives; for what relates to personal incident or character, I must be my own principal authority. I have, however, whenever it has been possible, submitted my narrative to my brother officers for their ratification; and for the facts themselves, apart from criticism, I might call my subject himself as a witness."

This last sentence is especially significant, because the estimation in which General Badeau's work is likely to be held will be largely due to the supposition that it at least reflects General Grant's own views and conceptions concerning the most important portion of his career. The relations between the historian and his "subject" have been and are so intimate that it is quite naturally assumed that the book carries with it an authoritativeness in some respects which is much greater than would be implied by the mere endorsement or approval of General Grant.

The present installment of the work begins with March, 1864, when Grant was made lieutenant-general, and assigned to the command-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. From this time General Badeau's narrative is much more minute and detailed than in the earlier portion; and he takes particular pains to show that, while the general-in-chief took direct control of the Army of the Potomac, confronting Lee, he yet continuously guided all the armies of the Union, so as to make them cooperate toward a common and definite end—that henceforth all the widely-scattered forces of the republic were engaged in *one* campaign, and controlled by *one* directing mind. It is the clearness with which he shows this that constitutes the distinctively valuable feature of his work; as it is

the fact thus indicated which distinguishes the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 from all the previous campaigns of the war.

In regard to the literary qualities of General Badeau's work, it may be said that he writes with a soldierly directness and vigor, and with much more than a soldier's facility and picturesqueness. His topographical descriptions and his accounts of the larger movements of campaigns are particularly good; and his military experience gives him an important advantage over the civil historian in dealing with the minutæ of military events and movements. His descriptions of battles are less satisfactory, partly because of his too great tendency to recount the achievements or operations of separate commands, thus confusing the *ensemble*, and partly because of his determination to let nothing appear which tells to the disadvantage of his hero. Decidedly the best feature—the distinctive excellence—of his work are the personal portraits and sketches, which include nearly all the distinguished officers who served with Grant, and which lack no "color" that could be imparted to them by frankness of characterization. A few of the more striking passages containing these sketches we shall quote before touching upon one or two features of the work which seem to us open to criticism.

The first of them, appearing almost at the beginning of the second volume, draws an interesting contrast between Grant and the greatest of his lieutenants. The first important act of Grant after his promotion to the command-in-chief was to name Sherman as his successor in the Department of the Mississippi, and, proceeding to Nashville, he summoned Sherman thither for a conference. General Badeau was present at the meeting, and describes himself as struck at the time with the contrast which he has endeavored to portray in the following passage:

"His [Sherman's] first words to Grant were: 'I can not congratulate you on your promotion; the responsibility is too great.' The other was silent, and smoked his cigar. The contrast between the two was striking. One was tall, angular, and spare, as if his superabundant energy had consumed his flesh; sandy-haired, sharp-featured; his nose prominent, his lips thin, his gray eyes flashing fire as fast as lightning on a summer's night; his whole face mobile as an actor's, and revealing every shade of thought or emotion that flitted across his active mind; his manner pronounced; his speech quick, decided, loud. His words were distinct, his ideas clear, rapid—coming, indeed, almost too fast for utterance, but in dramatic, brilliant form, so that they got full development, while an eager gesticulation illustrated and enforced his thought simultaneously with speech itself. Boiling over with ideas, crammed full of feeling, discussing every subject and pronouncing on all; provoking criticism and contradiction and admiration,

by turns ; striking ideas out of the flintiest mind ; sympathetic ; suggestive to himself as well as to others ; starting new notions constantly in his own brain, and following them up, no matter how far or whither they led ; witty, eloquent, sarcastic, logical ; every attribute of person or temper or intellect indicated genius—every peculiarity fascinated or commanded the attention. No one could be with him half an hour and doubt his greatness, or fail to recognize the traits that have made him world-renowned. This was the lieutenant.

"The chief was smaller, but stouter in form, younger in looks and years ; calmer in manner a hundred-fold. His hair and beard were brown, and both heavier than Sherman's ; his features marked, but not prominent ; while his eye, clear but not piercing nor penetrating, seemed formed rather to resist than aid the interpretation of his thought, and never betrayed that it was sounding the depths of another nature than his own. A heavy jaw ; a sharp-cut mouth, which had a singular power of expressing sweetness and strength combined, and at times became set with rigidity like that of Fate itself ; a broad, square brow, which at first struck no one as imposing, but, on being studied, indicated unusual development both of intellect and will—these made up a physiognomy that artists always liked to model. The habitual expression of his face was so quiet as as to be almost incomprehensible ; strong, but its strength concealed by the manner of wearing hair and beard. His figure was compact and of medium height, but, though well made, he stooped slightly in the shoulders. His manner, plain, placid, almost meek, in great moments disclosed, to those who knew him well, immense but still suppressed intensity. In utterance he was slow and sometimes embarrassed, but the words were well-chosen, never leaving the remotest doubt of what he intended to convey, and now and then fluent and forcible, when the speaker became aroused. The whole man was a marvel of simplicity, a powerful nature veiled in the plainest possible exterior, imposing on all but the acutest judges of character, or the constant companions of his unguarded hours.

"Not a sign about him suggested rank or reputation or power. He discussed the most ordinary themes with apparent interest, and turned from them in the same quiet tones, and without a shade of difference in his manner, to decisions that involved the fate of armies, his own fame, or the life of the republic ; sending forty thousand men on a new campaign, or hearing of his own elevation to a power and position unsurpassed by that of any general in history, with the same equanimity and apparently the same indifference with which he listened to the trifles of the hour or the rumors of the camp ; but uttering, at the most unexpected intervals and in the most casual way, the clearest ideas in the tersest form ; announcing judgments, made apparently at the moment, which he never reversed, and which the world has never seen reason to reverse ; enunciating opinions or declaring plans of the most important character, in the plainest words and commonest

manner, as if great things and small were to him of equal moment, as if it cost him no more to command armies than to direct a farm, to capture cities than to drive a horse.

"In battle, however, the sphinx awoke, the riddle was solved. The outward calm, indeed, was even then not entirely broken, but the utterance was prompt, the ideas were rapid, the judgment was decisive ; the words were those of command ; the whole man became intense as it were with a white heat. His nature indeed seemed like a sword, drawn only in the field or in emergencies. At ordinary times a scabbard concealed the sharpness and temper of the blade ; but when this was thrown aside, amid the smoke and din of battle, the weapon flashed, and thrust, and smote—and won."

Sheridan is a special favorite of our author's, for the reason, probably, that, more distinctly than was the case with any other of the more prominent officers, his merits were discovered and fostered by Grant, while his successes were won more directly under the eye of the general-in-chief. The following vignette refers to the period when Sheridan had been assigned to command in the Valley of Virginia just after the raid in which Early had come so near capturing the national capital :

"Sheridan was at this time thirty-three years of age. His short but compact frame looked able to do or to endure all that was necessary in a soldier ; his large and strikingly developed head and close-shorn locks, his ruddy face and black twinkling eye were full of character ; while his expression, generally jovial, but quickly changing to stern determination or magnificent intensity—his simple, unaffected bearing, his genial address, and, above all, a something in look, and gesture, and expression, that told you when he was in earnest—these gave him a magnetic influence over individuals and masses, which none but men of genius exercise, and which in a personal commander is invaluable. None ever fought under Sheridan, and few ever approached him, who failed to recognize this quality. He combined with clear judgment and broad, comprehensive views, the profoundest feeling, and that instinctive sympathy with troops which knows just what they can do, and when, and inspires them by word and manner to do it. His plans were well laid ; he was cautious when caution was required ; he knew what risks he took, and he knew when it was wise not to take them ; he studied his chances, and he studied the field—for he possessed in a marked degree that topographical ability without which it is impossible to be a soldier—but, above all, he was full of energy—fearless, tireless energy. He rode about in battle with the most splendid daring and the most impetuous manner ; rising in his stirrups, brandishing his sword—a very paladin. His influence over the men was supreme. If they halted in a charge, he ordered the music to the front, himself rode down the line, and the assault went on. If a wounded man stumbled, he called

out to him, 'There's no harm done'; and the trooper went on with a bullet in his brain till he dropped dead on the field. But Sheridan was more than a Murat; he was not only fitted to inspire battalions and turn the tide of unsuccessful battle, but to plan campaigns of widest scope and complicated strategy."

Without exception, the most interesting passages in the book are those at the beginning of Chapter XXVIII, in which he gives a graphic description of the camp-life led at Grant's headquarters near Petersburg during the winter of 1864-'65. Such of these as throw light upon the more intimate personal characteristics of Grant himself we will endeavor to make room for:

"The chief and his personal staff always messed together, and their plain table was shared by all the illustrious visitors whom duty, or curiosity, or interest, brought to the headquarters of the army. A rude log-cabin formed the dining-room, and a long deal table received the fare, never garnished with wine or spirits of any kind; coffee and tea at breakfast and supper, with water for mid-day dinner, were the only drinks offered at these simple, soldiers' meals.

"When night came, all the officers on duty at the headquarters were accustomed to gather round the great camp-fire, and the circle often numbered twenty or even thirty soldiers. Grant always joined it, with his cigar, and from six or seven o'clock till midnight, conversation was the sole amusement. The military situation in every quarter of the country was of course the absorbing theme; the latest news from Sheridan or Sherman, the condition of affairs inside of Richmond, the strength of the rebel armies, the exhaustion of the South, the information extracted from recent prisoners, or spies, or from the rebel newspapers. From this the transition was easy to earlier events of the war, and Grant was always ready to relate what he had seen, to tell of his campaigns, to describe the character of his comrades and subordinates. Before the war he had met most of the men who were now prominent, rebels as well as national officers; either in the old army, or at West Point as cadets; and the knowledge of their character he thus obtained was extremely useful to him at this time. He often said of those opposed to him: 'I know exactly what that general will do'; 'I am glad such a one is in my front'; 'I would rather fight this one than another.' So also what he had learned of them in garrison, on the Canada frontier; or at the West, before the Indians, or crossing the Isthmus of Panama in cholera-time—all was of use now. No man was better able to predict what an individual would do in an emergency, if he had known or seen much of him before. The most ordinary circumstance to him betrayed character; and, as we sat round our fire at City Point, he told stories by the hour of adventures in the Mexican War, or rides on the prairies, or intercourse with Californian

miners, which threw a flood of light on the immense events in which the same actors were now engaged. And yet he never seemed to observe, and thus unconsciously deceived many who fancied they were deceiving him.

"Of course, all listened eagerly and deferentially to what he had to say, but all took part in the conversation: a simple captain could tell his story without interruption from the general-in-chief save when he asked for a light for his cigar. Politics at home were often discussed, and, unless strangers or foreigners were present, with great freedom. Gossip about men whom most of us had known came in, and tales of West Point life were common. But, though familiar, the talk was by no means vulgar; no coarse language was ever used in the presence of the general-in-chief, the most modest man in conversation in the army. A profane word never passed his lips, and, if by some rare chance a story a little broad was told before him, he blushed like a girl. Yet he was entirely free from cant, and never rebuked in others the faults which he himself scrupulously avoided.

"Grant, indeed, rarely showed vexation at occurrences, great or small, which must have tried him hard. Sometimes, in great emergencies, his lips became set, his mouth rigid, his expression stern; but even then his eye rarely flashed, and his voice betrayed no emotion. His tones grew calmer and more distinct; his mind seemed to kindle, his intellectual vision quickened; the windows of his soul were opened, and he looked out, through and beyond whatever was obscure; but all this only those who knew him long and intimately, and watched him closely, could discern. To others he was as passive as ever. I remember only twice during the war to have seen in him what might be called a shadow of excitement: once, when he was indignant at a great wrong put upon a friend; and once in the field, when he passed a teamster who was ill-using a horse, he shook his clinched hand at the man, and threatened him with arrest for cruelty.

"As the night wore on, one and another of the frequenters of the camp-fire dropped away, and by midnight the circle was winnowed to three or four, of whom Grant was always one. The only symptom of anxiety he displayed under the tremendous cares imposed upon him was wakefulness. He never wanted to go to his camp-bed. His immediate aides-de-camp discovered this, and, as he was willing to sit under the cold, clear sky and stars till three and four o'clock, wearing them all out, they at last agreed among themselves to wait up with him in turn. He never knew of this, but we often bargained with each other for an hour or two of rest. Many of these nights can I remember, during that long winter at City Point, when every one was asleep but the commander of the armies and his single officer. If the weather was inclement, we bore it as long as we could outside, and then sought shelter in his cabin. How confidential and intimate his conversation could at such times become, only those thrown closely with him knew. His recollections

of the past, the stories of his great battles and campaigns, the personal incidents of Vicksburg, and Donelson, and Chattanooga, and Shiloh; the details of his earlier career; his belief in the ultimate success of our cause; his prediction of events—all were clearly told in terse and often eloquent language; with every now and then a pregnant utterance that showed his appreciation of individual character, or close sympathy with men in masses, the native strength of his intellect, or the keen penetration of his judgment."

Hardly less interesting, perhaps, if less fresh and suggestive, is the summary of Grant's qualities as a general, and of the services that he rendered in the field, with which General Badeau brings his history to a close. This also is too long to quote in full, but a few of the more compact paragraphs may be cited:

"When the war was over, Grant had fought and beaten every important rebel soldier in turn: Buckner at Donelson, Beauregard at Shiloh, Pemberton and Johnston at Vicksburg, Bragg at Chattanooga, Lee in Virginia, and all of them altogether in the last year of the rebellion. From Belmont, the initial battle of his career, he had never been driven from the field, and had never receded a step in any of his campaigns except at Holly Springs, and then the rebels were in retreat before him, and Grant, unable to follow fast enough to overtake them, withdrew, only to advance on another line.

"He went on steadily from the start, gaining in reputation and skill, acquiring experience, developing his powers, but manifesting at the beginning many of the traits which were always conspicuous in his generalship. At Belmont, there were the same steadfastness under difficulties, the same sufficiency of resource, the same invention in unexpected emergencies which were afterward so often displayed; at Donelson, the same daring which attacked superior numbers, and the fortitude undismayed at temporary reverse, as well as the quick intuition which detected the intention of the enemy from apparently insignificant circumstances, like the three days' rations in the haversacks; and, above all, the perception that the crisis had come when both armies were nearly exhausted, and whichever first attacked would win; and then he declared, 'The rebels will have to be very quick, if they beat me.' At Shiloh, there was the same indomitable perseverance and confidence which made him say to Buell at the darkest moment of the fight, when that commander inquired, 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' 'I haven't despaired of whipping them yet'; and inspired the orders to Sherman to advance on the morrow, before Buell had arrived. At Vicksburg, he displayed again the untiring persistency, the willingness to try all schemes until the right one was found; then the bold conception of running the batteries and separating his army from its base, plunging into the interior between two hostile forces, contrary to all the rules of the schools

and the urgent counsel of his ablest subordinates; and, finally, the celerity, the audacity, the strategical manœuvres, the marches, the counter-marches, the five successful battles of the great campaign—except the Appomattox week, the most brilliant episode of the war. At Chattanooga, there came the larger responsibilities, the wider sphere, the varied combinations of the three armies, culminating in the elaborate tactical plans and evolutions of Lookout mountain and Missionary Ridge—a meet preparation for the still grander duties he was to assume, and the more comprehensive strategy he was to unfold, as general-in-chief of the whole.

"His entire career was, indeed, up to this point, a prelude and a preface for what was to follow. Events were educating him for the position he was destined to occupy. He learned the peculiar characteristics of American war. He found out that many of the rules applicable in European contests would fail him here. He discovered, years before the Germans, the necessity of open-order fighting; the troops became proficient in field fortifications; his cavalry was used to the system, afterward so successfully employed by the Uhlans, of mounted infantry; he limited the use of artillery; he perceived that the day for cavalry-charges was nearly past. He also invented the long campaigns without a base, which astonished the enemy and the world. But, above all, he understood that he was engaged in a people's war, and that the people as well as the armies of the South must be conquered, before the war could end. Slaves, supplies, crops, stock, as well as arms and ammunition—everything that was necessary in order to carry on the war—was a weapon in the hands of the enemy; and of every weapon the enemy must be deprived.

"This was a view of the situation which Grant's predecessors in chief command had failed to grasp. Most of the national generals in every theatre, prior to him, had attempted to carry on their operations as if they were fighting on foreign fields. They sought to out-manœuvre armies, to capture posts, to win by strategy pure and simple. But this method was not sufficient in a civil war. The passions were too intense, the stake was too great, the alternatives were too tremendous. It was not victory that either side was playing for, but existence. If the rebels won, they destroyed a nation; if the Government succeeded, it annihilated a rebellion. It was not enough at this emergency to fight as men fight when their object is merely to outwit or even outnumber their enemy. This enemy did not yield because he was outwitted or outnumbered. It was indispensable to annihilate armies and resources; to place every rebel force where it had no alternative but destruction or submission, and every store or supply of arms or munitions or food or clothes where it could be reached by no rebel army.

"Grant's greatness consisted in his perception of this condition of affairs, and his adaptation of all his means to meeting it. When he became general-in-chief he at once conceived this idea, and understood the terrible nature of the task he must assume. He

made all his plans and combinations with this in view. The scope of these plans included the entire republic. The Army of the Potomac at the East and Sherman's forces at the West constituted the two great motive powers; but, in Virginia, Butler on the James and Sigel in the Valley were to assist Meade on the Rappahannock, while, at the West, Banks was to meet Sherman, both marching toward Mobile. All were combined and directed with a common purpose and a central aim. These combinations were sometimes interrupted or thwarted in their development. Grant and Sherman each met many obstacles before either sat down in front of the strategical objective point of his army; Butler and Sigel both failed in their coöperation in Virginia, while Banks failed to coöperate at all before Mobile. Grant himself entered upon an encounter as terrible as that of Christian with Apollyon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The struggle was prolonged and bitter, and the national commander received as well as inflicted appalling loss; but he persisted in his advance amid carnage and assaults with that awful composure and confidence which to many natures is not only inscrutable but absolutely repelling, but which, nevertheless, was the especial quality which enabled him to succeed. He pushed his army through such a month of ceaseless and seemingly resultless battle as the world has hardly ever seen; dealing, however, as he knew, the blows from which his antagonist would never recover. In the Wilderness the rebellion received its death-stroke. It lingered months afterward, and all the skill and strength of the nation and its soldiers were required to push the blade to the heart, but the iron entered in May, 1864. But for just this terrific strife, just this persistent attack, just this bloody wage, the result would have been deferred or different. . . .

"When, finally, all things were ready and the great blow was struck, it was seen how complete had been the preparations and combinations which had preceded the end; how absolute the execution of the scheme devised a year before. Lee surrendered because he had nothing else to do. He could not run away. Johnston and Maury and Richard Taylor and Kirby Smith surrendered for exactly the same reason. The various victories were not haphazard; it was not that each man chanced to come out right. All the arrangements were made in advance. Army after army came up to surrender, like the pieces of chess in a complicated game, when the beaten player has only one move for each, and that to give it away. Nor was it only because of Appomattox, or because they had lost heart, that the lesser rebels yielded. Johnston was absolutely surrounded, for Stoneman and Thomas and Wilson were in his rear, while Sherman was in front, and Meade and Sheridan were approaching from the North. The troops that escaped from Mobile were between Canby and the cavalry, and if they had tried could have done no better than their fellows. The rebellion was conquered at all points at the same time. It had no armies except in front of greater ones. It had no supplies except separated

from its armies. It had no arsenals, no armories, no railroads left; yet it surrendered a thousand cannon and a hundred and seventy thousand soldiers.

"This was not the result of brute force. This was not mere outnumbering or overwhelming. It was the disposition of the national armies, between, around, and among the rebel forces, as well as the incessant blows dealt by those armies, which made it impossible, after Appomattox, for any organized rebel force to make a move in any direction that did not entail upon itself absolute and immediate destruction."

As already intimated, there are one or two features that must be excepted from the general verdict of approval that will be passed upon General Badeau's work. Perhaps the most objectionable of these is the constant effort to exalt Grant at the expense of his coadjutors and subordinates. It is almost amusing to note the ingenuity of the author's efforts to avoid offending General Sherman, or challenging his denial, and yet to secure for Grant the credit of Sherman's famous "march to the sea." At one time he asserts that Grant had planned the same movement before he withdrew from the Department of the Mississippi; at another, that it was suggested to Sherman by Grant's campaign prior to the siege of Vicksburg; at another, that it was part of the general legacy that Sherman inherited as the successor of Grant in the West; and throughout that Grant as general-in-chief necessarily directed the movements of his lieutenants. It happens that there is just enough of plausibility in all this, and in the ingenuity with which it is put, to avoid a direct and unequivocal contradiction; yet there is sufficient evidence in the author's own pages to show that the conception, as well as the execution of the "march," was due to the fertile brain of Sherman. Thomas is treated even more unfairly than Sherman; and as for Banks, Canby, Sigel, Hunter, Warren, and Butler, they are simply put to the sword. The tendency of the entire book is to shift the responsibility for disaster upon Grant's subordinates, and to credit all successes and skillful designs to Grant himself.

Another point in which General Badeau makes a mistake, we think, is in the perpetual institution of comparisons between the generalship of Grant and that of Lee, not only as regards the grand strategy of the campaign, but in matters of minor tactics. Aside from the apologetic and argumentative tone which this compels him to adopt, he is reduced to the necessity of placing his almost unsustained opinion against the unanimous conclusions of military writers and the plain results of the campaign. One of his favorite and most frequently repeated assertions is that it was Grant's uniform policy as a general

to repel attacks by a counter-assault; and his own policy as a biographer is evidently the same. Not content with defending Grant's Wilderness campaign, he assails Lee with virulent vigor; and it must be acknowledged, upon the showing he makes, that few commanders have ever blundered so persistently as Lee into such a wonderful series of successes.

Nothing whatever, it is to be observed, is gained by thus traducing Lee; because, in the first place, the opinion of not one competent reader will be altered by it, and, in the next place, the author should have borne in mind that, in characterizing Lee as a "second-rate com-

mander," he is simply minimizing whatever credit belongs of right to Grant as ultimate victor in the long and deadly duel between them. We are constantly reminded, as we read, how differently a "military secretary and aide-de-camp" of General Lee would describe the same movements and battles; but in truth it would hardly be necessary to confront General Badeau with other and opposing authorities—there is scarcely a suggestion of the kind referred to in which he could not be discredited by evidence found in his own book, sometimes on the same page.

C. H. J.

ARAB HUMOR.

II. WINE-BIBBING AND WITTICISMS.

THE Arabs, especially under the caliphate, were much given to wine-bibbing, in spite of the dictum of the Koran, which says: "They will ask thee about wine and gambling, say, in them both is sin and profit unto men; but the sin of them is greater than the profit of the same." Subsequently Mohammed condemned these vices in much stronger terms, declaring them to be abominations which true believers must avoid. There are no fewer than a hundred names for wine in the Arabic language, to say nothing of figurative terms such as "the maiden," "the bride," "the antidote," "the captivator," "the pole-star," "the ripe," "the sweet-savored," "the beloved," "sweetness," "joy," "Babylonian" (*sciz.* enchantress), "the companion of the sleepless," "the consoler," "the friend," "the babbler," "the soporific," "the key," "the heart of the tun," "quicksilver," "the mother of vices," "the unlawful," "sin," and the like. Alluding to the last term, a poet says:

"They told me that my drink was *sin*,
But I could ne'er believe it.
The only sin I see therein
Is when I have to leave it."

And right merrily do they go on punning about these various appellations, telling how "after a course of the Courser it coursed through the veins," and so on, in a way to make a burlesque writer long to don the *abba* and *kefiyeh*, settle down at Mecca, and open an opéra-comique for the pilgrim season.

One of the older and more usual terms for the liquor is *cahweh*, which we have corrupted into "coffee," the present well-known drink being in fact called "wine of the *bunn*," as the

berry is named in Arabic. Can not a few appropriate Arab songs in which coffee is lauded be translated for the use of the temperance music halls which are now fortunately becoming so common? Surely the knowledge that coffee is, after all, included among sinful drinks would give a piquancy to the Mocha draught in teetotal eyes, for we are but human creatures, and the "tail of the sarpint is over us all."

Father Noah is with us Occidentals credited with the invention of the too seductive fluid; but the Orientals know better. Father Adam was too clever to have missed such a discovery, and it was he who planted the vine. The result would, no doubt, have been perfectly harmless had not Iblis, always ready to make mischief, stepped in and spoiled the fun. That unprincipled demon came furtively after our first father and sacrificed a peacock on the spot where the plant was set. As soon as it began to sprout forth he sacrificed an ape over it; when the grapes began to appear he slaughtered a lion; and when these were ripe he offered up a pig. Hence it is that he who drinks wine feels at first as proud as a peacock, and becomes subsequently as tricksome as an ape, as bold as a lion, and at length as stupid as a swine.

The Prophet's strict temperance principles lost him many a promising convert among his contemporaries, and, as the reader will presently see, did not materially benefit the morals of his followers later on. Of course, even in pagan times, the evils of excess would occasionally manifest themselves, and instances are recorded of the ancient Arabs taking the pledge on their own account. One notable example was Keys, the son of 'Asim, who was brought round by a

very decided attack of the "jumps." One night, this warrior announced his intention of pulling down the moon, and, after several frantic leaps into the air for the purpose, fell down flat upon his face. Being afterward told how his features had got bruised, he wisely resolved to give up wine-bibbing for the future. The sinner's fall is the saint's opportunity; so, as might be expected, Arab literature is full of anecdotes of wise and sober men who have reproved their dissolute "betters": here is one of the kind. A certain king went to visit a mad-house, and found there an intelligent-looking youth who, after replying sensibly to a number of questions put to him by the sovereign, at length addressed the latter, saying:

"You have asked me many things; I will now ask you one. At what period does a sleeper enjoy his sleep most?"

The king reflected awhile, and said, "While he is actually sleeping."

"That can not be," said the madman, "for he has no perception while asleep."

"Then, before he goes to sleep," said the king.

"How can one enjoy anything," asked the madman, "before it comes?"

"Then," said the king, "after he has been asleep."

"Nay," said the madman, "a man can not be said to enjoy a thing that has passed away."

So pleased was the king with the other's wit that he determined to make a companion of him, had a table set out in front of the window of the mad-house, and bade his attendants hand a cup of wine to himself and one to his mad friend. "You drink your cup," said the latter, "that you may become like me; but, if I drink mine, whom shall I be like?"

The king, on hearing this speech, threw away the cup, and remained a total abstainer for evermore.

To take a case of less historical vagueness. The Caliph Abdel Melik, son of Merwan, had a favorite slave named Nasib, whom he one day invited to drink with him. "Commander of the Faithful!" replied the slave, "I am not related to thee, have no authority over thee, and have neither rank nor lineage. I am but a black slave whose wit and politeness have earned me thy favor; how then shall I take that which will rob me of both?"

The caliph looked around for another boon companion.

These Oriental despots would stand a great deal from a saint. One celebrated personage of this class, named Abu 'l Husain en Nûrî, saw a vessel on the Tigris with thirty earthenware jars on board consigned to the Caliph el Mo'tadid,

and, being told that they contained wine, went for them with a boat-pole, and broke them all but one. The monarch, enraged at the loss of the liquor, and the slight to himself, sent for the offender and asked him sternly, "Who made thee censor?"

"He who made thee caliph!" was the reply, and the saint was permitted to go about his business. Saints and madmen are allowed more license in the East than appears absolutely prudent, and when (as is frequently the case) the two characters are combined in one person, and a sharp spear is given as a badge of office (as it always is), that holy man is one to be avoided. I know this to my cost, having once been compelled to dodge round and round in Jerusalem for a good ten minutes holding on to the wrong end of a spear, while a grinning lunatic of intense holiness kept jobbing at me with the other.

But the kings and governors themselves, as is most fit, in many instances guarded against infringements of the Prophet's liquor law.

El Hejjaj, whom I have already mentioned, one day ordered the chief of his guards to behead any one whom they might find in the streets after dark. One night, as the officer was going his rounds, he met two young men drunk and reeling about, and, at once arresting them, demanded of them who they were. The first replied:

" 'I am the son of him to whom
Are bowed the necks of young and old,
And when, perforce, to him they come,
He draws their blood and draws their gold.' "

"This must be a relative of the Commander of the Faithful himself," thought the guard, and refrained from executing him until he had referred the matter to El Hejjaj. Turning to the other, he asked the same question, and received for answer the following verse:

" 'I am the son of him whose worth
Can never be suppressed on earth;
Around his light on every hand
The troops expectant sit or stand.' "

"This," said the officer to himself, "must be the son of some noble Arab chief," and spared his life. In the morning they were both taken before El Hejjaj, when the first turned out to be the son of a barber, and the other of a man who kept a stall for roasting and selling beans in the market-place.

The stern tyrant dismissed them with a reprimand.

Another governor, seeing a man with a jar of wine wrapped up in his cloak, called him up and asked what it was he was carrying. The man approached, and the officer bade him stretch forth his hand. The poor fellow held out his

right hand but kept tight hold of the jar with the left.

"Put out your other hand as well," said the governor, whereupon the other stepped backward to a neighboring wall and, holding the jar against it with his back, complied with the demand.

"Now," said the governor, "step away from the wall!"

"Why, you fool," said the man, losing his head figuratively and by so doing risking the loss of it literally, "don't you see that I shall break the jar if I do?" The repartee saved him though.

The caliphs used to sit and dispense justice themselves, and many were the charges of "drunk and disorderly" which the Commander of the Faithful had to hear.

An old man was brought before Hishâm, the son of Abdel Melik, drunk; and a flask of wine and a lute were laid before the caliph as *pièces de conviction*. The monarch commanded that the "tambourine" should be broken over the offender's head, the "beer" poured over his garments, and that he should afterward receive a sound flogging.

At this the old man burst out weeping, but excused his weakness by saying that he was not crying at the thought of a beating, but at the slight put upon his lute and his wine in calling them respectively a "tambourine" and "beer." Of course he was pardoned for what was to an Arab ear a witty saying.

In all the learned histories from which I cull these anecdotes, there is a tendency to give the toppers the best of the bargain in their encounters with justice, showing a sneaking affection on the part of solemn old Moslem doctors for the forbidden fruit. Thus we are told that a drunkard, having been offered the choice between taking the pledge or receiving the usual corporal punishment, went before the *cadi* for the purpose of taking a solemn oath to abstain from alcoholic stimulants in future. "You must swear," said the magistrate, "never again to approach such-and-such a tavern, and such-and-such a wine-shop," naming a dozen of the most notorious establishments of Medina and its neighborhood.

"Oh!" cried the "habitual" to the bystanders, "let some one administer the pledge to his worship, for he knows more about the matter than I!"

Another sinner, being about to receive the stripes accorded by Mohammedan law to the convicted drunkard, was stripped to the waist to receive the punishment, but the executioner was of short stature and could not reach him. "Stoop down," said the latter, "that the blows may take effect!" "Do you think," asked the other, "that

you are inviting me to partake of a pleasant dish? I wish I was as tall as the tower of Babel and you as short as a pygmy."

The Good Haroun Alraschid was very much addicted to drink, but at times the majesty of his office and his duty to religion asserted themselves and he became a terribly severe censor of public morals. One well-known anecdote of these his sterner moods I will relate, but, as it is the Arab fashion to interlard prose with poetry, I will tell it in verse. The hero of the story is the jester-poet Abu Nuwâs, whom my readers, if they follow these veracious pages, will soon learn to know better:

- "One fine evening the caliph
Had indulged in heavy wet,
Till he didn't know an *alif**
From the neighboring minaret.
- "And awaking on the morrow,
With (what all must feel at times)
Red-hot coppers, thought with sorrow
On his fellow-creatures' crimes.
- "'Shall not Allah's own vicegerent,'
Said he, 'break the drunkard's glass—
Crush in man this vice inherent?
Here, you sot Abu Nuwâs!
- "My great clemency prevailing,
Grants to thee the choice to make
'Twixt beheading and impaling—
Shall it be a chop or stake?
- "But the still undaunted poet
Takes it all for pleasant fun;
'How your majesty does go it!
May I ask what I have done?'
- "'Done!' the caliph cried with curses,
'Is it not thy wont to sing
Dissipated doggerel verses,
Bidding men the wine-cup bring?
- "'I suspect from your condition
Men do bring it very oft.'
'Would you slay me on suspicion?'†
Asks the bard in accents soft.
- "'Then religion, too, you scoff at,
Here, for instance, when you say,
'Come along my noble prophet,
We will fight with fate to-day!'"
- "'Well, and *did* we?' asked the poet.
'How should I know?' said the king.
'Then, when you yourself don't know it,
Would you kill me for a thing?'

* The letter *ا*, the first in the alphabet. The proverb quoted, "*Ma ya'rîfsh al alif minnal mādneh*," is equivalent to the English "He doesn't know big B from a bull's foot."

† "Verily some suspicion is a sin," Koran, ch. xlix, v. 12.

" 'Cease,' cried Haroun, 'this contention :
Thou hast often in thy verse
Owned to things too bad to mention,
And deserving death or worse !'

" 'Allah told us long ago that
What I say I never do ;
And your Majesty must know that,
Since you've read your Koran through,

" THE ERRING FOLLOW IN THE POET'S WAY :
SEEST THOU NOT HOW IN EACH VALE THEY
STRAY ?
AND HOW THEY NEVER DO THE THINGS THEY
SAY. " * *

" This Koranic erudition
Left the king no more to say,
So the other with submission,
Took the chance to slip away.

" Reader ! it should make us humbler,
When of men like this we read.
Let us take another tumbler,
Just to drink to er Rashîd."

Poetical erudition was in great favor with Arabian sovereigns, and the man who could repeat large quantities of verse by heart was always welcome at court.

Hammad, a favorite reciter, or troubadour of this class, was a partisan of the Caliph El Welid, and had strongly opposed Hisham, the latter's brother, in the struggle that had taken place between the two. When Hisham at length prevailed and ascended the throne, Hammad, fearing the new sovereign's vengeance, bethought him of business he had in the city of Kufa, a place which had the advantage of being a good way off. Here, however, a peremptory message from the caliph reached him, and he was obliged to set off again for Damascus. Arrived there, he was ushered into the monarch's presence, and found that great personage seated upon a magnificent throne, beneath a pavilion of red silk surmounted with a dome of yellow brocade, and attended by two very beautiful damsels each holding a crystal ewer of wine in her hand. The caliph, after receiving and returning the salutation, said :

" I have had a piece of poetry running in my head for some time, but I can only remember that it contains the word *ibrik*, [ewer]; what is it ? "

Hammad reflected awhile, and replied : " I do not know, unless it should happen to be the verses of Tuba El Yemani :

" ' My mentors all are up betimes,
And bid me from my bed arise ;
My love for thee the worst of crimes
Appareth in their jealous eyes.

" ' I can not tell my friends from foes,
So many rivals round me stand,
Till morning light a maiden shows,
Who holds a ewer in her hands ! ' "

" That is the very thing ! " cried Hisham, and ordered one of the slave-girls to give Hammad a cup to drink. She did so, and the troubadour, having tossed it off, felt himself, as he averred, three parts intoxicated. Nothing, however, would please the caliph but that he should repeat the verses and the dose, the result being that poor Hammad was soon far more than three sheets in the wind.

" Now," said he, " Commander of the Faithful, I have lost two thirds of my reason."

The caliph laughed louder than ever, and cried, " Ask some favor of me while a third of your senses yet remains."

The rhapsodist modestly begged for the two young ladies, and Hisham at once made them over to him by a deed of gift, with all the clothes and jewels which they stood upright in, and fifty thousand gold pieces to boot.

" I kissed the ground before him," says Hammad, " drank a third cup, and knew nothing afterward until, toward daybreak, I woke up and found myself in a handsome house, with the two slave-girls putting my clothes in order. So I took possession of my goods and chattels, and departed the happiest creature on God's earth."

My readers will please to remember that I am dealing with a polygamic nation, and that the transfer of handmaidens was, with them, as ordinary a daily occurrence as a prophetic " sealing " is at Salt Lake.

Times have but little changed, indeed, since then, except that the present representative of the caliph, being dependent upon European loans for his personal expenditure, and having decidedly limited credit, can not afford to reward merit by gifts of young ladies, and is forced to draw the line at orders of the Medjidie.

Nor have civilized ideas as yet penetrated to the Desert, and an impecunious Bedouin Arab once appealed to my charity on the ground that he was " a poor man with four wives and a large family." I must, however, own that such extravagance is rare among the dwellers in the tents of Ishmael.

Another story is told which illustrates the retentive memory and ingenuity of some of these learned Arabs and the ready manner in which they could support almost any proposition by appropriate illustrations. The incident is connected with our present subject.

Hamid ibn Abbas once asked his vizier in full council what was the best remedy for an excess in wine-drinking. The minister turned away shocked, and said :

* Koran, ch. xxvi, vv. 224-226.

"What have I to do with such questions as this?" at which the poor monarch, who was suffering from the effects of a heavy drinking-bout, blushed and felt very uncomfortable. Abu Omar, the Cadi-ul-Cudhât, the highest legal authority in the empire, happened to be present and came to the rescue. Coughing to clear his throat and folding his arms in a dignified manner, he pronounced a solemn *fatwa*, or legal decision, upon his Majesty's question, in these words:

"I seek refuge in God from Satan, who is pelted with stones. Allah has said in the Koran, 'Whatsoever the Prophet has ordered you, that do ye, and whatsoever he has forbidden you, that shall ye abstain from.' Again the Prophet (on whom be the peace and blessing of God) has said, 'Rely in every art on the best masters thereof.' Now, in the art concerning which his Majesty has asked, the chief master in the time before Mohammed was the poet El 'Asha, who says:

'One cup I drink for pleasure's sake,
The next to cure the first I take.'

The Arab poet, Majnûn, also writes:

'Myself from Leila's love with Leila only can I
heal,
As drunkards cure with wine the ills that wine has
made them feel.'

And on the same subject Abu Nuwâs has said:

'Blame me not, for blame is vain,
But cure me with what caused my pain.'

On hearing this Hamid's face brightened up, and, turning to his vizier, he said, "Why don't you answer the cadi's arguments? He has quoted the Koran itself, the words of the Prophet (on whom be peace and blessing!), the verses of the ancient Arab bards, and, lastly, those of the modern poets."

The solemn adjuration with which the Cadi-ul-Cudhât began his speech is used by Mohammedans when they are about to speak of anything which is profane or unlawful, such as of wine-drinking. The expression "pelted with stones" refers to the superstition that the devils are always listening at the gates of heaven for information as to future events, and that the angels when they discover them pelt them with fire-brands, which is the origin of the shooting-stars.

I can not refrain from here relating an anecdote of our old friend Abu Nuwâs and a *mohaddeth*—that is, a professor of that branch of Moslem theology which consists in citing with the proper authorities those sayings of Mohammed that under the name of "*Hadîth*" or "traditions" make up the *sunneh* or supplemental law. But the anecdote must be told in verse:

"Abu Nuwâs had studied more
Traditional and sacred lore
Than Bagdad's other sages.
The lawfulness of drinking wine
He'd prove to you from any line
Throughout the Koran's pages.

"He'd prove that all the caliph did
Was acting as the Prophet bid,
And quote his very speeches;
He'd say: 'Sheikh A. once told to me
That he had heard from Dr. B.
That Dr. C. thus teaches.

" 'That Dr. D.——' and so he'd get
Completely through the alphabet.
And he was sure upon it
'That Z. had heard the Prophet say
That there was only one right way,
And Er Rashîd was on it.' *

"While on the Tigris once afloat,
A Christian with him in the boat,
Who was engaged in drinking,
Politely filled a brimming glass,
And handed to Abu Nuwâs,
Who drank it without thinking.

" 'Oh!' said the Christian, 'I forgot:
Wine is forbidden, is it not?'
'It is,' replied the poet.
'The question is, though, is it clear
That this *is* wine we're drinking here?
If so, how do you know it?'

" 'The wine,' said he, 'I gave to you,
My slave-boy purchased of a Jew
Who sells it on the quiet.'
Said Bu Nuwâs: 'You are a flat
To notice evidence like that,
And be deluded by it.

" 'I take with caution most things said
By A or B, of X or Z,
Of what the Prophet told him;
And shall I take a Christian's word
For what a slave-boy may have heard
Of what a Jew has sold him?'"

Abu Bekr ibn 'Aiyash and Sufiyan eth Thori, both lights of Islam for all their uncouth names, were journeying afoot from Kufa to Hira, when they saw a sheik of so venerable an appearance, and such reverend white locks, that they made sure of his being a learned doctor, and Sufiyan, an ardent student of the "*Hadîth*," ever on the lookout for religious information, hailed him with the words, "Hast thou aught of the '*Hadîth*'?" The word means "new," as well as "traditions." "Nay," chuckled the reverend old man, who on closer inspection turned out to be decidedly the worse for liquor, "but I've got too much of the *old* [wine] about me!" I could go on with this

* Er Rashîd means one who is in the right way.

theme for many pages more, but the anecdotes are all of a similar style, and as the Arab proverb has it, "*Laisa fi 'l i'âdah ifâdah*" ("There is no profit in repetition").

To come to the point: these drinking-bouts were magnificent entertainments, at least among the higher classes, to whom, perhaps, they were chiefly confined. The host and his guests, clothed in dresses of bright colors, surrounded by fresh flowers and rich perfumes, reclined on cushions, while a page or damsel handed round the cup, and offered an embroidered napkin after each draught to wipe the lips withal. Sometimes they were held in the open air, and the bank of a river was the spot most favored by the Arab *bon vivant*. As one of their own poets has said:

"A seat beside the river ours,
Upon a carpet strewn with flowers;
The wavelets rippling on apace,
Like dimples on a maiden's face;
And bubbles floating to the brink,
Round as the cups from which we drink."

Musicians and singers, too, were there to add to the general harmony and delight. Here is a specimen of the drinking-song they used to sing:

"Here, take it, 'tis empty! and fill it again
With wine that's grown old in the wood,
That in its proprietor's cellars has lain
So long, that at least it goes back to the reign
Of the famous Noshîrwân the Good.

"With wine which the jovial friars of old
Have carefully laid up in store,
In readiness there for their feast-days to hold—
With liquor, of which if a man should be told,
He'd roll away drunk from the door!

"So brilliant that, if 'twere allowed to be seen
'Twould guide a blind man to its place!
And though 'tis a fire, yet it never has been
Kindled up in the cup, but the fire of chagrin
Has been quenched without leaving a trace!

"Oh! the greatest of monarchs is nothing, I ween,
Till he's drunk with the liquor divine!
It raises the lowly, makes liberal the mean,
And the veriest coward that ever was seen
Would grow brave with such glorious wine.

"The damsel who goes to and fro with the glass
Shames the pliant young branch of the tree,
With so graceful and gentle an air does she pass.
I'll drink all the night with a merry young lass,
Who's both lovely and loving to me!

"She's perfect in beauty and fresh as the tree
That waves o'er Arabia's sand.
Like a timid and thirsty gazelle too, is she,
As with rose-tinted fingers she's drinking to me,
From the rose-tinted wine in her hand."

About these merry minstrels we shall have more to say anon.

Arab toppers differ in opinion as to the amount a man should drink, that most generally received being that it depends upon the company one drinks in. Abu Nuwâs's idea was to take four bottles at a sitting:

"Four humors in our body dwell,
As wise physicians teach;
So give, if you would fain live well,
A bottle unto each."

But, perhaps, he was hardly a judge of what was prudent in this respect, since, from his own account, he was seldom in a condition to ascertain. It is related of him that on one occasion, seeing a man drunk, he burst out laughing; whereat his neighbor asked, "Why do you laugh, when you yourself are like him every day?"

"Just so," said the incorrigible toper, "but I never saw a drunken man before; because I am always the first to get drunk and the last to get sober."

Finding this worthy one day drunk as usual, Haroun Alraschid said to him, half in jest and half in anger, "Abu Nuwâs! I hereby appoint you chief magistrate of all the dissolute scamps in the city."

"I am quite ready to enter upon my duties," was the reply; "has your Majesty any case for my court?"

The impertinence nearly cost him his head, but he succeeded in pacifying his offended sovereign.

His philosophy of life was of the sort described by a later poet, Behâ el dîn Zoheir, of Egypt:

"If a merry blade am I,
What can that to others matter?
Yet my mentor, standing by,
Bores me with his moral chatter.

"All in vain I let him preach,
Whether it annoy or please him;
Or, if I hear out his speech,
I turn it into jest to tease him.

"Ah! the mentor never knows
What we merry blades are after!
We fool him thus before his nose,
And burst, behind his back, with laughter.

"Times may change, but never fear!
Let us, friends, carouse and revel;
Send the bottle over here,
And send the mentor to the devil!"

And many of the greatest poets of Islam were of the same mind; for instance, the Caliph Abdel Melik asked the celebrated El Akhtal why he was for ever repeating the praise of wine in

prose and verse. "Because," said he, "its beginning is bitterness and its end is headache; but between the two there are moments which I would not sell for your Majesty's kingdom."

Fables are generally vehicles for the exhibition of such very wholesome, but alas! unpalatable, moral medicines that it is refreshing to find one here and there which has nothing for its teaching but the idea which Hafiz has so beautifully expressed:

"This moral it is mine to sing:
Go learn a lesson of the flowers;
Life's season is in youth's fair spring,
Then seize like them the fleeting hours."

Once upon a time, say the Arab chronicles, there were two hunchbacks—one a pleasant, happy fellow, and the other ill-tempered and morose. One day the first bought himself a bottle of wine and some fruit, and, having found a quiet, retired chamber, sat down to enjoy himself, drinking the wine, eating the fruit, and singing a merry song. Suddenly the wall opened and a terrible *afreet* or demon appeared and asked him what he wanted there. The hunchback, nothing daunted, answered the *afreet* pleasantly, and politely invited him to share his feast. This he agreed to do, and the two passed so pleasant an hour together that the *afreet*, before leaving, miraculously restored his companion to an upright stature, and entreated him to come back and drink with him another day. Soon afterward the other hunchback met his friend, and asked, with wonder, where and how he had got rid of his hump. On hearing the story, the surly fellow determined to lose his hump as well, and, having laid in a stock of wine and fruit, sat down in the place indicated by the other, and awaited the result. But he was, as we have said, morose; he drank sullenly, and so greedily did he eat that "his hand went into the dish like a raven's claw and came out like a camel's hoof"—an apt illustration of gluttony which reminds us of the monkey who put his hand through the hole to steal the nuts and was detected because he could not draw the well-filled fist back again and would not drop his spoil. Presently the wall opened as before, and the mysterious visitor appeared; but the hunchback was so frightened at his awful looks, behaved so disagreeably, and made such a noise, that the *afreet* in a rage took down the other hump from a shelf where he had laid it by, placed it on the hunchback's breast, and kicked him out with a hump before as well as one behind.

By way of "a ha'p'orth of bread to all this sack," I will conclude this chapter by imparting

a slight piece of information and mention incidentally another intoxicant which the Arabs were in the habit of using. This is *hashish*, a preparation of Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), the well-known properties of which, in producing strange visions and a subsequent state of coma, make it a favorite instrument in Arab romance.

The Assassins (*Hashshasin*, or "Hashish-eaters")—that formidable and celebrated sect—received their name from this drug. The order was founded by Hasan es Sabáh, who, having surrounded himself with a band of Shiah fanatics, took possession of the fortress of Alamut, a lofty mountain on the shores of the Caspian, and spread terror through both Islam and Christendom by the fierce bravery with which he and his followers encountered all opposition, and by the terribly insidious manner in which he removed his enemies by secret assassination. One of the numerous stories told of him is that, having been summoned by the Crusading general to surrender, he called two of his followers to him and bade one to stab himself and the other to throw himself from the highest battlements of the fortress. This order the "Devoted Ones"—*Fidwi*, as the neophytes were called—at once obeyed, and Hasan derisively asked the envoy what his master's troops could do against a chief who commanded such men as those.

The story is probably true, and the means adopted to obtain such complete ascendancy over the minds of his followers seem to have been the reducing them to a state of intoxication during their initiation, and while in this condition of mental exaltation introducing them to all manner of sensual indulgence, and causing them to believe, on their coming to, that they had actually enjoyed a foretaste of the paradise which was reserved for martyrs in the cause. Hasan es Sabáh was generally known as "Sheik el Jebel," from his mountain fortress, and it is from a mis-translation of the title *sheik*, which means both a "chief" and an "old man," that the name by which he is known to European histories, "The Old Man of the Mountain" (Jebel), is derived. There is good reason for believing that the Knights Templars borrowed much of the constitution of their order from that of this terrible sect.

The Indian name for hashish is *Bang*, which the Arabs have corrupted into *Benj*. Under this title it was known from very early times in Egypt. At the present day, the Copts, who also use the word, make its plural *nibenj*; which suggests that in *hashish* we may look for the origin of the mysterious herb "nepenthe," celebrated by Homer.

Temple Bar.

A TALK ABOUT ODES.*

Geoffrey. So we three have met again!

Basl. Yes; and not "in thunder, lightning, or in rain," but on an April morning, when Spring looks like herself. We can gaze upward and feast our eyes on Dante's "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro"; or downward to mark on our beloved lake his "tremolar della marina." Look how its waters quiver with tremulous light as the sun-beam smites them; and break forth into that "many-twinkling smile" which Æschylus saluted long before!

Geof. Will you accept this little wood, through which our upward path goes, as a representative of the glade to which Sordello guided Virgil and Dante? If so, our young friend here shall "disfigure or present" the person of the last-named; for I know that he has been reading very hard for his degree, and so conversing more with the dead than the living.

Henry. I have emerged from that underworld "with slow faint steps and much exceeding pain." Do not remind me of my sufferings; for the hour is fast approaching when I must plunge in again.

Geof. Your look is not such as to bespeak compassion. You have not been down to the lower circles. Your stay has been chiefly, I trust, in those "open and luminous" spaces where Dante walked among the great Greeks and Romans, the wide plains of philosophy stretched out beneath the empurpled ether of poetry.

Bas. (from the wood). Come in and admire, instead of talking nonsense outside. This is of a surety that mountain-glade where Dante saw the holy kings and princes resting: the white cherry-blossom floats overhead, underneath the black-thorn spreads out the white coral of its little branches; the violet and the primrose peep forth from the bright green moss; here and there the celandine paves the floor with gold, and the wood-anemone opens its starry petals to their widest, and gems every spot in the grove.

Geof. Not a bad Northern version, is it, of the many hues which variegated the Florentine's green herbage? But it is yet early afternoon, and he visited his glen at nightfall: our trees are yet leafless; his waved fresh and tender green over the angels who descended at the sound of the "Te lucis ante."

Bas. We, too, have a winged choir, and a better one than we deserve, to listen to. Hear

how the thrushes and the blackbirds are paying us for the pains with which we fed them through the winter! And if the larch-plumelets are all the greenery that we yet can boast of, still—

"Gentle western blasts, with downy wings

Hatching the tender springs,

To the unborn buds with vital whispers say,

'Ye living buds, why do ye stay?'

The passionate buds break through the bark their way."

One can almost hear them at it.

Hen. English verse sounds pleasant to my ears after hard searchings into the meaning of difficult Greek choruses. Which of our poets are you quoting?

Bas. Cowley: I think, but I am not sure, that those lines are in his "Ode on Life."

Geof. That is the ode which perhaps gave Blake his fine idea of "The Gate of Death," which his old man, bowed down with years, creeps through, to emerge vigorous and youthful on the farther side. I mean the words—

"When we by a foolish figure say,

'Behold an old man dead!' then they

Speak properly, and cry, 'Behold a man-child born!'"

Hen. Who are "they"?

Geof. The angels: those same who bear Faust's new-born soul, and find it a sore burden even for their loving arms.

Bas. Cowley expresses the same idea in another good simile:

"We seek to close and plaster up by art

The cracks and breaches of the extended shell;

And, in their narrow cell,

Would rudely force to dwell

The noble, vigorous bird already winged to part."

Hen. Is Cowley a favorite poet of yours?

Bas. At one time of my life he was; and though his odes do not, any one of them, live in my memory as a whole, yet many lines of his still linger there. Some novels, and some poetry, of the present day make me exclaim with him—

"... 'Tis just

The author blush there where the reader must,"

and long for a critic, with words sufficiently scathing, to compel him to the unwonted exercise. Cowley's words, too, rise to my lips at the sight of ambitious pieces of word-painting, where the writer has left nothing without an ornament:

* See "A Talk about Sonnets," "Appletons' Journal," October, 1880.

"Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit let none be there."

And Cowley's echo of Aristophanes rises to my lips when I listen to such a concert of the birds as saluted us a few minutes ago in the wood which we are just leaving:

"Now blessings on ye all, ye heroic race!
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given,
And ways and walks the nearest heaven."

Hen. I see that Cowley did not wholly neglect alliteration.

Geof. What English poet, with any true fire of genius, could? It and rhyme are his two compensations for the loss of the exact quantities of classic verse: and he does not know his business if he does not make the most of them. Alliteration is the older and the more exclusively *English* resource of the two. From the bard who sang Athelstan's victory at Brunanburh, to the poet who sang Nelson's at the Baltic, we find it rise spontaneously to the lips of him who sings before he writes—which, I take it, is the distinction of the genuine ode-singer from the writer of fine but uninteresting compositions so styled.

Hen. May I ask you two questions about that? First, What is an ode? I mean, when we speak of one, are we to think of Pindar, or of Horace?

Geof. Of either, or both. At least to me that is an ode which is the outpouring of feeling passionately excited by some dignified cause; whether it swell, like the Greek choric song in praise of god or hero, as a complicated chant, with part answering to part, now soft and flute-like, now with a thunderous roll of many voices, then at last leaving the ear satisfied with a grand final strain; or whether, like the odes in which, as we know, Horace imitated the lost Greek lyrics, it is content throughout with one style of music, stanza responding to stanza without any variation. The essential thing, as it seems to me, is that the theme of an ode should be an elevated one, that its expression should be vehement and rapturous, that its singer, though still capable of self-control, should be lifted above his ordinary self by a strong poetic enthusiasm. As an example of what I mean, take Schiller's short dithyramb. You know it, Basil, in Coleridge's version, where it bears its first title, "The Visit of the Gods." It consists of three strophes, all molded alike; both the measure and the words bespeak the wildest excitement; and, although its muse is exotic, yet a true Greek for the moment, you see in Schiller, while he sings it, the rose-

chapleted poet rising, goblet in hand, from the festive couch in Athens.

So, then, provided the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are given to us—whether it be with the marshaled order of Pindar's odes in point of structure, or with the irregular movements of his modern imitators; whether they rush forth with Pindar's startling vehemence and abrupt transitions of thought, or move onward more slowly, and more easily apprehended, with the stately majesty of Horace in his "Triumphal Ode," or of Milton in his "Ode on the Nativity"—we have in either case an ode; though perfect success in the more complicated and difficult variety, being the hardest achievement, ought, I suppose, to win the highest praise.

Now for your second question, Henry, provided you let my first answer pass unopposed.

Hen. You distinguished the ode-singer from the ode-writer. What English author had you chiefly in your mind as a type of this last?

Geof. Poets like Collins, with his "Music, heavenly maid," his nymph "Cheerfulness," and her companions "brown Exercise and Sport." Shadowy personages like these may be written about in the study, and read of in the drawing-room; but they can not rouse a man's spirit till it pours forth floods of song, and sweeps every hearer along rejoicing in its mighty torrent.

Bas. Little rills, that trickle clear and tinkling down the hillside, like the one we are just crossing, have their uses. The moss grows green by them, the primrose tuft draws life from them, the song-bird sips them and goes his way happy. A poet, who could write an ode like that of Collins's to "Evening," must not be spoken of with contempt. There is poetic power, too, in his "Ode to Liberty," though imperial Rome and mediæval Venice are not fortunate examples of freedom—to which honor he somewhat recklessly exalts them.

Hen. I thought, Geoffrey, that perhaps you were going to give us Gray for your instance. One of my tutors used to speak of him as a "languid conventionalist."

Bas. Unjust.

Geof. Severe, but with some, though slender, foundation in fact. Gray calls his two greatest odes "Pindaric." So they are in their abruptness and bold transitions; but Pindar sang of victories which stirred a Greek's heart to its depths—sang of them when they were fresh, ere the horses had ceased panting after the chariot-race, the sweat dried off the victor's brow—sang while above him floated the awe-inspiring forms of the gods and heroes from whom the conqueror he lauded boasted his descent. How could Gray feel in like manner impassioned by an abstract subject like "The Progress of Poesy"? How

could he altogether escape the reproach implied by the word "conventional"? His fairest similes, his noblest thoughts, are, through most of his ode, echoes, more or less conscious, of the great classic poets; only (for I utterly reject the accusation of "languid") the strength and sweetness with which they are expressed are his own. However, when he comes, at the close of his ode, to celebrate the peaceful triumphs of song on English ground—a poet singing of poets never sung of in like strains before—he is at once original and powerful. You may say that he overpraises Dryden, that he describes only one side of Shakespeare; but how faultlessly beautiful is his expression! And, when he comes to Milton, what can be grander than his conception of the poet, struck blind, like Saul, by the vision of the exceeding Glory?—

"Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy;
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
The living Thronè, the sapphire-blaze
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Is there anything "languid" here? or anything "conventional"?

Hen. Just one thing, perhaps—the "wings of Ecstasy." As ecstasy simply means being carried out of one's self, the impersonation sounds strange. But I always thought that a splendid passage.

Geof. Milton has been fortunate in his admiring poet of our own century, as well as of the last. Not that I mean to put Tennyson's *Alcaics* on a level with that sublime strophe of Gray's.

Bas. I should think not, indeed. As if there *could* be such a thing as real *Alcaics* in English!

Geof. No; but lines like that which tells how the plains of heaven

"Ring to the roar of an angel-onset,"

and those which speak of

"... all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden lazily murmuring,"

live in one's mind for years; and that is no bad test of their excellence.

Hen. That "Ode to Milton," of Tennyson's, is at any rate a short one. Mr. Swinburne has recently devoted fifty strophes, each nearly a page long, to celebrating the sublime perfections of Walter Savage Landor.

Bas. Don't talk to me about Swinburne. Let us return to Gray. I am inclined to think there is more of the *vivida vis*, the genuine poetic ar-

dor, in his "Bard" than in his "Progress of Poesy," entirely as I agree with all that you, Geofrey, have said in praise of it. The subject, to begin with, is better suited to an ode, according to your account of one, which I approve of. Gray, not having much to sing about in his own proper person—only reflections on the vicissitudes of life, such as those with which the sight of Eton College inspired him (a solemn and touching lay, but hardly an ode according to our definition)—did wisely in transporting himself into the person of the ancient bard of Wales. There was the fall of an old polity to bewail; the cry for vengeance of tuneful brethren's innocent blood to send up with ringing notes to the skies; the divine justice, slow but sure, to mark, tracking the descendants of the guilty in response to it. Here Gray is, indeed, Pindaric, as he marshals the long procession of our kings and queens; not with the toilsome and slow precision of an historian, but each, shrouded in darkness as to the rest of their career, revealed, as by a sudden lightning-flash, at the moment when they are wanted for the accomplishment of the sentence passed by the poet-prophet on their guilty line. If you want an example of how alliteration can reinforce lines strong enough in themselves, look at the first five of this poem:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail," etc.

If you wish to know how to intersperse trochaics with your iambs so as to bring out solemn and pathetic effects, look at the first and last of these five, and at lines like

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,"

and many more. How grandly pathetic, too, is the description of Edward III's closing days, so well contrasted with the careless jollity of his successor's first years!

Geof. The last strophe of the ode strikes me as rather artificial. The dying bard, consoled by the vision of his great successors, Spenser and Shakespeare, flourishing under a queen of British descent—hearing Milton's voice and those of other English poets from the yet remoter distance—is almost too gentle a termination. One is inclined to exclaim—

"Too softly falls the lay in fear and wrath begun."

Hen. I hope you are not going to suggest that the suicide at the close had better have been omitted. It was always my special delight when I repeated the poem to my mother.

Geof. Those two closing lines and the ex-

planation at the beginning are alien to the genuine nature of an ode. Strictly speaking, the bard should have been his own interpreter throughout. Still, we could ill bear the loss of Gray's introduction—that description of the bard when

“Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,”

and the words which tell us how he

“With a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.”

But an ode should only have one speaker—the poet himself, or the person whom he represents.

Hen. Pindar makes Medea speak at length in one of his odes, if I remember right.

Geof. Yes; he quotes her prophecy, being himself throughout the speaker. That is different. Still I do not think the digression an improvement.

Hen. Dryden's “Ode for St. Cecilia's Day”—“Alexander's Feast,” I mean—mixes up narration and song as Gray's “Bard” does.

Bas. What say you to that great example, Geoffrey? for that ode consists of Dryden's report of what Timotheus sang to Alexander (given in two instances in his own words), and of the diverse affections produced in the conqueror by his varied strain. He tells us, if I recollect right, how, at the appeal to the king's pride, by the announcement of his divine parentage, Alexander

“Assumes the god;
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,”

how, having drunk deep draughts at the skillful musician's praise of Bacchus, the king (as his meanest soldier might)

“Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain,”

how Timotheus drew tears from him by his sad picture of

“Darius great and good
Fallen from his high estate,”

how he led him for a moment to prefer love to war, when—

“War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying”;

and how, finally, he led him to fire Persepolis by his weird chant, in which the Furies shrieked for vengeance, pointing to the ghosts of the unburied

Greek soldiers. Is not that one of the best of English odes?

Geof. Yes.

Bas. Does it not amply justify Gray?

Geof. Nothing can justify a poet but success; precedent is for senates and law-courts, not for the higher assembly of the Muses. If Dryden's and Gray's poetic fervor is equal in the two compositions, enabling each to fuse his heterogeneous materials into a perfect whole—if each has *sung* throughout, and not had to drop into a stumbling kind of sing-song reading in places—then both are justified. I am sure of this in Dryden's case.

Hen. Does not the pure, holy Cecilia of Raphael's great picture come in rather oddly at the end of that very pagan poem?

Bas. We can not deny that. While unrivaled as depicting the power of music in earthly things, Dryden's venal muse could not get far in delineating its higher uses. He is more religious in his other song for “St. Cecilia's Day,” which ends with the chorus:

“As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sang the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.”

Geof. Who told him that the “living would die” at the last day? I have read, “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.”

Bas. Ah! we must look to the great poet of Dryden's century, to Milton, for exact theology in verse. How noble is *his* song on “A Solemn Music!” Dryden is presumptuous enough to speak of notes sung on earth—

“That wing their heavenly ways
To *mend* the choirs above,”

and to assure us that when Cecilia chanted to her organ—

“An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven”;

whereas Milton more modestly bids Music transport our minds on high by imaging to us the purer strains above; and tells the

“Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,”
to present to our “high-raised phantasy”

“That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly."

Geof. How glorious, also, are the stanzas in his great "Ode on the Nativity," on the song of the sons of God at the beginning of the new creation !—

" Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
 keep."

Bas. Go on ; give us Milton's invocation to the music of the spheres, which is to bring back the age of gold, with rainbow-orbed Truth and Justice, to the sons of men.

Geof. I will not. The hill at this point becomes exceeding steep, even as the Hill Difficulty whereof Bunyan wrote. It is praiseworthy beyond measure, when climbing the ascents of virtue, to "keep the hindmost foot ever the lower," as Virgil bade Dante when going up the hill of Purgatory ; but you two are obeying the precept literally, and with portentous speed, too ; and, if a middle-aged man like myself is to keep up with two such heedless young persons (for you, Basil, are younger than any of us), I must save my breath. Besides, that grand ode should be taken as a whole.

Bas. How different is Milton's use, toward its end, of the heathen deities, to their conventional appearances in the poetry of the last century ! To him they are real—evil spirits deluding mankind into paying them homage by their lying wonders, and driven reluctantly back to their dark abodes by the powerful beams of the Sun of Righteousness. How grandly he shows us the Delphic oracle put to silence by the advent of the Word !—

" The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Geof. That is, indeed, an instance of well-applied classical knowledge. How often it is mis-

applied now ! There is something truly majestic there in the march of Milton's words, contrasting beautifully, in their dignified sternness, with the tenderer and more pathetic lines which follow, and lament the beauty, linked to so many delusions, which perished with them for a while. Do you think the hillside we are scaling, and the small cascade which has just come into sight, heard anything on that day of sorrow of which Milton speaks, when—

" The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edgèd with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-enwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn" ?

Bas. The Naiad might well be sorry to leave that cool bath. Look how absolutely clear the water is ! You can count every pebble. There is the industrious little waterfall above it, as hard at work as ever, enlarging the recess below for the fair tenant who will never come back to it. She seems, however, to have carried the flowers away with her in her long silky coils of hair. There are none to be seen now.

Geof. Come back six weeks hence and you will find turquoises set in gold waiting to adorn her—the forget-me-not and the marsh-marigold, and, very likely, on this swampy slope down to the stream, a fair carpet for her feet of globe-flowers, mingling their paler yellow with the rich lilac of the mealy primrose. Before them, that hackberry-bush will have thrown out its graceful white pendants, and the mountain-ash, which dips its branches in the foam of the fall, will have promised us stores of red coral in autumn by pretty bunches of white blossom. Then, too, the green bracken will be waving its graceful fronds over those cold gray rocks, and this fellside grass, now brown as winter, will refresh the eye with green.

Bas. And what a vivid green it is ! That pious priest, whom I heard preaching on the Creation in Milan Cathedral when I was last in Italy, and who dilated so much on God's goodness in making the earth, not black to sadden, or red to affright, but green to delight the eye, would burst into double raptures of thankfulness if he could visit our lakes in summer.

Hen. (returning from an excursion to a rock under the fall). I have been thinking what a pity it is that Milton was not a royalist. What an ode he might have written on the death of Charles I !

Geof. Perhaps. But the greatest occasions

do not always draw forth the best poetry. As it is, the best lines which celebrate the king's fate were written by a political foe. It is Andrew Marvell who says of Charles :

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try,

"Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

Bas. Cowley speaks in a higher strain, though, of the monarch—

"... to whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven,
Who crowned the king with the martyr's crown."

Hen. Speaking of a poet's generosity to a fallen foe, do you think much of the often-quoted example of Horace's civility to poor Cleopatra? A beautiful woman, and one who died in so tragic a manner, might well be forgiven, after death had made her harmless.

Bas. You mean the three stanzas in the "Triumphal Ode." Can you say them to us, Geoffrey, in Martin's version, which I remember thinking such a particularly good one?

Geof. Do they not run thus?—

"For hers no spirit was to perish meanly ;
A woman, yet not womanishly weak,
She ran her galley to no sheltering creek,
Nor quailed before the storm, but met it queenly.

"So to her lonely palace-halls she came,
With eye serene their desolation viewed ;
Then with firm hand the angry aspick wooed
To dart its deadliest venom through her frame.

"So with a prideful smile she sank ; for she
Had robbed Rome's galleys of their richest prize :
Queen to the last—and in no humbled guise
To swell the triumph's haughty pageantry."

Bas. That is pretty well, considering that the wily Egyptian lady had outwitted Horace's master, Augustus, and deprived him and the expectant Roman crowd of a pleasant holiday-sight.

Hen. But that is not the whole of the ode. Earlier on, Horace speaks very ill of Cleopatra indeed.

Bas. He could not speak worse of her than she deserved.—I declare that Martin has improved on Horace in that third stanza ; that "prideful smile" of his is very good, and so is his "queen to the last."

Hen. Has he been equally successful with Catullus?

Bas. I am ashamed to say that I have not

read his version. I should like, though, some day, to see what he has made of that melancholy Epithalamium of his, and that pretty, but most discouraging comparison of the rose, so prized in the bud, so despised when she has done setting her petals wide open.

Geof. Heathen poets might well write sadly about marriage. They did not know what we Christians know about it. Now, contrast Catullus with a *really* Christian poet—Spenser, for example.

Hen. Spenser unites a good many happy couples in the course of that long but most delightful "Faerie Queen" of his.

Bas. I am glad you delight in it, my dear boy ! (A man to all others, you will let *me* call you so a little longer, I know.) It is good, as well as pleasant, to dwell among his types of Christian knighthood. But Geoffrey was thinking of Spenser's great bridal-ode, made for his own wedding—an ode which has always seemed to me a very great achievement, because its rapturous joy, sustained at highest pitch throughout, without one under-note of sorrow, never palls on the ear.

Hen. Yes, that is wonderful. It is so much easier, in song as in real life, to "weep with those that weep" than to "rejoice with those who rejoice."

Geof. Poor Spenser ! What sorrows followed that joyful song of his ! But, at any rate, he was happy when he wrote it, and that is something. He was happy listening to the birds on his wedding-morning :

"Hark how the cheerful birds do chaunt their Layes,
And carol of Love's praise

The merry lark her matins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this Day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song
The dewy leaves among?

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring."

He was happy when he called on the hours to dress his lady for the bridal, and bade the graces

"Help to adorn my beautifullest bride."

That superlative, which would have shocked Lindley Murray, gives one a notion of the exuberance of his delight, which the minstrels and the shouting crowd can hardly proclaim loudly enough for him. And when the bride comes

forth ready-decked from her chamber—like the moon, as he tells us, in her gentle dignity—with what rapture he surveys her!—

"Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her becoms, that ye would ween
Some Angel she had been :
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen."

And with what *naïf* pride he calls on the "merchants' daughters" to say if they had ever seen "so fair a creature in their town before" !

Bas. He gives them a very minute catalogue of her charms, if I remember right.

Geof. Yes ; but he quickly goes on to say :

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty ;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone.

Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer and your echo ring."

Then comes the happiest moment of all. The poet cries—

"Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in !"

and sees her come in "before th' Almighty's view," passing the garlanded pillars "with trembling steps and humble reverence," while the organ sounds and the choristers sing, and all is bliss untold :

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain."

The angels themselves forget their office for a moment to gaze on this noble work of God, this new Eve. But her sweet eyes remain "fastened on the ground" as her lover cries :

"Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band ?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring !"

Bas. Thank you, Geoffrey. How fresh, how genuine it all is ! What memories it stirs in an old man's mind ! We who have loved and lost can still hear it with pleasure as we recollect the hopes, yet to be fulfilled, which the priest's spousal benediction held for us. You who, as far as I know, have never loved, and who have certainly never lost. . . .

Geof. (aside). How can he know that ?

Bas. Will, I hope, make haste to woo and win a bride like Spenser's.

Geof. Can I find one among the "girls of the period" ?

Hen. Then you never knew one in whom this enchanting ideal was realized ?

Geof. Once, it may be, long, long ago ; and if so, short-lived :

"Ostendent terris *hanc* tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent."

Bas. Does not part of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" treat of marriage ? Not being a good German scholar, I know it best by Retzsch's illustrations.

Geof. Oh, yes. His bells ring merrily on the day which is to change his romantic young pair of lovers into the sober plodding housefather and housewife, and he sighs as he reflects that

" . . . life's fairest day
Ends, alas ! our life's sweet May."

Hen. What a beautiful "Song" it is ! How well the changeful verse reflects the changes and chances of human life which it celebrates ! I think, Geoffrey, you have translated it. I should like to hear your version of the funeral bell.

Geof. That is one of the more hopeful parts of the undertaking. The rapid movements of the fire-bell and one other passage of the "Lied" are very hard to reproduce in English. But I have not satisfied myself even with the slow, measured paces of the lines you ask for. Here they are, however, as bad and as good as other people's, I suppose :

"To holy earth's dark bosom bringing,
We trust the work our hands have made ;
The sower there his seed has laid,
And hopes 'twill bless his sight, upspringing
Abundant as the Lord shall aid.
But seeds, more precious far, entombing,
We hide with tears on earth's dark breast,
And hope, for fairer morrow blooming,
To see them break their coffin'd rest.
From the church-tower
Sounds the bell,

Sad and slow,
 Its funeral knell,
 Solemnly its mournful tolls attending
 One whose wanderings now on earth have ending."

Hen. Oh, I like that version very much!—What a lyric genius Schiller had! You do not rate him very highly as a dramatist, I suppose?

Geof. The portions of his dramas most deeply impressed on my memory are certainly the lyric portions.—Speaking of foreign odes reminds me that there is a question I want to put to our great Italian scholar. Which is the finest Italian Canzone?

Bas. Do you know Leopardi? Some of his odes I admire greatly; they have an antique severity of style. Dante's (to begin earlier) are hard to understand, and mystic. I fear I have not devoted enough time and attention to them to pronounce fitly on their merits. But Petrarch's are to me enchanting, and I wonder that they are so often overlooked in his wilderness of sonnets. There is a fine one of his to Glory. One still finer is that in which he addresses Rienzi, and conjures him by the shades of the Scipios, by the yet dearer memory of the buried apostles, to restore liberty to Rome. He tells him that on him are fixed the hopes of those ancient walls which the world, as it remembers the great past, can not but survey with love and fear—of the monuments of those mighty dead whose fame will last as long as the world itself, and who cry from the under-world, with hopes fired by his exaltation, "Our Rome shall yet be beautiful once more."—Some of the love-odes are worthy of high praise also. More than any of those addressed to the living Laura, I admire the Canzone in which her happy spirit appears, holding palm and laurel branches to console her mourning lover.

Geof. Ah! I remember that Canzone well. I have long delighted in it.

Bas. But, perhaps, most beautiful of all is that ode, the sentiments of which we, who hold with Nicea as against Trent, are bound to disapprove. I mean Petrarch's last Canzone, addressed to the blessed Virgin. It is one of the richest, sweetest, most pathetic, and most musical of poems. No doubt, it owes something to the magnificent invocation of her in the "Paradiso," which our own Chaucer copied, but the harmony and the pathos are Petrarch's own. I would repeat some of it to you, but Henry, who has outstripped me in German, has not yet, I think, learned Italian.

Hen. Translate it for me in some leisure moment.

Bas. I make no rash promises, young man.—And now, for a while, a truce to this talk of

harmonies addressed to the ear. Let us gaze on the grand harmonies addressed by the Everlasting Artist to the eye. We have rounded the topmost crag, and the tarn lies before us.

Geof. (after a pause). Little gem! or large, I should say, to be all made of one pure unbroken sapphire, as she looks to-day; there she sleeps, calm and peaceful, forgetting the winter's cold, and the ice that bound her hard and fast a while ago.

Hen. There is a snow-drift to remind her of the past, high up under that projecting rock.

Bas. And hers is a grave beauty, even to-day, when all things are smiling. Her blue can never wear the bright celestial hue of the larger lake below, which she helps to feed. Her grim mountain guardians forbid that, for they always overshadow her, and cast the reflection of their dark-purple rocks across her clear waters.

Hen. I thought the uproarious merriment of her stream lower down told of severe restraint in earlier days. That brawling cascade below was very like a youth who had too suddenly become his own master.

Geof. I note with approval your sudden change of gender. You were too courteous to imagine such a thing as a young damsel breaking loose into strange escapades, on her emancipation from the rigid rule of a stern governess.

Bas. Sit down a moment here, where the sun makes the bank warm. Look at those rocks in their still majesty, cutting sharp into the deep-blue sky. We do not often see them so.

Geof. No. The whole thing is out of character, and has deranged my stock of epithets. You northerners are popularly supposed to dwell amid ceaseless mists and rain.

Bas. We can do pretty well in that line, it must be owned, upon occasion. In the later summer, the season in which Cockney tourists do chiefly abound among us, it is pitiful to see how the mountain nymphs squirt at them, bedrench, bedraggle, and in all ways torment them. But this is our dry season, and, when it happens, as now, to be a hot season also for a week or ten days, you see how charming these self-same fickle mountain nymphs can be!

Geof. I am not sure that I am quite charmed with them. In the first place, they have reflected sunbeams upon me during my toil with a more than midsummer heat.

Hen. Who was it who exclaimed, "Sun, how I hate thy beams!"

Geof. I retract; I love them, especially now that we have finished climbing the hill. Then, secondly, which is more serious, they have disordered my ideas of your scenery. I meant to call it Ossianic, vague, vaporous, misty, full of tremulous lights vanishing into glooms, and, lo

and behold! everything is as clear and defined as though I were in Italy—more so, probably, at this early season.

Bas. I thought you knew us well enough to know that we are "everything by turns and nothing long." Be reassured; before the week is out you may be comforted by some hail-showers. Virgil says of his hapless queen, wearied of life—

"Tædet cœli convexa tueri";

but we have never many days given us in which to weary of the blue vault. Wherefore, to gaze up into it as I am doing now, is to me unspeakably pleasant. Does it not seem clearer, purer, deeper, than it looked from below? and does it not roof over these high rocks, and mirror itself in this azure pavement, till it makes this solitary tarn into an exquisitely adorned chapel of that great cathedral of nature which is all around us? . . . You were right not to answer, for, even as I spoke, the anthem began, and with what a delightful solo voice! I can just descry the singer.

Hen. Let us apostrophize him with Shelley:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest;

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed."

Geof. Ah! that "Skylark" of Shelley's is something like an ode. The man sings in emulation of the bird, ascending from one beautiful fancy to another, till at last (again like the lark) he drops suddenly out of the cloudless blue, and comes down to earth again, with the altered note:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Bas. Shelley is no great favorite of mine. He generally seems to me, reversing a wise maxim, to "take care of the sounds, and let the sense take care of itself."

Geof. Oh, but the "Skylark" is very good sense; besides possessing a liquid sweetness truly delightful to the ear.

Hen. There is not only sense, but very accurate meteorology, in "The Cloud."

Bas. I will except these two; and, if you press me hard, perhaps half a dozen more. But at his best, Shelley aims at gratifying the ear more than the mind. He does not, like Wordsworth, enrich it with noble thoughts to be to it an everlasting gain. Look now at Wordsworth's Ode (the finest our century has produced) on the "Intimations of Immortality." Its theory of the soul's preëxistence may be a mistake, but it is an elevating belief, even should it be ill-grounded; and it rests, at all events, on a truth of first-rate importance to man—his spirit's divine origin and noble destiny. Wordsworth's memories of his own childhood, when earth was unfamiliar and heaven seemed very near, confirmed him in this faith. He thankfully remembered

" . . . those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!"

which bore witness to him that all in him was not of the earth, earthy; and looked back with reverent regret to the

" . . . time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Standing on a spiritual elevation a little higher than our present physical one (you know you can see the sea from that hill above us, Geoffrey), he felt that

" . . . in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Such thoughts as these elevate as well as please the mind. Nature is different to Wordsworth's eye than to Shelley's; because there is to him, behind her appearances, a nobler life of which she is the exponent. Accordingly, his moon *lives*, while Shelley's only shines; and yet, while possessing more than the other, he laments a loss. You remember:

"It is not now as it has been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the
 earth."

Or again, that magnificent stanza—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

Geof. It is a grand idea, as you say. Plato, from whom Wordsworth learned it, was indeed a poet. And how suitable the imagery which clothes it, all taken in the stanza you have last quoted from the highest and purest things man can see—the light of heaven, the morning star, the clouds which mantle round the rising or setting sun!—By-the-way, have you seen Mr. Myers's little book on Wordsworth? I think it is as creditable a piece of criticism as I have read for long.

Bas. I will read it on your recommendation.

Hen. I have been thinking of Geoffrey's first words about odes; and it strikes me that, from Horace downward, they show a tendency to address themselves to a more and more limited audience. First, they are a nation's expression of reverence for the gods, sung by a trained chorus, and, in due time, expanded into the tragedy of Hellas; then they celebrate victories at games which reunite a whole widely scattered race; then afterward they come down to the service of kings and courts; then, at last, they become the expression of an individual's feelings in solitude. You can not, for example, imagine Wordsworth chanting the ode you have been very properly admiring to any large assemblage of people; though you may think you see him declaim it on a hillside, like our friend here, to one or two chosen listeners. Its subject is personal and philosophical.

Bas. You know that he composed odes on a subject which interested all England—the peace which Waterloo won for us. They were full of patriotism and piety; but somehow the divine afflatus was wanting to them, and I could not repeat you a line of either of them.

Geof. Modern poets do not seem to have their feelings so well at command as the ancients. Sometimes the unpicturesque adjuncts of a great event deter them; which same event, when it has passed into history, and gathered round it the softening haze supplied by distance, will have its fame sounded forth by the singers of another generation. Sometimes a smaller occurrence rouses into a blaze that poetic fervor which, in the presence of a greater one, unaccountably smolders into ashes, or else is blown clean out. Sir John Moore's death at Corunna is celebrated in lines—humble, if you will, compared with the majesty of the Ode, but which, I think, will always be remembered. Nelson's at Trafalgar waits yet for a fitting poetic commemoration. In spite of all the efforts of the Scotts and the Southey's, our great duke received no tribute of verse, whether ode or otherwise, which will go down to posterity, till Tennyson (in the nursery when Waterloo was fought) bade his grateful country

"In the vast cathedral leave him :
 God accept him, Christ receive him."

Bas. I rather doubt that ode's surviving to any remote generation.

Hen. But you have forgotten the fine stanzas on Waterloo in "Childe Harold."

Geof. Wellington is not named in them. It might have been a crushing defeat for anything Byron says about it, or about him. "Brunswick's fated chieftain" is the only warrior he condescends to commemorate. Then, even Napoleon, whose career was so peculiarly fascinating to the imagination—

"Who threw for empire, and his stakes were thrones
 His tables earth, his dice were human bones"—

whose successes and reverses were alike on such a gigantic scale, inspired no very fine ode. Byron's is scarcely generous to a fallen foe, although it is just. France, enlightened by writers like Lanfrey and Madame de Rémusat, will not now dissent from the judgment—

"With might unquestioned—power to save—
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshiped thee ;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness."

But pity should not be scornful, as Byron's is when he speaks of—

"The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake-voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled ! Dark spirit ! what must be
The madness of thy memory !

"The Desolator desolate !
The Victor overthrown !
The Arbitrer of others' fate
A suppliant for his own !"

Bas. Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" is a much finer ode than Byron's. But both the English and the Italian poet must have felt that, great as were the talents of Napoleon, his character was a little one, and that the nation which he deceived so long was worthier of pity than he.

Geof. Coleridge had a grander subject in his "France"—that fine wail over the fall of a nation which had seemed the chosen standard-bearer of the human race ; for, after all, France betrayed herself before Napoleon betrayed her. It is remarkable, too, as a prediction ; for, assuredly, it is not merely with a master's hand, but with "a prophet's fire," that he "strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre," when he sings, at the opening of 1797, in his indignation at the French conquest of Switzerland, how the men who have dared—

"To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn . . ."

are themselves destined by a just retribution to—

" . . . wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain."

No doubt, his hopes of France had been unreasonable, but his entertaining them was a generous error, and their disappointment was most cruel.

Bas. He owns, though, if you remember, that, almost from the first, with those hopes grave fears were blended. How finely he expresses them both !—

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud
scream

With that sweet music of deliverance strove !
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
Ye storms that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light ;
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and
trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and
bright ;
When France, her front deep-scarred and gory,
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;

When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp,
While, timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal
stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore—
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee."

Geof. Is not that a fine image of the stormy sunrise ? And is not that picture of Gallia victrix majestic ?

Hen. What a shame, though, to call the loyalty of La Vendée "domestic treason" !

Bas. Shall I say you the opening of the ode ? It contains the secret of the poet's disappointment. He had studied freedom, not amid men, but among the clouds and waves. Now, their liberty is a freedom to obey their Maker's laws ; that which man seeks is too often the liberty to break them, on which abuse of freedom punishment surely follows. But it is an invocation, beautiful as are the words of the Greek heroine, who, like Coleridge, in all her protests against human tyranny, remained faithful to the "eternal laws" :

"Ye clouds that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
Ye ocean-waves that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye woods that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
Have made a solemn music to the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through gloom which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly
By each rude shape, and wild, unconquerable
sound !
O ye loud waves ! and O ye forests high !
And O ye clouds that far above me soared !
Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky !
Yea, everything that is and will be free !—
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."

Hen. Thank you, oh, so much ! That is beautiful ! Now, is it Coleridge's grief, do you think, at having misunderstood these sublime teachings of Nature, which breathes in his later "Ode to Dejection" ? where he speaks of himself as gazing with a blank eye on—

" . . . those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars ;
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
I see them all so excellently fair ;
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are " ;

and exclaims mournfully—

"... we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."

I want to know whether that beautifully expressed thought is a just one? or is it merely the fancy of a depressed imagination?

Geof. Coleridge seems here to state one side of the truth; but, as Berkeley does, over-strongly. The mind that perceives, receives those impressions from the object perceived, and those only, which it is at that time capable of receiving. Nature, therefore, speaks of freedom to the aspiring spirit, while to the willing slave her voice is dumb; and moves man's heart most powerfully when she coincides with his joy and sorrow; when she shines on the bridal, and drops tears over our dead. Those poets who, like Tennyson, for example, delight to exhibit her in such harmony with our moods, are said to use the "pathetic fallacy"; for, as we all know, Nature can sing when we sorrow, and mourn when our hearts feel glad.

Bas. I should be inclined, with Wordsworth, and Coleridge himself when fittest to pronounce, to say that we receive far more than we give. Whose moods of sadness have not been charmed away by Nature's joy—nay, even when it is a joy that we can not share? When, for instance, the carols of the birds, and the bright sunshine outside, only make the darkness and silence of the death-chamber the more awful, do they not bear witness to us of the presence of one greater than ourselves, who leads through night into day? It is in proportion as we learn to discern him that the "celestial light," of which even Wordsworth had to mourn the fading away with youth, comes back to clothe his works; even as the lost star came back to the gaze of the Eastern sages, when they left Jerusalem for Bethlehem.

There is a third ode by Coleridge which you have neither of you mentioned—that to "The Departing Year." Do not you, Geoffrey, perceive in it much of that lyrical exaltation, that force and fury, which you set out by bespeaking as chief characteristics of the odes?

Geof. Yes; but it is unequal in its parts—not such a sustained exhibition of power as "France."

Hen. My complaint of it would be like the Scotchman's of the instructive reading which he found in Johnson's Dictionary, that it is "rather disconnected." I could not have found my way through it without the help of its preface.

Bas. Does not that make it the more Pindaric?—But, to speak seriously, you are both right; still it has some fine passages—the earth-spirit's accusation of England, the wicked empress "stunned by death's twice mortal mace," and the poet's own state after seeing the dread vision.

Geof. How sad was the premature old age which so early closed all that brilliant promise, and allowed Coleridge but a fitful use of what he calls his birth-gift, his "shaping spirit of imagination"! "Kublai Khan" remains a fragment; "Christabel" is "left half told," to be completed, in a spirit of cheerful ignorance, *proh pudor!* by Martin Tupper; and Trafalgar and Waterloo were not sung by perhaps the greatest poetic genius then in England.

Hen. I should like to know—when so much might have been done which was not done by that brilliant constellation of poets then the honor of our country—which you two consider to be the best ode which our great war with Napoleon succeeded in inspiring any one of them with.

Bas. I do not know whether Geoffrey will agree with me; but I should say the "Battle of the Baltic." Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and "Mariners of England"—each first rate of its sort—are rather on a lower line, and scarcely rise to the dignity of the ode; but, in my judgment, his "Battle of the Baltic," though not pretending to the varied harmonies which odes modeled after the great antique patterns afford us, has a majesty of its own which entitles it to the rank of an ode. Its stanzas are, indeed, of unequal merit; but they all, except the last, avoid false ornament, and, dealing sparingly in metaphor, forcibly present to us the poetic aspects of a sea-fight—its power to wrap the heavens in darkness—its thunders outbellowing the artillery of the skies—its lightnings more harmful than those of the clouds—and in language awful from its very simplicity. As is, or rather was, Turner's picture of the fighting *Téméraire* in painting, such is this ode in poetry—an irresistible appeal to those strong fighting instincts which every man is born with; which we, like our Viking ancestors, behold in the sea the most fitting field for; and which, properly directed, are an inestimable possession. The sorrow, the indescribable pathos, of Turner's picture arises from the fact that the gallant ship is to fight no more. Campbell's poem makes us rejoice over our "hearts of oak" as if they were living things, and could themselves enjoy their triumph. Everything now around us (except the month of the year, which happens to be the same) is as different from the scene of which Campbell writes as possible. Our downward path has once more brought the lake into view sleeping peacefully below us, its farther

shore illumined by the sun, now low in the sky. The tinkle of a sheep-bell is the loudest sound we hear, as it plays an accompaniment to the murmur of the brook. But as I say the words—

“It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time”—

I seem to see the Northern billows, and the ships confronting each other in line of battle, and the descendants of the old sea-adventurers met once more, forgetful of their common descent, for mortal combat. How does it go on?—

“‘Hearts of oak!’ our captains cried; when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

“Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.”

Then comes the surrender, and how

“Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun looked smiling bright
O’er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.”

And then how well the ode concludes with a lament over the gallant men who died in the hour of victory, and whose resting-place recalls the memory of that best-beloved of Danes to an Englishman, Hamlet!—

“Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities’ blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!”

Hen. Will you not say us the last stanza?

Bas. I think it better omitted. I am not very fond of its “condoling mermaid.”

Geof. How pleasantly the English respect for a brave adversary comes out in that poem! The Danes cheer as we do, heartily and undauntedly, only with weaker sound as their numbers diminish.

Hen. (to Basil). You were right; one does seem to see it all—the preternatural darkness only lighted by the burning ships, and the sad sights on which the sun slowly looks forth once more.—Now will you kindly explain to me why you, a learned and peaceful person, can take pleasure in visions of carnage like those you have been calling up before us? and why Geoffrey, a man of letters, and I, who am not even member of a rifle-corps, both alike partook of what, I fear, I must call the unhallowed excitement?

Geof. Let me at least show that there is nothing strange or unwonted in the phenomenon, by the example of one whom I have only lately learned to love—the late Laureate’s brother, Charles Tennyson Turner.

Bas. Ah! I am anxious to read his sonnets.

Hen. Remembering a certain conversation last summer, I can not but think you will consider them as highly irregular, in fact, unfit to be called *sonnets* at all, and I am surprised at Geoffrey’s admiring them, for, if I remember right, he contended the more strenuously of the two for correctness of form.

Bas. Are they more un-Petrarchan than Shakespeare’s?

Geof. No; and they justify themselves often, which is the main point, by their own beauty. His first little volume was, if I am any judge, by far the best, though nearly all his sonnets are worth reading; and one of those early sonnets, written while at college, by one of the gentlest and most amiable of men, may supply some answer to Henry’s question. It is called “Martial Ardor in Age.” That I can repeat it to you will show how much it has impressed me. It runs thus:

“Oh! if ye marvel that mine eye doth glow,
Now every pulse of fervid youth is lost,
Ye never heard the kingly trumpets blow,
Nor felt the fieldward stirring of a host;
Nor how the bayonet assures the hand
That it can never fail, while Death doth stand,
Amid the thunders of the reckless drum
And the loud scorn of fifes, ashamed and dumb!
Nor, when the noble revel dies away,
How proud they lie upon the stained mold.
A presence too majestic to gainsay,
Of lordly martial bearing mute and cold,
Which Honor knows o’ th’ instant! such as lay
On Morat late, or Marathon of old!”

Hen. It seems odd to speak of the battle of Morat as a recent occurrence. It was fought in

the fifteenth century, was it not? Is there no newer battle that could take its place?

Geof. The alliteration must be preserved, and the fight must be one fought for a country's liberty and independence; so that limits the choice. I should be inclined for some alteration like—

"On Morat's sod, or Marathon's of old!"

Hen. Then, too, does not the first line need explaining? We are not told what the eye glows at. Should not "at war" be added in the second line, omitting "fervid"?

Geof. Possibly; the following lines, however, abundantly suggest it.

Bas. I am rather ashamed of you both with your minute criticisms. Have you not a word of admiration for that fine, poetic representation of the undoubted fact that even the constitutionally timid cease to fear when once engaged in a hand-to-hand combat? The hand assured by the bayonet, Death's ashamed silence amid the martial music, Honor owning the bravely fallen, are all splendid. What soldier, seasoned in a hundred fights, could describe the enthusiasm of conflict more justly than this quiet student has done?—But to answer your question, Henry. It is not the bloodshed and slaughter, but the endurance, the courage, the power to overcome, which delight the mind in warlike poetry. Most of all, it

is the evidence of an assured belief in man's immortality, supplied by the fact that wise and good men in all ages have thought that there were causes in defense of which man's earthly life should be cheerfully laid down, that refreshes and uplifts the spirit. You, in the calling that awaits you, we, in those that we are pursuing, have each of us to fight, though our enemies may not be so easy to see, or so quickly to be overcome, as those our brother-soldier goes to meet. You remember the words of that generous prince, Fortinbras, over the dead Hamlet, decreeing him those military honors which he never had the opportunity to earn:

"... Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,
The soldier's music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him."

May you two be able to have some such thoughts as those about your old friend, when the bells, which will soon be summoning us from that gray church-tower in the dale to the Easter-Tuesday evening service, toll slowly in his honor, and he is carried, off his last battle-field, to take a long rest in its shelter!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DEATH is the gate of criticism: the grave is, by a strange law of natural compensation, essentially memorial. Once let it close over an eminent person, and the justice of perspective is restored: we remember much that we have forgotten; we forget much that we have remembered. More especially is this the case on the decease of an author whose life implies eloquence before a prejudiced or preoccupied audience. His words seem to return in a sequence, connecting and characterizing his work, and the man revives in the manner. Above all, however, do these remarks concern Lord Beaconsfield. His individuality was so emphatic that impartial criticism has been hitherto impossible. On the one hand, there have been those who could not believe that a brilliant statesman might also be a great author, just as many argue from a woman's beauty against her ability; on the other, those who believed that rare literary promise had been blighted by rarer political success.

To estimate Lord Beaconsfield's position in the empire of letters is a task far beyond our present space. We might have chosen the mar-

velous consistency of his sentiments, or the remarkable method of their development in his romances, or the invention by him (for such it is) of the political novel as our theme. But all these are not his most peculiar features, nor will they perpetuate him most. His wit and his humor are his style, and he himself has declared that it is on style that fiction most depends.

We ought first, however, to distinguish aright between wit and humor, for these terms indicate qualities and results by no means identical, and seldom coexistent. We remember to have heard an acute thinker sum up the difference between them by terming wit a point, and humor a straight line; but this epigram is inadequate. Wit is no *résumé* of humor; the two qualities differ in kind. Wit is a department of style; it is the faculty of combining dissimilars, abstract and concrete alike, by the language of illustration, suggestion, and surprise. Like misery, it "yokes strange bedfellows," but with the link of words alone. It is best when intellectually true, but its requisite is *fancy*.

Humor, on the other hand, is an exercise, by

whatever means, of perception; it is the faculty of discerning the incongruities of the concrete alone, particularly of human nature; it "looks on this picture and on that"; it is most excellent when ethically sound, but its essence is *analysis!*

Wit works by comparison, humor by contrast. The sphere of wit is narrower than that of humor; the subject-matter of humor more limited than that of wit. We laugh at humor, at wit we smile. Talent is capable of the former; the perfection of the latter is reserved for genius. Wit is, as it were, Yorick, with cap and bells; but humor unmasks him with a moral. To define wit and humor one ought to be both humorous and witty, but we may epitomize by saying that wit is mirth turned philosopher—humor, philosophy at play.

If this account be correct, it is clear that humor is at once the more real and the more dramatic agency of the two. Yet wit has been infinitely the least frequent, particularly among the Western races. They, like their Gothic architecture, delight in rough, grotesque, exuberant animalities; but, if we except the Celtic race, it is to the East that we must turn for proverb and simile. The "Haggadah" contains more absolute wit than even Aristophanes, the prince of humorists, sprung too as he was from an Asian civilization. The wisdom of the Koran is wittily formulated. Holy Writ itself contains many examples of wit, though none of humor; while the Moorish and Jewish schools of mediæval Spain furnish wit as subtle and supple as the flashing and fantastic arabesques of their Alhambra. If, we repeat, the Celts, who are both humorous and witty, be excepted, wit is of the Eastern, humor of the Western temperament, while the conjunction of both, the existence of what might be called *Westorientalism* is extremely uncommon.

Almost the sole examples of wit pure and simple in post-Shakespearean times have been Voltaire, Molière, Rochefoucauld, Sheridan, and Heine: four were Celts, and the last a Hebrew, and in their company is to be enrolled Lord Beaconsfield. But Molière, Sheridan, and Heine were also humorists, and humorists again typically different. The humor of Molière and of Sheridan is, like that of Dickens or of Hogarth, direct and mainly didactic, pointing to the follies and foibles of mankind, the first chiefly by situation, the latter chiefly by speech; the humor of Heine, like that of Sterne, and often of Thackeray, indirect and inclined to the sentimental, insinuating with all the machinery of playful surprise the inconsistencies that enlist feeling or awaken thought. The former is the broadsword of Cœur de Lion, the latter the cimeter of Sala-

din. It is of this latter species that Lord Beaconsfield's finest humor must be reckoned.

Let us begin with an instance from "Tancred." He is describing the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles:

"Picture to yourself the child of Israel in the dingy suburb or the stolid quarter of some bleak northern town, where there is never a sun that can at any rate ripen grapes; yet he must celebrate the vintage of purple Palestine. . . . He rises in the morning; goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow-boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighboring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenements, builds his bower, decks it even profusely with the finest flowers and fruit he can procure, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his synagogue he sups late with his wife and children in the open air, as if he were in the present villages of Galilee beneath its sweet and starry sky. . . . Perhaps, as he is offering up the peculiar thanksgiving of the Feast of Tabernacles, praising Jehovah for the vintage which his children may no longer cull, but also for his promise that they may some day again enjoy it, and his wife and his children are joining in a pious 'Hosanna,' that is 'Save us,' a party of Anglo-Saxons, very respectable men, ten-pounders, a little elevated it may be, though certainly not in honor of the vintage, pass the house, and words like these are heard: 'I say, Buggins, what's that row?' 'Oh! it's those cursed Jews! we've a lot of them. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not so bad as they used to be. They used always to crucify little boys at their hullabalos, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork.' 'To be sure,' replies his companion, 'we all make progress.'"

We are at once reminded by this blended pathos and humor of the sudden transition at the close of Heine's "Moses Lump." Yet another example from the same Palestinian portion of the same book:

"Mr. Bernard is always with the English bishop, who is delighted to have an addition to his congregation, which is not too much, consisting of his own family, the English and Prussian consuls, and five Jews whom they have converted at twenty piasters a week, but I know they are going to strike for wages. . . ."

And, once more, Barizy of the Tower, a Jew, one of the lifelike group of Jerusalem gossips, is made to say to Consul Pasqualizo:

"'I don't think I can deal in crucifixes.' 'I tell you what, if you won't, your cousin Barizy of the Gate will. I know he has given a great order to Bethlehem.' 'The traitor,' exclaimed Barizy of the Tower. 'Well, if people will purchase crucifixes,

and nothing else, they must be supplied. Commerce civilizes man."

And, indeed, we shall find this same special vein of humor in his first novel alike and his last. Take this from "Vivian Grey." The speaker is M. Sievers, the German statesman :

"We have plenty of metaphysicians, if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman, who is stuffing Kalte Schale so voraciously in the corner. The leaven of the idealists, a pupil of the celebrated Fichte, . . . the first principle of this school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. Existence is, in his opinion, a word too absolute. Being, principle, and essence are terms scarcely sufficiently ethereal even to indicate the subtle shadowings of his opinions. Matter is his great enemy. My dear sir, observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself on these capricious and fantastic children. . . . *Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring Kalte Schale.*"

And this from "Endymion" :

"The chairman opened the proceedings, but was coldly received, though he spoke sensibly and at some length. He then introduced a gentleman who was absolutely an alderman to move a resolution condemnatory of the Corn Laws. The august position of the speaker atoned for his halting rhetoric, *and a city, which had only just for the first time been invested with municipal privileges, was hushed before a man who might in time even become a mayor.*"

Of a like character is the remark of Lothair, after the opera servant's "Thank you, my lord" had attested the "overpowering *honorarium*" :

"He knows me, thought Lothair ; but it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic, they always call you, my lord."

Or, again, Lord Monmouth's indignant advice to Coningsby :

"You go with your family, sir, like a gentleman. *You are not to consider your opinions like a philosopher or a political adventurer.*"

Or Waldershare's account of England's ascendancy :

"I must say it was a grand idea of our kings making themselves sovereigns of the sea. *The greater portion of this planet is water, so we at once become a first-rate power.*"

Or the Homeric simplicity of the Ansary tribe, who believe London to be surrounded by sea, and ask if the English live in ships, and are thus corrected by the would-be interpreter, Keferinis :

"The English live in ships only during six months of the year, principally when they go to India, the rest entirely at their country houses."

Similar, too, is the oblique sarcasm of Fakreddeen :

"We ought never to be surprised at anything that is done by the English, who are, after all, in a certain sense savages. . . . Everything they require is imported from other countries. . . . I have been assured at Beyroot that they do not grow even their own cotton, but that I can hardly believe. Even their religion is an exotic, and, as they are indebted for that to Syria, it is not surprising they should import their education from Greece."

And this light thrust at London architecture :

"Shall we find a refuge in a committee of taste, escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many? . . . But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its best until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. . . . Even our boasted navy never achieved a victory until we shot an admiral. *Suppose an architect were hanged !*" *

Or, finally, not to embarrass with riches, in the philosophy of Hot Plates, where the reason of cold dinners in Paris is ascribed to the inferiority of French pottery, and the author concludes, quite in the manner of Sterne :

"Now, if we only had that treaty of commerce with France, which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivaled potteries in exchange for their capital wines would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved ; the English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French, for the first time in their lives, would dine off hot plates, *an unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity.*"

But it is not this note alone, though to our minds this note is best, that Lord Beaconsfield strikes in the scale of humor. He has rung almost all the changes it contains, from the broadest comedy to the finest irony. He has reveled in burlesque, and has yet developed characters whose humor is at once lifelike and astonishing.

Thackeray himself, in his Mirobolant love-making by the dishes he has cooked, has not surpassed the mock gravity of the *chef's* conference with which "Tancred" opens. The scene is laid in—

" . . . that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly, and on the other by Curzon Street. . . . It is in this district that the cooks have ever sought an elegant abode. *An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passion and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness or dullness, distinguishes this quarter during the day.*"

* "Tancred."

It is in such august surroundings that "Papa Prevost," the veteran *chef*, advises young Leander, his favorite pupil ("the *chef* of the age"), on his choice of an aide-de-camp in the approaching campaign of Tancred's coming-of-age banquet:

"What you have learned from me came at least from a good school. It is something to have served under Napoleon," added Prevost, with the grand air of the imperial kitchen. "Had it not been for Waterloo, I should have had the cross, but the Bourbons and the cooks of the Empire never could understand each other. They brought over an emigrant *chef*, who did not comprehend the taste of the age. He wished to bring everything back to the time of the *ail de bœuf*; when Monsieur passed my soup of Austertitz untasted, I knew the old family was doomed; but we gossip. . . . There is Andrieu . . . you had some hopes of him. He is too young. I took him to Hellingsley, and he lost his head on the third day. I intrusted the *soufflés* to him, and but for the most desperate personal exertions all would have been lost. *It was an affair of the Bridge of Arcola.*"

"*Ah, mon Dieu, there are moments!*" exclaimed Prevost."

Equally, too, of the Thackerayan flavor is the account of Freeman and Trueman, the flunkys attendant on Tancred in Palestine, who call an Emir *The Hameer*. The former comments on a Syrian castle:

"There must have been a fine coming-of-age here," rejoined Trueman.

"As for that," replied Freeman, "comings-of-age depend in a manner upon meat and drink. They ain't in no way to be carried out with coffee and pipes; without oxen roasted whole and broached hogsheads, they ain't in a manner legal."

And, again, while near the Lebanon:

"I know what you are thinking of, John," replied Mr. F., in a serious tone. "You are thinking if anything were to happen to either of us in this heathen land we should get Christian burial."

"Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't. I was thinking of a glass of ale."

"Ah!" sighed Freeman, "it softens the heart to think of such things away from home, as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer—there are, indeed. *I caught myself a-singing "Sweet Home" one night among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation sometimes, one does, indeed, and, for my part, I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed.*"

The Thackerayan irony is once more apparent in the picture of the sponging-house, where Ferdinand Armine finds himself immured:

"There were also indications of literary amusement in the room in the shape of a *Hebrew Bible* and the *Racing Calendar*";

and in the money-lender's advice for diminishing the loan required:

"Fifteen hundred pound," ejaculated Mr. Levi-son. "Well, I suppose we must make it seven hundred pound, somehow or other, and *you must take the rest in coals*;"*

in Mrs. Guy Frouncey, "sure of an ally directly the gentlemen appeared" (a Becky Sharp in miniature), as she cries in triumph after the aristocratic ball for which she has strenuously pined, "We have done it at last, my love."† And in the radical manufacturer's confession of political faith: "I don't like extremes. A wise minister should take the duty off cotton-wool."§

But the broader humor, that of Fielding and Dickens, is also forcibly represented in Lord Beaconsfield's pages. Perhaps few of our readers remember the Squire, in "Venetia" (surely a country cousin of the little Judge, in "Pickwick"), when Morgana, the suspected gypsy, is brought up for trial before him:

"Trust me to deal with these fellows. . . . The hint of petty treason staggered him. . . . The court must be cleared. Constable, clear the court. *Let a stout man stand on each side of the prisoner to protect the bench. The magistracy of England will never shrink from doing their duty, but they must be protected.*"

Or, again, the music-hall in "Sybil" with its entertainments redolent of Vincent Crummles and Miss Snellicci:

"Some nights there was music on the stage. A young lady in a white robe with a golden harp, and attended by a gentleman in black mustachios. This was when the principal harpist of the King of Saxony and his first fiddle happened to be passing through Mowbray merely by accident on a tour of pleasure and instruction to witness the famous scenes of British industry. Otherwise the audience of the 'Cat and Fiddle'—we beg pardon, we mean the 'Temple of the Muses'—were fain to be content with four Bohemian Brothers, or an equal number of Swiss Sisters."

Or Mr. Fitzloom, the Manchester man in "Vivian Grey," who might have walked straight out of "Little Dorrit," if he had not lived so long before that wonderful work was written:

"That is Miss Fitzloom?" asked Lady Madeline.

"Not exactly, my lady," said Mr. Fitzloom, "not exactly Miss Fitzloom, Miss Aurelia Fitzloom, my third daughter. *Our third eldest,*" as Mrs. Fitzloom sometimes says, *for really it is necessary to distinguish with such a family as ours, you know.*"

* "Henrietta Temple."

† "Coningsby."

‡ "Tancred."

§ "Endymion."

Or Lady Spirituelle, described like Mrs. Witittril herself as "*all soul*,"* or—

"Mr. Smith, the fashionable novelist, that is to say, a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one half of which contains the adventures of a young gentleman in the country, and the other volume and a half the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis."†

In the same strain too is Lord Cadurcis's prejudice against Pontius Pilate—

"From seeing him when I was a child on an old Dutch tile fireplace at Marrinhurst, dressed like a burgomaster."‡

And the school in "Vivian Grey" kept

"by sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen; terms moderate, one hundred guineas per annum for all under six years of age, and a few extras only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar."

And (to terminate this section of our illustrations) the celebrated Dartford election from "Coningsby," the rival of that at Eatanswill in "Pickwick." Its nomination day, "lounging without an object, and luncheon without an appetite," Magog Wrath and Bully Bluck with their rival war-cries, and above all Rigby's speech:

"He brought in his crack theme, the guillotine, and dilated so elaborately upon its qualities, that one of the gentlemen below could not refrain from exclaiming, 'I wish you may get it.' This exclamation gave Mr. Rigby what is called a great opening, which, like a practiced speaker, he immediately seized. He denounced the sentiment as un-English, and got very much cheered. Excited by this success, *Rigby began to call everything else with which he did not agree un-English*, until menacing murmurs began to arise, when he shifted the subject and rose into a grand peroration, in which he assured them that the eyes of the whole empire were on this particular election (cries of 'That's true' on all sides), and that England expected every man to do his duty. 'And who do you expect to do yours,' inquired a gentleman below, 'about that 'ere pension?'"

We must still, before we can consider our author's wit, treat, and of necessity briefly, his burlesque humor and his humorous development of character. The former is rifest, as is natural, in his earliest works, and overflowing with high spirits, though never of an impersonal nature. Their constant reference to politics and society allies them more nearly to "Gulliver's Travels" than to the "Rose and the Ring," though the whimsical Beckendorff and the episode in "Vivian Grey" of the Rhine wine dukes is an excep-

tion to this rule. Let us commence with the earliest:

"I protest," said the King of Thessaly, 'against this violation of the most sacred rights.'

"The marriage-tie?" said Mercury.

"The dinner-hour?" said Jove.

"It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion," said Venus, 'mortals are callous.'

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Minerva."*

And the rubber between Teiresias and Proserpine in the "Infernal Marriage":

"The trick and two by honors," said Proserpine.

"Pray, my dear Teiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?"

"Because I want the lead, and those who want to lead, please your majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends."

And the whole of "Popanilla," particularly the parable of the pineapples and the trial of the hero, who, arraigned on a charge of treason, discovers the indictment is for stealing camelopards, and is informed by the judge that originally Vraibleusia abounded with these splendid animals, to punish the destroyers of which his court was instituted:

"Therefore," his lordship added, 'in order to try you in this court for the modern offense of high-treason, you must first be introduced by fiction of law as a stealer of camelopards, and then, being in *présenti regio*, in a manner, we proceed to business by a special power for the absolute offense.' . . . The judge . . . summed up in the most impartial manner. He told the jury that, although the case was quite clear against the prisoner, they were bound to give him the advantage of every reasonable doubt."

It is this excessive buoyancy that, flouting graver themes, has often, and sometimes not unjustly, been stigmatized as flippant, but which, in a famous passage† from one of the diatribes against Peel, was to be wielded as a formidable political weapon.

In the delineation of humorous character, despite the fact that political or social aims contract their horizon, we claim for Lord Beaconsfield at least moments of mastery. He has created types instead of, like the conventional satirists, appropriating them. To borrow his own language, "His pleasure has been," to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.‡ Because Sidonia is a paradox incarnate, we are not to forget that Lord Monmouth is a masterpiece, any more than the caricatures of Acres or

* "Popanilla."

† "Vivian Grey."

‡ "Venetia."

* "Ixion in Heaven."

† That about "Popkin's Plan."

‡ "Coningsby."

Mrs. Malaprop should prevent our appreciation of the two Surfaces. In the masculine gallery, Lord Monmouth, Taper, and Tadpole (creations in Sheridan's best manner, but too familiar to recapitulate here), Essper George* (the modern Sancho Panza to a master the exact reverse of Don Quixote), St. Aldegonde, Rigby, Fakredeem (the Louis Napoleon of Syrian intrigue), Lord Montfort, the cynic who "knew he was dying when he found himself disobeyed," are remarkable, as are Bertie Tremaine, who "always walked home with the member who had made the speech of the evening," and who welcomed at his table "every one except absolute assassins," and Mr. Putney Giles, who, "intelligent, acquainted with everything except theology and metaphysics, liked to oblige, a little to patronize, never made difficulties, and always overcame them," and Mr. Phœbus, the muscular æsthete: while Lady Bel-lair (Lady Blessington†), who "hates people who are only rich," and in her old age "always has a gay season," Lady Montfort, the Scheherazade of Society, Zenobia, and Mrs. Guy Flouncey are attractively so in the feminine; though in his treatment of woman's character, Lord Beaconsfield chivalrously prefers the heroic to the humorous.

We have space to examine two only, and shall select them from what their author has styled the "dark sex."

Lord Monmouth is the Marquis of Steyne anatomized. He is the *mauvais idéal* of the old Tory peers who were the pillars of the "organized hypocrisy." "Never wanting in energy when his own interests were concerned," "disliking to hear of people who were dead," "looking on human nature with the callous eye of a jockey," "when he pleased, rather fascinating to young men," his superb selfishness and sordid sagacity are built up, block by block, like some Pharaoh of Egyptian antiquity:

"Lord Monmouth worshiped gold, though if necessary he could squander it like a caliph. He had even a respect for very rich men. It was his only weakness; the only exception to his general scorn for his species—wit, power, particular friendship, general popularity, public opinion, beauty, genius, virtue, all these are to be purchased; but it does not follow that you can buy a rich man. You may not be willing or able to spare enough. *A person or a thing that you could not buy became invested in the eyes of Lord Monmouth with a kind of halo, amounting almost to sanctity.*"

* "Vivian Grey." The description of the Toadies in the same work and the nomenclature in his earlier compositions show how strongly Sheridan influenced the young D'Israeli.

† "Henrietta Temple."

His heartlessly diplomatic removal of Lady Monmouth through Rigby, his one sally of indignation provoked by his nephew's enthusiasm, "By—some woman has got hold of him and made him a Whig," and his verdict on the Reform Bill, "D—the Reform Bill! If the Duke had not quarreled with Lord Grey, on a coal committee, we should never have had the Reform Bill," complete a portrait worthy of Juvenal. It is a grim figure, but we must not deny it almost its sole virtue, and that posthumous—the bequest to his creature Rigby:

"Lord Monmouth left to the Right Honorable Nicholas Rigby the bust of that gentleman which he had himself presented to his lordship, and which at his desire had been placed in the vestibule at Coningsby Castle, *from the amiable motive that, after Lord Monmouth's decease, Mr. Rigby might wish perhaps to present it to some other friend.*"

It is a relief to turn to Lord St. Aldegonde, the embodiment of the radical nobleman. Two quotations shall suffice for the outlines of this delightful "free churchman," fresh in the recollection of all readers of "Lothair":

"... A republican of the reddest dye, he was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favor of the equal division of all property except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the land-owners the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic with energy, amazed at any one differing from him. 'As if a fellow could have too much land,' he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. . . .

"The meal was over. The bishop was standing near the mantel-piece talking to the ladies who were clustered round him. The archdeacon, and the chaplain, and some other clergy, a little in the background. Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, then assumed his usual position and listened as it were grimly for a few moments to their talk. Then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice with the groan of a rebellious Titan, 'How I hate Sunday!' 'Granville!' exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder. 'I mean in a country-house,' said Lord St. Aldegonde. 'Of course I mean in a country-house. I do not dislike it alone, and I do not dislike it in London, but Sunday in a country-house is infernal.'

We have dilated at some length on the various aspects of Lord Beaconsfield's humor, for it is to our minds far the most important feature of his writings, but after all it is for his daring and dazzling wit that he will universally be remembered. It is, as we have said, a rare quality, and it is also a gift that lives. Wit has wings. A

happy phrase becomes a proverb, and the wittier half of a work, like the favorite melodies of a composition, survives the whole. The more will this be likely when the *γνώμη* is to repeat ourselves intellectually true, when fancy jumps with fact. This is, we imagine, the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's wit. It may seem paradoxical to assert of his most popular paradoxes that they are just, but we do so. He, like his Sidonia, "said many things that were strange, yet they instantly appeared to be true." Be this as it may, wit is certainly the most plentiful element of his later novels. They are confessedly novels of conversation.

"In life surely," he observes in "Vivian Grey," "man is not always as monstrously busy as he appears to be in novels and romances; we are not always in action, not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk about the weather, sometimes about ourselves, oftener about our friends, and as often about our enemies."

This conversational treatment is an element of their originality. Gradually, as his political and social career became more definite and progressive, the humor in his novels recedes and the wit abounds. The only English prime-minister who has been a professed wit, he felt its efficacy as a weapon, used it, and, we may add, never abused it. Squib, repartee, epigram, and lampoon, all applied by him, have yet never been misapplied to gloze immorality or profane religion. His very sneer is good-humor, and, if he was in any sense Diogenes, he was certainly a Diogenes who lived out of the tub.

Wit, to classify roughly, is twofold. There is the lightning wit that flashes of a short sentence or an apt reply, and there is the lambent wit that sparkles either by description or dialogue. We shall begin with instances of the first. And here there is scarcely need to quote. Every one knows his aphorisms. The hansom cab, "the gondola of London," and the critics, "the men who have failed"; * Tadpole's "Tory men and Whig measures," and Rigby's "Little words in great capitals"; "Don Juan," the style of the House of Commons, 'Paradise Lost,' that of the House of Lords"; "All the great things have been done by the little nations" and "Our young Queen and our old Constitution," "The Whigs bathing," and, we may add, "London, the key of India"—are household words.

It is in "Coningsby" and "Lothair" that perhaps the best of his apothegms are found. Thence spring "The government of great meas-

ures, or little men of humbug or humdrum"; and "Youth, the trustees of posterity"; "The Austrians, the Chinese of Europe"; and "Diplomatists the Hebrews of politics"; "Paris, the university of the world"; and "St. James's Square, the Faubourg St. Germain of London"; "The gentlemen who played with billiard-balls games that were not billiards"; and "The lady who sacrificed even her lovers to her friends"; "Most women are vain, some men are not"; and the lawyer who "was not an intellectual Cæsar, but had his pockets full of sixpences"; "Pantheism, Atheism in domino"; and "Books, the curse of the human race"; "Pearls are like girls," and "Malt-tax is madness"; of Austria, "two things made her a nation—she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither"; and of the Reform Bill, "It gave to Manchester a bishop and to Birmingham a dandy." But, indeed, words fully as good as these are to be found throughout. It is time to recall Lord Squib's definition of the value of money, "very dear"; and Count Mirabel's (D'Orsay's) pleasantry, "Coffee and confidence"; * Essper George's "Like all great travelers, I have seen more than I remember and remembered more than I have seen"; † and Popanilla, "The most dandified of savages and the most savage of dandies"; "Venus, the goddess of watering-places"; ‡ and "Burlington, with his old loves and new dances"; § "Good fortune with good management, no country-house, and no children, is Aladdin's lamp"; || and the "Treatise on a subject in which everybody is interested, in a style no one understands"; ¶ the French actress who avers at supper, "No language makes you so thirsty as French"; ** and the English tradesmen, who "console themselves for not getting their bills paid by inviting their customers to dinner." The utilitarian, whose dogma was, "Rules are general, feelings are general, and property should be general"; and the definition of liberty, "Do as others do, and never knock men down." †† There has been scarcely time to forget the advice in "Lothair" to "go into the country for the first note of the nightingale and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell"; or perhaps to remember Zenobia in "Endymion," "who liked handsome people, even handsome women," and Mr. Ferrars, who committed suicide from a "want of imagination." A brace of very witty similes should not be here omitted. The one a comparison of the parliament-built region of Harley Street to "a large family of plain children, with

* Compare "The Infernal Marriage."—"Ixion. 'Are there any critics in hell?' 'Myriads,' rejoined the ex-King of Lydia."

* "The Young Duke."

† "Ixion in Heaven."

‡ "Tancred."

** "The Young Duke."

† "Vivian Grey."

§ "The Young Duke."

¶ "Vivian Grey."

†† "Popanilla."

Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents";* the other, that of the detached breakfast-tables at Brentham to "a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, instead of a great metropolitan table like a central government, absorbing all the genius and resources of society";† nor should the Heinesque lyric on "Charming Bignetta," ‡ with its witty close, be suffered to die away unreëchoed :

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a wicked young rogue is charming Bignetta !
She laughs at my shyness, and flirts with his High-
ness,
Yet still she is charming, that charming Bignetta !

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a dear little girl is charming Bignetta !
'Think me only a sister,' said she, trembling—I
kissed her.
What a charming young sister is charming Bignetta !"

In the same category, too, are those felicitous turns of terse expression, whether new or newly shaped, which distinguish Lord Beaconsfield above any other modern novelist. The "Parliamentary Christian" for Protestant, and the "Free-trader in Gossip" for the bad listener in "Lothair," the "Midland Sea" for the Mediterranean in "Tancred" and "Venetia"; the figure of *unbuttoning one's brains*, § and the jingle "plundered and blundered," of "Coningsby," the "heresy of cutlets" from "Venetia," the "ortolans stuffed with truffles and the truffles with ortolans" from "Endymion," the "confused explanations and explained confusions" from "Popanilla." The terms "Stateswoman" and "Anecdote," "Melancholy ocean" and "Batavian grace," remind us that Benjamin Disraeli is the son of an author he has himself portrayed as sauntering on his garden terrace, meditating some happy phrase.

It still remains for us to advert to the wit of sustained sparkle, rather than of sudden flashes. Of this there is an admirable specimen in "Tancred." Lady Constance is alluding to "The Revelations of Chaos," a tract on evolution :

"... It shows you exactly how a star is formed ; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light. You must read it ; it is charming."

"'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

"'Perhaps not ; you must read the Revelations. It is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You

know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something, then—I forget the next. I think there were shells, then fishes ; then we came—let me see, did we come next—. Never mind that, we came, and the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah ! that's it, we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. . . . Everything is proved by geology, you know. . . . This is development : *we had fins ; we may have wings.*'"

This passage is not only wit, but humor also, according as we regard the speaker or the speech, and as both combined—as, in fact, "West-Oriental," irresistible. Or, again, Herbert in "Venetia" :

"'I doubt whether a man at fifty is the same material being that he is at five-and-twenty.'

"'I wonder,' said Lord Cadurcis, 'if a creditor brought an action against you at fifty, for goods sold and delivered at five-and-twenty, one could set up the want of identity as a plea in bar ; it would be a consolation to an elderly gentleman.'

Or the lady's reasoning on the Gulf Stream theory :

"'I think we want more evidence of a change. The Vice-Chancellor and I went down to a place we have near town, on Saturday, where there is a very nice piece of water, indeed ; some people call it a lake. My boys wanted to skate, but that I would not permit.'

"'You believe in the Gulf Stream to that extent,' said Lothair, '*no skating.*'"

Or, once more, a piece of railery from "Vivian Grey" :

"'What a pity, Miss Manvers, that the fashion has gone out of selling one's self to the devil !'

"'Good gracious, Mr. Grey !'

"'On my honor, I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity ; *what a capital plan for younger brothers !* It is a kind of thing I have been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitchfork.'"

Or the report of the debate in the House of Lords, "imposing, particularly if we take a part in it" :

"Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when no-

* "Tancred."

† "Lothair."

‡ "The Young Duke."

§ This expression is Beethoven's.

body knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts." *

Or the comparison of the Tories who supported Peel in his defection to the converted Saxons by Charlemagne :

" . . . When the Emperor appeared, instead of conquering, he converted them. How were they converted ? In battalions—the old chronicler informs us *they were converted in battalions, and baptized in platoons*. It was utterly impossible to bring these individuals from a state of reprobation to one of grace with a celerity sufficiently quick." †

And, last, though decidedly not least, the dictum of Mendez Pinto :

" English is an expressive language, but not difficult to master. Its range is limited ; it consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, ' nice,' ' jolly,' ' charming,' and ' bore,' and some grammarians add ' fond.' "

And now we have done. Whatever the divergencies of opinion on the literary merit of Lord Beaconsfield—and this rests with the best critic, posterity—it is at least unquestionable that in wit and humor he never flags. There are those who have called him dull, but they are dullards. The Bœotians could hardly have proved fair judges of Aristophanes.

But our object in this article has been to vin-

dicate a much higher honor for Lord Beaconsfield than any such mere cleverness. We have endeavored to prove that not only does he " sparkle with epigram and blaze with repartee " of unusual brilliance, but that his humor, necessarily hampered as it was by his surroundings and his aims, can boast keen insight and original manipulation ; that the *bizarre* and the frivolous is the mere froth on its surface, unessential and evanescent, and that as a wit and a humorist he is now, by the prerogative of death, classical. Nor is the least enduring of the wreaths heaped upon his bier that he always, and in the best manner, amused us while he instructed, and instructed us while he amused.

His wit and his humor offer a complete refutation to the Shakespearean adage, " When the age is in, the wit is out," for he preserved them youthful as a septuagenarian, and they, in requital, shall preserve his memory ever vivid and vigorous.

" Alas ! poor Yorick, where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar ? " may exclaim one who discerns only in Lord Beaconsfield the court jester. Our rejoinder shall be that of truth and reverence :

" He being dead yet speaketh."

WALTER SYDNEY SICHEL (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE CONFEDERACY. ‡

TO Jefferson Davis, more than to any other person, must be accorded the position of the representative man of the Southern Confederacy. Few men had as much to do in shaping the measures which led to its formation, and, when it was about to be formally organized, there was no other man who was seriously thought of as its head. Circumstances, only dimly foreseen at the time, but which we now see to have been inevitable, compelled what was in the outset proposed to be a league between sovereign States, to assume the form of a consolidated government, whose Executive exercised power and authority as absolute as has, within modern times, been claimed by or for any civil or military ruler. Frederick the Great was not

more absolute dictator of Prussia during the Seven Years' War, Napoleon was not more absolutely dictator of France during the Empire, than was Jefferson Davis dictator of the Confederacy during the four years of its existence.

That these great powers were thrust upon him, rather than sought by him, seems beyond question. That they were not exercised for purposes of personal aggrandizement, and rarely, if ever, for the gratification of his own individual likes or dislikes, we think must be conceded. The cause for which he struggled, and of which he was the exponent and embodiment, is emphatically a " lost cause " ; but he has never ceased to maintain that the ends sought to be attained were just ones, and that the means used for their attainment were righteous and praiseworthy. It is right and just that this cause, and the motives and actions of its upholders, should have a full and fair hearing before the tribunal of history.

* " The Young Duke."

† Speech on the repeal of the Corn Laws, May 15, 1846.

‡ The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. In two volumes. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

It has long been understood that Mr. Davis had in mind the preparation of a history of the Confederacy, which should be at once a narrative and a defense. He has taken ample time for the task. It is now sixteen years since the "fall of the Confederate Government." Mr. Davis then lacked three years of having reached the age of threescore; he has now passed, by three years, the age of threescore and ten, with mental vigor unabated. Many of these sixteen years must have been mainly devoted to a retrospect and review of the stormy period which had gone before. The work which he has at length completed undoubtedly presents his matured and final view of the mighty events which formed its theme. In any case, such a work, by such a man, must have been worthy of careful examination and impartial consideration. No one who shall accord to the book such consideration will deny that Mr. Davis has performed his self-imposed task with marked ability. He is, indeed, an advocate whose arguments and appeals we must weigh, not a judge whose dicta we must accept as authority. But we believe that all will agree that, taking the defense as a whole, no man could have made it stronger. If the world's verdict be in his favor, it will be because the cause was a good one; if the verdict be against him, it will be on the ground that the cause was such that no advocate, however able or zealous, could make it other than a bad one.

It is not the purpose of this paper to pass judgment upon the case itself, but to present fairly, and as fully as the space allotted will permit, what the writer believes to be the salient points of the defense, as set forth by its able and zealous advocate. Mr. Davis more than once sets forth succinctly the general design and scope of the work. Thus, in the preface he says:

"The object of this work has been, from historical data, to show that the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a Union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States; and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence."

And, again, in the "Conclusion," the idea is somewhat amplified:

"My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the Union, had the reserved power to secede from it, whenever it should be found not to answer the ends for which it should be established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one

of aggression and usurpation, and, on the part of the South, was for the defense of an inherent, unalienable right.

"My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that, by their humanity to the wounded and captives, they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that, in every case, as when our army invaded Pennsylvania, by their respect for private rights, their morality, and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind."

Something like one half of each of the two volumes is occupied with the strictly military history of the war, with the details of campaigns and battles and sieges. In this respect the work does not present many notable features. Except upon a few points, Mr. Davis seems to have had little material not the common property of historians. We detect no purpose of concealing facts. Confederate successes are not unduly magnified; Federal reverses are not unduly exaggerated. Of course, it was not to be expected that he would look at the course of events with a wholly impartial eye. We shall in the sequel present his view of some transactions in respect to which question has arisen; but our main purpose is to set forth his argument in justification of the right of the States to secede from the Union. This involves the entire doctrine of paramount State sovereignty, and incidentally of the question of slavery.

Mr. Davis regards the great question which finally came to an issue as a purely sectional matter, in which the institution of African slavery was nowise of necessity involved. He says at the very opening of his argument:

"Inasmuch as the questions growing out of the institution of negro servitude, or connected with it, will occupy a conspicuous place in what is to follow, it is important that the reader should have, at the very outset, a right understanding of the true nature and character of those questions. No subject has been more generally misunderstood or more persistently misrepresented. The institution itself has ceased to exist in the United States; the generation comprising all who took part in the controversies to which it gave rise, or for which it afforded a pretext, is passing away; and the misconceptions which have prevailed in our own country, and still more among foreigners remote from the field of contention, are likely to be perpetuated in the mind of posterity, unless corrected before they become crystallized by tacit acquiescence."

Mr. Davis recognizes the fact of the abolition of negro servitude in the United States as now constituted; and, by implication at least, that it

can never be reëstablished. We find no intimation that he regards its reëstablishment in the South as desirable even if it were possible. But he certainly appears to still hold that it was in itself right and just, that it was the proper and normal condition of the African race wherever the conditions of soil, climate, and production were such as to render it profitable to make use of them as laborers in any considerable numbers. Thus, while commenting upon the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, he says:

"The forefathers of these negroes were gathered from the torrid plains and malarial swamps of inhospitable Africa. Generally they were born the slaves of barbarian masters, untaught in all the useful arts and occupations. Reared in heathen darkness, and sold by heathen masters, they were transferred to shores enlightened by the rays of Christianity. There, put to servitude, they were trained in the gentle arts of peace and order and civilization; they increased from a few unprofitable savages to millions of efficient Christian laborers. Their servile instincts rendered them contented with their lot; and their patient toil blessed the land of their abode with unmeasured riches. Their strong local and personal attachment secured faithful service to those to whom their service or labor was due. A strong mutual affection was the natural result of this life-long relation, a feeling best, if not only, understood by those who have grown from childhood under its influence. Never was there happier dependence of labor and capital upon each other. The tempter came, like the serpent in Eden, and decoyed them with the magic word of 'freedom.'"

Mr. Davis fully admits the magic power of this word freedom, and of its antithesis slavery. He says:

"The antithetical employment of such terms as 'freedom' and 'slavery,' or 'antislavery' and 'proslavery,' with reference to the principles and purposes of contending parties or rival sections, has had immense influence in misleading the opinions and sentiments of the world. The idea of freedom is captivating, that of slavery repellent, to the moral sense of mankind in general. It is easy, therefore, to understand the effect of applying the one set or terms to one party, the other to another, in a contest which has no just application whatever to the essential merits of freedom or slavery."

He affirms, over and over again, that the merits or demerits of slavery had actually nothing to do with the matter in hand. "No moral or sentimental considerations," he says, "were really involved in either the earlier or later controversies which so long agitated and finally ruptured the Union. They were simply struggles between different sections, with diverse institutions and interests." The basis of this sectional

controversy, he says, "was the question of the balance of political power." He illustrates this by the Louisiana question, in 1803-'12, which "afforded one of the earliest occasions for the manifestation of sectional jealousy, and gave rise to the first threats or warnings (which proceeded from New England) of a dissolution of the Union. Yet although negro slavery existed in Louisiana, no pretext was made of that as an objection to the acquisition." The same was, according to him, the case in the Missouri controversy of 1819-'20. This, he says, "was the first question that ever seriously threatened the stability of the Union, and the first in which the sentiment of opposition to slavery in the abstract was introduced as an adjunct of sectional controversy. . . . But," he says, "it was clearly shown in debate that such questions were altogether irrelevant"; and that the proposed prohibition of slavery in the newly formed State "would be contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Constitution."

The question was finally settled for the time by what is known as the "Missouri Compromise," the essential feature of which was that Missouri became a State without any restriction, but that slavery was for ever prohibited in all the remaining portion of what had constituted the Louisiana Territory lying north of latitude 36° 30'; thus, in the view of Mr. Davis, "by implication leaving the portion south of that line open to settlement with or without slaves." This compromise, he continues, "was reluctantly accepted by a small majority of the Southern members. Nearly half of them voted against it, under the conviction that it was unauthorized by the Constitution, and that Missouri was entitled to determine the question for herself as a matter of right, not of bargain or concession."

Mr. Davis was a schoolboy at the time of the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. When, thirty years later, he had, as Senator of the United States, occasion to consider the matter in connection with its virtual abrogation by the compromise measures of 1850, he was clearly in favor of holding fast to it, and of applying its principles to the newly acquired territories reaching to the Pacific. He says:

"With some others, I advocated the division of the newly acquired territory by an extension to the Pacific Ocean of the Missouri Compromise line of 36° 30'. This was not because of any inherent merit or fitness in that line, but because it had been accepted by the country as a settlement of the sectional question which, thirty years before, had threatened a rupture of the Union, and it had acquired in the public mind a prescriptive respect which it seemed unwise to disregard. A majority, however, decided otherwise, and the line of political concil-

iation was then obliterated, as far as it lay in the power of Congress to do so."

The vote in the Senate upon the extension of the Missouri Compromise line was almost a purely sectional one. The twenty-four yeas were all cast by Southern Senators, the thirty-two nays were all Northern, with the exception of two from Delaware, one from Missouri, and one from Kentucky. "An analysis of the vote," says Mr. Davis, "will show that this result was effected almost exclusively by the representatives of the North, and that the South was not responsible for an action which proved to be the opening of Pandora's box." He thus presents his matured views as to these two so-called compromises:

"However objectionable it may have been in 1820 to adopt that political line as expressing a geographical definition of different sectional interests, and however it may be condemned as the assumption by Congress of a function not delegated to it, it is to be remembered that the act had received such recognition and *quasi*-ratification by the people of the States as to give it a value which it did not originally possess. Pacification had been the fruit of the tree, and it should not have been recklessly hewed down and cast into the fire. . . . Retrospectively viewed, under the mellowing light of time, and with the calm consideration we can usually give to the irremediable past, the compromise legislation of 1850 bears the impress of that sectional spirit so widely at variance with the general purposes of the Union, and so destructive of the harmony and mutual benefit which the Constitution was intended to secure."

In 1850 Mr. Davis, who had served for three years in the Senate of the United States, to fill a vacancy, was reelected for a full term of six years, taking his seat on March 4, 1851. He thus sets forth his position at that time:

"My devotion to the Union of our fathers had been so often and publicly declared; I had, on the floor of the Senate, so defiantly challenged any question of my fidelity to it; my services, civil and military, had now extended through so long a period, and were so generally known, that I felt assured that no whisperings of envy or ill-will could lead the people of Mississippi to believe that I had dishonored the great trust by using the great power they had conferred on me to destroy the Government to which I was accredited. Then, as afterward, I regarded the separation of the States a great, though not the greatest, evil."

In the mean time there was much agitation in Mississippi in respect to the compromise measures of the preceding year. Consequent upon these was a proposition for a convention of delegates from the people of the respective Southern States, to consider what steps should be taken.

"There was," says Mr. Davis, "diversity of opinion, but the disagreement no longer followed the usual lines of party division. . . . Those who were in favor of a convention were unjustly charged with a desire to destroy the Union—a feeling entertained by few, very few if any, in Mississippi, and avowed by none. There were many, however, who held that the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the purposes for which the Union was formed, were of higher value than the Union itself." Circumstances now occurred which seemed to render it advisable that Mr. Davis should be placed in nomination for Governor of the State, in place of General Quitman, of whose reelection there was little likelihood. Mr. Davis resigned the senatorship, and entered upon the canvass for Governor, but was defeated by a small majority. Of the transactions of this period he says:

"In this canvass no argument or appeal of mine was directed against the perpetuity of the Union. Believing, however, that the signs of the time portended danger to the South from the usurpation by the General Government of undelegated powers, I counseled that Mississippi should enter into the proposed meeting of the Southern States, to consider what could and should be done to insure our future safety, frankly stating my conviction that, unless such action were taken then, sectional rivalry would engender greater evils in the future, and that, if the controversy was postponed, 'the last opportunity for a peaceful solution would be lost, then the issue would have to be settled by blood.'"

After this defeat for the governorship, Mr. Davis returned to his home, where, as he says, "happy in the peaceful pursuits of a planter, busily engaged in cares for servants, in the improvement of my land, in rearing live-stock, and the like occupations, the time passed pleasantly away until my retirement was interrupted by an invitation to take a place in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, who had been elected to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1852." This offer was at first declined; but, he continues, "I was induced, by public considerations, to reconsider my determination, and accept the office of Secretary of War. The public records of that period will best show how the duties of the office were performed." We believe that no question has ever been raised as to the conscientiousness and rare ability with which the duties of this office were performed by Jefferson Davis. In the mean time, he had been again elected Senator, taking his seat at the close of the Administration of Mr. Pierce, March 4, 1857.

Mr. Davis takes occasion more than once to present his views upon the posture of affairs at this critical epoch. Thus, in respect to the matter of slavery:

"The question of the right or wrong of the institution of slavery was in nowise involved in the earlier sectional controversies. Nor was it in those of a later period, in which it was my lot to bear a part. They were essentially struggles for sectional equality or ascendancy—for the maintenance or the destruction of that balance of power, or equipoise, between the North and the South, which was early recognized as a cardinal principle in our Federal system. It does not follow that both parties to this contest were wholly right or wholly wrong in their claims. . . . The sectional policy indicated in the Missouri case brought to its support the passions which spring from man's higher nature, but which, like all passions, if misdirected and perverted, become hurtful, and, it may be, destructive.

"The year 1835 was marked by the public agitation for the abolition of that African servitude which existed in the South, which antedated the Union, and had existed in every one of the States which formed the Confederation. By a great misconception of the powers belonging to the General Government, and the responsibilities of citizens of the Northern States, many of those citizens were, little by little, brought to the conclusion that slavery was a sin for which *they* were responsible, and that it was the duty of the Federal Government to abate it."

Then, and for years afterward, "the abolitionists were so weak, when compared with either of the political parties at the North, as to excite no apprehension of their power for evil." But, continues Mr. Davis, "bodies in motion will overcome bodies at rest"; and thus—

"By the activity of the propagandists of abolitionism, and by the misuse of the sacred word 'Liberty,' they recruited from the ardent worshippers of that goddess such numbers as gave them, in many Northern States, the balance of power between the two great political parties that then stood arrayed against each other; then and there they came to be courted by both of the great parties, especially by the Whigs, who had become the weaker party of the two. . . . Hence arose the declaration of the existence of an 'irrepressible conflict,' because of the domestic institutions of sovereign, self-governing States—institutions over which neither the Federal Government nor the people outside of the limits of such States had any control, and for which they could have no moral responsibility. . . .

"The 'Free-Soil,' which assumed the title of the 'Republican' party, grew to a magnitude which threatened speedily to obtain the entire control of the Government. Based upon sectional rivalry, and opposition to the growth of the Southern equality with the Northern States of the Union, it had absorbed within itself not only the abolitionists, who were avowedly agitating for the destruction of the system of negro servitude, but other diverse and heterogeneous elements of opposition to the Democratic party."

The result of these and many other causes was the triumph of the Republican party in the election of Mr. Lincoln as President. Of what immediately followed, Mr. Davis says:

"The manifestations which followed this result, in the Southern States, did not proceed from chagrin at their defeat in the election, or from any personal hostility to the President-elect, but from the fact that they recognized in him the representative of a party professing principles destructive to their peace, their prosperity, and their domestic tranquillity. The long-suppressed fire burst into frequent flame, but it was still controlled by that love of the Union which the South had illustrated in every battle-field from Boston to New Orleans. Still it was hoped, against hope, that some adjustment might be made to avert the calamities of a practical application of the theory of an 'irrepressible conflict.' Few, if any, then doubted the right of a State to withdraw its grants delegated to the Federal Government, or, in other words, to secede from the Union; but in the South this was generally regarded as the remedy of last resort, to be applied only when ruin or dishonor was the alternative. No rash or revolutionary action was taken by the Southern States, but the measures adopted were considerate, and executed advisedly and deliberately."

The Legislatures of the several Southern States called conventions, the delegates to which were elected for the express purpose of taking proper action under the existing circumstances. Of these conventions Mr. Davis says:

"It was always held and understood that they possessed all the power of the people assembled in mass; and therefore it was conceded that they, and they only, could take action for the withdrawal of a State from the Union. The consent of the respective States to the formation of the Union had been given through such conventions, and it was only by the same authority that it could properly be revoked, and none who admit the primary power of the people to govern themselves can consistently deny its validity and binding obligation upon every citizen of the several States."

When the result of the Presidential election was known, the Governor of Mississippi requested the Congressional delegation of that State to consult with him as to the measures which he should recommend to the Legislature about to be convoked in special session. The main question was whether Mississippi should, through her convention, pass, as soon as possible, an ordinance of secession, thus, regardless of the action of the other States, placing herself by the side of South Carolina, which, it was certain, would act at once. Mr. Davis was opposed to such immediate action, for reasons which he thus states:

"While holding, in common with my political associates, that the right of a State to secede was

unquestionable, I differed from most of them as to the probability of our being permitted peacefully to exercise the right. The knowledge acquired by the administration of the War Department for four years, and by the chairmanship of the Military Committee of the Senate, had shown me the entire lack of preparation for war in the South. The foundries and armories were in the Northern States, and there were stored all the new and improved weapons of war. In the arsenals of the Southern States were to be found only arms of the old and rejected models. The South had no manufactories of powder, no navies to protect our harbors, no merchantmen for foreign commerce. It was evident to me, therefore, that if we should be involved in war, the odds would be far greater than what was due merely to our inferiority in population. Believing that secession would be the precursor of war between the States, I was consequently slower than others, who entertained a different opinion, to resort to that remedy."

Mr. Singleton, one of those who took part in this meeting, in a letter quoted, and thus endorsed by Mr. Davis, says: "The debate lasted many hours, and Mr. Davis, with perhaps one other gentleman, opposed immediate and separate State action, declaring himself opposed to secession as long as the hope of a peaceable remedy remained; but after the vote was taken, and the question decided, he declared that he would stand by whatever action the convention representing the sovereignty of the State of Mississippi might think proper to take. After the conference was ended, several of its members were dissatisfied with the course of Mr. Davis, believing that he was entirely opposed to secession, and was seeking to delay action upon the part of Mississippi, with the hope that it might be entirely averted." Mr. Davis himself says: "I was afterward informed that my associates considered me 'too slow'; and they were probably correct in the belief that I was behind the general opinion of the people of the State as to the propriety of prompt secession."

Mr. Davis returned to Washington, taking his place in the Senate. The Mississippi Convention passed an order of secession on January 9, 1861; Florida followed on the 10th, and Alabama on the 11th. The fact was at once known, but Mr. Davis retained his seat, and took part in the proceedings for nearly a fortnight, when he was officially notified of what had been done. He thereupon, together with the Senators from the other two States, withdrew from the Senate, declaring that he approved of the action of his State, but averring, "If I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation or without existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the Government, because of my

allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action."

To the elucidation of this "theory of the Government," and an argument for its correctness, Mr. Davis devotes a large and by far the most important part of his volumes. It is, we suppose, that part for which mainly the whole was written. The general theory is, indeed, no new one; but we nowhere else find it so fully developed or so ably sustained.

Stated in the briefest terms, it is essentially this: The American Union was simply a compact between sovereign and independent States—a partnership voluntarily entered into for certain important purposes, clearly defined and of quite limited scope; that any members, or any single member, of this partnership might, for good reasons, at any time withdraw from it; that each State was the sole and absolute judge whether it should remain or withdraw; and that there was nowhere any rightful power to coerce any State to remain in the Union, or to punish her for withdrawing. By the very act of withdrawing, a State resumed its entire independence and sovereignty, as perfect and unimpaired as it was before the Union had been formed.

The Federal Government is by Mr. Davis represented to be the mere "creature" and "agent" of the States, who were its creators and masters. It had no powers except those which are expressly delegated to it by the States, and these powers may be at any time extended, restricted, or wholly withdrawn. The Constitution is merely the articles of agreement entered into by the States. The Constitution, indeed, contains certain so-called "prohibitory" clauses, such as those declaring that no State shall make treaties, declare war, coin money, etc. But, says Mr. Davis:

"This is only a part of the general compact, by which the contracting parties covenant, one with another, to abstain from the separate exercise of certain powers, which they agree to intrust to the management and control of the Union or general agency of the parties associated. It is not a prohibition imposed upon them, from without or from above, by any external or superior power, but is self-imposed by their free consent. The case is strictly analogous to that of individuals forming a mercantile or manufacturing copartnership, who voluntarily agree to refrain, as individuals, from engaging in other pursuits or speculations, from lending their individual credit, or from the exercise of any other right of a citizen, which they may think proper to subject to the management of the firm. The prohibitory clauses of the Constitution referred to are not at all a denial of the full sovereignty of the States, but are merely an agreement among them to exercise certain powers of sovereignty in concert, and not separately or apart."

This cardinal idea of the absolute sovereignty of the States, in contradistinction from any possible sovereignty of the Union, is iterated and reiterated in every form of expression, and with every stress of emphasis, and he shrinks from no logical deduction that can be drawn from it. In no proper sense of the word, he maintains, is there any such thing as the "people of the United States." The very idea is, in his view, an absurdity. The phrase is, indeed, used in the preamble to the Constitution; but, says Mr. Davis:

"The 'people of the United States,' from whom the powers of the Federal Government were 'derived,' *could have been* no other than the people who ordained and ratified the Constitution; and this, it has been shown beyond the power of denial, was done by the people of *each State*, severally and independently."

The phrase is also used by Madison and others, but Mr. Davis maintains that only the people of the separate States were known to these authorities. He sums up this matter thus:

"It would certainly be superfluous, after all that has been presented heretofore, to add any further evidence of the meaning that was attached to these expressions by their authors. 'The people of the United States' were, in their minds, the people of Virginia, the people of Massachusetts, and the people of every other State which should agree to unite. They *could have meant* only that the people of their respective States, who had delegated certain powers to the Federal Government, in ratifying the Constitution and *acceding* to the Union, reserved to themselves the right, in the event of the failure of their purposes, to 'resume' (or 'reassume') those powers by *seceding* from the same Union."

This denial of the existence of any such thing as a "people of the United States," and the affirmation that there is not, and has never been, anything else than an association of the independent peoples of the respective States, is vital to the theory of Mr. Davis. He elaborates it in numerous forms. Thus:

"The Constitution was never submitted to 'the people of the United States in the aggregate,' or as *a people*. Indeed, no such political community as the people of the United States exists at this day, or ever did exist. Senators in Congress confessedly represent the States as equal units. The House of Representatives is not a body of representatives of the people of the United States, but the Constitution expressly declares that it shall be composed of members chosen by *the people of the several States*. . . . Nor are the President and Vice-President elected by the vote of the 'whole people' of the Union; the number of electors is based partly upon the equal sovereignty, partly upon the unequal population of the respective States. . . . There has never been any such thing as a vote of the 'people of the United

States in the aggregate.' No such people is recognized by the Constitution. . . . No officer or department of the General Government formed by the Constitution derives authority from a majority of the whole people of the United States, or has ever been chosen by such majority. As little as any other is the United States Government a government of a majority of the mass. . . . The only political community, the only independent corporate unit, through which the people can exercise their sovereignty, is the State. Minor communities, such as those of counties and towns, are merely fractional subdivisions of the State, and these do not affect the evidence that there was not such a political community as the 'people of the United States as an aggregate.'"

By a "State" Mr. Davis, of course, means the people of each and every State, not merely the existing government of such a State. It is in this sense that a State is sovereign—that is, has the right to claim the allegiance and submission of each and every of its citizens. It is clear, he says, that in the American system, with which only he has to do, "no government is sovereign—that all governments derive their powers from the people, and exercise them in subjection to the will of the people; not a will expressed in any irregular, lawless, tumultuary manner, but the will of the organized political community, expressed through authorized and legitimate channels. The founders of the American republics never conferred, nor intended to confer, sovereignty upon either their State or Federal Governments."

It is to this "sovereign State" that, upon the theory of Mr. Davis, each individual citizen thereof owes allegiance. He mentions, only to scout at it, the idea that there can be for any citizen any such thing as "a double allegiance, or a divided allegiance—partly to his State, partly to the United States: that it is not possible for either of those powers to release him from the allegiance due to the other: that the State can no more release him from his obligations to the Union, than the United States can absolve him from his duties to his State."

Of the doctrine of what he styles the extreme centralizers, who claim that "allegiance to the Union, or, as they generally express it, to *the Government* (meaning thereby the Federal Government), is paramount, and the obligation to the State only subsidiary—if, indeed, it exists at all," he says: "This latter view, if the more monstrous, is at least the more consistent of the two; for it does not involve the difficulty of a divided allegiance, nor the paradoxical position in which the other places the citizen—in case of a conflict between his State and the other members of the Union—of being necessarily a rebel against the General Government or a traitor to the State of

which he is a citizen." His own theory in this matter is thus set forth :

"The primary, paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the sovereign only. That sovereign, under our system, is the people: the people of the State to which he belongs; the people who constituted the State government which he obeys, and which protects him in the enjoyment of his personal rights; the people who alone, as far as he is concerned, ordained and established the Federal Constitution and the Federal Government; the people who have reserved to themselves sovereignty—which involves the power to revoke all agencies created by them.

"The obligation to support the State or Federal Constitution, and the obedience due to either State or Federal Government, are alike derived from and dependent on the allegiance due to this sovereign. If the sovereign abolishes the State government and ordains and establishes a new one, the obligation of allegiance requires him to transfer his obedience accordingly. If the sovereign withdraws from association with its confederates in the Union, the allegiance of the citizen requires him to follow the sovereign. Any other course is rebellion or treason. His relation to the Union arose from the membership of the State of which he was a citizen, and ceased whenever his State withdrew from it. He can not owe obedience—much less allegiance—to an association from which his sovereign has separated, and thereby withdrawn him."

We have now presented what we believe to be a fair statement of the grounds upon which Mr. Davis bases his justification of the secession of the Southern States. We cite a portion of an elaborate passage near the close of his work, in which he contrasts the State government and the Federal Government. Of the former, he says :

"The governments of the States were instituted to secure certain unalienable rights of the citizens; they derived their just powers from the consent of the governed; and these powers were organized by the citizens in such form as seemed to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Where shall the citizen look to find security and protection for his life, security and protection for his personal liberty, security and protection for his property, security and protection for his safety and happiness? *Only to his State government.* Is the citizen's life in danger from violence? The State guarantees his protection; and it is its duty to rescue him from danger, and obtain redress from the offender, whether an individual or a foreign nation. Are the freedom and personal liberty of the citizen in danger from unlawful arrest and imprisonment? The State guarantees both; and it is its duty to secure and preserve his freedom. Is the property of the citizen in danger of a violent and unlawful seizure, and unlawful detention or destruction? The State gov-

ernment guarantees his title, restores the property, or obtains damages. Is the personal property of the citizen in danger of robbery or abduction? The State government throws over it the shield of its protection, and regards the burglar and the robber as the enemies of society."

And so on. Of the Government of the United States, even supposing that it should fulfill—as Mr. Davis urges that it did not—the designs for which it was framed, he says :

"What, then, is the Government of the United States? It is an organization of a few years' duration. It might cease to exist, and yet the States and the people continue prosperous, peaceful, and happy. Unlike the governments of the States, which find their origin deep in the nature of man, it sprang from certain circumstances which existed in the course of human affairs. Unlike the governments of the States and of separate nations, which have a divine sanction, it has no warrant for its authority but the ratification of the sovereign States. Unlike the governments of the States, which were instituted to secure generally the unalienable rights of man, it has only the enumerated objects, and is restrained from passing beyond them by the express reservation of all undelegated functions. It keeps no records of property, and guarantees no one the possession of his estate. Marriage, from which springs the family and the State, it can neither confirm nor annul. It partakes of the nature of an incorporation for certain purposes, beyond which it has neither influence nor authority. It is an anomaly among governments, and arose out of the articles of agreement made by certain friendly States, which proposed to form a society of States, and invest a common agent with specified functions of sovereignty. Its duration was intended to be permanent, as it was hoped thus to promote the peaceful ends for which it was established; but to have declared it *perpetual*, would have been to deny the right of a people to alter or abolish their Government when it should cease to answer the ends for which it was instituted."

Mr. Davis has, as he maintains, fully justified not only the abstract right of a State to secede from the Union, but also the special rightfulness of secession at the time when and in the manner in which it was undertaken. There is not anywhere the slightest intimation that he looks upon the "fall of the Confederate Government" as deciding the great questions involved. On the contrary, he says :

"The contest is not over, the strife is not ended. It has only entered on a new and enlarged arena. The champions of constitutional liberty must spring to the struggle like the armed men from the seminated dragon's teeth, until the Government of the United States is brought back to its constitutional limits, and the tyrant's plea of 'necessity' is bound in chains as strong as adamant. . . . Although the

Confederacy, as an organization, may have ceased to exist, as unquestionably as though it never had been formed, its fundamental principles yet live and will survive: however crushed they may be by despotic force, however deep they may be buried under the debris of crumbling States, however they may be disavowed by the time-serving and by the faint-hearted; yet I believe they have the eternity of truth, and that in God's appointed time and place they will prevail."

We judge, however, that he does not look for, perhaps not desire, that there should be another formal effort at secession, although, as far as we can see, he holds that there is now as much reason for the exercise of this asserted right as there could have been twenty years ago. The concluding paragraph of his work, framed presumably after a review of all that he had before written, reads thus:

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong. And, now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may for ever cease; and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*."

Although it has not been our purpose to dwell in detail upon the purely military portion of this history, there are yet a few points upon which the personal statements and views of the President of the Confederacy are of special interest. His account of the almost utter lack of arms and munitions of war at the opening of the conflict, and of the means by which they were created almost out of nothing, is of high value. His *résumé* of the treatment of prisoners on both sides, of course, needs ample verification in order to meet acceptance. The horrors of the prison den at Andersonville have passed into a by-word. Mr. Davis denies the truth of the allegations so abundantly and confidently made. He says:

"The wish of the Confederate Government, which it was hoped had been accomplished by the cartel, was the prompt release of all prisoners on both sides, either by exchange or parole. When, in 1864, the cartel was so disregarded by the enemy as to indicate that prisoners would be held long in confinement, Andersonville, in Georgia, was selected for the location of a principal prison. The site was chosen because of its supposed security from raids, together with its salubrity, the abundance of water and timber, and the productive farming country around it. General Howell Cobb, then commanding in Georgia, employed a large number of negro laborers in the construction of a stockade and tem-

porary shelter for the number of prisoners it was expected would be assembled there. The number, however, rapidly increased, and, by the middle of May, gangrene made its appearance. General John H. Winder went to Andersonville in June, and found disease prevailing to such an extent that, to abate the pestilence, he immediately advised the removal of prisoners to other points. In July he made arrangements to procure vegetables, recommended details of men to cultivate gardens, and that hospital accommodations should be constructed outside of the prison; all of which recommendations were approved, and, as far as practicable, executed. In September General Winder, with the main body of the prisoners, removed first to Millen, Georgia, and then to Florence, South Carolina."

Mr. Davis vouches for General Winder as "a man too brave to be cruel to anything within his power," and one whose kindness toward the prisoners at Richmond, "together with his sterling integrity and soldierly character, had caused his selection for the chief control of Confederate prisons." Major Wirz was left in command at Andersonville, and Mr. Davis speaks of "the success with which he improved the post, and the good effect produced upon the health of the prisoners." Wirz was executed at Washington on account of his alleged atrocities at Andersonville. Mr. Davis avers that "he was the victim of men whom, in his kindness, he paroled to take care of their sick comrades, and who, after having violated their parole, appeared to testify against him." Mr. Davis refers to documents put forth by the Union Secretary of War and the Surgeon-General, according to which there were, in round numbers, in all, two hundred and seventy thousand Union prisoners, of whom twenty-two thousand died; while there were two hundred and twenty thousand Confederate prisoners, of whom twenty-six thousand died. That is, according to this statement, the mortality among the Union prisoners was less than nine per cent., while that among the Confederate prisoners was more than twelve per cent. Commenting upon this asserted fact, Mr. Davis says:

"When it is remembered how much our resources were reduced, that our supply of medicines required in summer diseases was exhausted, and that Northern men when first residing in the South must undergo acclimation, and that these conditions in the Northern States were the reverse in every particular—the fact that greater mortality existed in Northern than in Southern prisons can only be accounted for by the kinder treatment received in the latter. To present the case in a sentence: we did the best we could for those whom the fortune of war had placed at our mercy; and the enemy, in the midst of plenty, inflicted cruel, wanton deprivation on our soldiers who fell within his power."

Of all the Southern generals, Lee not excepted, Albert Sidney Johnston seems to have stood highest in the estimation of President Davis. After the capture of Fort Donelson and the loss of Nashville, early in 1862, the Congressmen from Tennessee, in a body, urged that Johnston should be removed, and a "competent officer be assigned to the defense of their homes and people." They did not, they said, come to recommend any one as the successor; they only asked that "the President would give them a general." To this the reply was, "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to give you." Johnston fell at the battle of Shiloh, April, 1863. Mr. Davis is fully convinced that his death only prevented that battle from being a decisive victory, which would have resulted in the annihilation of the armies of Grant and Buell. He says:

"Sidney Johnston fell in the sight of victory. The hour he had waited for, the event he had planned for, had arrived. His fame was vindicated, but far dearer than this to his patriotic spirit was it with his dying eyes to behold his country's flag, so lately drooping in disaster, triumphantly advancing. In his fall, the great pillar of the Southern Confederacy was crushed, and beneath its fragments the best hope of the Southwest lay buried. A highly educated and richly endowed soldier, his varied experience embraced also civil affairs; and his intimate knowledge of the country and the people of the Southwest so highly qualified him for that special command that it was not possible to fill the place made vacant by his death. Not for the first time did the fate of an army depend upon a single man, and the fortunes of a country hang, as in a balance, on the achievements of a single army. When General Johnston fell, the Confederate army was so fully victorious that, had the attack been vigorously pressed, General Grant and his army would, before the setting of the sun, have been fugitives or prisoners."

Mr. Davis is clearly of the opinion that the battle of Gettysburg came near being a decided victory for the Confederates. "The fierce battle which Lee fought," he says, "must not be considered as for the position. Gettysburg would have been worthless to us if our army had found it unoccupied. To compel Meade to retire would have availed but little to us, unless his army had been routed. To beat that army was probably to secure our independence. To beat the great army of the North was the object, and that it was of possible attainment is to be inferred from the various successes of our arms. Had there been a concentrated attack at sunrise on the second day, with the same gallantry and skill which were exhibited in the partial assaults, it may reasonably be assumed that the enemy would have been routed. This, from the best evidence we have, was the plan and the expectation of Gen-

eral Lee." While Mr. Davis denies that Lee's army was defeated, he says: "The battle of Gettysburg was unfortunate. Though the loss sustained by the enemy was greater than our own, theirs could be repaired; ours could not." We think that Mr. Davis is wrong in his supposition that the Union loss here was greater than that of the enemy. But the battle was in no wise a Federal victory, except that the Confederates had wholly failed to accomplish the end for which the action was ventured by them. But, aside from this, the battle was one of the highest moment. Mr. Davis thus refers to some of its ulterior results:

"As an affair of arms it was marked by mighty feats of valor, to which both combatants may point with military pride. It was a graceful thing in President Lincoln if, as reported, when he was shown the steepes which the Northern men persistently held, he said, 'I am proud to be the countryman of those men who assailed those heights.' The consequences of this battle have justified the amount of attention it has received. It may be regarded as the most eventful struggle of the war. By it the drooping spirit of the North was revived. Had their army been there defeated, those having better opportunities than I or any one who was not among them, have believed that it would have ended the war. On the other hand, a drawn battle, where the Army of Northern Virginia made an attack, impaired the confidence of the Southern people so far as to give the malcontents a power to represent the Government as neglecting for Virginia the safety of the more southern States. In all free governments the ability of its executive branch to prosecute a war must largely depend upon public opinion. In an infant republic this, for every reason, is peculiarly the case. The volume given to the voice of dissatisfaction was therefore most seriously felt by us."

The narrative of the events of the closing days of the Confederacy presents some features of special interest. It is clear that General Lee had for some time been convinced that Petersburg must be abandoned, and Richmond in consequence surrendered at no very distant day. "In the early part of March," says Mr. Davis, "General Lee held with me a long and free conference. He stated that the circumstances had forced on him the conclusion that the evacuation of Petersburg was but a question of time." To an inquiry whether it would not be better to withdraw at once, Lee responded that "his artillery and draught horses were too weak for the roads as they then were, and that he must wait until they became firmer." The daring sortie against Fort Steadman, on the morning of March 26th, had for its object the compelling of Grant to weaken his lines on the Confederate right, with the possibility of even more important re-

sults; or, as Mr. Davis explains the matter: "The sortie, if entirely successful, so as to capture and hold the works on Grant's right as well as three forts on the commanding ridge in his rear, would threaten his line of communication with his base, and might compel him to move his forces around ours to protect it. If only so far successful as to cause the transfer of his troops from his left to his right, it would relieve our right, and delay the impending disaster for the more convenient season for retreat."

The publication of General Gordon's account of this daring attempt is the most notable addition which Mr. Davis has made to the history of military events. Gordon says: "General Lee, after considering the plan of assault and battle which I presented to him, gave me orders to prepare for the movement, which was regarded by both of us as a desperate one, but which seemed to give more promise of success than any other hitherto suggested. . . . It seemed necessary to do more than sit quietly waiting for General Grant to move upon our right, while each day was diminishing our strength by disease and death." Gordon's sortie was a complete surprise, and for a brief space promised well. "But," says Mr. Davis, "the supporting force which was to have followed failed to come forward, and Gordon's brilliant success, like the Dead Sea fruit, was turned to ashes at the moment of possession."

On the next day Grant began the series of operations which was soon to result in the virtual close of the war. The battle of Five Forks was fought on the 1st of April. On the next morning a direct attack was made upon the works at Petersburg. The outer lines were forced, and "the unsettled question of time was now solved." Mr. Davis says:

"Retreat was now a present necessity. All that could be done was to hold the inner lines during the day, and make needful preparations to withdraw at night. In the forenoon of Sunday, the 2d, I received, when in church, a telegram announcing that the army would retire from Petersburg at night, and I went to my office to give needful directions for the evacuation of Richmond. The event had come before Lee had expected it, and the announcement was received by us at Richmond with sorrow and surprise; for although it had been foreseen as a coming event which might possibly, though not probably, be averted, and such preparation as was practicable had been made to meet the contingency when it should occur, it was not believed to be so near at hand."

The general plan of movement, which had been decided upon some weeks before, is thus described by Mr. Davis:

"The programme was, to retire to Danville, at which place supplies should be collected, and a junc-

tion made with the troops under General J. E. Johnston, the combined force to be hurled upon Sherman in North Carolina, with the hope of defeating him before Grant could come to his relief. Then the more southern States, freed from pressure and encouraged by success, it was expected, would send large reinforcements to the army; and Grant, drawn far from his base of supplies into the midst of a hostile population, it was hoped, might yet be defeated, and Virginia be delivered from the invader."

But the Union army moved so as to prevent Lee from marching to Danville, and he directed his course toward Lynchburg. Mr. Davis thus speaks of Lee's purpose at this time:

"Lee had never contemplated surrender. He had long before, in language similar to that of Washington during the Revolution, expressed to me the belief that in the mountains of Virginia he could carry on the war for twenty years; and in directing his march toward Lynchburg it may well be that, as an alternative, he hoped to reach those mountains, and, with the advantage which the topography would give, yet to baffle the hosts which were following him."

We doubt whether it was really the purpose of Lee to institute a guerrilla warfare among the mountains of Virginia. But if such was his purpose it was speedily frustrated. His little army was virtually surrounded, and long before Lynchburg was in sight was forced to surrender upon terms than which nothing could be more honorable. Mr. Davis narrates one incident in this surrender of which we find elsewhere no mention. He says:

"General Grant, in response to a communication, under a white flag, made by General Lee, came to Appomattox, where a suitable room was procured for their conference, and the two generals being seated at a small table, General Lee opened the conference thus: 'General, I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the very beginning of this interview that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last.' General Grant replied: 'I have no idea, General, of proposing dishonorable terms; but I would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms.' General Lee then briefly stated the terms upon which he would be willing to surrender. Grant expressed himself as satisfied with them, and Lee requested that he would formally reduce the propositions to writing."

President Davis in no wise considered the loss of Richmond an event which involved the overthrow of the Confederacy. On the 5th of April he put forth a proclamation of which he now says that, "viewed by the light of subsequent events, it may fairly be said it was over-sanguine":

"The General-in-chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from its occupation by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our energies to falter and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be. For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. . . . We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. . . . I announce to you that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

The surrender of the army under Lee, which took place within a week from the issue of this over-sanguine proclamation, did not damp the resolution of the President. He at once hurried to North Carolina in order to consult with General J. E. Johnston, who, much against the wish of the President, had been placed in command there, and was still confronting Sherman. Mr. Davis says:

"Though I was fully sensible of the gravity of our position, seriously affected as it was by the evacuation of the capital, the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, and the consequent discouragement which those events would produce, I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots, and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. . . . My motive in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States Government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem."

Of this interview General Johnston says that, being desired by the President to do so, a com-

parison was made of the forces upon both sides. He had only twenty thousand infantry and artillery and five thousand cavalry, while the Union armies that could at once be combined against him numbered three hundred and fifty thousand—"odds," he says, "of seventeen or eighteen to one, which in a few weeks could be more than doubled. I represented that under such circumstances it would be the greatest of human crimes for us to attempt to continue the war. The effect of our keeping the field would be not to harm the enemy, but to complete the devastation of our country and the ruin of its people. I therefore urged that the President should exercise at once the only function of government still in his possession, and open negotiations for peace." Mr. Davis says:

"If, taking the gloomiest view, the circumstances were such as to leave no hope of maintaining the independence of the Confederate States, it seemed to me that better terms could be secured by keeping organized armies in the field than by laying down our arms, and trusting to the magnanimity of the victor. I was not at all hopeful of any success in the attempt to provide for negotiations between the civil authorities, believing that, even if Sherman should agree to such a proposition, his Government would not ratify it. But, after having distinctly announced my opinion, I yielded to the judgment of my constitutional advisers, of whom only one held my views, and permitted General Johnston, as he desired, to hold a conference with General Sherman for the purpose above recited."

The member of the Cabinet who held with the President was Mr. Benjamin. The purport of the communication to General Sherman was to ask for an armistice in order "to permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." General Johnston says that the letter to Sherman was dictated by the President. But, before the proposal could be answered, tidings came of the assassination of President Lincoln. Of this, Mr. Davis says:

"We arrived at Charlotte on April 18th; and I there received, at the moment of dismounting, a telegram announcing that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town, who had come to welcome me, was standing near me, and after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed the telegram to him. Some troopers had collected to see me; they called to the gentleman who had the dispatch to read it. He complied with their request, and a few, only taking in the fact, but not appreciating the evil it portended, cheered, as was natural, at the news of the fall of one they considered as their most powerful foe. . . . For an enemy so relentless in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political conse-

quences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune to the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignity toward the people of the South. His successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need."

President Davis gave his official approval to the provisional agreement entered into between Johnston and Sherman. This was disapproved by the Federal Government, and the stipulated notice for the suspension of the armistice was given. General Johnston, quite unnecessarily in Mr. Davis's opinion, surrendered the army under his command. Mr. Davis with a small party rode southward, his design being—

"to go to the south, far enough to pass below the points reported to be occupied by the Federal troops, and then to turn to the west, cross the Chattahoochee, and then go on to meet the forces still supposed to be in the field in Alabama. If, as now seemed probable, there should be no prospect of a successful resistance east of the Mississippi, I intended then to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, where I believed Generals E. K. Smith and Magruder would continue to uphold our cause."

His family had already gone on, but he overtook them, and traveled with them two or three days, until he supposed them beyond danger. He then proposed to leave them, and execute his original purpose. But, on the morning of May 10th, he was overtaken and captured by a small body of Federal cavalry. It has been currently reported that he was disguised in female attire. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing discreditable in the attempt. But he denies the truth of the statement. We give his account of the capture :

"My horse was saddled, and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down fully dressed to rest. Just before dawn, I was told that there was firing just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent, and saw some cavalry deploying around the encampment. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached ; it was, therefore, impossible to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my 'raglan,' a water-proof, light overcoat, without sleeves ;

it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl.

"I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards, when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was, in that event, to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions. They encountered each other, and commenced firing, both supposing they had met our armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, and Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape."

Mr. Davis speaks only briefly upon the treatment which he received during his long imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. He says :

"Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous, on account of the needless torture to which I was subjected, and the heavy fetters riveted upon me, while in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard, but all these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were enabled to inflict. It was long before I was permitted to hear from my wife and children. But I do not propose now and here to enter upon the story of my imprisonment."

Upon one point, we suppose, the world has fully made up its mind. The personal indignities which were inflicted upon Jefferson Davis, during a part at least of his detention at Fortress Monroe, were a disgrace to the authorities by whose orders they were perpetrated.

ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUMMER pleasuring has certainly become an immense feature in our civilization. As one contemplates the vast number of summer resorts that stretch along the coast from the northern border of Maine to the Chesapeake, that line every river, crown every mountain, and dot the slopes of every hill, gather on the borders of every lake, and animate every wooded valley, the picture fills him with astonishment. It is asserted that five hundred houses in the Catskills alone entertain summer boarders, and only this season several big hotels have been added to the number. But big hotels for summer sojourners go up everywhere, and everywhere farm-houses and cottages are surrendered to the needs of this army of pleasure-seekers. The whole community nearly seems to be turned into birds of passage every year at this season. There was a time when the vacation period was limited to the month of August, but now it begins in June, and scarcely ends by October. The schools were formerly closed for about four weeks, but now even the public schools suspend for two months, and others for at least a month more. Active business-men can not well spare many weeks from their pursuits, but even this class is not content as formerly with two or three weeks of rest, but now make innumerable flying visits to the near-by resorts, while their families give up the whole summer to the fascinations of the watering-places.

It may be asked whether the passion for summer recreation is wholly a beneficial one. Is it not fast converting all who surrender to it into excessive pleasure-seekers, to the neglect of more important things? And how are young people, especially, to resist all the attractions and dissipations of the season? Here is Coney Island, for instance, within an hour's reach of New York City. It is full of allurements. The sands and the surf, the invigorating air, borne for thousands of miles over the tossing waves, the perfection of arrangements for sea-bathing, the immense hotels, brilliant with crowds of men and women, the beach crowded with picturesque groups, the bands of music, the steamboats, gay with bunting, that come and go, the festive eating and drinking, the contagious merriment, the general stir and animation—are all exceedingly captivating, and, moderately partaken of, healthful and helpful. But, unfortunately, this fascinating picture is continually before our citizens, and upon all young people it must be very alluring. The newspapers are full of glowing descriptions of the gatherings and the entertainments at this and similar places; one can not go near the water border without seeing the gayly-decorated boats that continually ply between the town and these paradises; and advertisements, in every variety of alluring form, are encountered at every turn. Pleasure-seeking, indeed, seems to be in the very air. Vast numbers every fair day rush off for an outing at Coney Island, or

Long Branch, or Fort Lee, or for a sail up the Hudson, or through the Sound, or down on fishing excursions to the sea; every Saturday these numbers are increased; and every Sunday it would seem as if the whole town were transporting itself to the sands or the hills. When pleasure is so aggressive, as it were; when it goes about with banners and trumpets, the concourse that follows it is sure to rise to a wide, turbulent, and self-surrendering tide. Pleasure, under such circumstances, becomes a primary rather than a secondary thing. Business-men become less diligent, studious men less devoted to their studies, artisans less attentive; there ensues a general relaxation of fiber, a decline of earnestness, a weakening of purpose, a certain breaking down of mental discipline.

We have no disposition, had we the power, to abridge the happiness of the world; but happiness ought to be interwoven with our daily pursuits and purposes, while these excessive strainings for pleasure, while filling us with feverish excitement, are very apt to be the very reverse of true felicity. There should be an abundance of recreation; but recreation means to create anew, to give fresh life, to revive exhausted strength or languid spirits; it does not mean to divert by excitement or to exhaust by excess. It is impossible not to feel that summer pleasuring has become this diversion by excitement, that it has lost the old sweet calm that characterized it, and become a thing of convulsion and turbulence.

Look at the army of summer pleasure-seekers that are now penetrating the wilderness of the Adirondacks, capturing the passes of the White Mountains, the Catskills, and the Alleghanies, ascending the Connecticut and the Housatonic, and spreading over the hills of Berkshire, exploring the shores of Maine and Massachusetts, disporting on the sands of Long Island and New Jersey, breasting the tides of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, listening to the roar of Niagara, sailing upon the lakes, rushing hither and thither in railway-trains of mighty length—look at this eager army, and, conceding that in many instances real benefit is conferred, can one help feeling that there is a great deal too much of it all? Everybody is on the wing, or in a state of discontent because he can not be. Families everywhere are broken up for a long period in order to satisfy the restless longings on the part of some of its members. Newport and Saratoga and Long Branch and Niagara and the White Mountains, are great flaming lights which the feminine world in particular is prostrate before, and the very name of which summons before many a *paterfamilias* appalling visions of hotel bills. One wonders where is the wealth that supports so many hundreds of thousands at all these places. The wealthy have their summer homes; so it is the middle class that fill these ten thousand hotels and boarding-houses, that people all the hills

and plains, that crowd the trains and steamboats, that scatter many millions of dollars in this one form of pleasure—money, there can be no doubt, often squeezed from scanty incomes, saved by sacrifices of comfort and ease at other seasons, and perhaps drawn from cramped business capital. Fashion has made the summer resorts and summer vacations an imaginary necessity with us; it would do well if it now endeavored to modify the excesses that pertain to them, if it can not lead people to believe that felicity may quite as easily be found under their own roof-tree.

“If our American authors and publishers,” says one of our contemporaries, “would be satisfied with moderate profits, and would not give way to the vanity of putting their issues into an expensive dress, they would be more liberally patronized.” There is something amusing in the advice to American authors to be satisfied with moderate profits, inasmuch as a very large proportion of them would be delighted at the prospect of obtaining any profits at all. Literary labor is probably the worst paid labor in the world. Even in Europe only very successful authors obtain anything more than “moderate profits,” and in this country there is scarcely a maker of books whose income from literature equals that of a bank-teller, while in nine cases out of ten the profits are simply nothing. The notion that by making books cheaper results would be better is a mistake. In very cheap books there is no margin for authors, and in numerous instances there is no profit whatever for any one concerned. The only books that can profitably be made cheap are books of a world-wide reputation, books that address themselves to the whole world of readers. Dickens and Scott and Thackeray and Macaulay can be printed to advantage in cheap editions, but with many authors the only hope for them is a style and price that will yield a profit upon a moderate sale. There are some books that can not be expected, from their character, to go into private hands to any extent. They must depend upon libraries and collectors, and these books are published commonly at too low a price. Many important books are published abroad which could not be issued here under our system without a loss; and many important works are written here that can not be placed before the public unless the writer has the means to sustain the inevitable loss that will occur. While, therefore, it may be desirable to encourage cheap issues of popular writers, it is very much more urgent in the interests of learning that books of a scholarly character should be published at remunerative prices. This can be done, we suspect, only by a great change in our methods—by the establishment here of the library system of England, with a scale of prices similar to that prevailing there. It must be remembered that while books in England designed for circulating libraries are issued at a high price, those intended for popular circulation are often quite as low in price as anything of the kind with us. The English

shilling railway libraries are only a trifle higher in price than our “Seaside” and “Franklin Square” libraries, and very much more convenient and desirable in form. There need be no fear that under an international copyright law the public would be deprived of cheap books. All the books of the past—the entire volumes of English standard literature—would continue open to our publishers. And just as in England, all books of a decided popular character would eventually be issued in cheap form; for this is always done when there is a popular demand sufficient to justify it. Cheapness is a tolerably well-assured fact; the thing that is not well assured is the reward of the author, who, for the most part, judging from the past, would be very glad indeed for an opportunity to be “satisfied with moderate profits.”

A GREAT many people have written upon the political evils that have grown up in our form of government, but we have seen nothing so searching and discriminating as the article by Mr. Albert Stickney, in the last number of “Scribner’s Magazine.” Mr. Stickney entitles his paper “The People’s Problem.” In the present paper he gives a searching analysis of the dangerous features of our political organization, indicates very convincingly the causes thereof, and promises, in a paper to come, an outline of a remedy. The special quality of Mr. Stickney’s paper is its accurate knowledge and discriminating analysis. He is carried away by no theories nor by prejudices, nor is he apparently misled into the belief that there are simple panaceas which will effect a remedy. The notion that we so frequently hear, to the effect that, if people would only attend primary meetings, or would only vote for good men, a better condition of things would ensue, is promptly disposed of. In truth, more childish remedies for a deep-seated evil could not well be suggested. Mr. Stickney even considers that many of our politicians are men of worth in private life, and shows that every man who enters political life is powerless to effect a remedy. Under the system that has grown up, the whole control of parties, of nominations, of elections, and of men in office, has fallen into the hands of political organizations, of “machines” so called, whose dictation is universally obeyed by office-holders and by the people generally. Mr. Stickney describes how these organizations have developed logically out of the nature of our electoral system, and as a consequence of the vast amount of work that must be done in order to conduct elections, and by what means they do and must exercise the great power they wield.

Mr. Stickney is clear, cogent, and convincing in his preliminary paper, and he evidently recognizes the fact that a system so deeply rooted as this is, so distinctly the natural product of existing conditions, can not be overthrown without measures that are far-reaching and radical. We shall look with curious interest to see what the nature of his proposed rem-

edy is. It is certain that it must be radical, and not a remedy that the tyranny under which we bow can subvert.

Is there such a remedy? For our part we think there is, but it is only possible by creating a very different public sentiment in regard to the character and nature of government than that which now prevails. The only way to reestablish the liberty of the people is to subordinate the government, to withdraw from it many of its functions, to so limit its powers that it can touch us at a few points only. We must establish the maxim that the sole purposes of government are for the maintenance of order and justice. A government conducted with a clear knowledge of the exact limitations of its duties and its powers has little to do, small opportunity for misgoverning, and affords very little temptation for hungry office-seekers. We want a police and courts of law—very little else. We want simply that form of government—as has so often been said—that secures to each citizen the possession of every liberty not inconsistent with every other person's liberty—and such a government as this, by its rigid limitations would be deprived of almost all its powers of mischief.

But no such simple, exact, limited, police government is possible with us until a general public sentiment is created in its support. Unfortunately, the present tendency of public sentiment is in the other direction. The air is full of plans and projects for Government to execute. One set of men want the telegraph lines to become national property, and the business of sending dispatches to pass into the hands of the Federal authorities. Other men are anxious

to have all the railroad lines under the control and direction of the Government. Still others advocate an extensive national system of universities in the interest of higher education. Both Congress and the State Legislatures are besieged with applications for laws which would enlarge their powers, and bring a greater range of things under the regulation of Government. Very few people are impressed with the danger of this tendency—how inevitably the fruition of such plans must greatly increase the number of people dependent upon Government, an evil now of great magnitude; how it must multiply opportunities for the juggling and corruption now so prevalent; how much more formidable it will make political organizations, and disturbing our elections; how more completely than ever we should be saddled with politicians and subjugated by the "machine." All these evils could well be endured if the compensations were ample; but, so far from this being the case, we should probably find the evils that pertain to our system of government greatly increased, and all these new departments less effectively managed than if they had been left in private hands. No one, however, seems to dread this increase of governmental functions; every one almost is confident that it will all prove of great public advantage, provided his own party can be kept in office. If the other party gets into power, then, of course, chaos will come again.

We certainly hope that Mr. Stickney has found a path that will lead us out of these difficulties, but we apprehend that, so long as the people are wedded to their idols, reform must remain the dream of dreamers.

Notes for Readers.

WHETHER designed as such or not, Dr. Tylor's "Anthropology: an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization" (Appletons) is an excellent companion volume to Professor Huxley's "Physiography," and the two together will suffice to acquaint the reader with a very large portion of the area covered by science. Professor Huxley's work, of course, deals with strictly physical phenomena, while Dr. Tylor enters upon the vastly more difficult field included in the study of man—"ranging," as he says, "from body to mind, from language to music, from fire-making to morals." It was not possible, of course, dealing with so wide a subject, to enter very deeply into details within the compass of a modest volume of four hundred and forty pages; and the treatise is designed as an introduction to anthropology rather than as a summary of all it teaches. Strictly technical matters, for example, are left to special students; yet much care has been taken to make the chapters on the various branches of the science sound as far as they go, and the author believes that his work is especially adapted to

the wants of such readers as have received, or are receiving, the ordinary higher English education. In reference to the hardship involved in laying the burden of a new science upon the already heavily-pressed student, Dr. Tylor remarks that it will be found that the real effect of anthropology is rather to lighten than to increase the strain of learning. "In the mountains," he says, "we see the bearers of heavy burdens contentedly shoulder a carrying-frame besides, because they find its weight more than compensated by the convenience of holding together and balancing their load. So it is with the science of man and civilization, which connects into a more manageable whole the scattered subjects of an ordinary education. Much of the difficulty of learning and teaching lies in the scholar's not seeing clearly what each science or art is for, what its place is among the purposes of life. If he knows something of its early history, and how it arose from the simpler wants and circumstances of mankind, he finds himself better able to lay hold of it than when, as too often happens, he is called on to take up an

abstruse subject, not at the beginning but in the middle. When he has learned something of man's rudest means of conversing by gestures and cries, and thence has been led to see how the higher devices of articulate speech are improvements on such lower methods, he makes a fairer start in the science of language than if he had fallen unprepared among the subtleties of grammar, which unexplained look like arbitrary rules framed to perplex rather than to inform. . . . So the law-student plunges at once into the intricacies of legal systems which have grown up through the struggles, the reforms, and even the blunders of thousands of years; yet he might have made his way clearer by seeing how laws begin in their simplest forms, framed to meet the needs of savage and barbaric tribes. It is needless to make a list of all the branches of education in knowledge and art; there is not one which may not be the easier and better learned for knowing its history and place in the general science of man."

ONE is tempted to say of Dr. Mathews's "Literary Style and Other Essays" (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.) what Diderot said of Beccaria, that he has written an essay on style without any style in it; but the bitter jest would hardly be true, for Dr. Mathews has a style which is not only his own, but distinctively literary. He has the art of saying something lively and apposite upon nearly every topic or theme about which the average reader allows himself to be interested; and though what he says is apt to be rather trite and obvious, it is always sensible and not infrequently really helpful and suggestive. As a general thing, too, he selects themes which other writers have dealt with before him; and he is sure to bring together whatever utterances upon the subject are best worth considering and preserving. He has evidently read widely and in many fields, and he possesses in an eminent degree the almost lost art of weaving his disconnected quotations and selections into an artistic and agreeable whole. In each of his essays the reader may be confident of finding some passage which he will mark for reference, some epigram or "saying" which he will at least endeavor to remember; and yet the general effect is not that of mere literary patchwork, and the setting is quite likely to be of the kind to bring out the full luster of the jewel.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY expresses the opinion that the books by which Lord Beaconsfield will be most remembered are "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," "Lothair," and "Endymion."

"The merits of all these books" (he says) "are, on any just estimate, extraordinarily high, though they are unequally present; and, though no single book of their author, with the doubtful exception of 'Henrietta Temple,' deserves unqualified praise, that extraordinary *tour de force* is, perhaps, the only novel, not merely of its author but of any other, in which love-making pure and simple supports a book. Everywhere else the author touches a great many springs. The almost unequalled power of sarcastic, and, at the same time, really illus-

trative epigram which Lord Beaconsfield possessed lights his novels up; his love of personal anecdote and gossip gives them a living and human interest; his knowledge of the world and of business saves them from being trifling; his remarkable imaginative power, his freaks of fancy, and even the 'gorgeousness of upholstery,' of which he has been accused, prevent them from appearing dull or commonplace. There is, indeed, always in them a certain amount of what may be called willful mystification. Partly a kind of amiable mischief of which he was never devoid, and partly a true sense of art, made Lord Beaconsfield mix up and embroil his portraits in a manner very puzzling to simple-minded people, who merely wanted to be told 'who's who.' The odd way in which Byron and Shelley are portrayed in 'Venetia' might have served as a warning to the good persons who a few months ago were racking their brains over Lord Roehampton and Prince Florestan."

AT the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, Matthew Arnold was called upon by the President, and made a characteristic speech. The French, he said, divided all subjects taught in their primary schools into obligatory and facultative. Pursuing the analogy, he remarked that in our age Science had become obligatory, and of Literature, the newspapers had become so; "the rest, all that you and I understand by literature, is a facultative extra, more or less interesting and ornamental." Luckily, Art was in the same boat with Literature. "Before their sister, Science, now so full of promise and pride, was born, there were Art and Literature, like twins together, innocently believing in their own necessity, as eager in the pursuit of the eternal and unseizable shadow, Beauty, as if they were pursuing something positive." Art, then, could give true sympathy to Literature. Both knew the same arduous and often fatal struggles which, to the assembled princes and patrons of both, were unreal and unknown; and therefore Literature could believe that the welcome given to her by Art was "not less cordial than it was courteous." The "Spectator" observes that "it was a most graceful little speech, but if we are to talk of patronage, no patronage extended by the world to Mr. Arnold has ever approached in lofty condescension the patronage extended by Mr. Arnold to the world."

SINCE publishing our recent review of the remarkable book, "Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia" (the original title of which appears to have been "Notes from the Dead-House"), we have found in the "Saturday Review" an article giving some interesting details regarding the author, M. Fedor Dostoevsky:

"In the year 1849 a young Russian literary man was condemned to be hanged. His crime consisted in his having taken part in what was styled 'The Petrashevsky affair'—that is to say, he had been a member of one of the secret societies to which the Government so strongly objected. His sentence was commuted, but he was sent to Siberia, condemned to a long period of hard labor in a prison, to be followed by service in the ranks of the army. On foot and in chains he made the dreary journey to his far-off prison-house, and therein endured the miseries of penal servitude during four years. This

same man has recently been carried to his grave in the Alexander Nevsky cemetery at St. Petersburg, escorted by deputations from the universities and other learned institutions, and followed by crowds of mourners who represented all that is most cultured in Russia. And the Emperor who now rules that land has conferred a pension of two thousand rubles on the widow and children of the man whom his predecessor kept during four years in chains in Siberia. When Fedor Dostoevsky, the convict in question, was allowed to return home in 1860, he renewed his long interrupted literary pursuits. He had always warmly sympathized with all who were needy and oppressed, and his years of prison-life had only strengthened the influences which drew him toward them. As a successful novelist, he attained a position which enabled him to plead with effect the cause of the 'Poor People' and the 'Humiliated and Outraged,' after whom he named two of his works, and to give expression to the generous indignation which stirs the hearts of each youthful generation in Russia, and which has of late years developed into so dangerous a fire of revolutionary wrath. Having been forced to associate for years with criminals, he studied with special interest the paths along which men advance toward crime, the motives which urge them to become law-breakers, the reasonings by which those among them who are given to speculation still the voice of conscience. The most remarkable passages in the best of his novels, 'Crime and Punishment,' are those in which he traces the first manifestations of the moral obliquity of vision which induces a Russian specimen of the Eugene Aram family to regard as a quite excusable if not praiseworthy action the murder of a disreputable old woman. But by ordinary readers that elaborate psychological romance will be found less interesting than the simpler sketches of prison-life, founded upon his own experiences, which he published a few years after his return from Siberia, under the title of 'Notes from the Dead-House,' and of which an English translation is now before us. They naturally created a great sensation in Russia at the time when they first appeared, and they are still highly esteemed there as faithful records of what convict-life used to be before the reforms were introduced which have considerably modified its conditions; for, although it is impossible to say how much of the work is fact and how much fiction, still the general idea which it conveys is likely to be tolerably correct."

THE "Spectator" opens a criticism of Swinburne's "Studies in Song" by expressing the growing conviction that the poet is a greater writer than thinker—that the idea of his work "is too slender to hold the magnificent tide of poetic expression which comes flowing on uninterruptedly, breaking down its two narrow banks of thought." Swinburne is certainly not the only poet to whom this criticism can be applied; indeed, the whole tendency of modern thought is to make the idea secondary to the poetic expression, just as in painting technique is now declared to be more important than the story the painter has to tell. "Swinburne," our critic goes on to say, "has no curious nor profound thoughts to explain, and he appears never to have come in contact with the world; he knows nothing of its sorrows, its delights, its hopes; at least, he can not identify himself with them, and mold them into poems as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning. He, therefore, stands apart, and sings of grief, love, hate, hope, and

despair, as abstract sentiments. The love of a special man for a special woman is hardly attempted. Our sentiments can be counted on our fingers. It is for this reason that the great masters have sought to obtain variety and interest by character-drawing—by the study, political, social, or simply picturesque, in the middle of which the action passes. . . . A set of phrases has been learned, containing certain tricks of alliteration and antithesis, and these are repeated, apparently without aim, and sometimes almost without end. There is nothing exact, nothing complete, nothing true; no observation, no delineation of character or sentiment; nothing, either physiological or psychological." His defect is a want of knowledge and interest in men and their surroundings, and hence he exhibits an inordinate love for the jangle and jingle of words. Without a knowledge of and interest in men, what, after all, can any poetry be really worth?

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has published his "Atlantic Monthly" articles on English people and places in a handsome volume. Mr. White explains that these articles were parts of what was from the first intended as a book, which it was convenient for him to publish serially before presentation in book form. The articles as they appeared attracted a great deal of attention, provoking not a little controversy, but also eliciting considerable applause. To our mind, the work must rank as one of the best ever written upon its particular theme. Mr. White is a very close and enlightened observer, and he has the faculty of relating his impressions in an easy and agreeable manner. It is surprising, indeed, with how much freshness he invests themes that might be supposed to be over-worn, what a fund of new and suggestive observation he gives us in fields many times traveled. He illustrates the fact that if on the one hand there is nothing new in the world, on the other hand there is nothing really old—always to the intelligent there are shades of meaning and peculiarities of aspect that others have not recognized. We venture to say there are as many new and unexpected things in this book to many persons well read in English matters as there would be in a volume on a wholly unfamiliar country. In our judgment, the report that Mr. White makes of English character and life is commonly a very accurate one. He has studied England impartially; he recognizes the sturdy virtues and the many defects of English character; he has, in fact, endeavored to see things as they are—neither exalted by sympathy nor depreciated by prejudice; and this fact alone has gone far to render his book something new in works of travel. The title of the volume is "England, Without and Within."

AN unexpectedly prompt confirmation of what we had to say in a recent number about the desirableness and the possibility of the display of a greater degree of artistic taste in the matter of ladies' dress is to be found in Miss Oakey's "Beauty in Dress" (Harpers), which also has the additional

merit of suggesting the practical application of the principles laid down. Miss Oakey is a lady of culture, who has devoted several years to the science of line and color and composition, as applied to art, and to the inherent feminine taste for personal adornment she has added the discriminative insight and the trained faculty of the artist. What she has to say about the general laws that must underlie tasteful dressing brings us very close to the elementary principles of decorative art; and, though she intentionally avoids dwelling upon the moral or didactic aspects of the subject, yet there are many points in her exposition which may be commended to the conscience of those whose high destiny it is to be "the mothers and conservators of the race." As already intimated, however, the distinctive feature of her work is the purely practical and specific nature of its suggestions. Taking representative examples of all the various types and styles of color and form in woman, she indicates what colors and combinations of color should be used, and what should be avoided, and even describes costumes for the various occasions and conditions of a woman's life. Thus: "The most frequent type of the black-haired is combined with black eyes and a sallow complexion. It is frequently a temperament inclined to melancholy and poetic in its tendencies, rarely strong in health; the teeth often dazzlingly white, and the mouth large. Black relieved with transparent white, a dark warm gray, and occasionally a flame-color or a dull red, form the best setting for this type. There is, indeed, very little color in it, and no color is truly harmonious with it. Especially where the eyes are fine, nothing so good can be done as to dress this type in black, with some lace at the throat—white lace, to cast some light upon the face. The effect is then of an effective drawing in black-and-white—a photograph from the portrait of some old master, in which the values of light and shade, and the expression of the face, are the points of interest. If the throat and hands are fine, these can be well set off by lace." Then follow suggestions for two house-costumes, a walking-dress, and a wrapper, such as are especially adapted for this type. The remarks upon corsets, shoes, hats and bonnets, and the like, are particularly good, and better still, perhaps, are the suggestions concerning jewels. It is due probably to inadvertence on the part of the publishers that a frontispiece (a diagram for a corset) which is twice referred to in the text has been omitted from this useful and praiseworthy little book.

It has not often happened in the history of literature that a critical period has been illustrated by the almost simultaneous appearance of three such works as the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat and of Prince Metternich, and "The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII during the Congress of Vienna." The latter, which has just been given to the world, is not, as was supposed, a part of the long-expected Talleyrand memoirs. It consists of one hundred letters, which have been extracted by M. Pallain from the archives

of the French Foreign Office, and which give a remarkably vivid and interesting inside view of the negotiations in the European Congress of 1814-'15 at Vienna. The letters are mostly of a confidential character, addressed by Talleyrand to the King or by the King to Talleyrand, and as a matter of course they afford a curiously valuable and instructive supplement to the official and commonly accepted accounts of the proceedings at that great Congress of the nations. To the historian, indeed, they may be said to be invaluable—they render it comparatively easy to give an accurate account of the work there accomplished, and of the motives and considerations that influenced it; but in personal or biographical interest they are unexpectedly deficient. Upon Talleyrand's character and career they throw little or no light, though they contain convincing proof of his extraordinary skill as a diplomatist; and there is but a very slight tincture of that garrulous and self-revealing egotism which imparts a characteristic flavor to the similar writings of Prince Metternich. Fortunately for the reader of current literature, it is in regard to the Austrian Chancellor that Talleyrand allows himself most license in the matter of personal comment and revelation, and nothing could well be more amusing than to compare what he says about Metternich in these letters with what Metternich says about himself in his memoirs. According to his own ingeniously colored picture, Metternich sat at the center of things, and was in a quite literal sense the arbiter of the destinies of Europe; Talleyrand, with a contempt too deep to have been feigned or to call for many words, portrays him as a frivolous and vacillating fool, moved like a pawn hither and thither on the political chess-board by players whose real identity he scarcely suspected and at whose designs he could only guess. M. Pallain has enriched the correspondence with a valuable interpretative preface and with a great number of notes, many of which are curiously interesting. He has been fortunate, too, in his translator, who has rendered the work into remarkably lucid and vigorous English; but the absence of either table of contents or index renders the book little more than a mass of raw material to the student who might desire to consult it on special points.

SEVERAL other Pacific coast writers besides Bret Harte were introduced to the public by the "Overland Monthly," and among them Miss Ina D. Coolbrith has won an honorable place in the ranks of our minor poets, though she has hitherto been known only to readers of the lighter magazines. The subscription volume of her poems just published in San Francisco ("A Perfect Day and Other Poems") should aid in securing her an audience at once wider and more select, and, though it is a severe ordeal to which half a hundred short and disconnected poems are subjected when collected together in a book, yet we are inclined to think that Miss Coolbrith stands it quite as well as many others whose work has won acceptance and recognition.

The most conspicuous fault of her poetry is a certain imitativeness of thought and style which constantly suggests other singers, and especially Tennyson; but this is a common failing, and is not obtrusive enough to destroy our pleasure in the graceful imagery, artistic finish, and musical assonance of her verse. These qualities are best displayed in the purely objective descriptions of Nature of which modern poets are generally so fond, but the key-note of her most characteristic song is a certain sentiment of gentle melancholy which just stirs the emotions without wrenching the feelings. The following specimen is chosen partly because it is short and partly because it is new to us:

"Two.

- "One sang all day, more merry than the lark
That mounts the morning skies:
One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.
- "One heart kept happy time, from dawn to dark,
With all glad things that be:
One, listless, throbbed alone to memory.
- "To one all blessed knowledge was revealed,
And love made clear the way:
One thirsted, asked, and still was answered nay.
- "To one, a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
And kept inviolate:
To one, long years, that only knew to wait."

MR. LODGE'S "Short History of the English Colonies in America," to which we referred last month, is evidently the result of wide study and exceptionally painstaking investigation, and it is generally very accurate, but we have discovered one instance, in his chapter on Virginia, in which he seems to have misinterpreted a well-known fact. "The style of living," he says, "was one of reckless profusion and indiscriminate hospitality. The latter quality was fostered by circumstances. Even in the seventeenth century the custom of receiving strangers was so prevalent that it became a subject of legislation. 'They shall be reputed to entertain those of curtesie,' says the statute, 'with whom they make not a certain agreement,' and the habit grew with the colony." Grahame, in his "History of the United States during the Colonial Period," gives a much more plausible interpretation of this statute. He says (Vol. I, p. 114): "There being no inns in the country, strangers were entertained at the houses of the inhabitants, and were frequently involved in lawsuits by the exorbitant claims of their hosts for indemnification for the expenses of their mercenary hospitality; for remedy whereof it was ordained that an inhabitant neglecting in such circumstances to forewarn his guest and to make an express compact with him, should be reputed to have entertained him from mere courtesy and benevolence." It need not be pointed out that what was already a universal custom would hardly need to be enforced by law.

AN American edition of the works of Björnsterne Björnson, published by special arrangement

with the author, and translated by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, has been undertaken by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The initial volume, "Synnöve Solbakken," contains a striking wood-engraved portrait of the author, and is prefaced by a condensed but interesting biographical sketch of "the great Norse poet, novelist, dramatist, orator, and political leader." From this sketch we learn that Björnson was born in 1832, that he was the son of a Lutheran priest, that he was regarded as a dull scholar both at school and at the university, that he early acquired an unshakable confidence in his own "genius," and that, neglecting regular studies, he devoted himself to poetry and journalism. For books he cared little as a youth, saying, "They want me to study and read so much, while I would prefer to write." His first literary performance of any considerable length was a drama entitled "Valborg," written while he was pursuing his university course; it was accepted by the managers of the theatre, but before it was played Björnson took it back and destroyed it because he had decided that it would not do him credit. From 1854 to 1856 he devoted his time mainly to dramatic criticism and to reviewing books for the magazines; but in 1857 he published his first novel ("Synnöve Solbakken"), and since then, besides varied and voluminous work as editor, newspaper writer, and lecturer, he has written six novels, twelve dramas, an epic poem, and a volume of lyric and national songs. Of "Synnöve Solbakken," the story now first presented in an English dress, the biographer says: "It at once made a profound impression, and established his reputation both at home and abroad, not only on account of the simple and charming plot, but also for the short, direct, pithy, saga style in which it was written. . . . It became the corner-stone of a new school of literature, and . . . modern Norwegian literature may fairly be said to begin with 'Synnöve Solbakken.'" It was the first great national work unimpressed with the old Danish stamp. As is the case with the old Norse sagas, portraits of the characters are not drawn, nor are his works marred by lengthy dissertations from a moral standpoint. Instead of long, fine-spun declamations of this sort, he lets his characters speak for themselves, and leaves it to the reader to judge whether they are good or bad. He does not stop to describe separately the details of features and dress, but he watches his opportunity to give glimpses of them *as the story progresses*. He portrays his men and women while he tells what they do and say, and thus the reader knows, when he has finished the book, how Synnöve, or Thorbjörn, or Aslak, must have appeared to the author." The story is, in fact, a very *naïve* and charming one, with that idyllic freshness and simplicity which seem to characterize the best Scandinavian literature, but it is not likely, we think, to attain the popularity of "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden." In conception as well as in style it exhibits the crudity of a first, experimental work, and, though the art and the faculty are there, we are continually reminded that the artist has not yet come

to the full consciousness of his power. The translation is excellent, and in all external features the edition is a model of taste and neatness.

EXTRAORDINARY and whimsical as have been some of the recent achievements in the matter of orthography, these would appear to be thrown completely into the shade by the similar performances of older writers who were in no sense "humorists." Mr. Chaloner Smith, of the English Probate Office, has had the curiosity and patience to count the number of spellings of the word "cushions" that are to be found in early wills, etc., and his list comprises no fewer than five hundred and ninety-three different renderings. As specimens we give four that turned up in the inventories in the course of half an hour: "qwheshngis," "cwyschens" (A. D. 1551), "coysshons" (1535), "cosschens." Four others, found in another half-hour, were "chusschons, choschons, coysshons, cousshouns." The lists of debts due to a testator are not classified as "good" and "bad," but as "sperat dettes" and "desperat dettes."

THE title of Mr. Hepworth's latest story, which consists simply of three exclamation-points ("!!!"), is hardly more fantastic than the story itself, which is an attempt to superimpose a thrilling romance of second-sight upon the metaphysico-theological proposition that "the doctrine of metempsychosis is undoubtedly the ultimate goal of all intelligent faith." Much logical dexterity is exhibited in the argumentative portions, and a good deal of graphic power in the narrative; but the total impression left by the book is that of wasted ingenuity. Perfect simplicity of manner is essential to *vraisemblance* in work of this kind, and Mr. Hepworth's manner is the exact antithesis of the simple. His style, apparently modeled upon that of Gail Hamilton, possesses the effervescent smartness which at first is liable to be mistaken for vivacity, but which after twenty pages gives one a mental sensation resembling that which on our physical side we should get from a rapid ride in a donkey-cart over a corduroy-road.

THE third number of Mr. Will Carleton's "The Farm Series" is entitled "Farm Festivals" (Harpers), and it is sufficient, perhaps, to say of it that in both theme and method of treatment it very

closely resembles the "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." The festivals dealt with are not those which are in any sense peculiar to the farm, or especially characteristic of country-life, and in several instances the title has to be twisted with considerable ingenuity in order to make it cover the contents; but the author doubtless considers himself justified by the fact that such pictures as he furnishes are drawn from the incidents, characters, and circumstances of Western farm-life. As to the literary contents of the "Farm Series," it is impossible to criticise and difficult to characterize them. Mr. Carleton's verse bears about the same relation to poetry that stuttering does to articulate speech, and human nature becomes unnecessarily limited when viewed too constantly from the standpoint of a domestic quarrel; yet the style has a certain rough vigor and picturesqueness, and the characters and incidents are probably fairly true to nature. English critics ought to be especially pleased with Mr. Carleton, for it can not be denied that he has a voice of his own, or that he savors of the soil.

REVIEWING one of the minor current novels, a writer in the "Athenæum" makes the following acute and suggestive remarks upon the relation between the work of the novelist and that of the historian:

"So many historical novels, otherwise meritorious, are destitute of the qualities characteristic of good fiction, that one is tempted to wonder whether their authors, conscious of a deficiency in imagination, have tried to supply it by drawing upon the records of the past, or whether they have deliberately suppressed their powers of invention and portraiture from a fear of throwing the historical element unduly into the shade. In either case failure is the inevitable result. History supplies to the writer of the historical novel, as experience does to the novelist of contemporary life, no more than the material upon which he is to work; and however splendid, however precious, the ancient material may be, if the imitative artist is to touch it at all, he should in giving form to it avail himself of all the resources of his art—nay, he will need its resources the more in proportion as the splendid and precious material is apt to be fragmentary or intractable through the lapse of time. Scott would not have been a great historical novelist if he had not had all the qualifications of the novelist of contemporary life; 'Esmond' would not have been the masterpiece it is if Thackeray had merged the novelist in the historian."

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SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN SIX PARTS.—PART FOURTH.*

XVI.

SOME days later, Madame de Moisieux received a visit which changed all her ideas, and upset all her plans. She was alone one morning in her *salon*, occupied in reading, with her pen in her hand, a heavy letter which had come to her from a London banker, with whom she kept up an active correspondence.

Monsieur Cantarel knew nothing of this, although he had earned, by the sweat of his brow, the right of knowing it; but women, though they may tell much to their confidant, never tell all. The letter just received by the marquise was covered with figures which she carefully copied into a small red-morocco-covered book. She was never afraid of figures, and these especial ones seemed to afford her infinite satisfaction. She added them all up, and the sum total pleased her.

There is no absolute happiness in this world. When she had folded the precious sheet and placed it and her red book in her rosewood desk, whose obscure depths she never allowed a human being to explore, she returned to her customary seat on her sofa, and for some moments examined her finger-nails with an air of great anxiety. She was thinking of a conversation which she had had the previous evening with her son, who, returning from Paris, excited over the discovery he fancied he had made, had cried out to her, "I have my hare by both ears!" This metaphor was not a happy one: his ears were very short, and he was not in the habit of taking flight when attacked.

In spite of the persistence with which Lésin

adhered to his tale, conclusive as were the proofs he advanced, he did not convince his mother, who declared to him over and over again that he absolutely had not common-sense. Still, it is not necessary to be convinced to be anxious; and the marquise was saying to herself at this moment:

"If this be true, it would be most disastrous. But it is not true."

She was still deep in thought when Lara entered like a whirlwind (this was a habit he had which she could never correct), and gave her a stranger's card—Monsieur Félix Mongeron was the name. This stranger requested an interview. The name was new to her, and she fancied that Monsieur Mongeron was a tradesman who had come to solicit her custom. Nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, she bade Lara show him in, and a person presently appeared who vividly excited her curiosity.

He was a small man, dark, and with a crafty and astute expression; his eyes were very bright and keen, his face somewhat pointed, and with a nose as sharp as a razor, surmounted by a wen shaded by several hairs. He was dressed in black and freshly gloved, and presented himself in a manner which was easy, bold, and yet deferential. He made a profound bow as he entered, then crossing the *salon* with short, quick steps, took a chair without waiting to be offered one; but before seating himself made another bow to the marquise; this bow was almost a genuflection—it was as if he mistook her for an altar—after which he thanked her with an agreeable smile for having consented to receive him. His voice was thin, with a certain nasal tone, but all its inflections were unctuous and suave. The marquise looked at this strange person with con-

* This story, which has been announced hitherto for completion in *five* parts, will be extended to *six* parts.

siderable amazement. She perceived in him great and singular contrasts; he struck her as a gentle fox—a fox steeped in honey.

"He won't gain much here," she said to herself; "there is no tender pullet for him to devour!"

After another examination she decided that this little man was a business-man who had come to make some proposition to her.

She was right and she was wrong. The business with which Monsieur Mongeron busied himself was of a peculiar nature, but the matter on which he had come to her was not what she supposed.

This man had had one great chagrin. After a youth passed in adventures more or less creditable, he undertook to become a lawyer; but the weakness of his voice and his lungs compelled him to relinquish this project. Fortunately, he had discovered that, if in a court-room strong lungs are required, there are other things quite as lucrative as that of law, and that a man can earn his bread by speaking very low—very low indeed. The somewhat mysterious agency which he had founded brought him in large revenues; his *clientèle*, which was among the highest class, did not respect him, but they paid him, and paid him well. He had learned to do without esteem: the best evidence of wisdom is the ability to submit to privations. He felt himself not only useful but necessary, and truly, if Mongeron did not exist, honest people would often find themselves cruelly embarrassed. A Greek poet says that one must not govern for rascals, but it would be difficult to govern without them.

Pure as may be their intentions, noble as may be their views, honest men who aspire to rule will find that they can never attain their ends without sometimes making use of unworthy means.

This is an unfortunate necessity, for they do not like to soil either their fingers or their consciences. But such is life!

Their only resource, therefore, is to employ others as deputies. When people have scruples, the only thing to do is to ask the assistance of those who have none. They send for Mongeron, and state the case to him—it is not necessary to dwell upon it long. He understands it at a glance; it would not be Mongeron if he needed more than a hint. He is given *carte-blanc*, and is bidden not to render any accounts. They wish to dwell in the sanctity of ignorance. If Mongeron is dull, if Mongeron is awkward, if he is discovered, they disavow the whole affair; but, generally speaking, Mongeron is adroit and succeeds, and so effectually that virtue and sanctity both approve.

Madame de Moisieux was herself too wise not to see at a glance that Monsieur Mongeron was an agent of a peculiar kind. If his pointed nose indicated a conscience which was never troubled with scruples, and hinted at a more than doubtful life, the ponderous gravity of his manners revealed the importance of the mission with which he was intrusted.

Upon the thin lips of this advocate of a good cause dwelt smiles peculiar to Mongeron, of which no person knew the meaning. The changing expression of his eyes also demonstrated that, small as he was, there were really two men within his frame—the one created by Nature, the other artificial and incomplete, as is all which is produced by human industry. After having examined the face of the marquise with bold assurance, he made his plunge:

"Madame," he said, gently, "you are a person of such distinction and unusual intelligence that I flatter myself that I shall be able to make you understand, without too many explanations, the important business that has brought me here to-day. I venture to believe that we shall readily understand each other, and that we shall separate mutually pleased."

Here he paused, to allow her to ask him some question. As she did not open her lips, he resumed:

"I will state the facts clearly, madame, as is my habit. The motive of my visit is to speak to you of a very charming young lady who, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, is now your neighbor, and with whom you are very intimate. I know that you, better than any one else possible, are able to read her heart and exercise some influence over her sentiments and her acts, for you, Madame la Marquise, pass for a person of marvelous cleverness—"

She interrupted him, and said, haughtily:

"You are entirely misinformed, sir; you are unwise to believe this."

"We do not believe it," he answered, "we know it."

She laid aside her air of *hauteur*, for she was beginning to be very curious about this singular person, who sometimes said "we" and sometimes "I." It seemed to her that there was more in him than she had first supposed; that his thin nasal voice merited to be heard; even the mole on his nose seemed quite interesting. In short, she had a vague conception of the importance of this person, and recognized in him the ambassador of some great power.

The holiest ambitions have sometimes their undercurrents, and this undercurrent is often Mongeron's. She looked at him with a faint smile, for she was not altogether disarmed. Then she made a little gesture, which signified "Go on."

"This charming girl," he continued, "is dear to us for many reasons, and we regard her as belonging to us. Unfortunately, we have rivals who are inclined to dispute her possession. Perhaps you are not aware that three days since she paid a visit to a worthy *religieuse*, who is her aunt, and that this visit left on the mind of that excellent woman a most painful impression. She fancied that this young heart was uneasy, unhappy; madame, they wish to take Mademoiselle Maulabret, and we wish to keep her: this is how the matter stands."

Here he made a second pause, but Madame de Moisieux did not speak. She was cautious, and she waited.

"I am always willing to show my cards," he said, in an easy sort of way. "I know—or rather, we know—that you, too, have designs on Mademoiselle Maulabret. Pray do not take the trouble to deny it, since our information comes from the young lady herself. Ah, madame, we can not blame you. A mother naturally wishes to marry her only son, especially when that son is difficult to marry! But, praiseworthy as is your project, and well managed as it has been, you must admit that success seems to you very uncertain. Nevertheless, madame, we are quite willing to buy your hopes. I should not be here if I had not a proposition to make to you. We know a young heiress belonging to a worthy *bourgeois* family: we can do with her as we will. We prefer to have you for an ally rather than for an enemy. Assure us that you will work with us, and the heiress is yours. We have already promised her elsewhere, but we give you the preference."

At these words he opened his right hand, which up to this moment he had kept closed. The heiress was there, the marquise saw her distinctly, and her heart leaped with joy, but she did not forget her caution.

"In spite of the confidence with which you inspire me," she said, curtly, "I have heard that an ambassador is always careful to provide himself with letters of credit; and I regret—"

He did not allow her time to complete her sentence. He drew from his pocket a large portfolio, on the cover of which was embroidered in pearls a huge eye which represented Providence, and from this portfolio he took a letter, which he presented to the marquise, at the same time bowing almost to the earth. This letter was brief but eloquent, and thus expressed:

"In presenting my respectful compliments to Madame la Marquise de Moisieux, I beg her to grant a cordial reception to Monsieur Félix Mongeron, and to believe all that he may say to her."

These few lines were signed by two names

connected by a hyphen. They were those of an ex-grand vicar, of whom Monsieur de Moisieux had made a bishop, and who distinguished himself among all the prelates of France by the somewhat indiscreet ardor of his zeal. Entirely reassured, madame abandoned herself to her joy. She regarded Monsieur Mongeron with such a smile as one bestows on an equal.

"She is humpbacked, of course?" she said.

"Ah, madame, do you believe me capable of offering you a humpback!" he cried, in an indignant tone. "If by chance there were some inequality in her figure, good surgical treatment would soon settle that; you know what wonders of that kind are done in these days. But it is nothing, though you understand I do not claim that she is a miracle of beauty."

"I see; she is simply frightful!" and the marquise laughed heartily. "And the dowry?"

"We will try to get a million and a half. Did I not tell you, madame, that we should be mutually pleased with each other?"

"And what do you expect from me?" she asked, eagerly.

"You have my card," he answered, carefully brushing his hat with the cuff of his sleeve. "On it is my address, and I venture to hope that before long we may receive from you some valuable advice."

To which she replied, "I really do not know what."

For a few moments there was silence; they were both asking themselves if there was not something else for them to say. It was the marquise who broke the silence:

"You wish to make difficulty between myself and my neighbor? To restore his ward to the Church is a crime that he will never forgive."

At these words Monsieur Mongeron became more than ever Mongeron. He darted at the marquise a most expressive glance, full of malice, and replied:

"I believe him capable of pardoning anything and everything you may do, madame, but on condition, of course. Perhaps he may ask a little more than you are disposed to grant. Ah! your neighbor is a man of strong convictions. He persuades himself that in his exertions to please you he is working for his country, and that affairs of state will prosper, the republic will stand on a firm basis, and France will resume her foremost rank among nations, on the day that Monsieur Cantarel obtains most precious favors from the most charming marquise in the world!"

The lady was at first inclined to anger, but she was divided between admiration for his marvellous genius and irritation at his unwarrantable impertinence. She was obliged to admit that he

was thoroughly well-informed, and that before broaching the subject he had studied it conscientiously.

"You know everything, then?"

He removed his eyes from the ceiling on which they had been fixed, and replied quietly:

"We know many things, madame, but God alone knows everything." Then, in his shy, crafty tone, he said: "It would be very unwise of you to quarrel with Monsieur Cantarel. We have learned from a most reliable source that he is actively occupied in opening for your son the door of foreign affairs. We look on his undertaking with favorable eyes. Alas! in these deplorable days in which we live, certain regions are closed to us, and we would be glad if we could obtain a foothold there again. You will say, very possibly, madame, that your son is only a pawn; but pawns are most useful in a great game. Richelieu and all great politicians understood how to make them useful. No, do not quarrel with Monsieur Cantarel. Take care not to let him suspect that you have seen me, and that my eloquence has had any effect upon you. Do not enlighten him in the smallest degree. The supreme skill of a woman is shown in her being able to make use of a man as long as she pleases, and make him only such concessions as she chooses. There was once, near St. Petersburg, a statue before which there was a sentry. The statue was removed, but the sentry-box and the sentry were forgotten—they are there still! This comparison seems to me to express with sufficient clearness the position in which you stand toward Monsieur Cantarel, unless you prefer that I should compare him to a horse that with bandaged eyes turns the wheel of a mill. A bandage, poets say, has always been an attribute of love. Ah, madame, deceive your son by pretending to serve him in his love-affair; deceive Monsieur Cantarel by persuading him that you and he have made common issue against the black army; deceive Mademoiselle Maulabret by earnestly soliciting her confidence; deceive every one, in fact! This, my dear madame, seems to me a most interesting game, and one worthy of your talents."

Madame de Moisieux burned with a longing to slap Monsieur Mongeron's face; her hands quivered, but not an eyelash moved. The love of art was stronger than her anger.

He was again assiduously brushing his hat. A moment later, and he rose, saying as he did so:

"And now, madame, when will you give us some news about Mademoiselle Maulabret?"

"Hush!" answered Madame de Moisieux. "Here she is."

The ear of the marquise was excessively

quick; she had heard the rustle of a silk dress in the passage. The door opened, and Mademoiselle Maulabret appeared. She had just come from the village, where she had been to see a poultry-woman who had been ill of pneumonia, and was still suffering. Accompanied by one of the servants of the château, she had taken a basket of Saint Julien wine to her. She sat for some time with the woman, who described to her not only every symptom of her pneumonia, but her domestic difficulties: her husband's indolence, her son's misconduct, and the extravagances of her daughters were all to be narrated. As she listened, Jetta noticed that the room in which she sat was of more than doubtful cleanliness. Arming herself with a broom, she began to sweep a floor which greatly needed it. This exercise did her good. It seemed to her that with the dust she swept away the cares and anxieties, the guilty hopes and criminal dreams by which she was haunted, and that she, at the same moment, cleansed the chamber of a sick woman and the soul of a white sister. When she started on her homeward walk, it was with a sense of relief, of positive ease. It seemed to her that she was stronger in every way. Since her return from Paris she had not been to the chalet, so great was her dread of meeting Lésin.

It so happened that at this moment she caught sight of him talking with a coachman in front of the Cheval Blanc. She flattered herself that he did not see her, and concluded that this was an excellent opportunity to pay the visit to the marquise which had so long been due, and which she felt should no longer be deferred.

Lara, as usual, informed her that his mistress was alone; but as she crossed the vestibule she was astonished at hearing her name pronounced by an unknown voice.

Had she heard nothing, however, she would have readily divined, from the disconcerted air of the marquise and Monsieur Mongeron, that they were speaking of her. There is always, under such circumstances, a moment of embarrassment which even the most adroit can not avoid.

Monsieur Mongeron recovered his *aplomb*.

"Yes, madame," he said, "believe what I say. Take my advice, and sell your gas-stock at the price at which it now is—four and a half.—Good-morning, ladies."

And he disappeared.

"You are most welcome, my love," cried Madame de Moisieux, embracing Jetta with great enthusiasm. "You have come just in time to release me from a great bore. I don't care what he says, though—I shall not sell my gas-stock. Besides, I have so little! But, do you know that you are prettier than ever? Sit here by me, and tell me instantly all about Paris,

your *fêtes*, and your successes, your charming toilets—everything, in fact, that you have done and seen. Ah! you don't know how I have missed you all these six weeks; I have been reduced to playing patience. The fact is, you have become to me an object of the first necessity, and I have been ready to die of *ennui*."

This was utterly untrue. She had not been *ennuyée* for one moment. Lara could bear witness to that.

She addressed to Jetta innumerable questions, but did not wait for a reply to any of them. She was thinking of Monsieur Mongeron—of that little man who was so small when he said "I," who was immense when he said "we." She thought also that he was wonderfully well informed, and that he was not mistaken when he said that she had a most interesting game to play. She promised herself not only to play it through, but to win.

Meanwhile, Lésin, while talking in front of the inn, had seen Mademoiselle Maulabret leave her poultry-woman. Without her suspecting it, he had followed her. She was greatly annoyed when he came in. But she need not have been afraid that he would annoy her with his attentions. He saluted her coldly with the end of his chin, and seated himself near the chimney. With his feet stretched out on the andirons, he tore the band off a newspaper without uttering a single word. Five minutes later he broke a mournful silence by exclaiming:

"Well! Here is a piece of news. It will make quite an excitement in Paris. Just think of it! Albert Valport went out to walk in the Bois yesterday, his horse ran away, and his rider was instantly killed."

Mademoiselle Maulabret turned horribly pale. A cloud rose before her eyes, and her head was dizzy. She nevertheless perceived that in front of her, on the other side of an oval table, sat a marquise who was watching her with fixed attention. Then it seemed to her that there were two—then three—then ten—after which she saw no more, but sank back heavily in her chair.

"Your measures are as delicate as they are ingenious," said the marquise to her son.

"But, mamma, you would not believe me; now, which of us was right?" Didn't I tell you that I understood women?"

"You are and you will never be anything else than an idiot!" answered his mother, but she showed no anger.

She disapproved the means, but after all they were not so bad, since she had learned just that which she wished to know. She ran to the next room for a *flacon* of salts. Lésin took advantage of her absence to approach the unconscious Jetta. He looked at her with covetous, angry

eyes. He leaned over her; he wanted to embrace and strangle her, but was deterred by not knowing with which to begin. An idea suddenly occurred to him.

"If my mother would but consent!" he said.

"Are you here still?" said the marquise, as she came back. "I do not wish her to find you here when she recovers."

He went off, hugging his idea and his broad shoulders. The salts were energetic. Jetta soon began to recover. She heard a voice saying:

"Do not be troubled, my dear; he is perfectly well."

She opened her eyes and looked at the marquise with the expression of one coming suddenly on a frightful precipice.

"I assure you there is not one word of truth in this silly story. It was the silly invention of a jealous boy who wished to express his suspicions. Men are all alike; they never rest until they have acquired the certainty of their suspicions. But he repents of his crime, and begs me to implore your pardon, even on my knees. Ah! Jetta, it wounds me sorely that you, in this house, should have been treated with such discourtesy. Promise me that you will not hate it on that account."

Jetta's complexion resumed its natural tint: to her pallor succeeded a blush of shame and confusion. She could not forgive herself for having allowed her secret to pass her lips.

"You must not believe—" she murmured.

"Why do you defend yourself?" answered the marquise, taking the girl fondly into her arms. "The man whom you love is very dangerous, but he is very *distingué* also, and worthy of you. My dear child, I cherished a fond hope. I renounce it; your happiness is dearer than my dreams."

"Not another word, dear madame," said Jetta, covering the lips of her companion with her hands; "you can not divine how unhappy you are making me!"

XVII.

THIS fatal incident had enabled Mademoiselle Maulabret to measure the depth of her wound. She could no longer be under the smallest illusion as to the state of her feelings; she knew now that her heart which she had so recently believed on a fair road to recovery was desperately ill. She knew, moreover, that her strong will, which she flattered herself she still possessed, had vanished for evermore. The worst of all was, that she had made a public admission of her defeat, and in cases like hers avowed defeats are irreparable.

Evidently she was not to be allowed to have any peace. She reached the château just as her

aunt was entering her carriage to pay a visit in the neighborhood.

"I do not take you with me, my dear," said Madame Cantarel, looking at her with a knowing air, "for I have received from Monsieur Vaugenis a long letter, with an inclosure for you. There it is. I am inclined to believe that you will not be *ennuyée* in this interesting society."

Monsieur Vaugenis, who saw everywhere proverbs in life, and who put life into proverbs, had taken keen pleasure in writing to Mademoiselle Maulabret as follows :

"Mademoiselle, I do not propose to depart from the system of neutrality which is the rule of my conduct, by informing you that, although Monsieur Valport has many excellent qualities, patience is not one of his virtues. He is impatient to go to Combard to plead his cause before the redoubtable tribunal of Monsieur Cantarel ; but he wishes to be authorized by you to take this step. It is true that this is not the way that things of this kind are done nowadays, particularly in France. Nevertheless, this method has its advantages, and it seems to me especially desirable in the somewhat peculiar circumstances in which you stand. Give him then, I beg of you, the especial permission which he craves. You will thus deliver me of a most pertinacious visitor, for I assure you he gives me no peace.

"I send you, inclosed, an unfinished note, addressed to me by your uncle Antonin only twenty-four hours before his death. You will see by the tremulous writing the prodigious exertion it was for him to trace these poor lines ; and you read in them also the deep interest he felt in you. The world which reproached him for his severity of manner did not know him ; he loved the few he loved at all very tenderly. You were his last thought. I might almost be jealous, but I am not.

"Accept, mademoiselle, with my wishes for your happiness, the expression of my warm devotion and earnest sympathy."

Before reading the unfinished note which was inclosed, Jetta pressed it to her lips. This was the note :

"Say to her, my dear Vaugenis, that beautiful and charming as she is—excuse me, I find great difficulty in saying what I would—I mean to say, that not having any reason to complain of Nature, she would yet be permitted to enter a convent had she any right to complain of men. But she has not ; she does not yet know them.

"Tell her that those who have made her believe that she ought to expiate the faults of her parents lie to her. We are responsible only for our own. . . . Tell her that I have no prejudice

against these communities of hospital nuns. I know better than almost any person how precious are the services which they render us, and the impossibility of doing without them. The fanatics who desire to suppress them, and would do so to-morrow if they could, have little idea of what they are doing. It would be more than a crime, it would be a folly ; fanaticism is always foolish. But tell her that the statutes of these sisterhoods devoted to charitable works are not what they were formerly. Once the nuns belonged to their sick ; they were excused from all the petty observances of their religious faith, and practiced them only when they had time. Jesuitism has changed all this. The fantastic duties imposed on them have been indefinitely multiplied and tyrannically enjoined. It is no longer charity which is the first of duties ; it is superstitious, unquestioning obedience. She has too much heart and mind to accommodate herself for very long to this *régime* ; she will feel herself in subjection, and will be tempted to tug at her chains. She will have regrets and repentances. For an Augustine the hospital is a cloister ; to her a cloister would be a prison. She would see the bars at all hours of the day and night.

"Speak to her in her tongue, which is also your own in some degree, my dear Vaugenis, since you call God that which I simply call nature. Tell her, then, that God is perfection, and that, when a poor human being aspires to perfection, it usually ends in a caricature. Tell her that, if she has a desire to serve the poor and the sick, there is no necessity for her to wear a black veil over a white *coiffe*, and that without giving up the world she will have ample opportunities of expending her talents and her heart in their service. Say to her, moreover, that the work which I beg her to undertake is worthy of her. Explain to her who Albert is, do not conceal from her his peccadilloes or his iniquities, but assure her from me that his is a most generous nature ; that, although this marriage would carry out all my wishes, I desire to respect her liberty entirely, for—"

Here the pen had dropped from his fingers. Mademoiselle Maulabret read these lines, written with so much painful effort, over and over again. The arguments of the atheist did not seem to her decisive ; she had a thousand objections to make, and victorious certainties to oppose to them. Nevertheless, they made her uneasy. A week before, they would have glided over the unruffled surface of her soul without leaving a trace behind them. But the last visit she had made at the hospital, without lessening her veneration for Mother Amélie, had shaken her con-

fidence in the infallible judgment of this servant of God. She felt confusedly that an Augustine sees but one side of things, and that the world is larger than the head of a saint.

She was burning with fever, and felt the need of fresh air, to move her body and by physical fatigue soothe the restlessness of her thoughts. She went out, and walked for half an hour in the park without looking at anything, without seeing anything, without encountering anything which could take her out of this incessant dispute in which her soul was absorbed. The sky was veiled with a white fog, but the wind, which was beginning to blow, had already made a large hole in it, through which the sun was beginning to appear. On her ungloved hands the air blew freshly, and, looking around, it seemed to her that it was not yet spring, although it was no longer winter, and at the foot of a beech-tree she saw violets. She looked for some time at the sinuous valley, and at the river running between wheat-fields; the water was green, and moved lazily along. Beyond the river and the fields was a steep hill, up the side of which two roads ran. In the distance, in the center of a level plain, appeared the low houses of a little village, that had grown up in the shadow of a huge church. It was like a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. The sun, emerging more and more from the mist, sparkled on the rose-window of the church, and on the weathercocks of another village, still farther off. The river glittered through the willows at intervals, and a large field, where the earth was just thrown up, was red and wet. Some alders and aspens, suggesting a family council, were gathered around a pond. Near her a mill-wheel was turning. A washer-woman accompanied the regular blows of her *battoir* with a monotonous refrain, and in a railway-cutting the day-laborers were singing to the accompaniment of their picks. Everywhere throughout the valley, as in the plain, reigned order and tranquillity. The trees were waiting for the time to blossom, the fields for their seeds to be sown, and the birds for spring-time and love. In spite of the meandering ways which the river took, its green waters knew the path; the smoke, rising peacefully from the chimneys, yielded to the wind which blew them, and made no struggle. Men and things alike yielded to destiny; no person wished to change his future, or to wage war with Fate; and the old beech-trees, torpid through the long winter, revived on seeing that the violets had come. Mademoiselle Maulabret, suddenly turning her head, perceived something which surprised and delighted her. A great mass of oak-trees stood crowded together, their leafless branches forming a dark and somber

mass, but in the underbrush some few bushes had burst into leaf, and clumps of yellow narcissus were in bloom. Directly in front stood a wild-cherry-tree, slender and graceful, one mass of flowers, of snowy whiteness, standing out against the black trunk. This tree did not seem to know that, delightful as had been the play, the end was a tragedy; it had never heard of the revolt of the senses, nor of sin and immodesty, and did not believe in the cunning of the serpent. It seemed to drink in the pure, delicious air, to bask in the caresses of the sun, and innocently married to the pale blue of the sky the beauty of its flowers and the divine freshness of its hopes. At this moment a blackbird began to sing; it had apparently forgotten the beginning of its song, and was trying to recall it. He sang in little spasmodic jerks, a note or two at a time, not finishing a phrase. Mademoiselle Maulabret listened, motionless and fascinated. Having spent most of her life immured between convent-walls, the sweet intoxication of the woods in early spring was new to her, and delighted her beyond words. Although she resisted the charm by which she was so carried away, although she called up before her eyes the hospital-walls, and the face of a Virgin crowned with stars, who held no child in her arms; although she seemed to hear the sighs and groans of her old patients, complaining that she had abandoned them; although another voice, menacing and severe, reproached her for the changes in her wishes, for her forgotten or perjured vows; although she tried to represent to herself the uncertainty of the joys of this world, the vanity of their promises, the falsehood of their smiles; although the path she trod was strewn with dry leaves, rustling under her feet or blown along in front of her by the wind—she, notwithstanding all this, looked at the blossoming cherry-tree, and listened to the song of the blackbird, and all the time heard in the depths of her heart the confused murmur of a *fête*, the stir of a flowery spring-tide, and the distracted cry of a bird that wished to live, and, beating the bars of its cage with its wings, clamored for happiness, with full-throated vehemence.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to her. The poultry-woman, who was continually at difference with her son, and who complained that he was disobedient, was anxious that the curé of the parish should use his authority to bring him back to his duty. In consequence of the woman's pressing entreaties, Jetta had promised to see the curé in regard to this matter. She returned to the château, and, as soon as she had changed her dress, she took her way to the rectory.

The Curé de Combard was a stout man with a red face and square shoulders, always more or less powdered with snuff. The story went that he had been an hussar, and he looked it still. When his young pupils were pretty, he pinched their cheeks; but nobody, not even he himself, thought there was any harm in this. This worthy ecclesiastic was a comfortable sort of a curé, a curé who thought much of his vineyards and his beehives, and who could no more conceive of a life without bees and without vines than without a well-filled snuff-box. He had accepted the new dogmas in the most submissive manner, but with no enthusiasm; he did not consider that the need was imminent, nor that it was advisable to make any changes in the catechism in days when faith is rare, and when good sense is supposed to be shown by quibbling. But he kept all these thoughts in his own head—he did not intend to quarrel with Monsieur le Prieur, and was ready to admit that the Holy Virgin was conceived without sin, and that the Holy Father was infallible. He saw no inconvenience to himself in these admissions, and he believed that if he made them his grapes would bear quite as well. This excellent man wished well to all the world except to the bachelors. In the whole canton there was not so strong an advocate of matrimony as the Abbé Minard. Graceless youths, old bachelors, and impenitent widowers, were alike lectured by him on this subject; when he opened it his eloquence was irresistible. He was tempted sometimes to take those who were reluctant by the throat and drag them to the altar. He considered that marriage is the most beautiful of the sacraments, that the most delightful *fêtes* are weddings and baptisms; he enlivened these *fêtes* very often by anecdotes and stories which were a trifle highly seasoned, but his life was irreproachable; he was the living proof that there are several ways of attaining the kingdom of heaven. If his parishioners smiled when they greeted him, if in speaking of him they said, "He is a good fellow," they went to vespers in order to please him.

Mademoiselle Maulabret stopped a moment at the curé's door to breathe. The curé was in the garden. With a pruning-knife in one hand and with the sleeves of his soutane turned up, he was busy with his vines. He turned when he saw the young lady, and stopped long enough to ask how she was. Then, almost instantly, with an "Excuse me," he resumed his work.

Mademoiselle Maulabret delivered her message from the poultry-woman. He listened attentively, all the time at work, however. When she had concluded, he said:

"Very well, I will pull the ears of the little scamp, but it is all the same very true that his

mother is a perpetual grumbler; she moans and whines on the smallest provocation. With all respect to you, mademoiselle, it is the way with women."

"Ah! Monsieur le Curé, so many women are unhappy."

"Yes, to be sure—those who have not been able to find husbands."

"And those whom their husbands beat."

"When they are beaten they deserve it; it is for their good. Come, now, mademoiselle, the worst marriage is preferable to the best of single blessedness."

"And yet there are cases—"

"Certainly—there are cases. But cite one, if you please."

"Well, then, there are women who feel themselves called to a religious life."

"You are right," he said; "we need Sisters. We need them very much, but the point is, to be sure that they have a vocation. Appearances are so deceitful!"

She summoned all her courage:

"I know a young girl—" she said; she did not blush, but her voice trembled to that degree that she could not continue.

"Ah! you know a young girl! Does she wish to become a nun?"

"The trouble is, that she has an uncle, a great-uncle, who is determined that she shall marry."

"God bless that great-uncle! In my opinion, he is a man of sense."

"Of course, sir; but she is just the same as engaged."

"Engaged by whom? Engaged to what? Has she taken the vows?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé, she has taken them mentally."

He dropped his pruning-knife. She looked eagerly into his eyes, in which she expected to read her fate.

"Mentally, did you say? That word is not in my vocabulary." He added, with a big laugh: "If the good God had contented himself with mentally promising the vine to Noah, he would have had the right to retreat. Then of what use would our trellises be? We should have nothing to grow on them. I have a great mind to go and see this great-uncle. We should soon settle the matter."

"It would be a very difficult thing to do," she answered, with a dreary smile.

"And why?"

"Because he has been dead for five months, Monsieur le Curé."

"He is dead, and yet he busies himself with the marriage of his great-niece? Really, this is a very strange story."

And he picked up his pruning-knife. She followed with her eyes the flight of a new-born butterfly. The curé did not speak, and she presently broke the silence herself :

"The father of this young girl recommended her to this noble old man only a few hours before his death. He regarded the last wishes of the dying man as sacred, he loved her and looked upon her as his own child. Is it not only just that his last wishes should, in their turn, be obeyed?"

"Precisely!" cried the curé, in a tone of triumph. Then, scratching his ear: "Yes, but there is that mental vow, that confounded mental vow. A fine invention that, upon my word! Now, mademoiselle, I will tell you how I will settle this point. As she promised God, mentally, to become a nun, I think she ought to fulfill this promise mentally—in idea, and in intention; that is to say, she, living in the world, will have under her left breast, *sub mamma sinistra*, a good little nun's heart."

And seizing his hat, which he had hung on the branch of a tree, he held it out to Jetta.

"What will you give me for my poor?" he said.

She drew a full purse from the pocket of her dress and dropped it into the hat.

"Good!" he said, with a shrewd look at her downcast face. "And now send to my confessional this girl who is disposed to tangle up things in this needless fashion. I shall condemn her for her sins to a speedy marriage, and bid her bring into the world at least ten children, of whom she shall make good Christians. They shall have either black eyes or blue, and, if she does me the honor to invite me to the baptismal feast, I will guarantee that there shall be no weeping there."

Thereupon he became more grave, and began to talk of other things, of his vineyards and his trellises, of the different varieties he had tried—the early maurillon, the pineau de Bourgoynes, and the pique poule. His chasselas, he said, were equal to those of Thomery, but how much trouble they were! Vines have so many enemies—spring frosts, rains, and rust, without speaking of hail, sickness, and insects. It was clear that, if God did not take especial charge of them, vines would never flourish.

When Jetta took leave of the curé, who was far shrewder than he seemed, he walked with her a few steps, and then hastened back to his work. She stopped at the gate to look at him. His complexion was very red, his head was rough, and his chasselas absorbed him; but when he pulled down the sleeves of his soutane—it was a real soutane—and a soutane meant the Church. . . .

The Church had spoken through these lips to which coarse laughs were not unfamiliar, and which were not afraid of plain speech. The Church had said to her: "Go your way, my daughter; obey your heart. God will not be displeased." After which the Church had asked for money for her poor. In his somewhat greasy hat, Mademoiselle Maulabret had dropped her purse, and at the same time heavy cares which weighed her down like a mountain, leaving her heart at peace.

She returned to the château in so gay a mood that she was tempted to sing aloud; and she walked so fast that the people who saw her pass looked after her in amazement. They did not know what had happened, nor why in both soul and in limbs she felt as light as a bird.

While Mademoiselle Maulabret conversed with the curé, Madame de Moisieux was deep in an angry discussion with her son. She demonstrated to him that, after the cruel test to which he had subjected the young girl, he could not for some time appear with any decency before her: that it was to his interest to abjure all his pretensions, or at all events to appear to do so, and to leave the field clear to Monsieur Albert Valport. He answered with a shake of his ears that he was dead in love with Mademoiselle Maulabret, and that he would have her; she had been promised to him, and that he should not give her up. Moreover he added that he and Albert Valpor had already quarreled over her, and, if the fellow dared present himself at Combard, he would cut his throat.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah!" she said, "will you never understand? Are you absolutely incapable of comprehension?"

"But what do you propose to do, mamma?"

"Allow me to settle that point for myself. I shall give Monsieur Cantarel my instructions, which will be, I assure you, most carefully followed."

"I don't doubt that," he answered, with a sneer. "This wretched tradesman has a sneaking kindness for you—that is easy to see. He watches you as a dog watches a bishop, and I don't doubt would crawl on his stomach to please you. Look out, mamma—look out!"

He began to laugh noisily at his joke. This impossible being, as we have before said, had certain intervals of clairvoyance—this child of Nature had at times all the cunning of a savage. This was still another reason why Madame la Marquise found little pleasure in his companionship. She could not endure that any one should rummage in her heart, her papers, or her drawers, and the impossible being respected nothing.

"Were you aware that you look like a goose

when you laugh in that way?" she asked, with a contemptuous look.

"You need not lose your *témper*; but you can explain your plans to me. I hope, at all events, that the first thing your macaroni-man does will be to show Valport the door. These will, of course, be your instructions?"

"Quite the contrary. I intend that he shall be received with the greatest cordiality. I know him well: he only enjoys difficult enterprises. He is like a character in an English tragedy, who never had a good appetite for his breakfast until he had killed several Scotchmen; otherwise life seemed to him very *fade* and insipid. When Monsieur Valport has discovered that there are no Scotchmen here to kill, his adventure will lose its savor, and in less than three weeks he will be thoroughly weary of his happiness."

"All this is too complicated for me," Lésin replied, with a frown indicative of the disturbance of his mind. It was with a similar frown that he had listened when his tutor attempted to explain the theorem of Pythagoras.

"You are certainly very obtuse, then," answered his mother, impatiently.

"And you are too deep. But never mind, so long as you are pleased. I myself am in favor of decided measures. I shall take my own measures, and we will see which of us two comes out best."

"No, I insist on you doing nothing of the kind," she answered, raising her voice. "You will commit folly on folly, and all will be lost. You, to make all sure, must leave Combarb this very night. Your aunt, Madame de Lisieux, is going south for two months. She was here a few hours ago to say good-by, and proposed that you should accompany her. At nine o'clock this evening you will take the train to Paris, and to-morrow leave for Cannes in the morning express. In two months you may come back, and then, I promise you, you will hear no more of Monsieur Valport."

He rebelled: he declared that his aunt was the most tiresome of women; that she always treated him as if he were a little boy, and that she always made him carry her pet dog, who was a most disagreeable little beast.

"Besides," he added, "I intend to devote myself to this matter. You are very adroit, madame, but sometimes you make dismal failures."

The marquise grew angry, telling him that he should obey, or suffer the consequences. The debate became a stormy one. Lésin ended by rising, and when he got to the door he turned.

"You will see," he said, "when it comes nine o'clock, none of my trunks will be packed."

She went out on her veranda and called, "Lara! Lara!"

A voice which seemed to come from the skies replied, "Here I am."

The young Greek was perched on the top of an old oak, the decayed branches of which he was sawing off. Enchanted with the danger, he sawed between himself and the trunk. When he heard the first crack he caught on some swaying limb, and hung suspended in the air.

"Come down at once," said the marquise, "and go and tell Monsieur Cantarel that I wish to see him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, angrily.

"Then I shall go myself," said she, making a feint of going.

Agile as a squirrel, he slipped down the tree, and, forcing his way through the underbrush, he barred her passage. He looked like a brigand, but a very charming one. Although he was an inch or more shorter than herself, he could, by standing on tiptoe, bring his eyes to a level with hers. His were black as jet, and were only eighteen years old; hers were soft gray, and their age was uncertain, but that they had seen many things was very evident.

These black eyes and these gray ones did not speak the same tongue, and yet it was clear that they understood each other, and had a secret intelligence like thieves at a fair.

"Little wretch!" she cried, "how dare you say no when I say yes?"

He seized her by both wrists, and held her with so tight a grasp that she uttered a little shriek. He raised her lace sleeves and looked at her rounded arms; when he saw the blue prints left by his rascally fingers on this white and delicate skin, he colored with remorse, pride, and pleasure.

She said, with a smile:

"Go now and pack my son's trunk; I will tell you what to put in it."

The boy's face lighted up with joy.

"Is Monsieur Lésin going away, then?"

"Yes, to-night."

He ran at once to perform the task appointed. Young Lara had no liking for the coming guest, but he adored the parting one.

Madame de Moisieux always ended with having the upper hand in contests of this nature with her son. A little before nine o'clock he came in to take leave of her, with his traveling-cap on his head. His manner was so sulky that she laughed, and said:

"You seem to be very unhappy, and yet the pleasures you most highly prize can be found anywhere." She gave him several bank-notes, not without a pang, when she thought of the

way in which they would be wasted. She could not refrain from uttering a reproach.

"Pshaw!" he said; "you are not so poor as you try to make out."

She shrugged her shoulders. This young man was decidedly too clever for her sometimes.

"I have eyes, you know," he added, as he pocketed the money. As he said this he felt through all the pockets of his coats and pantaloons to find his gloves. His mother pointed out that they were on his hands.

"I congratulate you on your eyes," she said, quietly.

His hand was on the door when he turned and cried out:

"By-the-way, forbid Lara to smoke my pipes; don't let him wear my cravats, nor touch my gun. The little scamp thinks he can do what he pleases. When do you propose to send him back to his native gutter?"

"I will look out for him," she answered.

And when he was gone, absolutely gone, she sank into her chair with a sigh of relief.

"I am free for two months," she said, aloud. "And now, Monsieur Mongeron, we will see what we can do."

When Lésin entered the car he still looked very dismal. When he passed the Combard château he looked out at Mademoiselle Maulabret's window, in which he saw a light. In spite of his still burning resentment, he threw a kiss from his fingers into space. A little farther on he caught sight of the lantern of the Cheval Blanc, and he thought sadly of the pleasant game of pool which his friends the coachmen were at that moment playing together and without him. But he soon found comfort in his imagination; he had method as well. He deliberately passed in review the varied pleasures which a man can procure with bank-notes. He heard from the depths of his traveling-bag a delightful gurgle from bottles, and he remembered that on the journey he was about to take there would be more than one pretty girl to be met with at the different inns.

At the same moment Jetta, with her arms folded on the table, was saying to herself:

"If Madame de Moisieux is sincere, Monsieur Cantarel will say yes. But is she sincere?"

This point seemed very doubtful to her, and yet the various combinations were unknown to her. She knew nothing of Mongeron. She ended by taking up the pen and writing as follows:

"Monsieur, I do not oppose the visit which Monsieur Valport desires to make to Combard, but I have no illusions as to the result. You know the views which Monsieur Cantarel entertains in regard to me. I doubt if he relinquishes these views, no matter how good the reasons

may be which are given him for doing so. I propose to follow your example, sir, and like you to remain neutral, but at the same time sympathetic."

She read her reply over and over again, and was well satisfied with it, although it was cold and discouraging. Could more be expected from her? It seemed to her that she had raised a wall between her and happiness, and that she should never see him again—and yet she saw him still. This wall was well built, but it was transparent.

XVIII.

THREE days later Mademoiselle Maulabret entered her room on returning from a drive with Madame Cantarel, when the gong—that terrible gong—ringing all through the château, cried in her ear, "It is he—he has come!"

She ran to her window, and, looking down into the courtyard, beheld a superb chestnut horse champing his bits, all white with foam; she saw a handsome cavalier, irreproachable in elegance, who had come from Bois-le-Roi, where he had again taken up his residence. She drew back hastily and retreated to her sofa, where she sat for nearly an hour with her eyes closed and her hands pressed to her breast. She was astonished at the regular ticking of her clock, and wondered how it could continue to mark the seconds as if this day were like any other, and as if in the great crises of life there were still hours and minutes. Time stood still for her. Did she not know that her guardian had abstained from going to Paris that day, and that the handsome cavalier would find him at home?

She realized that the game she had been playing with her dead uncle for some months was drawing to a close. The result did not depend on her own will, which had now abdicated, but on a series of circumstances, the secret of which she did not hope to penetrate. At this very moment her fate hung in the balance, and she waited with her heart beating so loudly that it seemed to her it must be heard all over the château. Albert threw the bridle of his horse carelessly to a groom, who hurried from the stable; then he slowly ascended the steps, and found in the hall a tall and important lackey.

This lackey knew well what he was about. A simple glance satisfied him that this visitor had not descended from the heights of the Apennines—that is to say, from Mont Montant—and that he had none of the air of an electioneering agent. He informed him that his master was in the park, and asked for his card, and departed, leaving the stranger to wait an indefinite length of time in the anteroom. After a while he returned, and conducted the stranger up a wide

staircase of white marble with gilded railings to a small *salon*, where he left him, after placing on his knee the last number of "*La Vraie République*," the morning journal founded and managed by Monsieur Cantarel. But Albert apparently was not in a reading mood. He laid "*La Vraie République*" on the table, and with his hat in his hand began to pace the *salon*.

He was very pale—as pale as a gamester who has made up his mind to break the bank. He had the determined air of a captain of a man-of-war who is ready to blow up his ship rather than lower his flag. Occasionally he bit his lips until they bled, as if he desired to forget his anxiety in some physical pain.

In spite of his absorption, however, he took more than one glance at the superb Pompadour furniture around him, and which he had not expected to find in the mansion of a future city councilman of Paris. He discovered among the trifles of great price many articles which brought a smile to his lips, so suggestive were they of the tradesman. But he soon resumed his gravity, for he heard from the corridor that dry, resounding cough peculiar to men whose minds are absorbed in affairs of state.

In another moment Monsieur Cantarel entered the room, wearing a suit of twilled linen—this Louis XIV liked to astonish the world sometimes by his simplicity. He had on his head a red cap—almost a Phrygian cap—and carried in his hand Robespierre's cane, and wore in his button-hole a gentle narcissus which he had just culled in the park. He looked like a respectable country gentleman, but the expression of his face boded no good. He looked insolent and argumentative, and had the air of a booby who is conscious that he controls the fate of a gallant man, and is disposed to use or misuse his power.

Although Monsieur Valport was of *bourgeois* origin, he had inherited a fortune which was quite enough to induce the proprietor of "*La Vrai République*" to look on him as an aristocrat. It must be admitted that the air and manner of the stranger gave good reason for this opinion.

Monsieur Cantarel felt for him only the most profound pity, which his face fully expressed. He considered that a well-organized society ought not to admit to a share of its privileges and honors any others than the sons of their own world, and a few men of rank to whom the republic distributes their titles as a reward for their services, as an amusement for their leisure hours, and as a decoration to their lives—for what is more decorative than a marquise?

Albert made him a profound bow, and it was in an almost caressing tone that he said, "I think, sir, you already divine my reason for presenting myself before you?"

"I suspect it, sir," answered Monsieur Cantarel, abruptly. "I have recently received from Monsieur Vaugenis, who wishes you well, a letter of some four pages, and I regret that your impatience did not allow me to reply to it before I saw you. It is no great harm, however, for what I have to say I can say better by word of mouth than through a letter."

As he concluded this sentence he condescended to offer his guest a chair, and, taking one himself, he sat for some minutes in silence, using the cane of the immortal Maximilian to strike regular little taps on his gaiters. The man's manner was, in Monsieur Valport's opinion, prophetic of evil, but he had been told that he had embarked on a perilous enterprise, and he determined that his patience should be angelic. He had arranged his plan of action in advance, and was by no means a man to resort, until compelled, to intimidation or violent measures.

"Monsieur Vaugenis," he replied, "has undoubtedly informed you of the sentiments with which Mademoiselle Maulabret has inspired me, and of the joy I should feel—"

"Or that you think you would feel in becoming the happy proprietor of so charming a person," interrupted Monsieur Cantarel. "Without doubt, you think you love her. But are you sure of this, sir? You really know very little of her."

"A man who has any knowledge of women," answered Albert, "does not need to see Mademoiselle Maulabret very often to discover that she is like none other."

"Well, she is not bad. She is quite pretty, and I think it more than probable that you would adore her. But that is not the question. I am her guardian, sir," and, puffing out his cheeks, he added: "I am a man with very serious ideas of my duty. When I accept an office, I accept it with all its responsibilities. I am not a man to shirk any of them."

He accompanied this statement with a gesture worthy of Danton.

"When I consented to become the guardian of this poor child," he continued, with tears in his voice, "I swore that to insure her happiness should become the first duty of my life. I should never forgive myself were she to be unhappy. Consequently, she shall never, with my consent, marry any man who does not look seriously and solemnly on the duties of marriage, and on the sanctity of the conjugal relations. For marriage is a holy institution, and you will remark that I speak now of the civil marriage. As to the other—"

"It seems to me that we are wandering a little from the question," interrupted Albert, in his turn.

Monsieur Cantarel frowned. He did not

permit any one to check the torrent of his eloquence.

"I do not deny, sir," he continued, coldly, that you are a person of some importance. I do not allude to your names. Names are nothing to me; but I am told that you are clever, and you certainly have an agreeable manner, and, though you have wasted a fortune that you yourself did not amass, you still have enough left to make a very good appearance in the world. Unfortunately, sir, I look for solid qualities before all others—solid qualities of both mind and heart, and I hear that your past career—"

"Has been deplorable," interrupted Albert, with enchanting frankness. "But do not let us disturb the peace of the dead."

"Monsieur Vaugenis informed me that you had sown your wild-oats, and I congratulate you. France needs sober men—men with serious views of life, who will consecrate themselves entirely to her service, who despise pleasures and similar trifles—who have principles, in short. Have you principles, sir? May I be permitted to ask your opinions?"

"My political opinions, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course; those are the essential ones."

"But, really, I can not see what my political opinions have to do with this affair, or in what way they have to do with the happiness of Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"You do not see it! I judge a man by his opinions, sir. If his opinions are good, so is a man."

"I should rather put it," answered Albert, with a smile, "that if a man is good his opinions are likely to be so too."

"I am inclined to believe that you have none. Are you a republican?"

"Most assuredly, since a republic is the only possible thing now."

"Then you admit that you take advantage of your opportunities? I suspected as much."

"I should be glad, sir, if it could be said of me that I am successful in doing so, particularly on this occasion."

"Are you in favor of schools and of hospitals controlled by laymen? If you had the power, would you suppress the various orders of monks and nuns?"

"It seems to me that the favor I am asking at your hands is not of a nature to please them, at all events."

"Ah! you have no fear of poaching on the territory of the Lord, but you do so for your own pleasure and not from conviction. You are not convinced, and yet you aspire to politics.—Poor France!"

"I aspire to nothing at this moment," an-

swered Albert, in a velvety voice, "except to obtain your consent to my paying my addresses to your ward, Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"You return to that same point with marvelous persistency. You wish to marry my ward; that is your wish, your dream, and your chimera? Do you know, sir, that I can make her a marquise?"

"I am quite aware, sir, that you would have no difficulty in obtaining for Mademoiselle Maulabret a far more brilliant *parti* than myself, and one infinitely more worthy of her. I have, nevertheless, two arguments to offer in my favor. The first is, that I am madly in love; the second, that Monsieur Antonin Cantarel desired this marriage—that he himself selected me as his candidate, and would adhere to his choice, I believe, were he still alive."

Monsieur Cantarel laughed vociferously; he was more and more arrogant, now that he saw Albert's submission.

"You present yourself, then, as an official candidate?" he cried. "Ah! monsieur, you are not overwise. Official candidate, indeed! And you flatter yourself that you are pleasing me, do you, by recalling those days of shame and servitude, when an oppressive power dictated its own choice to the universal suffrage, and ground France under its heel."

And as if this recollection, so unfortunately evoked, had caused him a spasm—as if it absolutely suffocated him—he began to pace the *salon*, fanning himself with his handkerchief and at intervals darting looks of mingled indignation and pity at Albert. Monsieur Valport felt that his stock of angelic patience was exhausted; his blood was boiling, his ears tingling, and he himself quite ready for warfare. What, then, was his astonishment when Monsieur Cantarel suddenly stood still in front of him and said:

"You want her, do you; you really want her? Well, then, take her; I give her to you."

Albert was as if stunned under a happiness which came down upon him like a blow from a club. He hardly dared believe his ears, but, looking at Monsieur Cantarel suspiciously, wondered if he were not playing a practical joke.

"Well, why do you not thank me, young man?" cried the oratorical millionaire.

"Monsieur," answered Albert, "tell me what evidence of gratitude you expect from me, and I am quite ready to give it."

And to himself he said, "If he asks me to embrace him, I will do so." But the young man was not put to so sore a test. His whole air and manner had changed, and his arrogance had given place to an excess of familiarity, which Monsieur Valport endured with the greatest difficulty.

"You certainly would be an ingrate if you didn't adore me, for I am certainly making you a magnificent present. Setting aside a guardian's partiality, I must confess that this little girl is a marvel of beauty, and you are a happy rascal. Tell me, now, how long have you been in love with her?"

"Ever since the day when I saw her in a hospital dressing the wounds of a poor sick woman," he answered, with icy coldness. "When a man believes no longer in ballet-dancers, the woman he prefers is she who has the precious gift of doing useful things well."

Monsieur Cantarel gave him a slap on the shoulder, and with a wink replied:

"You are more perverse, then, than I supposed. It is not the woman but the nun whom you adore." And without waiting for an answer he added: "But I have a word to say to my ward. I must consult her. I will be back in a moment."

Albert was alone for some ten minutes; he was almost appalled at the un hoped-for rapidity of his success. "Look out, my lad," he said to himself. "This mountebank would like to mystify you. It looks to me like a little plot, and probably after I have enjoyed my happiness for some little time, and rolled the sweet morsel under my tongue, he will sweep the whole affair away with the assistance of Madame de Moisieux."

At this idea his eyes flashed fire; in a moment more Monsieur Cantarel appeared and said, in the most benevolent of tones:

"It is all right, my dear sir; you are accepted by the ward as well as by the guardian, just as I expected. You are a great magician, and have bewitched the child. She adores you, sir, and you owe me no gratitude. I give her to you because I can not do otherwise; if I should refuse my consent, I should have to watch her all the time, and I have too much business on hand for that. In spite of a promise I have made—a promise of great discretion—I intend to tell you something. The other day a person who shall be nameless—but to a jealous man much must be forgiven—This person, as I was saying, amused himself by making her believe that you had been thrown from your horse and killed. The poor little soul dropped down cold and stiff. Now, this is what I call love!"

If at this moment the man whom he had called a mountebank had fallen over a precipice, Monsieur Valport would have leaped over himself to rescue him. He forgave him all his pompous folly, his coarse, familiar jests, and came near thinking him charming, agreeable, and distinguished. His face darkened, however, when Monsieur Cantarel added:

"I have made one condition, however, which my ward has accepted; you are not to see each other, however, for ten weeks."

"This condition seems to me a little severe," answered Monsieur Valport, "and also a little singular."

"Let me explain. You know, possibly, that la Marquise de Moisieux asked me to give my ward to her son. The young lady does not fancy him, but, as she is fond of his mother, she consented to take this time for consideration—that is, to defer her refusal until the end of June. Madame de Moisieux is too reasonable a woman to cherish the least hope; still, she wishes to save her son's feelings, and has obtained from him a promise to travel for a while. He did not wish to go away, and, in fact, would not do so until I had myself given him the assurance that on his return he would find her as free as he left her. This is a mere formality, sir; but I have always attached much importance to forms. I am a punctilious man—a very punctilious man. You need not look so aggrieved, my dear fellow, two months quickly slip away; and, if my word is not sufficient, why, I can give it to you in writing—and, by-the-way, I am not a tyrant, and, if I forbid your seeing her, I don't forbid your writing her just as often as you please."

These last words calmed Albert's fears. If he were permitted to write, there, of course, was nothing for him to fear, and he also remembered that Monsieur Cantarel's punctiliousness would give him time to put his château in order, for it was at Bois-le-Roi that he proposed to pass his honeymoon. He could now fit it up with all the luxurious elegance befitting his bride.

"I hope, at all events," he answered, "that you intend to allow me to pay my respects to Mademoiselle Maulabret to-day. I should be glad to receive from her lips the confirmation—"

"You are right," interrupted Monsieur Cantarel, taking him by the arm. "The ladies are in the *salon* waiting for us."

A half-hour later Monsieur Valport was walking on the terrace with Jetta, who had been deputed to do the honors. The rôles were reversed. He was excited and nervous; his voice betrayed his emotion. Jetta, on the contrary, was quiet and in the best of spirits. Her internal conflicts were over. She no longer felt remorse nor anxiety, but abandoned herself to the rapidity of the current that swept her away, and it was curious to notice that, if she possessed her soul in peace, it was mainly due to an old hussar who had exchanged his uniform for a soutane.

They seated themselves on a bench, and Albert exclaimed:

"I feel very much as if somebody ought to bite my little finger to prove to me that I am

awake! Is this bench a real bench? Are those lilacs I see there? Is this I? And you—are you really here? Upon my word, I don't quite know where I am. I thought of Combard as of an impregnable château, and I came here prepared to endure the fatigues of a long siege. And, behold, the drawbridge was lowered for me, and I came to you over a path of velvet. It seems to me that I have not paid dearly enough for my happiness, and that it is shameful to return from a battle-field without a wound. I was obliged to submit to a minute examination, however, as to my political opinions."

"And were your replies satisfactory?"

"I fancy not. I was called a skeptic for one thing."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; a tolerant skeptic. You told me as much the first evening I saw you."

"And yet you consent to marry me. It is wonderful. But do not be troubled. I calumniated myself. I have religious opinions of a most decided nature."

"May I ask what they are?"

He could speak all tongues.

"Listen to me," he replied. "I believe that there is a God. I believe that he is infinitely kind, since he permits us to exist and to live on this globe together. I believe that he has infinite foresight, and that he intended ages ago that we two should meet in this vale of tears. I believe that his displeasure would have been great had we disputed his will. I believe, moreover, that he is too reasonable to expect perfection from imperfect beings. Furthermore, I believe," he added, riveting on Jetta his eagle-eyes, the fervor of which she with difficulty endured—"I believe that the quality in which we may more nearly resemble this infinite and perfect Being is the love which two finite and imperfect beings like yourself and me may feel for one another. Let us love each other with all our hearts and all our souls, and, if ever through your aid I obtain my entrance into the kingdom of heaven I shall feel that I have had a glimpse of it before on the earth below."

This profession of faith struck Mademoiselle Maulabret as of doubtful orthodoxy, but she was not shocked by it. Women have an admirable gift of reading and translating according to their wishes. They can level mountains, fill up valleys, and whiten the blackest sins. A woman, a true woman who loves an atheist, will read in his eyes, no matter what he says, nor what he does, that he believes and worships.

"This is my *credo*," he continued. "What do you think of it?"

"I am afflicted," she answered, gayly, "to find that you no longer regard me as perfection."

"You are right: I have discovered in you a grave fault. You prefer hope to happiness, and you ask two months in which to learn to resign yourself to happiness."

"But it was not I who asked for this delay."

"Very possibly, but you endure it with marvelous patience and equanimity."

"Is it not well," she answered, "to allow happiness to ripen before it is culled?"

"This reply does infinite honor to your wisdom, but I reproach you because it is too wise. When you belong to me, you will teach me a little common-sense, I will teach you a little folly; and then all will go well!"

They were here interrupted by Monsieur Cantarel, who insisted on showing Monsieur Valport his park, his château, his Fragonard and his Danton. Albert lent himself with the best grace in the world to the wishes of his host, and admired everything without reserve. He found this on the whole easier than it would have been to rescue Monsieur Cantarel from an abyss.

When he had completed the tour of his grounds, Mademoiselle Maulabret's guardian was in such a delightful frame of mind that, forgetting his customary prudence, he ventured to appeal to his wife aside, although he knew by experience how cutting her tongue could be.

"You have not yet seen," he said to Albert, "the most beautiful thing at Combard, the wonder of wonders. Ask Madame Cantarel to show you her black cocks."

He repented of his audacity when Madame Cantarel, who had heard the story of the Fragonard, answered in her cold, clear voice:

"My black cocks have the advantage of being authentic. I never buy them when I am asleep."

Albert was invited to dinner, to which he did honor. He was also very amusing; he told several anecdotes with spirit and grace. He had a great deal of wit. Madame Cantarel even thought he had too much, but she did not confide her opinion to any one. At nine o'clock Monsieur Valport's horse was brought to the courtyard.

"My dear," said Monsieur Cantarel to Jetta, "I authorize you to conduct Monsieur Valport to the foot of the steps. He has promised not to run away with you."

She went out with Albert. A groom held a lantern in one hand and the bridle of the horse with the other. Albert succeeded in getting rid of the man by sending him into the hall for a glove he had left on the table. Then, placing his hand on the saddle, he said to Jetta:

"Would to Heaven I could place you there and bear you in my arms through the night and the wind, as the song says! What have you to say?"

"No," she answered, laughing, "for we should not have the pleasure of writing to each other."

"This is my first letter," he answered.

And, taking her suddenly in his arms, he pressed on her lips one long kiss; the sweetness, the intoxication, and the tenor of which still lingered there when she reëntered the château.

Whatever Madame Cantarel might think, Monsieur Valport was passionately *épris* by Mademoiselle Maulabret, and was as proud as he was happy at his victory. But he had made certain mistakes. He believed that he had embarked in an enterprise which required a vast amount of courage and energy—he had anticipated the opposition of a managing guardian, the intrigues of Madame de Moisieux, and the scruples of the young lady herself. And, the very moment the first shot was fired, the enemy faded away like a phantom and deserted the battle-field. He was like a man who stiffens all his muscles and summons all his strength to break in a door: the door opens of itself, and he

does not know what to do with his hoarded strength. Albert buried his spurs in the flanks of his horse, *faute de mieux*, and struck at the low-hanging branches of the trees as he galloped on at full speed.

He would not have expended his energy in this way had he known that at this very moment the Marquise de Moisieux was returning from Paris, where she had been to visit an old fox with whom she had a brief but important conversation.

"It is a fairy story," said Jetta, to Madame Cantarel, who replied:

"I like fairy stories, but there are stories without the fairies." And meeting Jetta's questioning eyes, she added, "My dear, I, like Monsieur Vaugenis, say to you, 'Look out!'"

"And of whom should I be afraid?"

"Of Monsieur Cantarel, of la Marquise de Moisieux, of Monsieur Valport, of yourself, and of all the world."

"May God forgive her!" thought Jetta. "I wonder if her sufferings have affected her mind?"

A PEEP AT FRENCH SCHOOLS.

JOHN BULL is ceasing to be a good hater. The very Russians are no longer an abomination to him; and, in spite of Tunis, the very hero of Trafalgar could hardly persuade him to regard the French as "dangerous and even devilish individuals." Curiosity has conquered prejudice.

But, though it is now fashionable for us to gather honey from foreign weeds, the judgments we pass on the sweet spoil seem seldom to rise above a patriotic half-truth: "Our own institutions are the best for us; those of the French are 'good enough for them,'" the conclusive proof being that the first produce Englishmen and the second Frenchmen.

Read "schools" for "institutions," and no impartial jury could give us a verdict. Our own test fails us, for our schools do not always produce "Englishmen" in the best sense of the word. *Ubi qui post vota perierunt?* How many have been retarded by their school training, and how many have only made progress in spite of it? A nation like ours that has no national system of secondary schools to stand between its board-schools and its universities is making the best blessings of civilization a matter of privilege. The word "national" does not apply either to Eton School or to Oxford University, in the same sense in which it applies to the board and church schools

of our primary system of education. Philanthropists may induce all school boards to copy London, and found scholarships to carry the best boys from the lower schools to the secondary. But these are a favored few; and the middle-class schools into which they are drafted are good or bad, according to the luck of the locality. For the masses, there is practically an infinite distance to divide an Oxford college, or even a "public school," with its multitudinous fees and strait exclusiveness, from a city board-school, with its nominal charges and indiscriminate admission of all comers. The Scotch college, which is too often a public school and a university in one unhappy combination, is by no means at an infinite distance from the Scotch peasant. It is still sufficiently democratic to be national, and simply needs to be "differentiated" in order to serve its purpose properly in the educational system. But, in England, if we put ourselves in the position of a peasant's son leaving school and aspiring to higher things, we must feel that there are few facilities for him. His guidance ends in the board-school; and, if he stands and sees and looks for the old paths to guide him further, he finds their traces so indistinct that he can hardly guess whither they ever tended—was it to South Kensington or only to Dotheboys Hall?

There is no such doubt about the public schools of the minority. They have strongly-marked features, unmistakably English, which give a sharp point to the contrast with their nearest French counterpart. The contrast applies to letter as well as to spirit. Dryasdust might discern the different genius of the French and English nations by their different ways of marking their school-time. The Eton or Harrow boy goes as "the bell invites" him; the pupils of *Lycée* St. Louis or Charlemagne obey the tuck of drum. If this does not mean a different genius, it means at least a different history. The English public school rings the ecclesiastical bell in unconscious gratitude to its pious founders and benefactors, who were nothing if not churchmen. The French *lycée* is the handiwork of a soldier, and fitly beats the martial drum. There is much crystallized history in the *lycée*. Napoleon's drum is by no means the only contribution which the past has made to the present in the making of it. The Revolution, the First Empire, and the irrepressible Jesuits have all left their mark here. It was Bonaparte who turned the Catholic colleges into "lyceums" in 1804 and plaited them into the network of his "University of France" in 1808. That grandiose body, which for half a century "monopolized education in the same sense as the law courts monopolize justice and the army monopolizes public force," was certainly of Napoleon's creating; but the general plan of his educational institutions had little originality in it. He paid a tacit compliment to the Jesuits by modeling his new *lycées* on their colleges, which had survived not only the exodus of their founders in 1764, but the great Revolution of a generation later, and were little the worse for wear in the interval.

But, besides the impress of priests and emperors, the *lycée* shows the footprints of democracy. By a kind of political irony, conservatism has guarded the results of that Revolution, which seemed to destroy all conservatism. The very Bourbons learned to preserve the substance of its changes, and forgot to restore the old landlords and the old privileges. If we wish, however, to see the influence of the Revolution on society, as well as on politics, we find it nowhere more conspicuous than at school. If an English public school is very apt to become a junior Conservative club, an average *lycée* will have the opposite tendency. Of course we do not need to go to France to find schoolboys who scoff at titles. The new-comer at Eton who boasted of his birth was rewarded with "one kick for your father the marquis and another for your uncle the duke." French equality could not go further. But there is more in a French *lycée* than a disregard of titles, which seldom after all outlives school-life, either in England or elsewhere. There is a disregard of fortune.

The instinctive English disrespect for a man who is as poor as a church mouse is not entirely absent at English schools. The same boy who kicked the aristocratic new-comer would probably prefer his society to that of a plebeian new-comer out at elbows, even if he were the son of a Faraday or a Coleridge. It is indeed too probable that the threadbare person would be spared humiliation by being denied admission. But let a stranger visit a large Parisian school, like *Lycée* Fontanes or Charlemagne, when the afternoon drum has released the boys and they are crowding to the entrance; he can not shut his eyes to the fusion of ranks there. The most casual glance shows him the rich and the poor meeting together; and the masters will tell him there is a fusion of sects as well as of fortunes. There is perhaps only one single case in which a man's religion is known by his face; and the English spectator would soon pick out the boys of this recognizable "persuasion." But in addition he would find Protestant, Catholic, and non-descript arm in arm. Charlemagne and Fontanes happen to be the only two day-schools among the *lycées* of Paris; they have no full boarders. Pupils come to them from families in the neighborhood, and from the boarding-houses, clerical or otherwise, which send their boys during the day for secular teaching, and withdraw them at night, to provide for their other wants. The *lycée* of the commoner type is itself a boarding-house; and the religious needs of the boys are supplied by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains (*aumôniers catholiques, ministres protestants et israélites*), who come for the purpose at stated hours. But, so long at least as they are in the class-room, the scholars are not reminded of their religious differences. They learn no lesson of religious animosity at school, however quickly they pick it up out-of-doors. The Catholics are the large majority; but the toleration is said to be nearly perfect. The Revolution seems in this case to have made a very near approach in practice to that religious equality which it has always taught in theory. It is the greater pity that when the boys become men they unlearn this school-lesson. It ought to be added that the occasional complaints made about the intolerance of teachers apply chiefly to the primary teachers in the country districts, where the temptations to abuse authority are stronger than in a Parisian *lycée*, the teachers being inferior men, and not equally under the eye of public opinion. After every excuse is made, it will still be very singular, and not altogether satisfactory, if equality, the prime gain of 1789, should be more honored in the *lycées* of Napoleon than in Guizot's grammar-schools.

Look again at the boys before they have left

school. How much can physiognomy and "ocular inspection" tell us of their character? Not a great deal—perhaps nothing more than the commonplace, "Boys will be boys." But it is refreshing to verify that ancient maxim in a country where all the boys are doomed to be soldiers, and where we might therefore expect them to pass all their school-days subject to bondage, from fear of the drill-sergeant. On the contrary, their games are hearty without being Spartan; and neither schoolmaster nor drill-sergeant may test their endurance by the lash. The Revolution venerates the human person even in the "untamed animalism" of the boy, and strictly forbids birching. Reward and not punishment is the inducement to learn. Philosophers have long debated which is the stronger motive, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. The English as a general rule adopt the first alternative, the French the second. "Courage," said the firemen to their dying comrade, pulled too late from the ruins of the *Magasin du Printemps*, "you will be decorated," where the English consolation would have been, "You will escape dishonor." In the case of school-boys in particular, we have good means of comparing French rewards with English punishments. There are several able teachers in Paris and all over France, who have had experience of both systems; and they declare for the French. They profess to find the French boy more willing to work, more attentive in the class-room, and more subject to discipline. There is certainly no lack of keenness in competition. Boy competes with boy in the same class, and the picked pupils of one *lycée* compete with the picked pupils of another. *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam Præmia si tollas?* Cambridge itself does not apply this motto more confidently to education; and the doubtfully good result of ardent rivalry is said to go along with the undoubtedly good one of perfect discipline. We must accept the statement on faith; and our faith is apt to become skepticism when we look at the matter critically. We are puzzled, for example, by the unwillingness of the authorities of a school to admit strangers into the class-rooms during lesson. Every stranger who asks for this privilege in Paris must wonder at the difficulties put in his way, even when he is fortified with the all-important "*autorisation*" from the rector of the academy or the prefect of the Seine. If he is so persevering as to gain his point, he may, after all, see no reason for the reluctance. But, let him press the teachers to explain it, and they will in most cases confess that it was a question of discipline. If they can barely control the boys when they are alone with them, how can they do it when a stranger's presence lays the

last straw? Fortunately, the classes are never disturbed through any childish "taking of places" by physical locomotion; the superintendent of a *lycée* is not likely to allow a stranger to visit any class that is not under the tight control of its teacher; and in Paris we may expect to find the best of teachers, and therefore the best of discipline.

Paris no doubt is not France; but in everything except morals it has probably the best of everything French. In schools as in dainties it has the first choice. Public opinion means something more powerful in Paris than it does in the provinces; it is more critical of public servants; and the eye of watchful boards and councils can scrutinize them with greater ease. It is the center of the system of rewards as well as of all other machinery. To be called to London may not always be the highest possible promotion to the English teacher; but to be called to Paris is certainly so to the Frenchman. The professor in a Parisian *lycée* has probably served many years in a provincial *lycée*, say at Lyons, Orleans, or Boulogne. He has the stamp of government upon him. He has suffered many things of many examiners. If he is teacher of Latin and Greek, it is probable that he became Bachelor of Letters when he was sixteen, this degree forming not the end but the beginning of a French university course, and perhaps most nearly corresponding to the matriculation of London University. Then he probably heard lectures for a year; and proceeded to pass the more difficult examination for the "licentiateship" in his special subject, thereby becoming qualified to serve his apprenticeship as a teacher. After three years of this apprenticeship he surmounted one more examination, the greatest trial of all, and became "Associate in Letters." All his examinations were thorough, so far as they went; and they would undoubtedly have kept him out had he been an incapable man, which is perhaps all the good that any examination can ever do. The last of his trials differed from the first chiefly in being far more minute and special; and it tried his nerves as well as his brains more severely than the rest. One part of it consisted in teaching an imaginary class, in presence of his examiners. It was, moreover, a competitive examination; and our professor was perhaps one out of half a dozen "selected candidates," sifted out of a score or more. But, this trial past, he had no more to fear. Once associate, he was assured of an appointment "for life or for fault." He had gained the title and standing of a professor in a government secondary school. The authoress of "*Villette*" has accustomed us to the wide Continental use of the word "professor." Indeed, the schoolmasters who bear this

name are the stuff out of which the university professors are made; and there are many of them, in Paris and out of it, whose lectures to their school-pupils would do no discredit to any university. An Englishman wonders that so able and well-informed a body of men make so little of the *nexus* of cash payment, and are content with mere schoolmaster's work. But the position of a "professor" is independent. He has nothing to do with the boys after leaving the *lycée*, unless in the way of correcting their exercises. The internal arrangements of the boarding-house are managed by the warden, proctor, and bursar, if one may so translate *proviseur*, *censeur*, and *économe*. The professor needs care for none of these things. As soon as the drum beats, at close of the afternoon, he goes on his way home, light of heart. The ushers (*répétiteurs*) will make the boys prepare their lessons for his class that evening; but he himself, if his pile of exercises be not too high, may be at his ease. He may follow the devices and desires of his own heart, whether they lead him to write a learned book, in order to get a professor's chair of another kind in a university faculty, or whether they lead him to eke out his salary by private lessons, and count the days until his sixtieth birthday, when the drum will dismiss him for the last time, and his salary will become a pension.

It may seem a paradox to add that not only French teachers, but most Frenchmen everywhere, are content with "that position in life in which Providence has placed them"; but it is a truth. The same feeling that makes Frenchmen so reluctant to emigrate makes them willing to acquiesce in the inevitable, as the Turks in Kismet, murmuring their Job-like "*Que voulez-vous?*" "It can't be helped!" There is ambition everywhere; but the friction of competition seems to be less cruel than in England. There is a struggling crowd; but there is less damage to the sides and toes. When men have a good post, they are proud of it, and do not grumble that it is not better.

This feeling is not a mere listless conservatism. It may even tell in favor of reform. M. Paul Bert, the Forster of French education, was recently asked how he explained the apparent acquiescence of his Catholic countrymen in his sweeping educational reforms, involving, as they did, the establishment of at least two startling novelties, compulsory education and secular education. He replied: "They are accepting compulsory education because they are beginning to understand the blessings of education; and they are allowing us to take the schools out of the hands of the clergy, because they are indifferent on that subject. Fortunately for us, the ma-

jority of the people are rather hypocrites than fanatics." But he added (what is more to the present point) that the average Frenchman has such an habitual respect for law that he will quietly submit to a measure when it is an act, even if he had disagreed with it when it was a bill. Englishmen are wont to thank Heaven that they are not as other men are, who pay no respect to the law of the land; but, if M. Bert's analysis of this feeling is right, it is not wholly a feeling to thank Heaven for. In his own Catholic countrymen he thinks it means partly a dread of *gendarmérie*, partly a genuine reverence; and the genuine reverence means that deep regard for authority which has been dyed into the people by centuries of Church training. It is possible that our own first lessons in discipline came in the same way, through the Church. But at least we can understand that our neighbors, from having been longer under the Roman schoolmistress, have more perfectly entered into the spirit of her lessons. The same explanation, on principles of "heredity," may account for the superior tractableness of French schoolboys. The notorious helplessness of French masters in an English schoolroom is not paralleled by any corresponding weakness of English masters in France, if reports are true.

There is abundant proof, however, that the French respect for law is due to a strength and not to a weakness in the national character, namely, to the national talent for organization. It is possible for a man to be singularly skillful in making rules, and reducing all his work to system and method, while at the same time he has ideas too great for execution, and is led from time to time to break the network of his system, in a vain attempt to force these ideas into it. In the same way it is possible for a nation, that possesses great powers of organization, to fall from time to time into political confusion by attempting too much at once. If the French lack anything, it is not at least the readiness to provide machinery, or the will to give it trial; and it is on these points that we may learn from them. Their system of public instruction, with its ramifications of primary, secondary, and superior, represented by parish school, *lycée*, and university faculties, is a tolerably complete machine, needing, it may be, improvement, but not reconstruction. Educational reformers in France—men like Bert, Gréard, Bréal—may be said to have only one end in view; and that is to make education more democratic. The "open career" must cease to be a figure; the *βλος τέλειος* must be possible to every man. But, to secure this end, they say that three changes must be made in the French system. Primary education must be made compulsory, and therefore free and sec-

ular; secondary must be so connected with primary and superior that the poor man's son may be able to rise from the first to the third with the least possible difficulty; and in the third place the old narrow conservatism in regard to the subjects taught in the higher schools must be relaxed.

How is the son of a workingman or of a farm-laborer to reach the highest heights of learning? This question will inevitably meet us in England as soon as we have put our school boards in order and have time to look beyond the barest necessities of intellectual life. We know that in England it is hard for the laborer's son, handicapped by poverty, to scrape together enough Latin and Greek to win a scholarship at an English college; and the public schools are too dear for him. How do matters stand on the other side of the Channel? M. Paul Bert is fond of telling how, in a country walk, he picked up a peasant-lad by the wayside, found out his talents, and made him use them in gaining a bursary, by means of which he is now studying in a provincial *lycée*, on his way to the university. On the whole, sheer merit counts for more in France than in England. But even in France the three systems of primary, secondary, and superior are not sufficiently connected, otherwise the intervention of such a special providence as M. Bert would not have been needed to convey plowboys to the university. The three systems have by no means been steps of one ladder. By an English standard the fees in a *lycée* are not high; even in Paris they are, for boarding and tuition, only about four pounds per pupil a month for the lowest, and five pounds for the highest classes; and the fees are frequently remitted in the case of the poorer pupils. Still it is confessedly a rare thing for the very poor to rise from parish-school to *lycée*. The very programme of the *lycée* was formerly arranged on the assumption that such a thing could not happen. The *lycée* is not merely a secondary school. It is meant to give a boy all the education he needs from the time he leaves home to the time he goes to the university, the army, or the "school of arts." The paternal French Government prescribes the work to be done in the eight or nine classes of a *lycée*, as our own lays down the code for the board-school. The classes of a *lycée* are divided into three groups, the elementary division, the division of grammar, and the superior division. In the classes of the first group (IX, VIII, VII), a boy will learn the three R's and something more. He will study his own language, and receive his first introductions to history and geography. In the division of grammar (classes VI, V, IV) he will learn Latin, Greek, with English or German, while he continues to

study the three R's and his own language. It is a virtue of all French schools that they train the scholar well in French. At the end of "grammar" a boy may, if he likes, pass an examination and receive a certificate in grammar, qualifying him, e. g., to begin his studies for some of the inferior medical appointments. But, if he thinks of the university, he goes on to the superior group of school classes (III, II, and I), where he gains a minuter knowledge of ancient and modern languages, history, and geography, and adds a little philosophy. If he is not to be a man of law or of letters, he may substitute scientific studies for some of the advanced literary subjects of the programme; and the *lycée* is often connected with a "preparatory school," which gives a training for special professions.

This is the case, for example, with the Parisian *Lycée St. Louis*, from which most of the above features have been taken. But in truth a French *lycée*, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or Boulogne, in Doubs, La Vendée, or Algeria, is essentially the same institution, working after the same plan, and obeying the same rules. There is no "bazaar" of secondary schools in democratic France, as in aristocratic England; there is a single type. To understand how these schools are related to the "Faculties" of the university, we have only to think of the relation between the university and the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Suppose the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to be elementary as well as secondary in their instruction; suppose boys to enter them at ten or eleven, and leave at eighteen or nineteen; suppose the discipline of school instead of the liberty of college-life; and, lastly, suppose the colleges to be scattered up and down the country and even over the colonies, instead of being congregated in one town; that would be a near approach to the system of secondary education in France. The "Faculties" of the university, the several professors of law, language, philosophy, and science, throughout the country are the common Board of Examiners, who examine the pupils of the *lycées* for their Bachelor's, Licentiate's, Associate's, or Doctor's degree. The expression "University of France" has, it is true, a wide sense; it means rather an Education Department, the Department of Secondary Education, than a learned body; and, as such, it includes the *lycées* as well as the institutions which we in this country would call universities. But, as there are *lycées* all over France, so there are "Faculties" of the university, groups of university professors, in all the chief towns. Their lectures are free as air; they are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, rank, fortune, or qualification. Luckily or unluckily, they have seldom any near bearing on a student's work

for his degree, and he is under no necessity to attend them. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bona-fide* students fill the lecture-room of M. Caro, M. Renan, or M. Beaulieu. But it is well that those whose education has been neglected in early life should have so pleasant an opportunity of remedying the neglect in their riper years. Knowledge can not be made too cheap.

Let us, however, go down the ladder again, in order to see whether the poor man's son can ever make his way up to a university degree. The present authorities are removing one or two obstacles in his way. For the future, if he does not draw the marshal's *bâton* out of his knapsack, it is to be his own fault. Till very recently it was not possible for a boy to resume his studies, on entering the *lycée*, at the exact point where he had stopped them on leaving his own parish-school. He learned no Latin at the parish-school; and, if he came to the *lycée* and wished to begin Latin from the beginning, he must be put back to the eighth class, which in all other subjects would be too elementary for him. The remedy has been found in the deferring of Latin till the fifth class of the *lycée*; and steps are being taken to develop the system of bursaries and scholarships, so that poor boys may have abundant facilities for passing from board-school to high-school. Perhaps our English remedy would have been not to defer Latin in the *lycée*, but to introduce it in the elementary school. But the French draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education. No subject is taught in the primary schools that is not deemed absolutely necessary for all citizens; and all the subjects that are to be studied by a boy at school are introduced to him in his very first year. Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history, and general geography, these six studies make up the entire literary programme. The child receives in his first year a sketch which he fills up in detail during the later years. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject. These main outlines are the code for all primary schools. Nothing is fixed and rigid, however, except the main outlines. The primary system of education in France is, on the whole, a system of local self-government. Within the bounds of the general programme, each department may fix the books and subjects for its own schools in its own way. There is an *Organisation Pédagogique des Écoles Publiques du Département de la Seine*, and similar local codes for the other eighty-six departments of France. Our neighbors are at present in somewhat the same critical position in which we found ourselves in 1870, when Mr. Forster's act was

passed. They are adopting great changes in popular education, and they are fully alive to the difficulties of the question. Some of our English solutions they reject very emphatically. M. Buisson, the writer of a small pamphlet, "*L'Instruction Primaire en Angleterre*," which caused some stir last year in educational circles, condemns our system of "grants," or "payment by results," as "encouraging, both among teachers and among parents, a mercenary spirit little adapted to raise the intellectual level of the English masses." The French way of rewarding a good teacher is to promote him from a provincial school to a Parisian, or to make him an inspector. A more important difference at the present crisis is in the treatment of religion in the school. Till now, the French schools, primary and secondary, have been far more demonstratively religious than our own. Thousands of their teachers have been clerical; and the crucifix and the Virgin have been included, with tables, chairs, and clocks, as part of the ordinary furniture of a school. Only a few months ago, M. Hérold, the Prefect of the Seine, gave general offense, and brought on Gambetta's government a not undeserved censure from the Senate, by sweeping all these emblems out of the primary schools of Paris in a foolish fit of iconoclasm. But, "if that in the green tree, what in the dry?" The present change in the law will go beyond M. Hérold; it will exclude even the English "time-table." The experiment of a purely secular education is about to be made by a nation which, unhappily, shows no great desire for anything beyond it. However un-Roman our creed, we can not regard it as clear gain to France to have dismissed from her schools the enthusiasm and energy of her countless clerical teachers of both sexes. Our best consolation is, perhaps, to look at the enthusiasm of the lay teachers in Paris and Lyons, who conduct the nightly classes of the Association Philotechnique, the Association Polytechnique, or the Union Française de la Jeunesse. These are voluntary associations of educated people, many of them wealthy and in office, who do not grudge to transform themselves into unpaid amateur teachers of adult ignoramuses. They have brought knowledge within the reach of thousands who were never on speaking terms with their schoolmaster; and they are living proofs of the affinity between enlightenment and democracy. The societies themselves are the offspring of popular revolutions. The political zeal of 1830, overflowing into an educational channel, produced the Association Polytechnique. The Philotechnique, which dates from 1848, and the Union Française, which dates from 1875, had a similar origin. It would be absurd to look on these simple societies as the salvation of France; but they

are useful as pointing out where the hope may lie. They point to a store of humanitarian enthusiasm, which has survived the most extreme skepticism in theology, and preserved the essence of Christian charity. A nation whose "better classes" are of this mind has a heart as well as

a head. Even if at present it seem to wish for no religion at all, it has the stuff out of which religion is made; and a time may come when it will be more guided by visions of goodness than by phantoms of glory.

JAMES BONAR (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

CLÉMENT MAROT.

"Are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his farce?"

CARLYLE.

"Rions !—rien n'est plus à la mode ;
Plaisantons ; ne pardonnons rien !"

—MOLIÈRE.

THE old Greek writers used to couple the soul-crushing grandeur of a tragedy with a satyr-drama, a sort of concave mirror. This arrangement either they copied from History or History has copied from them, for how seldom do her tragedies go unaccompanied with satyr-dramas!

Look at the Reformation. For two centuries, ripples of satirical hilarity or downright scurrility, boundless as the ripples of the sea, presaged the coming storm. And then the storm burst and wrote with forked lightning the downfall of the middle ages.

Not that the satirists acted of malice prepense and on set purpose. In turbulent times—

"Men are the play of circumstances when
The circumstances seem the play of men";

and no one can tell what will be the result if he indulge his humorous proclivities. A joke for them often lighted the fog of the Holy Inquisition, and that, in its turn, lighted up the road into the Protestant camp.

Among men so faring, Clément Marot was, in France at least, conspicuous. His satirical quill vexed the sacerdotal ear-drum into desperation. His piercing piccolo-fife penetrated the dullest cold of self-sufficient arrogance in the priestly numskull. And people enjoyed it. For the gross worldliness of the clergy generally had put everybody in a temper to dissociate men from their offices.

But there is nothing puffy, blustering, or Huddibrastic in his onslaught. It is good-natured banter fashioned into epigrams. His language, if it is undress language, gabbling on, as it were, in the hop, skip, and jump of careless conversation, is always the undress language of the gentleman and scholar, endued, homespun as it is, with such cheerful animal spirits and such

rich, rare qualities of humor as to presently remind you of Massinger's "carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock."

Yet, notwithstanding this richness, he never chokes you with his cream. The rig of his genius is peculiarly striking. With lithe and nervy strength, he leaps forth like a damascene blade from its scabbard, dealing death and glittering brilliancy in a hundred places. Your corner-ruffian lays his dirty fist on your eyelids and induces an application of lamp-post or raw beef; Dickens's churchyard imps peak their sugar-loaf hats into the grave-digger's eyes, causing excruciating tortures. It is all nonsense, as you might say. But, then, it takes much sense to write such nonsense.

And the uses of satire in the advancement of thought are almost boundless. Like a gallant miner and sapper, it boldly attacks the bulwarks of pride, bigotry, and every other kind of stuck-upness, slyly undermines them, fills them with the dangerous dynamite of fun, and shatters the poor earthworks of the enemy with destructive detonations of laughter.

To do this kind of work the sapper must needs be somewhat like Clément Marot: a gay fellow enough on horseback, who probably drained many a crock of white wine, and quite possibly kissed more than one pair of lips in his lifetime, a man who would untie the king's shoe-latches, chaff him or ride with him into the thick of the battle where "all was lost save honor," then listen to the Royal Psalmist singing of that in the soul of man which is as everlasting as the semipiternal, snow-clad peaks among which he is soon to wander forth a fugitive from France.

We have almost given an epitome of Marot's life in these few words. After the battle of Pavía, in which he was wounded and taken prisoner

with Francis I, whose *valet de chambre* he was, the clergy saw him at once into safe custody when he reappeared at Paris, unprotected, for Francis was detained a prisoner at Madrid. The charge was heresy, not at all a trifling matter in those days. Francis returning, Marot was indeed set free through the king's personal intercession, but new persecutions soon drove him to Geneva, where, it is said, he turned Calvinist. The smileless rigidity of predestination may not have been uncongenial to his temper; for, like Swift, Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Cervantes, Lamb, and Molière, "there's not in him a string of mirth but has its chord of melancholy." His face bore the true Calvinistic stamp, and his and Beza's version of the Psalms, though like all his writings a mere string of epigrams, were long in use by the Protestant churches of France. From Geneva, for reasons unknown to-day, he went to Turin, where he died in 1554 in destitution. His birthplace was Cahors, in southern France, the native town of Gambetta.

It may not be amiss to mention that both Marot's father Jean and son Michel were poets of some little note.

To widen the glimpse we have taken above of Clément Marot's character, why—like master like man. Give the adjective gallant the two accents of which it is susceptible and you have a fair idea of both king and valet.

And, if in Marot's poetry the second accent on gallant is rather too strongly marked for much of it to be good reading for unmarried ladies, what, tried by the present standards of decorum, becomes of much of our old English poetry? Could Shakespeare be read in young ladies' boarding-schools excepting in expurgated editions? The comities of the sexes were different then from what they now are. If you would walk with the great spirits of the sixteenth century, you must not let your mind be clogged with the finalities of the nineteenth.

"He who the poet's speech would understand,
Himself must go into the poet's land,"

as Goethe says, introducing his "Notes and Dissertations on the West-Oestlichen Divan."

Of course, there will always be old maids, male and female, who will pretend to be outraged at the Belvederean Apollo and the Medicean Venus, dry, uncomprehensive spirits for whom it is impossible to follow Samuel Johnson's counsel, "Endeavor to rid your mind of cant." Molière has a good joke on them. When "*Tartuffe*" was prohibited in Paris the second night, he stepped forward and said to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, we were going to play *Tartuffe* for you to-night; but M. le Président will not have us put *him* on the stage."

So much for Marot the man.

Before considering the poet, let us remember that the French of his day permitted inversions and ellipses no longer sanctioned. This enables him to make the sense-words, the verbs especially, stand out in laconic unassumingness, and his style jogs on with the calmest ease and unconcern imaginable.

It is no wonder, then, that his should be the first name of note on the long muster-roll of masters of French poetry. But to appreciate the full stature of his genius it must be kept in mind that he became the founder of a school which is not yet extinct—far from it—in French poetry, and the benches of which have been graced by a Voltaire, a La Fontaine, and Jean Baptiste Rousseau.

Nor was he a mere rough-hewer of poetic work elaborately tooled by daintier or mightier spirits. *Le style Marotique* sprang from him complete and finished like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Whoever else have worked in it, excepting not even the three illustrious names we have just mentioned, have been mere imitators, following at times with exquisite tact and success Boileau's advice, "*Imitez de Marot l'élégant badinage.*" This simply amounts to saying that what is ordinarily the work of generations was accomplished by his single brain—the creation of a new species of literary composition. Let us consider a branch of literature in process of development under our very eyes, that peculiar species of *American* humor of which the writings of such men as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain are the avatars, and a bland disbelief in superannuated shams the distinguishing characteristic.

Artemus Ward poking the Tower of London with his umbrella in order to test the solidity of the building; Mark Twain's Dan inquiring whether the prepared corpse shown them in the Catacombs be dead; Josh Billings glancing at all the erudite professors of theology and metaphysics and at whatever other word-mongers may be learnedly dishing in the unfathomable depths of the unknowableness of the unknowable, with the shrewd, spruce saying, wise as any of Solomon's, "You had better not know so much than know so many things that ain't so"—are certainly remarkable. But Time is the judge that tries all such offenders, and let Time try them: will not their very names be lost when three hundred years shall have elapsed?

We are afraid so. They are mere factors in a literary movement who followed others; others in their turn will follow them; Marot was the be-all and the end-all. That is what we meant by saying his brain did the work of a generation.

Neither has it been found possible in all these three hundred years, which, since the death of Marot, have been filled to teeming fullness with the wit and thoughts of the literary men of France, to advance beyond the lines he cast in the sixteenth century. It seems as impossible as advancing beyond Shakespeare. "Bating a few words," says La Bruyère, "there is no difference between us and Marot." The reason is obvious enough. In both Shakespeare and Marot the fair measures and proportions of nature became flesh and blood, so as to fall short of them must henceforth be called poor, inane impotency; to go beyond, silly caricature; while he who shall be most truly Shakespearean in his thought or Marotique in his humor, must merit the praise of loyalty to truth and nature. They are both among the few men of three hundred years ago who still powerfully and immediately influence the modern mind.

Both, too, have worn to smoother, gentler outlines. Marot's intellectual wine, as we have seen, had plenty of body, and made people drunk and so uproariously merry, they guffawed the whole clergy of a whole kingdom out of self-complacent somnolency into a keen tiff with the author. This hot, high-proof, spirituous quality has disappeared. But a subtler aroma has been left, or rather has been brought out on the slow removal of those lees of literary compositions, the gross, hot issues of the pending hour, by the reconciling, mellowing influence of time. In this way so fine a bouquet and such delicacy of flavor have accrued to this spiritual vintage of the sixteenth century that it is made a most delicious draught for the modern brain-cell.

Marot's epigrammatic diction and his satiric humor, his happy "live and let live" policy, and, lastly and supremely, that subtlest ingredient in the perfect humorist, a certain arch rascality laughing in the sleeve with an ingenuous invitingness, have interfused and blended into perfect harmony.

And the author's quaint old French—remember, he was born in 1495—is so perfect a body to this perfect soul of humor, that we know of no author, living or dead, to compare with him, unless it be Luigi Pulci, whose "Morgante Maggior," at least the first canto, has become familiar to the English reader through Lord Byron's excellent translation. Both delight to paint, with broad shades and immovable Rembrandtian lights, the carnal-minded clergy of their day. Only, Pulci paints a whole refectory, Marot a cabinet-picture of a figure or two at the utmost.

For his genius is nothing if not epigrammatic. Voltaire says: "Marot has but one style; he sings in the same key the psalms of David and the charms of Alice."

But, then, what he lacks in expanse he makes up for in brilliancy. Three centuries have hurried past his puny pictures on to oblivion; each has dropped down the dust and dimness of forgetfulness from its noiseless wing. And yet, behold, unlike Da Vinci's famous, fated "Supper," they still shine, as of yore, in their inextinguishable brightness. A sparkling little epigram serves for a peg to hang them on, and, hung once in the chambers of our memories, no fear that they will ever dim or be forgotten.

Who, for instance, could forget the classical rejoinder of the servant in "Master Abbot and his Servant-Man"?—

"The abbot's man and he, the man of God,
In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
Seem as each were the other one's twin brother—
In short, two peas resembling one another.
And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.
You wonder what it could have been about?
With a deep sigh the pious prior said:
'At night put the big wine-jug near my bed.
I fear I should expire were I left dry.'
To which fat flunky dared to make reply:
'And you want me to lie all night bereft
Of balmy sleep?—You know I get what's left
In that big jug.—I'm loath to see you die;
But yet—expire. For lose my sleep? Not I.'"

Here Marot is at his best, with lance a-peak riding full tilt at the pious wine-bibbers who were not a little frightened at the sudden onset, and very indignant at him for thus immorally and heretically disturbing their imbibitions.

In fact, the situation is decidedly perplexing. It seems hard on the godly abbot to let him lie the live-long night in fear of immediate dissolution. Yet neither is the poor devil of a servant to blame, declining to let balmy sleep be disturbed in the job of knitting up the raveled sleeve of care by a haunting consciousness in the sleeve-wearer's mind that something to slake one's thirst on may be had by tiptoeing it to master's bedside.

This last line is the flower of the little poem, or rather a wreath engarlanding the very lance-head of its satire.

It is, so far as we know, quite unique in literature; and yet it seems to us that just here Marot lost a golden opportunity. He should have pointed out the advantages of the Maine law.

As a pendant to this evening converse between Master Abbot and his servant-man, let us listen to the morning devotions of a pious prior who, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, devotes his life to seeing how fat he can get on wine and roasted partridges:

"A big, fat prior stretched and kicked his toes,
And with his grandson dallied as he rose;

The broad, bright daylight through the window
streamed,

And, pricked upon the spit, a partridge steamed.
When, rising up, the worthy prelate spat
To clear his throat across the floor, and sat
Upon the bed's edge trumping till his nose
Had roused the cloistered echoes with its blows.
Which being done and hunching by the spit,
He smacked with unction, gave a twist to it,
And but that now and then his fists he licked
Without more fooling off the meat he picked,
Sweet, sizzling crisp—no condiment but salt ;
A prior he of learning ne'er at fault—
Then put himself outside a jug of wine—
And worse wine might be found in France or
Flanders—

And finally, like a devout divine,
In this guise to the throne of grace meanders :
' O Lord ! don't leave thy servant in the lurch—
One has a hard time serving Holy Church ! ' "

Though less pointedly epigrammatic, this portrait is superior perhaps in word-painting. It is certainly redolent of the times and the man, and exhibitiv of his cardinal virtue as a limner, the homely, truthful definiteness of his outlines. The fat, lazy slouch of a prior, lolling and lounging in bed in the broad morning daylight, with the gentle simmer of his roasting breakfast for an undercurrent to his meditations, or hugging himself over the luscious morsel by the kitchen-fire, rises into living reality even to-day as we peruse Marot's account of him ; in the poet's day not a Frenchman but must have heard the fat drip in the dripping-pan. To us this prior has become a myth. He has crossed the equinoctial of Queubus. He courtesies to *Justice Shallow* and *Malvolio*. To Marot and his contemporaries he was as palpable a being as the Reverend Mister Talmage—who is not fat, and no prior—is to us.

The fat prior was, in fact, ubiquitous or nearly so. I remember being shown a Latin composition by some hapless young collegian who had been beguiled, possibly through a mistaken reference to his dictionary, into talking about "vast herds of iron jackasses roaming the plains." The fat priors were no iron jackasses : they had no metal in their composition ; neither did they roam the plains, being too fat to take delight in the vagaries of perambulation ; but otherwise, and *mutatis mutandis*, the description of that mistaken young freshman might apply for once. And, if it be objected that our exceptions reduce it to nothingness, let us be permitted to observe that, as a very good definition of the Buddhists' Nirvâna might be to say that it consists of an axe minus both head and handle, which would by no means mean that it is equivalent to nothing, for there would remain the hole in the axe-head which was not excepted, so if the gentle reader will kindly once more look at our excep-

tions compared with the young student's vivid narrative, he will readily see the unexcepted axe-hole and take our meaning.

At any rate, the contemporary clergy took that meaning, and so, which was worse for them, did the contemporary laity. You may be sure that no one, having read the poem, failed to nudge his neighbor and explain to him that the prior flagellated by the poet must be interpreted to be no other than the particular prior with whose grandson, pot-belly, and swag-chin they were familiarly acquainted, or whom they had heard smack his lips over a roasted partridge or seen wipe his fingers on a piece of bread in default of a napkin.

The clergy, as we have seen, did not at all appreciate our author's wit ; they sent him to the Chartres dungeons. This proves that people do not admire the point of a joke when they are made the butt of it.

But the cream of all that has been produced by Clément Marot's jolly, rollicking genius is his epistle to Francis I. It is the small-talk of a gentleman and man of genius gossiping about a little mishap of his to another gentleman who is at once his sovereign, his master, and his confidant, a splendid specimen exemplification of that charming gift of so many Frenchmen of genius—ability to chat with the pen. Nothing is there like it in the range of epistolary poetry, excepting, perhaps, the chatty audacity of Byron writing to Mr. Murray, and winding up with—

" So, if you will, I won't be shammed ;
And if you won't, you may be damned,
My Murray."

The style of the epistle in the usual Marotique manner is delightfully *bric-à-brac*. Besides, it is suffused with a lambency of humor reckless and towering as the hills, but which never, till the end, throws off its mask of demure sedateness. And the noble purpose of the writer, which is simply to screw "legal tender" out of Francis, is throughout adhered to with the consistency of the innate brass of heaven-descended genius. At last, however, the joke stares you in the face with big, round eyes, and all the midriff-moving properties under the moon concentrated into one broad grin. There's nothing cream-faced about that joke. It is not weak in the spinal column. It shakes you by the hand. It slaps you on the back. Its lungs, those veriest Gog and Magog of hilarity, vie strenuously which shall first blurt out his lurking waggery. It shakes with fun. It wabbles—and you have got to wobble too. In short, this letter is too good for us to spoil by a translation.

And right here let us ask the reader not to admire our translations—only see in them, as in

a glass, darkly, the beauties of the original. *I traduttori traduttori.*

To give a brief abstract of the letter. The introduction is a paraphrase of the adage, "Misery likes company." The king knowing how it is himself, Marot would like to narrate to him how the dogs of mishap have had him by the trousers—that is, if his Majesty care to read.

Next follows a description of the poet's *valet de chambre*, one of the few priceless nuggets of humor in general literature—pure gold in the lump, not drawn out into leaves and filigree:

"I had a valet, a Gascon, a glutton, a drunkard, a brazen-faced liar, gambler, thief, swearer, blasphemer; one who smelled you of the gallows at a hundred paces' distance—for the rest, the best fellow in the world."

Is not this exquisite? Is it not simply Shakespearean—especially the conclusion? Is it Sir John Falstaff in "Henry IV" or the "Merry Wives of Windsor," confidentially giving his opinion of his followers, his henchmen, his hang-dog lads, carbuncled Bardolph, swaggering Nym, and thieving Pistol—the dear, venerable, hang-face rascals?

This gem of a valet enters his master's bedroom while the latter is asleep, puts on Marot's doublet, hose, boots, cloak, cap, and sword, goes to the stable, selects the better horse for himself, leaves his master the worse one, mounts, pricks, and rides off, with an itchy feeling about the neck possibly, but accoutered like St. George, the dragon-slayer.

Worse than all this, the scoundrel had found out that Marot had received a sum of money at the king's gracious hands, and, of course, has made a vastly cleaner sweep of it than the New York Street Cleaning Bureau does of our thoroughfares.

This latter stroke of misfortune Marot pretends, however, to be not at all surprised at. He has always found the king's bounties to him to be invested with a remarkable alacrity in changing hands.

Still, on the whole, Marot, on waking, pulls a pretty lengthy face, as well he might, for he has left neither a sou to his name nor a coat to his back. Yet his Majesty must absolutely resist the temptation to think that this tale was told with the faintest wish to induce another influx of vile pelf from the royal coffers. Not for the world would he have the king think he was like some certain constant spongers on his royal master. His modesty absolutely forbids him to accept another bounty.

He does not insist on declining a loan. If his Majesty be troubled with funds seeking investment, Clément Marot will certainly accommodate him. He will give a promissory note for

the amount. As this is done solely to oblige his Majesty, no interest will, of course, be paid; the note itself to mature at the Greek Calends, or some other equally remote period.

His Majesty can think this over, and—now he comes to think of it—it would really give him pleasure to accept of a loan; because, on account of his late extensive improvements at Clément, he is rather out of pocket just at present. And the old castle of Marot will certainly come down about his ears one of these days, unless things are immediately seen to.

We don't, of course, suppose for a moment that he had property at either of these imaginary places, nor do we think King Francis did. But the request is so richly, exquisitely, naively cheeky, that it is to be hoped his Majesty no sooner read the letter than he found that he was indeed embarrassed with a plethora of the exchequer which every law of sagacious financiering dictated should be invested in the nephelo-coccygian improvement bond which Marot offered.

If anything determined differently, we are afraid it was the wind-up of that letter. After due notice that he is going to inflate his style, Marot closes his epistle by Orientalizing in the following outrageous manner:

"O king, thou lover of the nine Muses; king, instinct with all their sciences; king, more honored than Mars; king, the most king that ever wore crown; may God give you the government of the four corners of the world for a New-Year's present—

"Because you are worthy on't, I ween,

And then—for the good of this round machine";

the last line, the keenest, perhaps, as it is the quietest satire, and the most nonchalantly thrown in one, ever written on the arguments of conquerors and their apologists—the keener for being, apparently, entirely unintentional.

Whatever may have been Marot's success in the immediate purpose for which he penned this letter, on what to him was probably a dreary day enough, it certainly has grown into not the smallest leaf in the garland of smiling immortality, inwreathing the stern and melancholy features of the great humorist.

An Oxford senior wrangler, it is said, on being asked his opinion of "Paradise Lost," turned his palms outward, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What does it prove?" That is a legitimate question to ask about every man's life and his work. What does it prove? What does it teach us? Life is too precious and too short to fribble away on trifles, and least of all on literary trifles. No more pathetic moan has ever rent the air than Hamlet's "Words! words!

words!" It moans the hollowness of men, the emptiness of human brains and human hearts. Who wants to read words for the words' sake? We want to read ideas on which to feed our minds, ideas with which to brace and steel the thews and sinews of our thumping hearts against the struggles we foresee must come without, and more—and certainly more perilous—within.

Again, then, what does Clément Marot teach us? Briefly this, both by his life and writings: Be a man and a gentleman; stand by your king; crack, if you like, your joke, and suffer, if you must, for your conviction. Life and religion are serious affairs. But the ministers of the one and the external accidents of the other may be treated with indifference. In fact, you may

"Laugh at all things,
Great and small things";

and among the latter—at yourself. The gist of his philosophy is couched in Byron's terse and pithy couplet:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter;
Sermons and soda—water the day after."

That is the moral of Clément Marot. "Not a very high one!" I agree with you, though, if you should live long enough, you will find out that never was there sterner moral preaching than is laid down in those two lines, apparently the quintessence of levity. Still, you are right: though a stern moral, it is low morality. Life can not be fought out on that line. That Marot attempted to do so was the limit of his genius, and a partial cause, at least, of the unsatisfactory termination of his career.

At the same time it must be conceded that there is a certain amount of practical wisdom underneath and in it. A little boy, after some days' absence from school, was asked the reason. "My cousin Lucy came to see us, and she staid with us three days." "Then she has left now, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, and when she left she took me on her arm and [bashfully] kissed me." "And did you kiss her back?" "No, sir, I

kissed her right on the mouth." That, practically, is what Marot did. Meeting the dark-eyed siren Life, he did not kiss her back, but boldly kissed her on the mouth.

But the best of teaching, after all, is not what an author teaches us, but what we teach ourselves. What Marot gives us I would classify as the delicious of literature. He has a brooklet way of writing: a smiling ripple here, a sunlit eddy there, a flowery brink, the flowing, murmuring waters, checkered lights and shades scattered along them by the ever-moving branches, a great babbling about small pebbles possibly, gay life and cheerful movement certainly; but the Land of Learning and the glowing mountain-peaks of high thought and the lovely valleys of deep feeling lie far off in the distant background, and are never seen but through occasional openings in the coppice.

Reading him we feel again as we did when, romping boys, we panted up the hillside, or lay down by the gnarly-rooted oaks. Our chests are widening with a freer air. Our brains have rested, and we are ready once more to bother about invoices and our balance at the banker's. We have retreated from the heat and glare of the present into the Arden forest of the noiseless, shadowy past.

And now, if any one should censure us for having brought in so many things that really stand related to Clément Marot no more than Godwin Sands to Tenterden Steeple, we know of no apology to make, unless you will accept Artemus Ward's, who used to talk in his inimitable lecture on "Babes in the Wood" of everything under the sun except the babes, and, when the audience was frantically roaring at one of his modest, unpretending, but truly egregious absurdities, would bashfully rub his hands and explain in a half-apologetic society tone: "This has nothing to do with the subject of my lecture, I know; but it is a peculiar feature of my lectures that they contain so many things that haven't anything to do with them."

WILLIAM J. ECKOFF.

A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FASHIONS in literature are frequently as ephemeral and capricious as are fashions in dress or manners, and authors and books that are the rage and admiration of one generation are sometimes the ridicule, or, at least, the mere amusement of another. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first years of the present, there was no more popular dramatist in Germany, nor perhaps in Europe, than Augustus von Kotzebue; his works were translated into nearly every European language, and were everywhere successful. In England "Misanthropy and Repentance," produced at Drury Lane in 1798, under the title of "The Stranger," furnished John Kemble with one of his finest impersonations, and Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and their successors, as Mrs. Haller, have drawn as many tears from sensitive eyes as ever did their performance of Juliet or Belvidera. The Stranger was a favorite part with all tragedians, both in town and country, until within very recent years, and Mr. Irving threatened us with a revival last season. "The Spaniards in Peru" ("Pizarro"), translated by Sheridan, and stuffed with patriotic speeches that applied to the events and sentiments of the day, crammed Drury Lane to the ceiling for many a night.

Scarcely less successful were two adaptations of "The Natural Son," one by Cumberland, and a second by Mrs. Inchbald, which she entitled "Lovers' Vows." If Kotzebue's plays did not create the sentimental school of drama in England, their influence permeated our stage during quite half a century. The old stock characters, that were so well known to the playgoer of thirty or forty years ago—the virtuous peasant, whose house and scanty purse were always open to the poor and unfortunate, and who spouted interminable speeches upon the duties of man, and the beauties of charity; the betrayed village beauty, and the repentant Magdalen; the broken-hearted father, pious, though strongly given to cursing; the dreadfully good hero and heroine; the villainous steward; the comic, blundering servant, are all children of this school—the inspiration of which was drawn from "Werther" and "Julie"; but Kotzebue and his imitators could grasp only the form and the faults of the originals, the soul and the beauty wholly eluded them. These imitations were successful, however, because they intoned with the spirit of an age that preached and moralized with the relish of a Joseph Surface, that was given to lip morality, of which each man expended so much upon

his neighbors that he had none left for his own use. Alas for the durability of such popularity!—that which once drew tears and evoked shouts of applause, burlesque has found to be excellent food for laughter, and our wonder is how such vapid, sickly sentimentalism could have ever been seriously received. As an author, Kotzebue has long ceased to excite any interest; but in his autobiography he has given us a picture of Siberian and Russian life eighty years ago, which is peculiarly interesting just now, if it be only from a comparative point of view, when the great Northern power is exciting so much attention.

Kotzebue's account of himself, from which the materials of this article are principally drawn, is chiefly characterized by a trivial egotism, which considers the most unimportant acts of his life, and the most commonplace details of his domesticity, to be subjects of universal curiosity. The reader, however, will doubtless be satisfied with a very brief *résumé* of his doings between his birth and his exile. To begin, then: he was born at Weimar of a good family, that could affix *von* to their name, in the year 1761. He tells us that he was a very precocious child; that at six years old he wrote verses, and a comedy that filled a whole octavo page; and that on his seventh birthday he addressed a passionate love-letter to a lady, who afterward became his aunt, reproaching her for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew. Solomon's advice touching the rod was evidently neglected by the friends of this young gentleman. It was the advent of a company of strolling players at Weimar which, he tells us, irrevocably decided his future destiny as a dramatic writer. After his first visit to the theatre, he returns home, "stunned with delight," and, he adds, "I would have asked no greater blessing of Fate than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance." Henceforth the drama and the stage occupy all his thoughts: he starts private theatricals among his schoolfellows, and writes dramas, one of which the great Goethe, who is a visitor at the paternal house, is so condescending as to read.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he had published a number of poems and tales, and written several tragedies and comedies. About 1781 he obtained the post of secretary to the celebrated Russian general, Baron Bawr, and removed to St. Petersburg, where soon afterward he became director of the German Theatre, and where he very nearly got into difficulties with the

Government on account of writing a piece, entitled "*Demetrius, the Czar of Moscow*," founded on a well-known historical fact. A decree of Peter the Great having declared Demetrius to be an impostor, it was little less than treason to style him Czar, even in a drama; and before its performance could be permitted our author was compelled to sign a solemn declaration that his private and personal belief was thoroughly in accordance with imperial ideas upon the subject. Upon the death of Baron Bawr, in 1783, Catharine appointed him titular councilor to the Tribunal of Appeal at Revel. His official duties did not interrupt his literary pursuits, and it was during the next few years that his most celebrated plays were produced. Better would it have been for him had he restricted his pen entirely to the drama; but in 1790 envy and jealousy ran away with it, and he wrote a most virulent attack upon the leading literary men of Germany. About the same time the state of his health compelled him to ask leave of absence from Russia. He returned to his native city; but Goethe, and all men of letters, resenting his scurrilous pamphlet, turned their backs upon him, and this contemptuous treatment, together with the death of his wife, soon drove him from Weimar to Paris. To his Parisian experiences, during a time when the Revolution was just simmering to boiling-point, he devotes a whole book of his autobiography, which I shall pass over, as it does not come within the scope of the present article. At the end of his year's leave he returned to Russia, and in the enjoyment of the Empress's favor seems to have led a very uneventful life, until that sovereign's death in 1796. Soon after the accession of Paul he was suspected to be the author of a pamphlet which reflected upon the government of that capricious despot. Guilty or innocent, he knew full well the consequences that would follow such a suspicion, and fled the country.

Three years afterward, in the year 1800, believing the affair to be forgotten, he applied for leave to return to Russia, in order to visit the estates he owned in that country. A passport was immediately forwarded to him, and in company with his wife, a Russian lady—for he had married again—and their children, he started upon his journey. But no sooner had he crossed the Prussian frontier than he was arrested, his papers seized, and he and his family sent under escort toward Mittau. At Mittau, the governor advised him to leave his wife, proceed on to St. Petersburg, and solicit an interview with the Emperor. Yet, although he was urged to take a much larger supply of linen than was necessary for the journey, even to provide himself with a bed and to change all his money into Russian

notes, no suspicion as to his true destination dawned upon him. The principal persons of his escort were an official with the unpronounceable name of Schtschkatchin, and a courier called Alexander Schulkins; his sketches of these two personages give a curious picture of the Russian official of the time. The first he describes as a man of forty, swarthy almost to blackness, with the face of a satyr, so ignorant that he was unacquainted with the causes of the commonest phenomena of nature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, had never reached his ears, but so devout in outward observances that he never espied a church in the distance, ate or drank, heard thunder, or performed the most ordinary act, without taking off his hat and repeatedly crossing himself. In his habits and manners he outraged every decency of civilized life, drank out of a bottle in preference to a glass, and never used a pocket-handkerchief. The courier was a brute, but of the good kind. His great delight was eating and drinking, and he ate and drank everything that came in his way. When he took soup he threw back his head and, thrusting the spoon as far into his mouth as possible, literally poured the liquid down his throat; he swallowed his meat without masticating it, and with the same canine propensity would seize and gnaw the bones left upon the plates after meals; he could dispatch the largest glass of brandy at a single draught—and any number of them—without showing signs of intoxication.

Upon arriving at Riga, Kotzebue was at length informed that his true destination was not St. Petersburg but Tobolsk. Driven to desperation by the thought of Siberia, he made an attempt at escape, but was speedily recaptured. The kindness and hospitality of the peasantry were the only alleviations to the terrible journey that now commenced in earnest. The slightest act or word of kindness, the most valueless present, would at once win them over, but, while his conductors extorted from them all available food and mulcted their prisoner heavily for payment, they gave their entertainers only curses in return. Upon the road he encountered other unfortunates bound for the same destination, and in worse plight even than himself. One was an old man who had been a lieutenant-colonel; dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, his captors had not even permitted him to dress, and he was now, loaded with irons, a bed-gown and nightcap his only articles of clothing, being drawn along in a wretched conveyance. A quarrel with the Governor of Râzan was the sole cause of his exile. Then there were companies of robbers, chained in couples, among which were several women, marching on foot to the mines. These were es-

corted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village. Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handles of which hung over their breasts and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands were thrust. His first experiences of the dreaded Siberia, however, were agreeable surprises. For days, before crossing the border, he had been traveling through gloomy forests of pine, but now he came upon woods of birch, intermixed with highly cultivated fields, and opulent Russian or Tartar villages, in which the countenances of the peasants were so cheerful and contented that he could not realize that he was in the dreaded country. The windows of the inns were glazed with a kind of transparent pebble, the tables covered with tapestry, images were placed in every corner, and every peasant's house was rich in such domestic utensils as glasses, cups and saucers, etc. On holidays they passed happy groups of youths and girls disporting themselves upon the village green, the latter dressed in white or red and blue; in fine, he describes the frontier parts of Siberia as contrasting most favorably with European Russia.

On the 10th of May he arrived at Tobolsk, and was very kindly received by the governor; but here more ill news awaited him: Tobolsk was not to be his final destination. He was granted permission, however, to remain there for a while until his strength was a little recruited after his long journey. Lodgings commonly occupied by people of distinction who were exiled to Siberia were pointed out to him by the police. They consisted of two rooms which, as the owner was compelled to let them free of charge, were not remarkable for comfort. The windows were broken, and underneath them was a stagnant pond; the walls were naked, or hung with ragged tapestry; and, worse than all, the place swarmed with insects. By a little show of civility to his host he obtained two stools and a table, then he bought a mattress in the town, after which he had to consider himself housed and furnished. His arrival made some sensation among this remote community, as several of his plays had been translated into the Russian language, and when he went to the shops the tradesmen offered in whispers to forward any letter that he might commit to their charge. In the evenings he was permitted to walk about the city, which he describes as large, with broad, straight streets, paved with timber, houses chiefly of wood, and a great square which was crowded by people of all nations. There was a theatre, of which the company was entirely composed of exiles, and in which he witnessed several of his own plays. He describes the heat as being most oppressive during the

day, and the gnats as insupportable during the night. There were five or six hurricanes regularly in every twenty-four hours, which proceeded from every point of the compass, accompanied by tremendous showers of rain, which, however, scarcely cooled the air. Fruit, he tells us, is almost unknown in the country. The governor's garden, the finest in the province, contained little more than a few gooseberry-bushes, cabbages, black-alder, birch, and Siberian pear trees; but on the boards which inclosed it were *painted representations of fruit-trees*. Buckwheat, which reproduces itself without any kind of culture, was in abundance. The peasants never thought of moving or making any use of their manure, which accumulated in such gigantic heaps that at times they pulled down their houses and rebuilt them upon another spot, as the less laborious removal of the two. The cold in winter was as intense as the heat in summer, being frequently forty degrees below zero. Vast expanses of water environed the city, and beyond these stretched immense forests that the foot of man had never trodden, to the shores of the Frozen Sea.

He tells us that the exiles were divided into four classes. The first was composed of malefactors convicted of peculiarly atrocious crimes, whose sentences were confirmed by the Senate. These had their nostrils slit and were condemned to work in the mines of Nerchinsk, where their sufferings were said to be worse than death. The second class was made up of a less guilty order of criminals; these were enrolled among the peasantry or bondmen, their names were changed to those of the people among whom they were settled, and they were employed to cultivate the soil. Like the preceding class, their nostrils were slit, but they were permitted to earn a little by their labors, and thus, by industry, were enabled to alleviate their condition. Those of the third class were simply condemned to banishment, without the addition of any infamous punishment. If they were noble they did not lose their rank; they were permitted to receive their usual incomes, or if they had none, the Crown furnished them with twenty or thirty copecks a day. The fourth division, in which Kotzebue himself was included, contained all who were exiled without legal process, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign; these could send letters to the Emperor or their friends—after they had been perused by the governor. Sometimes, however, they were confined in fortresses and kept in chains.*

* A curious contrast to these experiences of eighty years ago has been recently afforded in some letters of a correspondent to the "Times," in which the present condition of Siberia and its exiles is very minutely described. In these we hear nothing of such barbarous atrocities as nose-slitting, or even of the knout, which he tells us has

Kürgan, situated some four hundred and fifty versts from Tobolsk, was fixed upon as his final resting-place. Upon arriving there, he was conducted to a low-built house, where he nearly

long since been abolished, although the latter is very effectively represented by the *troichatka*, or plait, a whip ending in three lashes. This, however, is used only upon the worst class of malefactors, after repeated offenses, and, according to his statement, only in three places, and it must, consequently, be unknown to the majority of exiles. The painful scenes upon the road, referred to by Kotzebue, are no longer to be witnessed. The prisoners are now all gathered in a central prison in Moscow, whence they are dispatched in droves of about seven hundred by rail to Nizhnee-Novgorod, where they are consigned to a large barge and tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence trains convey them to Ekaterinburg, from which place carriages take them on to Tiumen. They are then distributed to their various destinations, some of which are reached by water, while others have to perform the journey on foot. The four classes are now reduced to two: in the first are contained those who lose all their rights; these wear the convict's dress, and have their heads half shaved. Those of the second class are only partially deprived of their rights, do not always undergo imprisonment, and in any case only for a period, at the expiration of which they become colonists, and live the same as the inhabitants. This writer's description of the prisons is quite at variance with our preconceived notions of Siberia. According to his account, they differ very little from those of Western Europe: the prisoners are employed in various industries, and when their allotted tasks are fulfilled may earn money for themselves; the tread-mill is unknown. Nor is the punishment even of those condemned to the mines exceptionally heavy; it is only for a short season these can be worked, as the ground is frozen hard during the long winter; when at work the miners' food is liberal in allowance, and their period of labor is from eight to twelve hours.

Again, it is somewhat surprising to be told that the great mass of the exiles are mere ordinary criminals, and that only about five per cent. belong to the middle or upper class. But it is not necessary to be a criminal to be sent to Siberia. If a man be idle or drunken, if he do not pay his taxes, or will not support his wife and children, his commune meets in parish parliament, votes him a nuisance, and adjudges that he be sent at the common expense to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. Indeed, one of the objects of Russia in sending such numbers of prisoners to Siberia is, to develop the resources of that part of the empire, of which the great need is population. The average number of prisoners sent thither yearly is from seventeen to twenty thousand. The writer remarks: "Popular rumor asserted that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of Nihilists waiting last spring (1879) in Russia to be sent to Siberia. I can only say that we were in a position very likely to have seen or heard of them, but that we met exceedingly few. Now and then we found political prisoners in the separate cells of the various prisons by ones and twos. At Kara, I believe, there were only thirteen Russian political prisoners and twenty-eight Poles, and my interpreter, when returning from Strelinska along the whole Siberian route, on which such prisoners would naturally travel, met only three convoys. In the first there was one man only, in the next seven, and in the third twenty-one. So that I have come to the conclusion that the number of such prisoners is very much

broke his head in going in at the door; the rooms were mere holes, in which a man could scarcely stand upright; the walls were naked, the window was patched with paper, and a table and two wooden stools were the only furniture. He afterward searched throughout the town for better accommodation, but found most of the lodgings to be even worse than his own. Here his name again stood him in good stead, and on the morning after his arrival he was visited by most of the principal inhabitants, every one of whom brought him something to eat and drink, until he was at a loss for room to store his presents in. At length, however, and at an extravagant rent, he succeeded in procuring a better abode. The cheapness of provisions made some amends for these high-priced lodgings—a loaf of six pounds weight could be purchased for four French sous, a fowl for a sou and a half, while hares could be had for nothing, as the Russians never ate them. His day was chiefly occupied in reading, studying the Russian language, writing the story of his life, and in shooting. There was plenty of excellent sport to be had, and he says that he had never in his life seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight as he saw wild-fowl of a hundred different sorts in droves in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long, and others short ones. There were short legs, long legs; gray, brown, black, and yellow beaks. Woodcocks were equally numerous and various; there were also pigeons and blackbirds in such numbers that when they alighted on a tuft of trees they would entirely cover it. Toward the end of autumn the game multiplied prodigiously. Wherever he walked there were the most beautiful flowers, whole tracts of land were covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly southernwood; multitudes of horses and horned cattle grazed at will, and the weather, although a day seldom passed without a storm, was remarkably agreeable.

An invitation from the assessor to be present

less than is commonly supposed." A Pole, with whom the writer conversed, told him that, though condemned to the mines, he worked in them or not pretty much as he pleased; another confessed that, although under the same sentence, he never worked in them at all, but was put to lighter labor. Another remarked that he would sooner remain where he was than return to Russia. "It is a well-known fact that, when the present Emperor offered liberty to certain Poles whom his father had banished, some of them chose to remain as they were." Several of the richest men in Irkutsk are exiles, and the average peasant exile is better off there than in Russia.

In gratitude for the exceptional privileges granted him during his investigations of the prisons, the writer may have touched his descriptions with a little *couleur de rose*; but, even allowing for that, they give a very novel idea of that terrible country of which the supposed horrors have passed into a proverb.

at the festival of his patron saint, which in Russia is a more important celebration than even a birthday, and at which all the principal people of the place were to be present, afforded him a curious picture of Kürgan manners. As he enters the house he is stunned by the noise of five men, who are called singers. "These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room. This was the salutation given to every guest on entering. An immense table groaned beneath the weight of twenty dishes, principally preparations of fish; but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company." The master of the house carries a huge bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he is eager to serve his guests, who continually drink to his health. Every moment our exile expects that the company will sit down to table, but by-and-by all take up their hats and walk away. He asks a friend if the entertainment is over. The answer is, "Oh no, they are gone home to take their naps, they will be here again at five o'clock." He goes with the rest, and, returning at the appointed hour, finds the more substantial food removed, and in its place the table is covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and Chinese sweetmeats. The mistress of the house, a pretty young woman, now makes her appearance with the wives and daughters of the guests, all attired in old-fashioned dresses, and tea and French brandy and punch are handed round. Then card-tables are set, and all play cards as long as the brandy will allow them to distinguish the suits. At supper-time all retire, and the entertainment is over.

This is one of the last of his Siberian experiences, for immediately afterward comes the joyful news that the Emperor, to whom he has written stating his case several months back, has ordered him to be conveyed to St. Petersburg. The day he leaves the town—the 7th of July—is the occasion of a solemn festival. The image of the saint of a neighboring village is brought into Kürgan, and the image of the saint of the town is taken to meet it; the two images exchange polite salutations, and are then borne together to the temple of the town saint, prayers are recited and hymns sung, and after this friendly visit the rustic saint is taken home again.

At St. Petersburg he was reunited to his wife. His design had been to return to Germany, but he was advised not to make the request. The Czar, as a compensation probably for his brief exile, bestowed upon him an estate in Livonia, and restored him to his appointment as manager of the German Theatre, with a salary of twelve hundred rubles. He now discovered that, although the

strictest examination of his papers could not substantiate any charge against him, it was not to his innocence he owed his sudden recall from exile, but to an accident that well illustrates the caprices of despotism. Some years previously he had written a little piece entitled "The Emperor's Head Coachman," which was founded upon an anecdote he had once heard of some generous action performed by the Emperor Paul. This piece was translated into Russian, and, in spite of the advice given him by friends, the translator magnanimously persisted in retaining Kotzebue's name, as the original author, upon the title-page. The manuscript was forwarded to the Czar, who, delighted with the flattering picture of himself that it contained, presented the translator with a handsome ring, declared that he had done Kotzebue wrong, and dispatched a courier at once to Siberia to bring him to St. Petersburg.

But this sudden access of favor was far from assuring our hero of its continuance. Much against his will, he was appointed to the censorship of plays. A more hazardous post it was impossible to occupy, since there was as much danger at times in striking out a passage that might seem to apply to the Czar, and thereby acknowledging its applicability, as there was in passing it, as he might have inquired, "Do you suppose I do these things? if not, why do you consider them offensive?" The instances of prohibited passages and expressions given by our author are exceedingly amusing, as well as highly significant of the jealous tyranny of the Emperor. The word "republic" was not permitted to be spoken, nor was Antony, in the author's play of "Octavia," allowed to say, "Die, like a Roman, free!" In another play the term *Emperor* of Japan had to be altered to *master*. It was not permissible to say that caviare came from Russia, or that Russia was a distant country. A councilor was not permitted to call himself "a good patriot," because he refused to marry a foreigner; nor was it allowable to call a valet an insolent fellow; a princess was not permitted to have a greyhound; a councilor to tickle a dog behind the ears; or pages to muffle up a councilor. The expression "woe to my native country" was struck out, because a ukase had forbidden the Russians to have a native country. A character was not allowed to come from Paris, and all mention of France was forbidden.

So the unfortunate censor lived in a state of constant terror, and never went to bed at night without the gloomiest apprehensions for the morrow, although he never neglected the most trivial precautions to secure his safety. He was most scrupulous, even, regarding the color and cut of his clothes, for even in those things offense might

be given; he was obliged to pay court to women of doubtful reputation who had the royal ear. On the representation of every new piece, he trembled lest the police, ever on the watch, should discover some hidden offense in it; if his wife went out to take an airing, he was fearful lest she should not alight from her carriage quickly enough on meeting the Emperor, and be dragged to the common prison, as had happened then lately to the wife of an innkeeper for such an omission. He dared not utter his thoughts to a friend for fear of being overheard or betrayed; he could not divert his mind by reading, as every book was prohibited; nor could he commit his thoughts to writing, as the police might enter his rooms at any moment and seize his papers. When he walked out it was always bareheaded, for no man was allowed to be in the vicinity of the palace, whatever the weather might be, with covered head; and he was constantly reminded of what might at any moment be his fate, by meeting some unhappy wretch on his way to prison or to the knout. And he calls upon the whole city of St. Petersburg to witness whether this picture of the condition of the Russian capital at this period is too highly colored.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the Emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the 'Hamburg Gazette,' and in other public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph: "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the powers of Europe can not agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat, bringing with them as seconds and squires their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by Generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuzoff. We know not if this report is to be believed; the thing, how-

ever, does not appear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and comment were actually published.

In the spring of 1801 Kotzebue was relieved from his apprehensions, and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation, by the death of Paul and the accession of his son Alexander, who at once proceeded to repeal the more objectionable enactments of his predecessor. But our author had had enough of St. Petersburg, and he petitioned to be dismissed from the management of the theatre and to be allowed to return to Germany. But the restless vanity of the man could not long content itself in any place, and after wandering about Italy and France for several years, and publishing various books, descriptive of his travels, we again find him in the service of the Russian Czar, who in 1813 appointed him consul-general at Königsberg. After a while he resigned this post, and made his reappearance at Weimar, ostensibly as a private man of letters. Having been received as such, and having made good his social position, he suddenly declared himself to be the accredited Russian diplomatic agent at the little court; in other words he was a Russian spy who received fifteen thousand rubles a year for transmitting extracts from the newspapers and other publications, and reporting to the Emperor, who was desirous of influencing the affairs of Germany, every fact that was inimical or friendly to this purpose. His next move was to establish a journal in which he opposed all progress, and the liberty of the press. A paper intended only for the eye of the Emperor Alexander, in which Kotzebue described one of his opponents in journalism as "the most detestable instrument of hell," at length, in 1818, revealed the full treachery of this literary hireling, and raised a cry of indignation against him throughout Germany. The exposure compelled him to quit Weimar. He next took up his abode at Mannheim, where he resumed his perfidious work, and, at a time when all Germany was yet ringing with the echoes of the French Revolution, proclaimed himself the enemy of liberty and the friend of despotism. This alone would have been sufficient to have brought down upon him the indignation of the enthusiasts; but when to this was added the knowledge that he was the mouth-piece of a foreign despot, who was desirous of establishing an authority over the country, indignation rose to ungovernable hatred. He had made himself particularly conspicuous in applauding the dismissal of twelve hundred students from Göttingen, on account of a brawl be-

tween them and the citizens, and a morbid young student, named Charles Louis Sand, took upon himself to avenge, à la Charlotte Corday, the cause of liberty and the Fatherland.

On the 9th of March, 1819, he left Jena on foot for Mannheim, and arrived there on the 23d. Dressed in old German costume, and assuming the name of Henricks, he presented himself at Kotzebue's house, on the pretense that he had brought letters from Weimar. After two ineffectual attempts, he at length gained admission, and was shown into a private room; scarcely had the victim crossed the threshold when Sand plunged a long poniard into his breast, and when he had fallen, to make his work sure, inflicted three more wounds upon the body. The noise of the scuffle speedily brought servants and family to the tragic scene, and the assassin was found, dagger in hand, quietly contemplating the dying man. Yet no one attempted to arrest him, and he descended the staircase and presented himself before the throng of people, whom the cries of "Murder!" had already gathered about

the spot, and still flourishing the poniard in one hand, and a written paper in the other, exclaimed, "I am the murderer, and it is thus all traitors should die." Then he fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands raised them to heaven, exclaiming, "I thank thee, O God, for having permitted me successfully to fulfill this act of justice." Upon the paper were inscribed the words, "Death-blow for Augustus von Kotzebue in the name of Virtue."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than, tearing open his waistcoat, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, and fell to the ground. He was now, in a swooning condition, conveyed to prison, but as soon as he recovered he tore off his bandages and made the most desperate efforts to put an end to his life. At the trial his handsome person and his calm exaltation excited the utmost sympathy, and he went to the scaffold devoutly believing that he had performed an act of noble self-devotion, and far more pitied by the populace than was his miserable victim.

Temple Bar.

CHARLES LAMB'S HUMOR.

THE very bitter and sarcastic references to Charles Lamb in the posthumous "Reminiscences" of Carlyle suggest a problem with two sides. The one relates to the quality of Lamb's humor; the other to the limits of Carlyle's insight, and the possibility of his judgment being swayed by considerations *purely personal*. One of the greatest faults that can be found with a writer who deals in any form with topics that closely touch social or critical questions, is the tendency to submerge all general canons of criticism under a merely personal bias. From nothing more than from this cause are the springs of impartial and efficient criticism likely to be disturbed and corrupted. The reverence which should be reserved for that serene and gracious self-denial which, in face of all temptation, will persist in looking straight at the subject and reporting upon it, and it alone, is perverted and bestowed on forcible self-expression and diseased egotism. That this was almost invariably the case with Carlyle is a point which we think could be demonstrated by ample array of instances and illustrations from his works; but this were far too wide a subject for our present limits, and we must content ourselves with asserting here that these "Reminiscences," where Carlyle was writing with perfect freedom and with no thought of

outside criticism, completely establish the fact. Mr. Froude's indiscretion in publishing the work pretty much as it stood has two things—and we think only two—to be said in its favor:

1. That we get here a glass through which we can look back at all Carlyle's writings, and see that his very strength lay in his narrowness—in the quaint and intense play of his own personality over everything with which he dealt, a personality which, in trying to veil itself with a view to effect, originated his humor, and yet constrained and weakened it, in robbing it of all expansiveness and geniality. It has been rather neatly said:

"If Carlyle is admitted to have power as a 'teacher,' then in the very measure of that power is he declared to be deficient in the creative spirit. Shelley said that 'the secret of morals is love, or a going out of self.' Mr. Carlyle, notwithstanding his great *show* of dramatic positions, never really goes out of self, though he shows amazing power of carrying the atmosphere of his quaint and intensely narrow individuality into spheres wholly foreign to it; and hence arises the peculiarly grotesque humor which we so often find in him. It is by means of his sharply individual and sometimes even morbid conceptions that he teaches formal lessons; and, when such a one

does this, he shows himself only a higher pedant, and no artist.

"This attempted infusion of his intense personality beyond the line that must ever divide mere autobiography from dramatic writing—the line, in short, where true creation begins—is what nearly ruins Mr. Carlyle's books as works of art, ingenious and quaintly original though they be. Behind all the wavering images he conjures up, the man himself is seen to manœuvre and sneer or simper; and the echo of his sharp voice, as it dies away in the distance, dins in our ears, and confuses the words of his characters. His humor is of the compulsive and hard-driving kind which humor should not be, and can hardly be and maintain its essential characteristics."

Carlyle's humor is, then, to use a paradox, *ungenial*; and it would seem that he has not the power to appreciate what is truly *genial* in humor. Goethe's sub-acid and cynical by-play put into the mouth of Mephistopheles pleases him better than the more humane humor of Sir Walter Scott's Nicol Jarvie or Dandie Dinmont; and he is bold to assert that Charles Lamb had no humor at all.

2. It is an advantage that such outbursts should have been published, while as yet the facts in regard to others and to Carlyle's relations to them are fresh in the memories of many, and that thus his assertions can be in so far met and repudiated. With respect to Lamb, however, the process is a literary rather than a biographical one; the proofs of Carlyle's injustice and incapacity here depend less on facts than on general impressions. If we show that Charles Lamb himself had, under the veil of true and genial humor, made pathetic confession of all the weaknesses now so cruelly and sardonically charged against him, and in such a manner as to disarm the attack or the reproach of the severest moralist; and if, besides, we find that excuses have been pleaded in mitigation, if not in justification, of certain indulgences—it should surely suffice to attest the fact of an utter lack of genial and comprehensive sympathy on Carlyle's part; and, in restoring Lamb to his true and rightful place as a fine and gentle humorist, demonstrate Carlyle's inevitable incapacity of judgment, and his grim, black-browed injustice toward a whole class of natures at the antipodes from his own. This is our aim, and we believe we shall succeed in realizing it.

As in the case of all true humorists of the more erratic and sentimental class (and Charles Lamb's was essentially erratic and sentimental, notwithstanding an effort to hide his sentiments sometimes, and to seem self-contained and, in the more innocent sense, *worldly*), the "Essays of Elia" are essentially self-revelations. Between

the lines we can read the main points of a biography. De Quincey, it will be remembered, jested about the unimportance of the ordinary facts of biography because, as he said, it was inevitable that a man should have been born; that he should, if too lucky not to have been hanged, have still deserved hanging; or that, having escaped the halter, he should have died in bed. These facts, or such facts as these, will not be specifically communicated in set phrase by your erratic and sentimental humorist, nor are they of importance in view of a general estimate. That Charles Lamb had, as Carlyle says, an "insuperable proclivity to gin" is of less importance than the mental conditions which predisposed to it, and rendered it, as we may say, the almost inevitable accompaniment of his genius, which a true heart would excuse and shroud in reverent silence. Carlyle has grimly spoken of the insanity which haunted the Lambs; it would have been well for his memory if he had spared these words, since Lamb himself, in his half-veiled yet frank "Confessions of a Drunkard," has not ventured plainly to speak of it. That was not because he would have willingly hidden any predisposing cause, but because the tragedy of the suggestion would have broken in on the pathetically-humorous appeal for the sake of which the essay was written. There was a deep in the region of causes which even his playful humor would not justify him in indicating:

"Oh pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance thou mayst virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by miracle.

"Begin a reformation and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? What if the whole system must undergo a change, violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? What if a process comparable to flaying alive have to be gone through? Is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

"I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he had felt of getting rid of the present sensation, at any rate, I have known

him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

"Why should I hesitate to declare that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe I have brought upon it.

"I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful a measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother who, trying his strength with them and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak—the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for a term of life."

The vein of quaint self-analysis and self-portraiture which runs through all the "Essays of Elia," imparting a kind of whimsical unity in spite of the variety and vagary of moods and even of opinions, forms the most attractive element. And how uniformly faithful and comprehensive are his judgments on himself, though half disguised under affected playfulness!—

"My late friend" (he says, writing of Elia) "was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterward became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker, while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd-fellow, till, some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would

stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society, and the color or something else in the weed pleased him—the burs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offenses were sure to arise) he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, What one point did these good people ever concede to him?"

So that poor Lamb was quite conscious of his weakness in the way of offending people by his inveterate habit of jesting and punning. And yet, he pleads that he could not help it. We easily see how, when Carlyle was preaching and moralizing over the fowls, he would come out with, "P-p-perhaps you are a p-p-poulterer!" Something of the same vein of quaint self-analysis we find in another essay:

"In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox when I say that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

"If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorous; a notorious . . . addicted to . . . averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it . . . besides, a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that 'other one,' there in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master with as little reference, I protest, to his stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medications. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the

sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle portion of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least color of falsehood. God help thee, Elia, how thou art changed! Thou art sophisticated. I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself, and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpracticed steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being."

Yet once more we have his confession with respect to the type to which he would doubtless have held Mr. Carlyle to belong:

"I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you up, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mold in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

"As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upward, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downward by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility."

In view of the personal dislike Carlyle formed for Lamb, it may be interesting to read Lamb's eccentric confession of incapacity to love Scotchmen, though too definite conclusions as to actual habit and experience should not be drawn from a playful, erratic, and humorous exercise of the kind:

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They can not like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank), which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretenses to much clearness or preci-

sion in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it was worth. They can not speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You can not cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian. You never see the first suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo-conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You can not hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You can not make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He can not compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops á metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book!' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to 'John Bunce.' 'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can

be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath."

Lamb's humor is, perhaps, not rich, but it is true and rare. The "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," which must be more familiar to most readers than some of his finer and more reserved examples, is surely permeated by a vein of most delicious by-play—full of fanciful irony and humorous suggestion.

Then, for a more refined and ærial spirit—something that lightly carries the ideas into an atmosphere of true exhilaration and hopefulness—"Grace before Meat" should be read; and after that perhaps "Barbara S—," which is not only delicate in every touch, but pervaded by the purest pathos. If Lamb does not in these three essays show that he is a humorist, and, moreover, that he can traverse varied spheres of interest on which to found his humorous sallies, we know not where to find such qualities in the whole range of English literature. It is unjust to judge him as the mere punster and conversationalist. The possession of humor does not of itself imply goodness. But Charles Lamb, in spite of his dram-drinking, was a good man, and his humor draws color from his character. It is always pure, elevating, and fitted to touch to fine issues, to soften the heart and expand the sympathies.

Mr. Carlyle's magnificent and egotistic celebrations of his father and mother, which proclaim, no less than the pæans sung over the perfections of his wife, the over-intense and therefore limiting and discoloring nature of his genius, may well be contrasted with the *naïve* and indirect and surely very humorous style in which Lamb unpretendingly, but not the less effectively, celebrates the virtues of *his* father and mother—their noble hospitality and gentleness, characteristics in which they do not seem to have been surpassed by Carlyle's parents, so egotistically belauded. Read this passage from the close of the essay on "Poor Relations," which, in its suggestiveness and half-veiled pathos, exhibits the very elements so lacking in Carlyle's portraiture, thus making it form, in essential respects, a good alternative to that other—restoring faith in human nature, with all its elevating accompaniments, and insinuating softly the finer elements of influence:

"This theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended

with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was that he and my father had been school-fellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested toward him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer, and would still maintain the general superiority in skill and hardihood of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: 'Perhaps he will never come here again.' He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she

would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application: 'Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.' The old gentleman said nothing at the time, but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it, 'Woman, you are superannuated!' John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront, but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offense. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation."

Of the self-denial and nobility of Charles Lamb's life, one of his biographers gives the following report:

"There was an hereditary tendency to insanity in the Lamb family. Charles himself, it has been said, had for a short time suffered from it, and had spent six weeks in an asylum at Hoxton. The malady next seized his sister with fatal violence. Mary Lamb, borne down with a constant and harassing struggle with poverty (for they were very poor), had been for some time in bad health, which at last resulted in madness. On September 22d, in a fit of sudden frenzy, she seized a knife from the dinner-table and stabbed her bedridden mother to the heart.

"At the coroner's inquest, which was held next day, the jury returned a verdict of lunacy, and Mary Lamb was removed to an asylum, where she gradually recovered her reason. Charles at first bore this sudden and awful blow with an unnatural calmness, which perhaps preserved him from madness. The responsibility which was thrown upon him, however, soon called forth the latent strength of his character. He felt, to use his own words, that he 'had something else to do than regret.' He saw that if his father was to have those comforts which his age and infirmities rendered indispensable, and if his sister was ever to be restored to the soothing occupations and endearments of home, instead of being permanently consigned to a mad-house, it must be through his own exertions. His brother John, though holding a lucrative place in the South-Sea House, with a selfishness which, notwithstanding Charles's affectionate excuses, it is impossible to forgive, never even hinted a desire to share the heavy burden which was thus cast upon him. Charles Lamb felt that he could not contemplate any connection which would interfere with the performance of these sacred duties; and, in accordance with this conviction, his love for the

unknown 'fair-haired maid' was deliberately and resolutely sacrificed.

"During the few months that his father survived Mrs. Lamb's death, Charles gave up almost the whole of his precious leisure to him, and complied cheerfully with all his childish caprices. A letter to Coleridge, dated December 2, 1796, gives a glimpse of the trials he had to undergo to humor and amuse his father:

"I am got home," he writes, "and, after repeated games of cribbage, have got my father's leave to write awhile—with difficulty got it; for, when I expostulated about playing any more, he very aptly replied, 'If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all.' The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh."

"Charles Lamb's first care on his father's death, early in 1796, was to release his sister from confinement. This was opposed by his brother John and some other members of the family, who thought that, as there could be no assurance given that her madness would not return, she ought to be placed under permanent restraint. But Charles was resolute, and, on his entering into a solemn engagement that he would take care of her and support her through life, he was permitted to remove her to his home. From that time they were hardly separated for a day, except when the return of Mary Lamb's illness rendered it necessary that she should be placed under temporary restraint. His income at this time was only a little more than a hundred a year; but he always had a reserve fund sufficient for these emergencies. He watched over his sister's health with painful care, and through life bore the heart-breaking anxiety occasioned by his sister's precarious state and frequent relapses—and which, to a man of his exquisite sensibility, must have been so much more terrible in the presence of any actual misfortune—if not without a murmur, yet with a loving effort to spare her the knowledge of the anguish he sometimes endured. Perhaps this life-long devotion was more truly heroic even than the sacrifice of his love. Many a man capable of the one act of self-abnegation might yet have missed this loving

'To the level of every day's
Most quiet need.'

"Mary Lamb was always conscious of the approach of her illnesses, and submitted voluntarily to medical treatment. Charles Lloyd once met the brother and sister in the fields near Hoxton, both weeping bitterly, walking hand in hand toward the asylum."

And Thomas De Quincey, in one of his less-known writings, thus becomes enthusiastic over Lamb's generosity and goodness, a thing he was less and less prone to be, on the printed page, as he advanced in life:

"The Lambs had heard of my being in solitary lodgings, and insisted on my coming to dine with them, which more than once I did in the winter of 1821–1822. The mere reception by the Lambs was so full of goodness and hospitable feeling, that it

kindled animation in the most cheerless or torpid of invalids. I can not imagine that any *memorabilia* occurred during the visit. There were no strangers; Charles Lamb, his sister, and myself, made up the party. Even this was done in kindness. They knew that I should have been oppressed by an effort such as must be made in the society of strangers; and they placed me by their own fireside, where I could say as little or as much as I pleased. We dined about five o'clock, and it was one of the hospitalities inevitable to the Lambs, that any game which they might receive from rural friends in the course of the week was reserved for the day of a friend's dining with them.

"The very basis of Lamb's character was laid in horror of affectation. If he found himself by accident using a rather fine word, notwithstanding that it might be the most forcible in that place (the word *arrest*, suppose, in certain situations for the word *catch*), he would, if it were allowed to stand, make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and in after-moments he would continually ridicule that class of words by others carried to an extreme of pedantry. The word *arride*, for instance, used in the sense of *pleasing or winning the approbation*—just as Charles Fox, another patron of simplicity, or at least humility of style, was accustomed to use the word *vilipend*, as a standing way of sarcastically recalling to the reader's mind the Latinizing writers of English. Hence—that is, from this intense sincerity and truth of character—Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company, shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked with the sense of what *was* revolting, as by a swift laying bare of naked, shivering human nature. . . . In miscellaneous gatherings Lamb said little unless an opening arose for a pun. And how effectual that sort of small shot was from *him* I need not say to anybody who remembers his infirmity of stammering and his dexterous management of it for purposes of light and shade. He was often able to train the roll of stammers into settling upon the words immediately preceding the effective one, by which means the key-note of the jest or sarcasm, benefiting by the sudden liberation of his embarrassed voice, was delivered with the force of a pistol-shot. That stammer was worth an annuity to him as an ally of his wit. Firing under cover of that advantage, he did triple execution; for, in the first place, the distressing sympathy of the hearers with *his* distress of utterance won for him unavoidably the silence of deep attention; and then, while he had us all hoaxed into attitude of mute suspense by an appearance of distress that he perhaps did not really feel, down came a plunging shot into the very thick of us, with ten times the effect it would else have had. . . .

"I knew Lamb" (he exclaims in continuation), "and I know certain cases in which he was concerned—cases which it is difficult to publish with any regard to the feelings of persons now living, but which (if published in all their circumstances) would show

him to be the very noblest of human beings. He was a man in a sense more eminent than would be conceivable by many people, *princely*—nothing short of that—in his beneficence. Many liberal people I have known in this world—many who were charitable in the widest sense—many munificent people; but never any one upon whom for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

If sometimes Lamb's humor tends to render him even in appearances unjust, he likes to make amends tenderly. Though in his essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," for example, he confesses to some dislike to certain traits in the Quakers, how aptly and beautifully elsewhere he can render atonement!—

"The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones."

Again, see how lightly he can touch the self-pitying side of human nature. He is dealing with the "convalescent," but the convalescent of a particular type; and his touches succeed each other with a perfect sense of fairness, notwithstanding his fine vein of humor, which would tempt to exaggeration and injustice:

"He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

"He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

"He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

"He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor, aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over, and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart."

And this is the kind of man who, though

certainly not without his faults, remained noble in his mind and in his private life, passing through deep sufferings uncomplainingly, and exercising many self-denials, who remained genial, and who ever delighted to relieve the pains and the trials of others—and yet, of whom Mr. Carlyle can write as follows:

“Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once or oftener; a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit, in fact more like ‘diluted insanity’ (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, humor, or geniality. A most slender fiber of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognizable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was cockney to the marrow; and cockneydom, shouting ‘glorious, marvelous, unparalleled in nature,’ all his days had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap, and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something, too, of human, ingenuous, pathetic, much enduring. Poor Lamb! he was infinitely astonished at my wife, and her quiet encounter of his too ghastly London wit by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb!”

Only think of Carlyle’s notion of hospitality and friendliness, and of the reverence and reticence which the giving and receiving of such at-

tentions as these should imply! Charles Lamb and his sister went, Carlyle himself says, “once a day or oftener” to visit him at a certain period. Clearly, then, they went believing that they derived some kind of cheering aid on their thorn-strewn way; believing also, doubtless, that they gave some pleasure, and depending upon the confidence which such mutual intercourse and mutual enjoyment demand. Brave, old, broken-down creatures, affecting a cheerfulness and humor (on Charles’s part still adequate to a pun, alas!) wherever they could, to ward off thoughts of the insanity that dogged them throughout their lives, like some worse Brocken-specter that could not be left behind! They fancied Carlyle was their friend and helper, and went oftener than they were wanted, apparently. But Carlyle does not speak his honest feelings—ah, no! He lets them come and go, and sardonically laughs at them, jests about “imbecility” and “insanity,” and vents his spleen and contempt on paper, to be posthumously given to the world! We shall only say again, let any one who wants a true alternative or relief from Carlyle’s grim and black-browed chuckle of almost brutal self-satisfaction in such self-revelation, take down Elia’s essays, and read that on “Poor Relations” carefully to the end; and then thank Heaven for the beautiful, bountiful gift of true humorous geniality, and, what is yet higher and better, faith in human nature, which is, *pace* Carlyle, happily preserved to us in literature that he would dub cockney and treat with a malignant scowl; as if it were impossible for a cockney to have a heart, or that it were always possible even for a great Scotchman to have a big one.

ALEX. H. JAPP (*Gentleman’s Magazine*).

CANDIDATING; OR, OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTHWEST.*

I HAVE found no class of people in the Southwest so omnipresent as office-seeking politicians. I have visited no neighborhood so remote, no valley so deep, no mountain so high, that the secluded cabins had not been honored by the visits of aspiring politicians, eager to secure the votes of their “sovereign” occupants. In multitudes of such cabins and settlements,

their first impressions in regard to me were that I was either a sheriff, collecting the county and State taxes, or a “candidate” soliciting votes. The one vocation was as general and as universally recognized as an honorable employment as the other. If I did not make myself known as a clergyman as soon as I arrived at many of these out-of-the-way cabins, I was frequently greeted with the salutation:

“How ‘dy, sir? I reckon you are a candidate, stranger!”

Some months preceding each election these

* A chapter from a forthcoming book from the press of D. Appleton & Co., by the Rev. H. W. Pierson, D. D., entitled “In the Brush; or, Old-Time Home-Life in the Southwest.”

aspirants for official honors publicly announced themselves as candidates for the particular office that they sought. In those States where the election was held the first Monday in August, these announcements were usually made the preceding spring at the February county or circuit court. On such occasions the court adjourned for the afternoon, and after dinner the crowds in attendance gathered in the court-house, and, one after another, all the aspirants for all the different offices, State and national, came before the assembled people, announced themselves as candidates, and set forth their qualifications for the office sought and their claims upon the suffrages of their fellow-citizens. Sometimes half a dozen or more would announce themselves as candidates for the same office. In listening to their speeches one would be led to think that the chief excellence and glory of our Constitution was that it secured to every citizen the right to be an office-seeker. "My fellow-citizens, I claim the *right* of an American citizen to come before you and solicit your suffrages," was asserted by a great many of these candidates, and very often by those who could present but a sorry list of other claims for the office sought.

I have often found these gatherings occasions of the rarest interest and sport. On one occasion the candidate's name was *Coulter*, and the office sought was the county clerkship. The incumbent was a consumptive, in such poor health that he had been compelled to spend the winter in a milder climate, and it was doubtful if he would be able to discharge the duties of his office another term. "My fellow-citizens," said Mr. Coulter, "I am very sorry for Mr. Anderson [who was present], our worthy county clerk, sorry that his health is so poor—sorry that he was obliged to leave us last winter, and go and breathe the balmy breezes of a more genial climate. But as he was gone, and there was some doubt about his coming back, I did not think it would be out of the way to try my Coulter a little. I experimented with it. It worked well. I tried it in several precincts. It ran smooth and cut beautifully. I am so much pleased with the way it works that I am determined to enter it for the race." This play upon his name was received with great favor. His old father sat upon a table immediately under the Judge's seat from which he spoke, and gazed up at him with open mouth and the most intense parental pride and joy. The crowd cheered to the echo, and I learned some months afterward that this remarkable (?) display of wit was rewarded by the clerkship sought.

In these public speeches, and on all other occasions, both public and private, this pursuit of office was always spoken of as a "race." The

most common remarks and inquiries in regard to any political canvass were such as these:

"I intend to make the 'race.'" "It will be a very close 'race.'" "Do you think Jones will make the 'race?'" "Smith has a strong competitor, but I think he will make the 'race.'" "I will bet you fifty dollars that Peters will make the 'race.'" "

To "make the race" was to secure an election.

On another occasion, I heard a speaker who had been a candidate for the same office, and had canvassed his county, making speeches in every neighborhood, for twelve successive years. Though I saw him very often and knew him very well, I never heard him speak but once.

A part of his speech I could not forget. It was as follows:

"Fortunately or unfortunately, my fellow-citizens, some twelve years ago I was seized with a strong desire to represent my county in the Lower House of the Legislature of my native State. Fellow-citizens, you all know me. I was raised among you. I was a poor boy. I am a poor man now. I ask you to vote for me as an encouragement to the poor boys of the county, that I may be an example to them—that they may point to me and say, 'There is a man, that was once as poor as any of us, who has been honored with a seat in the Legislature of his native State.' I have taught school a good many winters, and the boys that I have taught like me. They will give me their votes. I have sometimes thought I should have to teach school over the county until I have taught boys enough to elect me."

I can not go through with all of his speech, but his peroration was too rich to omit:

"My fellow-citizens, when I look back over the twelve years since I became a candidate for this office I feel encouraged. When I look back and think of the very few that for years gave me any encouragement, and compare them with the numbers that now promise me their votes, I am proud of my success. I begin to feel that my hopes are about to be realized—that a majority of my fellow-citizens will honor me with their suffrages, and that I shall proudly go up to the Capitol and take my seat among the legislators of the State. But, fellow-citizens, if, unfortunately, I should fail in this election, *I take the present opportunity to announce myself as a candidate in the next race.*"

This candidate was like the suitor whom the lady accepted to get rid of him. Though a large number of his fellow-citizens were very intelligent men, they finally concluded not to vote against him, and allow him to be elected. I afterward saw him in the Legislature, and he was certainly superior to some of his colleagues. He intro-

duced me to a fellow-member from the mountains who could not read or write at all; and told me, privately, that he read and answered all the letters that passed between him and his family and constituents. Mr. George D. Prentice was accustomed to give this legislator from the mountains an almost daily notice in the "Louisville Journal."

After these public announcements were made, the candidates entered upon their work in dead earnest. They often issued printed handbills, announcing the days on which they would speak at different places. They traveled together, and addressed the same crowds in rotation. These political discussions between candidates for the higher offices, such as Governor, member of Congress, etc., were often very able and eloquent. Indeed, I have rarely, if ever, heard more able political discussions than some of these. Where they canvassed a State or Congressional district together, they spoke in rotation, an hour each by the watch, and then concluded with half-hour speeches. This gave to each an opportunity to answer the arguments of the other. As both addressed the same audience, and each was applauded and cheered by his own party, they were both stimulated and excited to the highest degree possible. Each wished not only to gratify his political friends by the ability and skill with which he discussed the questions at issue, but to secure from the audience as many votes for himself as possible. They were like lawyers before a jury, each anxious to secure a verdict in his own favor. I have often thought that this method of conducting a political campaign had many advantages over that which generally prevails in the Northern and Eastern States, where a candidate, with no ability to speak, is nominated by a caucus, and the parties afterward meet in separate mass-meetings, and the speakers convince voters that are already convinced and annihilate opponents that are not there. In this manner neither party has the opportunity to correctly and fairly represent its views to the other.

But public political discussions made but a small part of the labor performed by the great majority of these candidates. They solicited the votes of the people in private, and on all sorts of occasions. Some of them mounted their horses, and went from house to house together as thoroughly as if they were taking the census. A story is told of two opposing candidates who spent a night together at a cabin. Each was anxious to secure the "female influence" of the family in his own favor, and one of them took the water-bucket and started for the distant spring to get a pail of water, thinking to make a favorable impression on the hostess by rendering her this aid in preparing the coffee for their supper. His opponent,

not to be outdone by this master-stroke of policy, devoted himself to the baby with such success that he won its favor, and succeeded in getting it into his arms. The other candidate returned from his long walk with his well-filled water-bucket, to see his opponent bestowing the most affectionate caresses and kisses upon a baby that very sadly needed a thorough application of the water he had brought, and to hear him pour into the mother's charmed ear abundant and glowing words of praise for her hopeful child. The water-bucket was set down in despair. It is quite unnecessary to say which of the candidates secured the vote from that cabin.

These candidates were always to be found at all large gatherings of the people. They were to be seen at barbecues, shooting-matches, corn-huskings, gander-pullings, basket-meetings, public theological discussions, and all sorts of religious and other gatherings of the people. Here they were busy shaking hands with everybody, and using every possible expedient to win their votes. My friend the late Rev. Dr. W. W. Hill, of Louisville, Kentucky, related to me a very characteristic and amusing incident, illustrating this style of electioneering.

While rusticated, quite early in his ministry, at a somewhat celebrated medicinal spring among the hills, he was invited by his host to go with him to a public discussion on the question of baptism, that was to come off in the neighborhood between two distinguished champions, holding opposite views in regard to the "subjects" and "mode" of baptism. Judge C——, a candidate for Congress from that district, who had a very wide reputation as a skillful and successful electioneer, was present, as polite and busy as possible, shaking hands with everybody, and inquiring with wonderful solicitude after the health of their wives and families. At the close of the services, or, as the people there would say, "when the meeting broke," his host invited the Judge and several of his neighbors to go home with him and eat peaches-and-cream. He said his peaches were very fine, and his wife had saved a plenty of nice cream for the occasion. The invitation was accepted, and a very pleasant party accompanied him to his house. When the company were seated at the table, the Judge found the peaches very rare, the cream delicious, and was profuse in his compliments to both host and hostess. At length the host said:

"Well, Judge, what did you think of the discussion to-day?"

"The discussion," said the Judge, glancing up and down the table, and speaking as if rendering a judicial decision from the bench, "was very able on both sides. The preachers acquitted themselves most honorably, most handsomely.

And yet I must say in all honesty that Parson Waller [the Baptist] was rather too much for Parson Clarke [the Methodist]. He had the advantage of him on a good many points. But, then, he had the advantage of him so far as the merits of the question are concerned, *I think*. The Greek settles that question. *Blabtow* may not always, in all circumstances, mean 'immerse,' but *blabtezer*, its derivative, means immerse—go in all over—every time. There's no getting away from that."

"What did you say that Greek word was that always means 'immerse'?" said my friend, the young Presbyterian preacher, a recent graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, who was sitting immediately opposite the Judge.

"Do you know anything about Greek?" responded the Judge.

"Not much," replied the young preacher.

"Do you know *anything* about it? Have you ever studied it at all?" continued the Judge.

"I have studied and read it some for about a dozen years," rejoined my friend.

The Judge immediately started off upon an episode full of anecdote and amusement, and did not get back to answer the question in regard to the Greek while the company remained at the table.

The Doctor informed me that, as they left the table, he walked off alone into the garden, but was soon overtaken by the Judge, who exclaimed:

"Where did you come from, stranger, and how did you get among these hills, a man that has studied Greek a dozen years? Now, let me own up. I don't know a thing about Greek; never studied it at all. I don't know a Greek letter from a turkey-track. I am a candidate for Congress, out on an electioneering excursion. I knew everybody at the table but you, and I saw that it was a Baptist crowd. I wanted to win their favor and get their votes. I heard Parson Smith preach on baptism in the city last winter, and I was giving them his Greek as well as I could remember it. Now," said the Judge, with a jolly laugh at the ridiculousness of his position, "if you let this out on me so that my opponent can get hold of it before I am through this canvass, I'll never forgive you."

It is but simple justice to these Baptists to say that, had the Judge chanced to dine and eat peaches-and-cream that day with a company of adherents of the other champion, his predilections would have been just as strong in favor of Parson Clarke, and he would have marshaled his Greek just as positively in favor of "infants" as "subjects" and "sprinkling" as the "mode."

I am sure I shall be pardoned if I interrupt

the flow of my narrative to speak of what seems to me the remarkable fact that, more than forty years after the scenes I have just decribed, I am able to say that the "Parson Smith," so named by the candidate as furnishing his Greek was a revered friend whom, until quite recently, I had not met for more than twenty years; to whose hospitable home, cheered by the bright sunshine of one of the noblest and the best of wives and mothers, I was for years welcomed on my return from my long horseback-journeys, with a cordiality as warm, I am sure, as though I had been a member of his own ecclesiastical fold or diocese, who, now in his eighty-eighth year, resides in New York City, the honored and beloved senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

And I take great pleasure in saying that no bishop or member of his own Church or any other, who has not, as I have, often met him in his parochial journeyings, traveled over thousands on thousands of miles of the same indescribably rough roads, climbed on horseback the same steep mountain-paths, and partaken of the rough but generous hospitality of the same rude cabins, can possibly understand with what patience, with what energy, with what unconquerable devotion, he has thus toiled for wellnigh half a century for the dear Church and the dearer Master he has so long loved and served with such pure and glowing love.

One scene in the life of the venerable Bishop is worthy of the period of the most accomplished artist, worthy to be inscribed upon the walls of the national Capitol as a companion to Bierstadt's "Emigrants crossing the Plains," illustrating as it does the manner in which the heroic heralds of the cross have ever accompanied and followed our bold and daring emigrants, and in every new State laid, broad and deep, the foundations of learning and religion by establishing the church and the school.

Having in his extended parochial travels become painfully conscious of the need of increased efficiency in the public-school system of the State, he accepted, and discharged for two years—1839 and 1840—the duties of Superintendent of Public Instruction. To this work, in addition to his Episcopal duties, he devoted himself with untiring energy and zeal, visiting and making educational addresses in seventy-six out of the then ninety-one counties of the State. Many of these counties could only be visited on horseback, the only wheeled vehicle ever seen by the inhabitants being the cart in which the laws passed by successive Legislatures were transmitted to the different county-seats.

On one of these journeys the Bishop found at a mountain-inn a Methodist circuit-rider, class-

leader, steward, and local preacher, assembled for an "official meeting." All hearts beat in the warmest Christian sympathy. As, after a frugal meal, the Bishop's horse was brought to the door, and he was about to renew his journey, all these heroic Christian workers gathered sympathizingly and helpfully around him, one holding his horse by the bridle, another holding the stirrups, and the other helping him to mount. When fairly seated in his saddle, the Bishop reverently uncovered his head, and, lifting his hand to heaven, said, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send, but send help to the mountains!" to which they all responded with a hearty Methodistic "Amen and amen!"

The method of private electioneering by going from house to house, or attending such gatherings unattended by an opponent, was called electioneering on the still hunt. In pursuing the wild game of those regions two methods were adopted. Sometimes the hunters went in large parties, with horses, hounds, and horns, and pursued and killed their game by these public and noisy demonstrations. At other times they went alone and quietly through the fields and woods, came upon their game noiselessly, and killed it by stealth. This latter method was called by the people "*the still hunt*." In like manner the politicians had two methods of electioneering, as already described. The one was by public gatherings and by public speeches. The other was by these more private and quiet measures, to which they appropriated this old phrase from the hunter's vocabulary, and called "*the still hunt*." I remember on one occasion hearing two candidates for the office of sheriff address a crowd in one of the wildest regions in the Southwest, each in advocacy of his own claims. One of them was quite an effective and the other a very indifferent speaker. In a conversation with the former, at the conclusion of the discussion, I told him that, judging from the speeches, and the responses they received from the crowd, I thought his chances must be altogether the best for securing the election.

"Ah," said he, "it won't do to judge by the speeches, or to depend upon them to secure an election. My opponent is the hardest sort of a man to beat. He is powerful on the still hunt."

Many of these candidates displayed most wonderful industry and energy in this "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering. In a conference with the officers of a county Bible Society, in regard to the time it would take a Bible-distributor to visit every family in the county, for the purpose of supplying them with a copy of the Bible by sale or gift, one of them gave his experience in canvassing the county for the office of prosecuting attorney, told how many families he could

visit in a day, and said he thought it would not take the Bible-distributor longer to make his visits than he took to persuade them to vote for him. This was a new and very satisfactory method of arriving at the time really required for a thorough religious canvass of the county.

The "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering also developed and gave occasion for the display of great tact and skill in influencing every variety of mind and character. Arguments in regard to the questions at issue were often of the least possible influence and importance in securing votes. A lady, whose guest I was, told me that the member of Congress from the district in which she resided, who had been reelected a great many times, and was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, had often visited her house and neighborhood. She said that, when he first began to canvass his district for Congress, he always carried his fiddle with him, and made very indifferent speeches to the people in the daytime, but played the fiddle, greatly to their admiration, for their dances at night. His fiddling and dancing, fine personal appearance, and wonderful skill and tact in mingling with the people and securing their personal admiration and favor, were far more effective than his speeches, and enabled him to "make the race" against all competitors. He was a remarkable illustration of the success of the "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering. With a most indifferent early education, without a knowledge of English grammar at the commencement of his Congressional career, he was reelected so often, and continued in Congress so long, that he became perfectly conversant with his duties, served on nearly or quite every committee, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, became the recognized leader of his party, and was ultimately Speaker of the House of Representatives through two Congresses—from December 1, 1851, to March 4, 1855. With these long years of Congressional experience, he became a very effective stump-speaker, and this, with his "*still-hunt*" powers, enabled him to secure his reelection again and again for some thirty years, until he quite wore out the patience of the aspiring members of his own party who were anxious for "rotation" in the office.

After growing gray in the service, he was at length beaten by a youthful member of his own party on this wise: It was one of the established laws of conducting a political canvass of the district that, after the different persons had announced themselves as candidates for an office, no one of them should call a meeting or address an audience in any part of the district without notifying all the other candidates, that they might have the opportunity to be present to answer

their opponent and make a plea in their own behalf. A young and aspiring member of the party, whose father had grown gray in the vain hope of a "rotation" in this office in his favor, determined to take advantage of this "established law" of the party, and, if possible, secure for himself the office for which his venerable father had so long waited in vain. He accordingly announced himself as a candidate for the office, purchased a very superior horse—there was then no railroad in the district—published a list of appointments to address the people of the district at different places on successive days, but made these appointments so far apart—some eighty miles or more—that it was impossible for his venerable opponent to ride the distance. He had complied with the "letter of the law," but it was one of those cases where "the letter killeth." Young, vigorous, and possessing great powers of endurance, he would address the people at one o'clock in the afternoon, and then make a long ride far into the night if necessary, and start early in the morning and ride an equal distance to the next afternoon appointment. In this manner he canvassed the district alone. He made his speeches and had no one to answer them. He had the fullest possible opportunity to tell the people how long they honored his opponent, that he had no further possible claims upon their suffrages, and to make very earnest and even pathetic appeals in his own behalf. His venerable opponent was not present to counteract the force of these appeals, either by the eloquence he had acquired in Congress, or with his once effective fiddle; and so this son of a disappointed office-seeking father not only triumphed in the horseback "race," but "made the political race" for the office sought, and took his seat in Congress. I heard him make several speeches to his constituents, but thought them far less remarkable than the John Gilpin features of his political campaign.

I have already remarked that sometimes as many as half a dozen persons would announce themselves as candidates for the same office at the opening of a political campaign. As the canvass progressed, one after another would become satisfied that his prospects were entirely hopeless, and publicly announce his withdrawal from the race. On one occasion I heard a candidate announce his withdrawal in a speech that I thought described the condition of a great many politicians. It was as follows:

"My fellow-citizens, I came before you at the opening of this campaign and announced myself as a candidate for sheriff of the county. I now appear before you to withdraw from the race. I have a great many friends, strong friends. They stand up to me nobly. Nobody could wish for

better friends. There is only this one trouble in my case—I *haven't got quite enough of them.*

"I have already gone so far in this race that I don't know myself. I have lost myself entirely. When I go into the different precincts and hear all the tales that they have got afloat about me, and the character that they give me, it is somebody that I don't know anything about—somebody that I never heard of before. Fellow-citizens, it isn't me, I assure you, that they are talking about. They have mistaken the man. If any of you should want to know anything about *me*, just ask the boys in my precinct. They know me. They will tell you. They all stand up for me."

I will relate but one more veritable incident to illustrate political life in the Brush, and to show the expedients sometimes resorted to by able and eloquent men to make sure of an election to an important office. I had spent a Sabbath and preached in behalf of the American Bible Society at a small county-seat town upon one of the large rivers in the Southwest. While at breakfast on Monday morning, the circuit judge of that judicial district, who was a resident of the village, sent his colored boy to the house where I was staying, with the message that he had heard that I was going to Big Spring that day, and he wished to know whether I was going in the morning or afternoon. He said that he had expected to go there in the morning, but if he could have my company he would defer his ride. As I had an appointment to meet the officers of the county Bible Society, and attend to the appointment of a Bible-distributor, and order Bibles from New York for the supply of the county, I sent back word to him that I could not close up my business so as to leave until afternoon.

After dinner we mounted our horses and started upon our pleasant ride of about twenty miles. The day was pleasant, the distance not great, the Judge was intelligent and a very fine talker, and I enjoyed the ride greatly. In former visits to the village I had been a guest in his family, when he had been absent from home, holding his courts in distant parts of his district, so that I had not before become as well acquainted with him as I was with his family.

I had been greatly interested and delighted with my long conversations with his venerable mother, and on her account I was very happy to enjoy this long horseback-ride and pleasant talk with her distinguished son. She was one of the most interesting and remarkable women I have ever met in any part of our country. She was one among the first white children born west of the Alleghanies. Her father had participated in the early Indian wars, and her recollections and

rehearsals of the thrilling scenes of early border life and warfare were the most vivid and interesting of any to which I have ever listened. Born in a frontier cabin, with but few neighbors, surrounded by wild beasts and Indians, the toils, hardships, and excitements of their pioneer-life gave little opportunity for education, and she told me that her entire school-life was less than nine months. And yet I have rarely conversed with any one whose language was as smooth, correct, and elevated. The secret of this seemed to lie in the fact that she had read and reread the writings of Sir Walter Scott until not only all his sentiments and characters, but his very style, had become her own. She would repeat his poetry by the hour with wonderful taste and beauty. Scotch blood flowed in her veins, and the warmest blood of the fatherland glowed in her heart. With a wonderful command of language, with an easy, elevated, and flowing style, she would for hours together relate the thrilling scenes of her childhood, and the varied incidents of her early border-life. Her admiration of her father, and especially of his bravery, was unbounded. I remember the pride with which she told me of a visit she once received from a veteran hunter and Indian-fighter, who had been a companion of her father in those early struggles and conflicts, and of the fervor of his parting benediction: "Jenny, God bless you, you are the child of a hero, as brave as ever shouldered a rifle!"

Kind and genial, as full of sunshine as of stories of the olden time, beloved by young and old, the evening of her life was truly beautiful. Many years have passed since I saw the dear old lady, and I do not know that she is now alive, but I do know that she has not been forgotten. Her measured, flowing periods still roll on in my memory, her quiet, sunny smile beams on me now, as when I sat at her hospitable hearth and board.

I was very happy to have an otherwise lonely afternoon's ride beguiled with the company of the son of such a mother. I had never heard the Judge speak, either in court or upon the stump; but he had an established reputation as an able lawyer and eloquent speaker. I soon found that he had inherited the conversational powers of his mother, and the time wore pleasantly away as we rode on. At length our conversation turned upon the present method of attaining judicial and all other offices, and he gave me the following chapter in his own experience, which I reproduce from memory. In justice to my friend the Judge I should say that he expressed himself as entirely opposed in principle to an elective judiciary, and gave this chapter in his own experience as an illustration of the way in which even a judicial election *could* be carried:

"I made," said the Judge, "a very thorough canvass of the district with my opponent. We closed our public discussions, and I returned home a few days before the election, which was to come off on the first Monday in August. My opponent was Judge K——, whom you know as a very worthy man, a perfect gentleman, and a superior judge. He was honored by the bar, popular with the people, and a very hard man to defeat. He had held the office several years. I wanted it, had worked very hard for it, and was determined to gain it if possible. I looked over the district very carefully, made the closest estimate I could, and found I should be defeated unless I could make very heavy gains in some precinct. It was a desperate case, and I could in honor only electioneer on the 'still hunt.' I concluded to mount my horse and ride to C—— F——, which you have visited and know is about the most ignorant and uncivilized region in the State. I thought it more than probable that I would find a barbecue-dance in progress there on Saturday afternoon, at which all the people in the precinct would be present. When I arrived I found a dance in full progress in the open air under the trees, and an ox roasting over the fire near by. It was the last of July, and very hot and very dry. A perfect cone of dust arose above the crowd, in which all the dancers were enveloped. It was a strange, wild scene—a scene to be witnessed nowhere else but in the wildest portions of our Southwestern wilds. There were old men and old, grizzly-headed women, young men and young women, parents and children, grandparents and grandchildren, all mingling together and dancing with backwoods energy and wild delight. As I dismounted, hitched my horse, and went up and joined those that were looking on, one and another saluted me, very respectfully, with—

"'How 'dy, Broadcloth?'"

"As the weather was very warm, I had worn from home a black alpaca sack-coat. This was the only deviation from home-made butternut-colored jeans in the entire crowd. My black coat, therefore, distinguished me from everybody else; and as I walked about among the people the invariable salutation was—

"'How 'dy, Broadcloth?'"

"I moved around among them very quietly an hour or more, observing all that was going on, and watching for the most favorable opportunity to make myself known to them and win their favor. At length my course was clearly settled in my own mind. I saw what would be my opportunity. I could see that the fiddler was already so drunk that he would fall off the block, dead-drunk, before a great while. I had learned to play the fiddle when a boy. I could take the

fiddler's place, and prevent the calamity of a complete break-up of the dance.

"His powers of motion failed sooner than I had expected, and there was great sorrow in all the company. After a while I intimated quietly to some of them that I could play the fiddle, and they shouted at the top of their voices:

"'Broadcloth can fiddle! Broadcloth can fiddle! Hurra for Broadcloth!'

"'At once there was a general rush of the company about me, all of them imploring me to take the fiddle and play for them. I replied, very positively:

"'No, gentlemen, I won't fiddle for you!'

"'Why not, Broadcloth? Why not?' they all responded.

"'I will tell you why not,' I said. 'I came here a stranger, and you haven't treated me with any civility at all; you haven't invited me to dance; haven't introduced me to the ladies; haven't made me one of yourselves at all; and I won't fiddle for you.'

"But they made so many apologies for the past and promises for the future that I finally relented, changed my mind, and agreed to fiddle for them. This announcement was greeted with a general shout of joy. I then began to brag in the most extravagant manner possible. I told them that when they saw me draw the bow, it would be such music as they had never heard since they were born. I took off my coat, unbuttoned my shirt, rolled up my sleeves, took the fiddle, and drew the bow across it, back and forth, for a minute or two, with all my might. They responded to this very noisy musical demonstration with a scream and yell of wild delight, and a 'Hurra for Broadcloth!' I took my seat and began to play just before sundown, and played—until the sun was up the next morning. During the night they came around me, and said:

"'Who are you, Broadcloth, anyway?

"I told them I was a candidate.

"They shouted:

"'Broadcloth is a candidate! Hurra for Broadcloth!' And then asked me what I was a candidate for.

"I told them I was a candidate for circuit judge, and they repeated:

"'Broadcloth is a candidate for circuit judge. Hurra for Broadcloth for circuit judge!'

"This was as much information as I dared to give them in one installment. I did not wish to give them any more until what I had told them was perfectly fixed in their minds, so that they would not make any mistake when they came to vote on the following Monday.

"One of them, a little more thoughtful than the rest, came to me afterward, and, applying an oath to the party to which I belonged, said he hoped I was not a ——. I did not, in behalf of myself or party, resent the oath or favor him with any definite reply to his question. I knew that the greater part of the company generally voted with the opposite party, and that, enthusiastic as they now were in my favor, too much information on this point would be fatal to my prospects. I felt quite sure that neither my opponent nor any of his friends would give them this information, and undo the work I had accomplished between that time and Monday morning.

"As the morning dawned, in response to the inquiries of some of the more enthusiastic of my friends, I gave them my name in full, which was greeted and repeated in cheer after cheer.

"When I bade them good-by, mounted my horse and rode away, they followed me with their cheers, and when out of sight among the dense forest-trees I could still hear their enthusiastic—

"'Hurra for S——, candidate for circuit judge!'

"When the election returns were announced, every vote in the C—— F—— precinct had been cast for me. That night's work with the fiddle secured my election."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

WHEN the Royal Agricultural Society held its meeting in Carlisle last summer, I was called upon to preach a sermon at the special service for which, according to a good custom of some years' continuance, the society makes arrangements. The congregation consisted chiefly of the herdsmen and others brought together by the great exhibition. A very inter-

esting occasion it was; and it seemed to me that the nature of the congregation, and the thought of the collection of animals, in the midst of which our church-tent was pitched and our worship was conducted, might suggest as the most suitable topic for consideration the difference between man and beast. Accordingly, I spoke upon this great subject; and I think now, as I

did then, that it was as good a subject as I could have chosen.

But, of course, it was not possible to do more than touch the fringe of so vast a question in a sermon, especially in a sermon to such a congregation; and I have felt a temptation, ever since the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, to develop somewhat more carefully and systematically thoughts which were in my mind when I preached to the herdsmen. The consequence has been, that I have determined to put together some thoughts concerning "Man's Place in Nature"—a grand subject, if not a novel one—a subject which has, however, presented of late years some novel aspects, and is worthy, therefore, of continued consideration.

It is true that there are certain points of view, from which if we regard the subject we may make very short work of it. Man's place in nature (as most of us would be willing to concede) is that of *facile princeps*: he is the lord and master of all; he stands unique among the creatures of God; his attributes and his destiny are such as to separate him, not only in degree, but in kind, from all other living beings. Divine and human testimony combine to establish this view; and it will assist me to introduce those considerations which will form the substance of this essay, if I first refer to the testimony of which I speak, and dwell for a few moments upon it.

The Holy Scriptures are built upon the hypothesis of the supremacy and the unique position of man in creation, as upon a foundation. Indeed, it may be said that every religion which ever has been, or ever can be established in the world, is based upon this; men may deify and worship bulls, and cats, and crocodiles, as the ancient Egyptians did; but the deifiers and worshipers must have been, and doubtless were, quite sensible of their own superiority to the creatures which they so treated. For my purpose, however, it will be sufficient to observe the remarkable manner in which the only religion in which most of us are likely to feel much interest is expressly and professedly built upon the supremacy of man. The great purpose, almost the only purpose, of the opening chapters of Genesis would seem to be the laying of this foundation. The first chapter of Genesis is not an essay on geology, but an essay on man. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. . . . The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nos-

trils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Passages such as these are the foundation-stone of that religion which alone influences, to any extent, the minds of the most civilized and advanced of the nations of the world.

In truth, the hypothesis of the possibility of a revelation, or indeed of a religion of any kind, implies an antecedent hypothesis as to the unique and supreme position of man. Without the supposition of man being a creature capable of a revelation from God, it is manifest that the whole conception of the Bible, Old Testament and New alike, evaporates and vanishes. No one, I suppose, would care to argue that even the highest among the beasts was susceptible of even the lowest degree of religious feeling.

But something analogous to this may be said with regard to literature not claiming, like the Holy Scriptures, a divine origin. The utterances of poets and philosophers must be taken into account in any system of anthropology; the very existence of poetry and philosophy, like the existence of religion and sacred books, is a fact to be taken into account in estimating man's position. With regard to their utterances, I confess that I would rather trust a poet as an expounder of man, than I would trust a student of natural history; I do not say that either is to be followed blindly without consulting the other; each has his own department, and each is perhaps liable to be led astray, so as to see one profile of the human face, and one only; but, if we must have one side of humanity chosen as the principal subject of examination, the spiritual side, which presents itself to the poet or the philosopher, is grander, more human, more worthy of study, than the physical or animal side. I would even venture to say that, in a matter of this kind, the prophetic insight of the true poet is more powerful, as a means of investigating truth, than the habit of accurate observation of physical phenomena which distinguishes the student of natural history.

Make Shakespeare in this, as in most other things we may, the spokesman for the whole family of poets. Remember Hamlet's words: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Shakespeare knew nothing about the evolution of man from inferior forms, and even if he had I do not think that the knowledge would have interfered with his conclusion; but I venture to assert that such words as those which I have just quoted are more deeply and solemnly true, and throw more light upon man's constitution, than much which has been put forward by physical students.

Let me give one more poetical utterance. It is in a lower key and much less forcible than Shakespeare's, but I think it worthy of production because it exhibits very keenly that complicated constitution of man's nature which so utterly differences him from other creatures, and which makes it so absolutely clear that he must have a class entirely appropriated to himself :

"Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world." *

Not an altogether comfortable description of human nature, and yet one which we can not disclaim as having no marks of truth : a description, which, if it has any truth in it, must prove that a real science of anthropology must transcend physics.

I have connected philosophers with poets as exponents of man's place in nature. It is not that the philosophers, either ancient or modern, have been entirely of one mind on the subject, and that we can consequently point to certain conclusions as having the unanimous verdict of the whole philosophic tribe. On the other hand, the opinions held have been most various, and these opinions have divided philosophers into different schools, both in ancient and in modern times. But the mere possibility of the discussions in which the most thoughtful men have been engaged in all ages, the formation of schools, the earnestness with which arguments have been carried on concerning man's greatest good, the grounds of duty, the nature of his destiny, and the like great human questions, all this seems by itself to prove, or rather to postulate, the unique position of man and the high elevation of that position. Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca, studied man's place in nature with such light as they could find ; and Pascal, with a brighter light shining upon the problem, has nevertheless devoted a large section of his "*Pensées*" to the "Greatness and Misery of Man."

It is impossible to do more than touch in the most passing manner upon the views held by ancient philosophers ; but I should like to quote two short passages, put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates, as indicating the high view which it was possible for a philosopher more than two thousand years ago to take of the moral obligations and the future destiny of man.

The first quotation is from the "Apology" :

"I thought," says Socrates, "that I ought not to

do anything common or mean in the hour of danger ; nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die, having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. . . . The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness ; for that runs faster than death." *

The other quotation represents some of the last words of Socrates before taking the poison :

"I would not have [you] sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave, or bury him ; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer, then, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual and as you think best." †

I am disposed to think that language of this kind, to which a deeply-thinking man has been led by the contemplation of his own being, and by the effort to bring his practical conduct into harmony with that which he believes to be right and true, is more valuable than any words which he may utter when indulging in dry speculation upon human nature. The philosopher is most likely to be a successful student of man when he feels that he is a man himself. Pope tells us that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

which in a certain sense is true ; but it is equally true that the proper student of mankind is man, for man's nature can not be put under a microscope, or measured by mathematical rules, or submitted to chemical tests ; it is too subtle for any analysis such as these ; it can only be thoroughly examined when a man studies his own conduct and character, and satisfies himself that he is something which no other creature of God is, that he has powers which no other creature has, and that therefore he is somehow different, not merely in degree, but in kind, from all other creatures which the earth contains.

Consciously or unconsciously the question "What is man?" has been one of those which have exercised human thought in almost all periods ; and undoubtedly one great help in answering the question is to be sought in the conclusions of the thoughtful and the good ; the conclusions of heathen philosophers are not even now to be despised ; they have their value, nay, in a certain sense, they are more precious than those reached by men who have had the privilege of Christian teaching, because they show the results to which the human mind comes by its own pure, unaided efforts. In fact, it is difficult to say, since the atmosphere of human thought has been

* Jowett's "Translation," vol. i, p. 353.

† "*Phædo*," vol. i, p. 466.

* Pope's "Essay on Man."

so thoroughly impregnated with Christian doctrine, how much of current opinion belongs to man and how much to divine revelation; but it is remarkable that the most recent effort to substitute another religion for the old faith of the Church depends upon exalted though fanciful views of the nature of man. In the religion of humanity, for the idea of God is substituted that of the human race; the human race is immortal, all-powerful, all-worthy; the thought of advancing and benefiting the race is the one sufficient spring of high and noble action, and the thought of the perpetuity of the race takes the place of the belief of personal life in the world to come. A strange religion, no doubt—one of which it is not difficult to prophesy that it will never be very widely spread, and will never take deep root, but interesting so far as my present subject is concerned, inasmuch as it indicates a deep-lying conviction and a powerful testimony in favor of the dignity of man's place in nature.

But we may leave philosophical speculations and philosophical religions, and come down to the region of the common-sense of mankind. This common-sense tells us, not merely that "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave,"* but that he stands absolutely by himself in creation. His superiority is not of the same kind as that which a dog might claim over a lobster, or an eagle over a beetle, or a fish over a worm. The difference is of a kind which a naturalist simply can not measure; it depends upon moral characteristics, involves considerations of feelings and affections, deals with conscience and the sense of right, recognizes the power of an independent will, can not limit itself to the life which now is, but stretches out into the future, and only attains its complete development on the other side of the tomb. I do not say that some or all of these points of difference may not be contested, and are not contested by some among us; but I think I am not wrong in saying that the general sentiment or opinion, or, as I have called it, the *common-sense* of mankind, is a testimony, whatever it may be worth, on the side of those who would assign to man an indefinite superiority above other creatures, that kind of superiority which is asserted by the transcendent phrase, "created in the image of God."

Hence it might seem to be a waste of time, especially in this late period of the world's history, to discuss in any way man's place in the creation. But views have been advanced in our own time by scientific men, and coming from them have necessarily considerable weight, which tend very much, and perhaps it may be said very painfully, to degrade the view which men in gen-

eral, to say nothing of poets and philosophers, have been in the habit of holding concerning man. Suppose we are told, for example, that all life comes from a slime which has been spontaneously generated, that from this slime come the simplest forms of living things, and that from these simplest forms are developed more complicated forms, from which are preserved and further developed those which in the struggle for existence prove themselves fittest to survive; and that this process, combined it may be with some subsidiary hypothesis, is sufficient, without any supposition of purpose, any action of a creative will, any master-mind to account for all that exists, including man—does not this kind of anthropogony (in giving which I believe I am literally representing and not caricaturing the views of Ernst Haeckel, as expounded in his "History of Creation") tend to make us at least rather uncomfortable, as though we were threatened with losing our birthright? I am not denying the truth of some doctrine of evolution, or development; I have no more difficulty in believing on good evidence that the human race was brought to perfection by evolution than I have in believing that a bird was once an egg, or an oak once an acorn; but I find an almost impossibility in believing that there was no *purpose* in this evolution, and no *mind* directing it and producing the result. I deem this view of the origin of man to be utterly untenable, but I am not going to attempt to deal with it specifically; I only refer to it as giving a reason why I regard man's place in nature as a subject worthy of consideration by thinking persons in this nineteenth century.*

Regarding, then, what has been said hitherto as introductory, I now come to the substance of my paper, and I propose to set out a few thoughts which have occurred to me concerning the specific, or if not all of them specific at least some of the most remarkable, differences between man and the other animals which occupy the surface of our globe. The first difference which I shall notice is that well-known one which depends upon the distinction between instinct and reason.

* Supposing the first place in nature assigned to man, as no doubt would be the case whatever judge or jury might be appointed to try the case, it is a curious subject of speculation what creature should have the second place. The monkey might claim it on the ground of corporal resemblance and of some of his habits; the dog might allege that he was man's dearest companion, knew his ways and tastes best, and was most in sympathy with him; the "half-reasoning elephant" could not be summarily passed over; and with regard to social arrangements and domestic life probably the ant would put in a claim to be heard. I confess that, while the first place can be decided without doubt, the second appears to me to be absolutely incapable of being awarded.

* Sir Thomas Browne.

The term instinct is perhaps not easy to define accurately; in the first dictionary upon which I lay my hand I find it described as "a natural impulse to certain actions which an animal performs without deliberation, without having any end in view, and frequently without knowing what it does." A not altogether satisfactory definition, as it assumes something concerning the animal which it would be hard to prove. Here is a more recent definition: "Instinct is action taken in pursuance of an end, but without conscious perception of what that end is."* This again does not quite satisfy me, as it assumes a want of perception which it might be difficult to demonstrate. Is not instinct rather that which leads to an action having some end, but not dictated by the teaching either of any other creature or of experience? It is the doing something intelligent without having been in any way taught to do it, which constitutes the peculiarity and the marvel of instinct; and it may be said in general that reason belongs to man, and instinct to other animals; while yet it must not be asserted that the animal has a monopoly of instinct, or the man of reason.

When, however, we come to examine the proportion in which instinct and reason are divided between man and other animals, we shall find that the monopoly, though not complete, is, as far as instinct is concerned, very nearly so. Infants suck by instinct, and when we have said this we have gone a long way toward exhausting the obligations under which human creatures are laid by this part of their natures. I do not say that there are not other actions, even in adults, as, for example, the shutting of the eyes suddenly under the influence of a sudden danger, which may perhaps be properly called instinctive; but, when all has been put together which can fairly be attributed to instinct in man, it really amounts to the merest trifle in the conduct of his life. Just compare it, for example, with what takes place in the case of insects. I pass over the familiar cases of bees, wasps, ants, and spiders, and will mention what is done by the stag-beetle. The larva of the stag-beetle has to make for itself a hole in which it can become a chrysalis. The female larva digs a hole of exactly her own size; but the male makes one as long again as himself, because when he becomes a beetle he will have horns as long as his body, which the female will not; but how could he know this?

It would be very easy to fill a volume with wonderful examples of instinct, though it would be difficult to surpass that which I have just given; and it is manifest that any examples of

instinct in man, even though the domain of instinct be wider than I have represented it, are absolutely trivial when compared with the almost miraculous doings of instinct in the lower regions of animal life. But when we look at the other attribute which I have coupled with instinct, and which I have called reason, the tables are exactly turned. Here we find in the animal the merest glimmering, and in man something which amounts to almost unlimited power. It was the habit at one time to deny reason to the lower animals altogether; but I think that this is going too far; hundreds of dog-stories seem to assert reasoning power for dogs beyond all doubt. I should be disposed to grant it without hesitation to horses, cats, elephants, foxes, in fact to all the higher animals. Can any one deny it to birds, who reads the story of the war between the herons and rooks at Dallam Tower, and of the permanent peace established upon the basis of a division of territory? In fact, the difficulty seems to me to be that of knowing where reason ends, rather than that of coming to the conclusion that it certainly exists. But, after all, to what does the highest effort of reason amount in the case of any creature except man? A dog can never really advance in the scale; he may be domesticated, but he can not be civilized; he can wag his tail if he is pleased, but he can never say "Thank you!" and those herons and rooks at Dallam Tower have been contented with that one great feat of war and diplomacy, and have exhibited no special signs of intelligence since the

* This story, which may be found in Bewick's "History of British Birds," has been lately told more fully in a pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Heron and the Heronry at Dallam Tower, Westmoreland," by the late Thomas Gough, of Winbarrow (Kendal, 1880):

"There were two groves at Dallam Tower, one of which for many years had been resorted to by a number of herons, which there built and bred; the other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived for a long time without any disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber. The parents immediately selected new habitations; but, as the trees in their old locality were only of late growth, and not sufficiently high to secure the nests from boys, the herons attempted a new settlement in the rookery. They met with an obstinate resistance from the rooks, many of which, as well as some of their antagonists, lost their lives. The herons at last succeeded, built their nests, and brought out their young. But this was only a truce. The war was renewed in the following spring, and the herons were again the conquerors. Since that time peace seems to have been agreed upon between them; the rooks have relinquished possession of that part of the grove which the herons occupy; the herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon, and the two species live together in as much harmony as they did before the quarrel."

* Von Hartmann, quoted from Butler's "Unconscious Memory." I have substituted *end* for *purpose*.

treaty was signed. In fact, the meaning of reason, when applied to man, is so different from that which the word bears when applied to birds and beasts, that it seems almost a difference in kind. With the beasts it means doing something unlike their ordinary doings, and suggesting the thought of likeness to that which is human; with man it means just that which makes him man; it is his ordinary stock in trade; it is that which guides and governs his daily and hourly life; it is that which finds its natural outcome in language and literature and science and philosophy. Without reason man would not be man. The least gifted man, if he be not an idiot of the lowest type, has something which the most sagacious animal has not; and the most gifted man—what has he? What can measure the mental gifts of a Newton or a Shakespeare?

Nearly connected with the question of instinct and reason is that of inarticulate sound and language. "The study of words," says Max Müller, in his introduction to his lectures on the science of language,

"may be tedious to the schoolboy as breaking of stones is to the wayside laborer; but to the thoughtful eye of the geologist these stones are full of interest; he sees miracles on the high-road, and reads chronicles in every ditch. Language, too, has marvels of her own, which she unveils to the inquiring glance of the patient student. There are chronicles below her surface, there are sermons in every word. Language has been called sacred ground, because it is the deposit of thought. We can not tell as yet what language is. It may be a production of Nature, a work of human art, or a divine gift. But, to whatever sphere it belongs, it would seem to stand unsurpassed—nay, unequaled in it—by anything else. If it be a production of Nature, it is her last and crowning production which she reserved for man alone. If it be a work of human art, it would seem to lift the human artist almost to the level of a divine creator. If it be the gift of God, it is God's greatest gift; for through it God spake to man and man speaks to God in worship, prayer, and meditation."

Accepting this eloquent description of language, it is almost unnecessary to remark upon the light which the possession of language throws upon man's place in nature. We often speak of "dumb animals," and in one sense horses and dogs and cats are dumb; they can make their feelings known to us partly by sound and partly by action; but they have no articulate means of expressing their thoughts to man, and apparently have only an imperfect power of communication with each other. That there is a power of communication few will doubt. I remember upon one occasion walking up Cader Idris, and observing a sheep standing by himself, apparently as sentinel; when he saw me he uttered a sound

which I can only describe as a whistle, and running off at full speed was joined by his companions at a short distance, who fled likewise. I have seen also a jackdaw in the midst of a congregation of rooks, apparently being tried for some misdemeanor. First Jack made a speech, which was answered by a general cawing of the rooks; this subsiding, Jack again took up his parable, and the rooks in their turn replied in chorus. After a time the business, whatever it was, appeared to be settled satisfactorily; if Jack was on his trial, as he seemed to be, he was honorably acquitted by acclamation, for he went to his home in the towers of Ely Cathedral, and the rooks also went their way.

I mention these familiar instances which occur to me, and I apprehend that every one must have made observations of beasts and birds more or less similar, or at all events read of them; but, after all, to what do they amount? It appears to have been proved recently that the vital principle in a vegetable is identical with that in an animal, as perhaps we might have guessed that it was; and yet there is no error in speaking of vegetables as being quite distinct from living creatures; and so it is not necessary to disbelieve in a certain power of confabulation in beasts and birds, in order to be able to assert that in the true sense of the word language is a human possession. It is human as reason is human; language is uttered reason, reason is language in embryo; and it is notable that, in the finest form of human language that has yet existed, *λόγος* is both *word* and *reason*.

From language we may naturally pass to the consideration of the ties of love and affection which bind mankind together. It seems to me that the relation in which the sounds uttered by birds and beasts stand to human language is closely analogous to that in which the feelings of animals toward each other stand to the sentiments which bind men and women together, whether in the family, the Church, the state, or any other human society. Nothing can be stronger than the love of offspring which is implanted in animals, from insects up to mammals; the plover will adopt all kinds of tricks in order to conceal the place in which her nest is made; the whale will fight for her young; monkeys may be seen in the Zoölogical Gardens nursing sick baby monkeys on their laps with a gentleness which would do credit to a trained nurse; dogs and horses have their friends and favorites as well as their enemies; the sheep upon the Cumberland fells are said to know those which belong to the same *heaf*; cats appear to give evening parties; and throughout the whole animal kingdom there is the most curious parallel upon a low level to those feelings and social ties which,

in the high level of humanity, constitute the very essence of family and social life. You may say, if you please, that the two things are identical, and that the one can be evolved out of the other; but I think we should, at least, try to realize the distance which separates the highest link of the chain of evolution from the lowest. For example, there is a true family life in a bird's nest:

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight."

I remember as a child being a little annoyed at having robins and sparrows set up as an example of good behavior; but, in reality, how very transient and superficial is the love which belongs to a bird's nest!—in a few weeks these five or six robins or sparrows will care no more for each other than for any other of the robin or sparrow race; whereas "children of one family" are constantly found joined together by a love which only grows with years, and they part for their posts of duty in the world with the hope of having joyful meetings from time to time, and of meeting in a higher world when their life on earth is finished.

So, likewise, that instinct which leads to the building of the nest is the type of the law of nature which leads men and women to bring up families. But no one will dare to measure the infinite altitude at which human marriage and family life stand above any type or shadow of them that we can find among the humbler creatures; the one reminds us of the other much as a mole-hill might remind us of Skiddaw, or a roadside puddle of Derwentwater. A protuberance on the earth's surface, or a depression in the same, would serve as a definition in both cases, and the identity of definition might seem to prove the identity of the things themselves; but we can never confound a mole-hill and a mountain, and so we need not confound the family love of a bird with the feelings of the human heart.

Once more, I have spoken of friendship among animals; there are preferences, alliances made between animals thrown together by circumstances, likes and dislikes, actions of kindness, leagues for self-defense, and so forth, which may fairly be described as belonging to the same class of feeling as friendship among ourselves. But contemplate friendship in its reality and its fullness, and you feel almost as much ashamed of comparing anything which exists in the animal world to human friendship as you would of comparing a dog and a man together. Doubtless the dog *is* like the man, and a comic artist or author can easily and very effectively substitute

one for the other; but we feel that the substitute *is* comical and nothing more; the moment we deal with the subject seriously the gap between man and dog becomes infinite; and so, when we have amused ourselves with the habits of animals, and have fancied that we see in them the germs of those feelings of love of which the highest natures know the most, we should do well to read a few stanzas of "In Memoriam":

"Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

"What art thou then? I can not guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

"My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now,
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die."*

Passing to a different department of the subject, I am disposed to think that the difference between man and beast finds a valuable illustration in the manner in which *adjectives* are applied respectively to one and the other. There is sometimes a good deal of eloquence in adjectives, though doubtless they are sometimes misapplied. Take, for example, the epithet *honest*:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Whether this line of Pope's expresses the whole truth or not, certainly the epithet *honest* is not applicable to any creature whatever except man. You may see a dog steal a piece of meat, and you may flog him to prevent the theft from happening again; or you may see a pair of old rooks sitting by the side of the incipient nest of a young, unsuspecting pair just beginning life, and carrying off for their own nest stick after stick which the young folks have brought home with great trouble and industry; or you may be vexed to find that all your care has not been able to keep the mice from your favorite bit of cheese; but no thought of *dishonesty* enters into your estimate of all this felonious conduct; you laugh at it, or you are vexed by it, as the case may be; but the question of honesty and dishonesty, of right and wrong, never presents itself for a moment.

Or, again, we speak of a *noble* man or a *noble* woman. In this case the adjective does not belong to man or woman exclusively; but the par-

* "In Memoriam," cxxx.

tial share which animals have in such an epithet as *noble* only emphasizes the manner in which it supremely belongs to man. You may speak of a noble horse, or of the lion as a noble animal; the dog is supposed to have noble qualities which do not belong to a fox or a weasel; and the hawk was held in the days of falconry to have a true nobility; but what does this nobility amount to? You would shoot your noble horse if he broke his leg in hunting; you would beat your dog if he stole your meat; you would kill your lion if you could; and your noble hawk is but a bird of prey at the best. The word *noble*, when so applied, has a meaning different in kind from that which belongs to it when it is applied to the patriot, the statesman, the soldier, the martyr.

Once more, take that most comprehensive adjective *good*. There is nothing to which the adjective may not be applied if only it deserves it. We have good horses, good dogs, good dinners, good houses, good governments. But there is a supreme and unique character belonging to the word when applied to man. What a comprehensive phrase is that of a *good man*! It implies, I suppose, honor, honesty, gentleness, brotherly kindness, godliness; it does not, of course, imply perfection, but I think, if you were describing the character of some one who had been taken away, and if, after dwelling upon this feature and that, you were to wind up by saying, "In point of fact he was a *really good man*," you would have said as much in his favor as you could easily put into words; and you would perceive in what a different region you were moving from that in which you would find yourself when you spoke of a good horse or a good dog, or of any good thing, whether living or dead. This philosophy of adjectives is worth dwelling upon. But I pass on to another point.

Man has sometimes been defined as a cooking animal, and unquestionably he is the only animal that knows how to cook his food. It is not that he is the only animal that is benefited by keeping a cook; horses, dogs, swine, and perhaps most animals, are very thankful to avail themselves of man's culinary skill; pigs thrive on boiled potatoes, and a horse after a long journey is all the better for a *bran mash*. But no animal hitherto, so far as I know, has made a single step in the direction of cooking its food. Man might also be described as a fire-making animal, for he alone makes a fire either to warm himself or to cook with; but it is not that animals do not appreciate a fire: does not a dog like a snug place on the hearth-rug or even inside the fender? And it is said that the great African apes will come down from their trees and enjoy the warmth of the embers of the fire which the natives have left, though they have not wit enough to kindle

one for themselves. Man feels a want and endeavors to meet it; other animals may feel the want, but they are obliged to submit to it unless man helps them.

This statement, however, requires some little modification. Within certain limits the lower animals are much more skillful in supplying their wants than men. Insects, birds, fishes, reptiles, mammals—one really does not know which department of the natural world exhibits the most skill in supplying its wants. Let me instance the case of *trap-door spiders*. I refer to their doings because they are less familiar than those of ants and bees and other creatures which I might mention. The trap-door spider lives in a burrow which he makes in the ground where the grass grows, generally in a sloping bank; he covers the entrance to his burrow with a trap-door, which works upon a hinge, and which so nearly resembles the surrounding grass that only a careful observer can detect it. This, however, is not all: if an enemy finds the door and opens it, and enters the spider's castle, he may very easily fancy that there is no one at home, for in the sides of the burrow, which is lined with a soft, silky substance, there are other trap-doors communicating with branches of the burrow, and covering these branches so craftily that they may easily be passed by unnoticed. Nay, if the enemy should be clever enough to find his way into one of these branches, he may still find no one at home, the owner of the castle being, perhaps, in a branch of this branch of the burrow, concealed by another skillful trap-door.

Architecture of this kind shuts the mouth of any one who should say that the inferior members of creation do not know how to adapt means to ends. Nor can it be said that the power of adaptation does not go to some extent beyond the wonders of instinct. The old story of the bees who destroyed an intruding mouse with their stings, and then covered it over with wax because they could not get rid of the body and feared the results of its continuance in the hive, is only one of a number which go to prove that in the lower world of living things there is unquestionably a power of adaptation to unforeseen circumstances, a reasoning out of results and acting accordingly, which can not possibly be set down to the credit of instinct properly so called. But the important point to be observed is this, the infinite superiority of the animal's operations when it does not reason, and the infinite inferiority of its operations to those of man when it does. It has been said that a bird will carry an oyster into the air and let it drop upon a rock, in order to break the shell and get at the treasure within; a simple operation this, and yet we stand wellnigh aghast at the bird's prodigious superi-

ority above all that we had expected, and we doubt whether such a wonderful feat can be positively substantiated. I will not say that there may not be in insects and birds and mammals the germ of that faculty which invented the steam-engine: but certainly it seems almost impossible to contain in one description or definition two faculties so diverse in the importance of their results. Adaptation of means to ends is not in the case of man something subsidiary to instinct, and exhibiting itself now and then in exceptional circumstances, but it is the very law of his being. The merest savage contrives machines to catch his prey; he makes his stone implements till he sees his way to bronze and iron; he constructs his boat, or floats on his log of timber; he may be and doubtless is rude and elementary, but he is the genuine ancestor of James Watt and George Stephenson.

There is a higher department of work, of which men may claim the absolute and undisputed monopoly. I mean the department of art. A love of art, an attempt to do something artistic, to make something which shall have a value independent of mere considerations of utility, seems to be a necessary part of man's nature. The rudest races are fond of ornaments, and representations of animal forms have been found upon bones of such antiquity as to carry us back to prehistoric times. I am not aware of the existence of the merest germ of art in the works of the lower animals: they construct things which to a human eye are full of beauty—a honeycomb, a bird's nest, or a cobweb may very well be regarded as beautiful—but these fair works belong to the realm of instinct, and you can no more conclude from a honeycomb that a bee has a sense of the beautiful than you can conclude that it has a taste for mathematics. I do not forget that Mr. Darwin attributes great results to the preference shown in the choice of mates on the ground of beauty, and I do not deny that this may be so; if it be, it is analogous to what takes place among ourselves; but the sense of human beauty which leads to preference or admiration or enthusiastic devotion of man to woman, or woman to man, belongs to an altogether different department of the mind from that which leads to the study and love of art.

The reference now made to human beauty leads me to speak of some other points connected with personal appearance. It has been remarked that man is the only animal that possesses a chin; and I believe the remark to be true. Upon any theory of evolution, which does not proceed upon the supposition of a divine purpose working itself out according to certain laws, and having for its distinct end the production of the noblest form of organized matter, the chin would be a

difficulty. It answers no special purpose, and in the struggle for existence it would seem to give no advantage to the possessor over a creature not possessing such a feature; and yet there it is, and it forms a very important element in the human countenance; no disciple of Lavater would be wise in neglecting its existence. I do not know that there is any other feature which can be said to be monopolized by man; but the human features play so much more important a part than those of any other creature that they seem to be almost different things. What animal has a nose, except man? There are snouts, and beaks, and trunks, and organs which can breathe and smell as the human nose can; but think of the great Duke of Wellington's nose! It was almost the man himself; breathing, smelling, snuff-taking, were all forgotten in the presence of that grand feature, which seemed in itself to declare its owner to be capable of the victory of Waterloo.

The lower animals have a greater share in the eye than they have in the nose and chin. You may tell the temper of a horse to a great extent by his eye; and I have seen a mastiff, when he has been offended, exhibit a savage feeling of resentment by the eye alone, which seemed instantaneously to turn him into quite a different dog; but be as generous as we may in an estimate of the eyes of animals, regarded as features, there is a simply immeasurable distance between the eye of a beast and that of a man; what a boundless thing is that which we call *expression*! how varied and complicated it is! how much genius and labor and skill are required on the part of an artist, to enable him to represent upon canvas the ever-changing expression of the eye of a man or a woman of high intellectual power!

The portrait of a man is generally the portrait of his face; you may have a full-length portrait sometimes, especially if a lord mayor wishes to exhibit his robes, or a master of fox-hounds to show his boots; but these accessories can be put in by inferior hands, the great artist concentrates his efforts upon the face. I may throw in a remark which was made to me by one of the chief portrait-painters of our own day. I told him that I had heard a person remark that, when his pictures came to be looked at in future centuries, men would say, How handsome our ancestors were! To which the artist replied, "I assure you honestly that I have never yet succeeded in committing to canvas one half the beauty which I have seen in any face that I have ever painted." How would the inferior animals fare, if they were treated thus? What would Landseer's dogs or Paul Potter's bull be, if you had merely the countenance? I do not

deny that a sketch of a dog's face may be very spirited, but at best it is only a fraction of the animal; you want him from nose to tail, if you are really to enjoy him. If dogs had any voice in the matter themselves, I am convinced that they would be unanimously in favor of full-length portraits.

And there is a remark which may be made, but which I have never seen made, with reference to the human face divine, as compared with the visage of the inferior animals, namely this, that the human face alone of all faces is capable of increasing in dignity, and even in beauty, with age. The great number of years which belong to human life is in itself a fact to be taken into account in comparing man with beast; but this is not the point upon which I am now dwelling; I am referring to the fact that old men, and old women too, have sometimes a beauty which is quite distinct from that of youth, and which, so far as I know, has no parallel in the lower levels of life. It may be said that human creatures would be seen to decline in beauty if you saw them as you see animals, and if your observation was not confined to the face, while the poor withered body is enveloped in handsome garments. But this only brings us back to the remark before made, namely, that it is the face, and not the whole carcass, which serves for the portrait of a man. And certainly it strikes me as a point worthy of being dwelt upon, indicating, as it does, the high spiritual level of man's being, that it is possible to see in his face lineaments of exquisite beauty when his physical powers are failing and his earthly life almost ebbing away. Who can not call to mind faces, or remember portraits, which fully bear out the observation which I have now made? "The hoary head" may be "a crown of glory," artistically as well as morally and spiritually.

But there is a higher view than any that I have yet taken with regard to man's place in nature. The "main miracle," as Tennyson puts it, is,

". . . that I am I,

With power on mine own act and on the world.*

This power over ourselves, power of resisting inducements presented to the lower parts of our nature, and determining our actions upon grounds of justice, morality, conscience, religion, appears to assert for men a position in the world to which the most gifted of the inferior animals can lay no kind of claim. It may be argued, as it is argued, that man is only the highest of organisms, that there is no difference in kind between him and the lowest ascidian out of which he has been evolved, that the whole question of human con-

duct is a matter of nerves and brain, and that morality itself is ultimately a form of phosphorus; but I think that this view is only one of those puzzles which are necessarily presented by the complex nature of man. Man is undoubtedly material, but it would be contrary to all our highest belief and experience to say that he was simply and wholly material; the existence of anything besides matter in man may be the "main miracle" of his existence, but it would seem to be a miracle which the most skeptical mind would do well to accept; the sense of honor, the dominion of conscience, the bonds of friendship and pure love, may be taken as belonging to a region into which the introduction of chemical and electrical considerations means nothing else but absolute confusion. Considerations depending upon matter must undoubtedly enter into almost all moral questions; the degree of criminality attaching to an act may depend upon the question whether the criminal was sober when he did it; proclivity toward moral faults, such as intemperance or unchastity, may be, and often is, connected with inherited physical infirmities; the condition of the atmosphere at a given time may have not a little to do with the commission of crime; but all such considerations as these do not touch the fundamental question, whether for man there is not a right and a wrong, and the power of doing what is right because it *is* right, and of abstaining from doing wrong because it *is* wrong.

I have referred in a former part of this paper to Socrates; I will make one other quotation from Plato's "Dialogues," which bears forcibly upon the point which I am now discussing, and which is interesting because it shows that precisely the same kind of difficulty which is suggested by some of the modern students of physical science existed and was discussed by philosophers more than two thousand years ago.

Socrates is speaking of a certain philosopher to whose writings he had looked for instruction concerning the human mind, and he expresses himself thus:

"What hopes I had formed, and how grievously was I disappointed! As I proceeded, I found my philosopher altogether forsaking mind, or any other principle of order, but having recourse to air, and ether, and water, and other eccentricities. I might compare him to a person who began by maintaining generally that mind is the cause of the actions of Socrates, but who, when he endeavored to explain the causes of my several actions in detail, went on to show that I sit here because my body is made up of bones and muscles; and the bones, as he would say, are hard, and have ligaments which divide them, and the muscles are elastic, and they cover the bones, which have also a covering or environment of flesh

* "De Profundis."

and skin which contains them ; and, as the bones are lifted at their joints by the contraction or relaxation of the muscles, I am able to bend my limbs, and this is why I am sitting here in a curved posture ; that is what he would say, and he would have a similar explanation of my talking to you, which he would attribute to sound, and air, and hearing, and he would assign ten thousand other causes of the same sort, forgetting to mention the true cause, which is, that the Athenians have thought fit to condemn me, and accordingly I have thought it better and more right to remain here and undergo my sentence ; for I am inclined to think that these muscles and bones of mine would have gone off to Megara or Bœotia if they had been guided by their own idea of what was best, and if I had not chosen as the better and nobler part, instead of playing truant and running away, to undergo any punishment which the state inflicts. There is surely a strange confusion of causes and conditions in all this. It may be said, indeed, that without bones and muscles, and the other parts of the body, I can not execute my purposes. But to say that I do so because of them, and that this is the way in which the mind acts, and not from the choice of the best, is a very careless and idle mode of speaking.*

It is admirable to observe how nobly Socrates eschews the notion of being merely a collection of limbs and muscles—the argument is just the same if we should speak of nerves and tissues and electricity and phosphorus—how he feels within him the power and determination to do what he considers to be good and right, how clearly he asserts that this power, whatever it be, is more truly Socrates's own self than the limbs and outward person which his companions saw, and which they would have called by the name of Socrates. He felt absolutely certain that he had within him, or rather that he himself was, something different in kind from bone and muscle ; and that in virtue of this real self he could act as he thought right, and could in all circumstances say, *I will* do this, *I will not* do that. It may be well even in these days to remember the old puzzle : Suppose a donkey is placed with his head between two equally tempting bundles of hay, what will he do ? The inducements to eat on either side are by hypothesis exactly equal ; therefore the logical conclusion would seem to be that he will eat neither, and therefore starve with plenty on either side of him. Perhaps this might be the logical conclusion in the case of a donkey ; but, if a man were so placed, he would show the power of independent will, and would do this or that because he chose to do it, and for no other reason whatever.

I have spoken of the sense of justice and morality, the power of conscience, and the like, as distinctive marks of man's place in nature. It is impossible not to carry this view further, and to speak of the religious sentiment as being characteristically and supremely human. The question of natural religion is one so extensive that it needs to be treated by itself, if at all ; and religion in its widest sense, as including revelation and all the different forms of religious truth which have influenced and do influence mankind, is a subject wellnigh infinite. All that I shall consider it necessary to do for the purpose of this essay is to refer to the almost universal prevalence of the religious sentiment in some form or another. We are told that there are races of savages to whom all conception of God is wanting ; and in like manner we are told that there are races deficient in those thoughts and feelings which we are disposed to regard as belonging to the very essence of humanity ; but these partial and painful anomalies, if they really exist, can scarcely be regarded as interfering with the main proposition, that man as man has a capacity for conceiving thoughts concerning God which no other creature has. The proposition is almost a truism : no one for a moment would dream of attributing the possibility of religious feeling to an animal however high in the scale. But what a magnificent truism it is ! It is not even necessary for my present purpose to postulate the truth of God's being : the question is only of the possibility of framing thoughts concerning such a being as God is conceived to be. A poet is not judged by the literal truth of his representations : he may exhibit the grandest powers that he possesses in the region of pure and absolute fiction ; and so, putting aside if one can for a moment the question of the actual truth of God's existence, the fact that man's mind has been able to rise to the conception of a being omniscient, almighty, "which was and is and is to come," the first cause of all created things, and the loving father of all that lives—this fact is sufficient to difference the mind of man by an absolutely impassable gulf from all that can be called mind in the lower levels of the living world.

And having reached this point I feel as if we had attained an eminence upon which we may "rest and be thankful," while calmly contemplating mightier heights still, to climb which might take us into an atmosphere more distinctly theological than would befit the character of this essay.

* "Phædo," vol. i, p. 448.

M. LITTRÉ AND THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE death of M. Littré closes an epoch in the science of lexicography. The historic dictionary of the French language, by which his name is most widely known, is not only the most complete and scientific work of the kind ever published, but, at the same time, in its conception, its growth, and final publication, is one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest monument of consecutive literary labor ever erected by any single man.

The "Dictionary of the French Language," to which he concentrated the study of his whole busy life, has linked his name with the literature of his country for as long as that language continues to be of historic interest.

The qualifications for such a task have rarely, if ever before, appeared in one man to so eminent a degree as in Littré. This dictionary, which represents the crowning work of a lifetime of unremitting study and labor, is not only a massive monument of philological learning, but, above all, is an exhibition of the concentrated energy which one man is capable of when supported by the powers that Littré brought to his task from his birth and education. He had exceptional advantages in both respects, and further added to their power by holding himself all his life in the attitude of an intellectual gladiator by a course of rigorous training that had for its end only one supreme object—more time for work.

Fortunately for us, in the last hours of his life he committed to paper the secret history of how he made his dictionary. We have here the inside history of a work but for which few would believe that its execution could have been the work of a single man. Success has crowned his labor, and the history of its achievement is the history of the life of its author.

I.

MAXIMILIEN PAUL ÉMILE LITTRÉ was born in Paris on February 1, 1801. His father was distinguished by independence of character, courage, scholarly tastes, and great physical strength. These qualities of the father have been reproduced to a remarkable degree in the son. Littré's father was imbued with the philosophic or, in other words, the unbelieving spirit of the eighteenth century. His mother, on the other hand, was a devoted Protestant, and has been pictured to us as a noble, loving woman, possessing preëminently the domestic virtues.

The elder Littré held high rank among the scholars of his day. Saint-Hilaire (the present Minister of Foreign Affairs) dedicated to him his learned "*Politique d'Aristote*," and in this dedication speaks of him as "a scholar who owed to himself alone and to his persevering labor a learning both varied and profound; a distinguished philologist, one of the oldest members of the Asiatic Society of Paris; a man of inflexible uprightness," etc.

The praise that Littré's father receives here from so distinguished a scholar as Saint-Hilaire is heightened when we learn that eleven years of his manhood were spent on a man-of-war cruising in East Indian waters, and that his first acquaintance with the Greek language was made late in life and for the purpose of teaching it to his son.

The training which the younger Littré received in his youth was of a severe and moral kind. He enjoyed the best influences at home as well as at school, where he seems to have left no prizes for anybody in any department in which he entered as a competitor. His fondness for study was inherent, and he had besides a constant incentive to increased application in his father's example and help. Some of his school friends were wont to meet with him at his father's house to study particular subjects; and they always had in the elder Littré a delightful and encouraging guide. It is difficult to over-estimate the value to Littré of this early training at the hands of so scholarly and devoted a father, whose happiness appears to have consisted in consecrating all his time to the education of his son.

A very important factor in this education was the ability to stand consecutive mental labor which Littré inherited from his father, together with his great physical power. He was a favorite with his classmates at college, we are told, and led them all easily in feats of athletic prowess at the gymnasium and the swimming-baths. He was able with outstretched arm to hold up a chair on which was seated a comrade of nineteen years. His grosser muscular forces ministered so effectually to his intellectual vigor, that from a giant in early manhood his figure became attenuated to such proportions as sufficed and only sufficed for the maximum of intellectual activity and endurance.

At eighteen his college work was finished. Loaded down with a hundred books or more, he leaves the study of the elements and enters his name as a medical student at the university. In

addition to the Latin and Greek and the rest of undergraduate accomplishments, he has already so complete a mastery of the German, English, and Italian languages, that the making of verses, and verses not without merit, was one of his favorite recreations. A knowledge of Sanskrit which he soon afterward acquired laid the foundations of his subsequent philological studies.

From the period of leaving college to the date of his father's death in 1827, he devotes eight years to the study of medicine. While yet a student he becomes favorably known among the medical authorities of Paris—so favorably that, while yet wanting the doctor's degree, he is invited to join with several eminent physicians in editing the "*Journal de Médecine*."

At this moment of his life all the indications by which human events are judged are that a career in medicine is to be one full of honorable and substantial reward to Littré. While yet a student he is consulted by the heads of his profession. While yet wanting the title of M. D., he receives honors at the hands of the medical faculty that would have flattered old practitioners. And yet, upon the death of his father, he throws his honors to the wind, and becomes a tutor of Greek and Latin.

This case, which appears on the surface as the evidence of unreasoning impulse, must be explained on grounds of action rather remote from those the world is most familiar with. His father died, leaving the younger Littré, for a legacy, a mother and an education. He found himself at twenty-six years of age without his father, without money, and without a license as a physician. Hundreds of his friends were ready to advance him anything he chose, to enable him to complete his course in medicine. All counted upon his achieving a brilliant future in that profession. But he would not listen to them. He refused to mortgage his life, as he styled it, or be in any way under pecuniary obligations to any one. The sensitiveness of human nature is not easy to appreciate when its susceptibilities reach this stage of development. And yet in Littré this action was an obvious duty that admitted of no discussion in his mind.

For seven years after the death of his father, Littré supported himself and his mother by teaching and by the precarious labors of his pen—first as a tutor of Greek and Latin, teaching the rudiments when he was competent to fill the chair of a professor. In the July Revolution of 1830 we find him bearing a musket among the insurgents, and taking part in a barricade-fight where he nearly loses his life. After the Revolution he gets employment on the "*National*," and begins a journalistic career by doing penny-a-line translation for two years among the

hack writers of the paper. His extraordinary modesty might have kept him here for the rest of his life but for one of those "accidents" that are sure, sooner or later, to befall men of genius. He was unexpectedly called upon to supply another's place in preparing for his paper a review of Herschel's "*Astronomy*." When the editor-in-chief glanced at the review, he sent for Littré, expressed his unbounded surprise and pleasure at the performance, and immediately confided to him an editorial department of the paper.

Littré accepts, but finds little that is congenial to his tastes in newspaper partisanship. He contributes occasionally on matters in which he can interest himself, but steals as much time as possible to devote to medical and philological study. He is more often found in the dissecting than the editorial room.

In 1834 he undertakes the translating and editing of the works of Hippocrates. He now devotes his days and nights to comparing texts, comparing the conditions of medical knowledge in that age, and hunting up obscure indications for a work that renewed in our day the influence of the great physician of Athens who ministered over two thousand years ago. During the preparation of this work he was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day on cognate subjects.

At the end of four years' labor the first volume of Hippocrates appeared. It took its place immediately among the most scholarly works in the language; and his friends became clamorous for Littré's election to the Academy. A seat is vacant in the Academy of Inscriptions, and he is urged to accept it.

The same year that gave birth to his first volume of Hippocrates subjected him to the greatest trial of his life, the death of his mother and only brother, which happened in 1838, and broke him down completely. For months he never touched a pen—wholly absorbed in his affliction.

The election to the Academy of Inscriptions helped, in some degree, to divert his mind; and the necessities of his family (he was married in 1835), as well as a sense of duty toward the learned body to which he had been elected, urged him to devote himself anew, and with redoubled vigor, after his long inactivity, almost exclusively to studies of an historic and scientific character.

It was at this period of his life, and in his fortieth year, that Littré conceived the plan of the great work to which the remainder of his life was consecrated, and for which his life thus far had been but a preparation. The history of his dictionary is the biography of Littré. He so

regarded it himself, for in his* account of the growth of this work, written from his death-bed, he has treated, and with a charm of expression that defies translation, and a modesty that almost equally defies imitation, such incidents as left an impress upon this work, as the only ones of public concern.

II.

"I LAID my project" (writes Littré) "before M. Hachette, the great publisher, to whom I was bound by an old school-friendship. He approved. The title was to be '*Nouveau dictionnaire étymologique de la langue française.*' A contract was signed. He advanced four thousand francs." This happened in 1841.

Five years pass before he takes up the dictionary in earnest. The rest of Hippocrates is still to be done, and he despairs of finding the time to carry through at the same time another work of so great proportions. His mother's death adds to the listlessness that marks his manner during this long period of extraordinary inactivity. But a reaction sets in, and, to use his words—

"This torpor, which had lasted but too long, was broken by M. Hachette's summoning me to make a beginning. We know that frequently during sleep the thoughts that have engaged us on the eve develop themselves unconsciously; in the same way, during the too long sleep of our project, his ideas and mine had been modified, and he proposed to me to annul the first contract, enter upon a new one, and give the work a new title, '*Dictionnaire étymologique, historique et grammatical de la langue française.*' You will notice the addition of *historique*. That was, in truth, since I came to study my subject under all its aspects, the dominating point which preoccupied me and harmonized most nearly with my quality of scholar and my title of member of the Academy of Inscriptions. I was not the first to conceive of the introduction of history into a lexicon of the French language. Voltaire had sketched the idea when he advised the quoting of sentences taken from the best writers instead of arbitrary examples. But Génin in particular, a man devoted to the old language, recommended going back boldly and seeking there for authorities. I followed the advice of both Voltaire and Génin. From them I composed a plan wholly original with myself. I was the first to undertake the submitting of a dictionary at every step to the test of history, and executing the task to the extent of my power, patience, and opportunity."

Here again was a fortunate "accident" for Littré. Had he delayed, he would have found his work forestalled by another, M. Godefroy's, who was at work upon a similar dictionary. But Littré's was first in the press, and accordingly the work of his rival was turned to another purpose.

"To me the opportunity was offered," continues he, "by the second proposition of M. Hachette. Perhaps, after so many preliminaries, I shall astonish my reader by confessing to him that, far from seizing it with avidity, I asked twenty-four hours for reflection. Those twenty-four hours were a period of agony; I passed the night without closing my eyes, revolving in my mind the burden that I was contemplating definitely to take upon myself. Never did the severe truth of Horace's lines* present themselves to my mind more forcibly than now. The length of the enterprise, which I foresaw would extend into old age, and the necessity of combining this with work that was to give me the means of living, made me hesitate. Finally, toward morning, courage conquered. Shame kept me from receding after having advanced. The attraction of the plan that I had conceived was strongest, and I signed the contract.

"The beginning consisted in collecting examples drawn from our classics, and the texts of the old tongue. The *classiques* worked smoothly without necessitating my searching outside matter; but, when it came to the old language, I took the most famous in each century from the twelfth (there is little of interest in the eleventh) down to the sixteenth inclusive. The sixteenth century is the limit of my historical study. My workshop was immediately organized. M. Hachette placed at my disposal educated assistants who read to me the authors and wrote down upon slips of paper bearing at the top the word for which an example was needed, the phrases I selected. I have mentioned them in the preface of the dictionary, and thanked them, as well as those volunteers whom it pleased to help me.

"My instructions were very general: to gather as many examples as possible of all words (in spite of our search, many a one has been left without a citation); to omit neither archaisms nor newly-coined expressions, nor the contradictions to grammatical rules; to keep a close eye upon perverted and singular meanings, and to give a preference to examples that are interesting either on account of their elegance as an anecdote, or their history. These were the points on which I talked with them; the execution was left to their individual sense—to their habits,

* "*Etudes et glanures pour faire suite à l'histoire de la langue française.*" The autobiographic portion is entitled "*Comment j'ai fait mon dictionnaire.*"

* "*Quid ferre recusent, quid valeant humeri.*"

their personal taste, and also to the accidental meeting of words.

"On my side I read also. I searched particular books, not only to increase the total of work done, but especially to have personally an experience in this kind of work, in order the better to be able to appreciate the contributions of my auxiliaries. However, the test of the enterprise was when the moment came in which I was to utilize these examples and incorporate them into the article to which they referred. Then was I forced to recognize the fact that many of mine, and of my aids, were imperfect from various standpoints. M. Hachette wished that my quotations should confine themselves to naming the author, and should not be accompanied by references that would allow of hunting them up to the edition, chapter, and page. His reasons were that, in view of the multitude of references, and the facility of making a mistake either in the figures, the writing, or the printing, this would become an arsenal of errors. This was his opinion. But that altogether too radical view, even had I agreed in it, would not have remedied many of the faults and failings in certain classes of citations. The only recourse was verification, as often as any doubt was raised, however trifling—a verification often very laborious, and a great consumer of time and research. However, my courage did not fail, and I at length succeeded in giving my citations all their quality of precision. In spite of the prophecy, there was not a nest of errors."

The bloody days of June, 1848, interrupt the work for a time. M. Hachette, after returning from the attack of a barricade that had been raised in his ward by the insurgents, and barely escaping with his life from a volley that covered him with the blood of the men in the ranks with him, orders the work on the dictionary suspended during the continuance of the crisis in public affairs. When civil order once more prevails, the dictionary is resumed.

"Finally," to use Littré's words, "the amount of material grew so, that I judged myself sufficiently equipped with examples. In reality that was not the case; but I none the less wisely made a stop in my collecting work, subject to subsequently resuming it. In view of the scale on which I had projected my dictionary, I should have lost myself hopelessly in time and space had I allowed myself, in the case of each section embraced in it, to yield to the temptation of being complete in each—a very natural temptation, by-the-way. It was imperative that a sacrifice be made, and to get to work at the whole by refusing to put the finishing touches to details. I have had no reason to repent of this determination. The whole was done, and that

was the essential; for in many cases the whole is the supreme judge of the parts. Afterward the parts were taken up again as secondary work, and with better comprehension, which compensated amply for the interruption.

"I remember, when a few years ago an Englishman sought to do for his language what I had done for mine, he applied to me by an intermediary for information as to the manner in which I worked. I gave him with all my heart certain essential instructions; but I recognize but too well to-day that they were certainly insufficient; and that, if I could have placed in his hands the notice I am writing now, I should have been of more use to him in sparing him my gropings in the dark. To me they were not spared. I had, it is true, illustrious predecessors in lexicography—Henri Estienne, Du Cange, Farcellini; Du Cange, in particular, whom I have consulted unceasingly, and to whom I am as grateful as if he were by my side. I have not the presumption to compare myself with them. Their work, on the other hand, was different. They have occupied themselves with dead languages, where all is settled, and I have had to do with a living language, where all is unsettled. Whatever there may be in this difference, they have not told us how they went to work to compose their *Trésors*. I shall be less discreet, and, at the risk of making my reader believe that I am less modest, more personal, or, as the English say, more *égotiste*, I continue my lexicographic narrative.

"I pronounced, then, the gathering of citations at an end. They were written upon little paper squares, each one bearing the name of the author, the title of the work, the page or the chapter. Each assistant made a package of these little squares, already arranged alphabetically. This had to be transformed into a general alphabetical arrangement. This labor, entirely material, of which I took charge, occupied me for more than three months several hours a day. From this an idea can be obtained of how great the mass was. I had a feeling of admiration (not unmingled with secret dread) when I saw it in its magnitude looming up before me. But my labor began to be rewarded, for in that lot of little paper slips I possessed, in embryo, it is true, my foundation of authorities from the classic language and the basis for the history of the whole language.

"Less prepared than I thought myself, but nevertheless enough so as not to go astray, I began putting matter into shape. It was a long job, and I employed at it not months but years. The result was a work of considerable bulk, and one which seemed to me (in my inexperience of myself and my mental states) of well-defined proportions. I did not know then as well as I

know now that, with me, the defined object is not easily to be obtained. How severely was my premature satisfaction to be nipped, and how far was I yet from the limit that I hoped to have already attained! This mass of paper was destined to be doubled, tripled, perhaps quadrupled. I have not kept exact count, but the fact is that that first draught of the work disappeared like an embryo in the second.

"Pushed on and urged, I decided to take in hand my papers, well numbered and bound up in little packages, and prepare definite copy for the printer. What was my despair (the word is no exaggeration) when I became convinced that I was in no condition to furnish copy, either in quantity or quality, adequate to a printer who was going to require it in large quantities! At that moment I was engaged upon the preposition *d*, the most difficult word, I believe, in all the dictionary. The outlook was discouraging. It appeared to be that of a printing process which was to advance slowly—so slowly that neither I nor my publisher, who were no longer young, would ever see the end. The loss would have been great to him; to me it would have been boundless disaster, but especially a moral one. Then I remembered the night of misery and sleeplessness I passed when I made the resolution that turned out so badly, and I repented."

Now came a period of worry at having made improper arrangements in the distribution of material. He has to go over the work and do again what a few more moments at the start would have obviated. After detailing his various stages of perplexity, Littré resumes:

"There is nothing like being in a bad position to have bad thoughts. I tried to persuade myself that my dictionary, imperfect as it was in this last draught, was superior in real advantages to any preceding ones, and that that ought to satisfy me. In this way I proceeded, by flattering myself, to make up my mind to desert my work, and, while all the time seeing what was better and more ample, to resign myself to what was inferior and more contracted. To begin immediately the printing, push it rapidly, and finish the whole in a comparatively short time—what a temptation! But at the same time what degradation before my conscience and duty to my publisher!

"*Hanc demum litem melior natura diremit.* My better nature at last put an end to the inner struggle of which I was at once the battleground and the arbiter. I was ashamed of my weakness. I was ashamed of the flattery by which I had tried to corrupt and lull to sleep my scruples. I was ashamed to have made a distinction between my interests and those of my

publisher. I was ashamed to not fulfill my plan in its full and entire conception by abandoning the healthy and loyal hope of producing, in a path as well beaten as that of lexicography, a dictionary truly original, and of meriting myself, also, some share of gratitude at the hands of workers. These reflections and reproaches rendered me master of myself. And it was well that it was so. Instructive, curious, and historic elements abound in my dictionary. More than once it has happened that, in the search for a word, the searcher has lagged behind and followed the reading-matter as he would the ordinary running text of a book. I confess that anecdotes of these occurrences have never failed to tickle the vanity of my susceptible nature. All this reward would have been lost if I had pitifully given in.

"This is the way in which the work was organized between myself, my co-workers, and our indispensable aids, the printers. I handed over a pile of copy to M. Beaujean.* He indorsed it, and sent it to the printer. But I have not yet mentioned that this printing establishment was that of Lahure. M. Hachette had recommended it as a great establishment for a great work. At the same time he had assured himself of a good foreman and good workmen. When they saw the first specimen of my manuscript, they refused to take charge of it at the ordinary rates of composition, and they struck for higher wages, which M. Hachette allowed. In presenting their complaint, they did not base them upon the bad writing, nor the erasures, nor the difficulty in deciphering; but they maintained that what increased their labor and justified their demand was the old French of the historical part, which it was impossible to set up as rapidly as the rest. Before formulating their complaint, they had submitted the matter to a council of arbitration composed of workmen, which they call *le comité*, and who pronounced in their favor.

"In return for this mass of copy, M. Beaujean received a first draught of proof-sheet, of which he corrected the errors. From this the printer prepared a second proof. M. Beaujean read it, corrected it anew, and noted his observations in the margin. It was this second proof thus noted that was submitted to me. It consisted of four columns of text, equivalent to what is to-day four columns of dictionary.

"This same second proof was, at the same time as to M. Beaujean, sent to my other co-laborers, and submitted to their scrutiny. Their observations neglected nothing, from the humble typographical blunder to the most important

* One of Littré's four assistant editors.

points of grammar or etymology. More than once have they added to the wealth of illustration or enriched the history. More than once have I trembled at seeing what errors that had escaped me had been rendered harmless by the scrupulous watchfulness of my assistants.

"When in possession of all these materials for correction, including at times notes of my own that I had been able to gather between the dispatch of copy and the return of the second proof-sheet, I set to work. I first read the proof for myself, and without consulting the work of my assistants; and made corrections from my standpoint. Afterward I consulted M. Beaujean, then M. Jullien, then M. Sommer, and after him M. Deshors, and next M. Baudry, and then Captain André. All went well so long as a lengthy examination was not necessary, nor a second draught, nor additions, nor contraction. But when knotty questions arose, and I could only change by reconstructing my text, then it was that I had to take a long time for reflection, in order to make up my mind to set my hand to the reconstruction of this or that portion of the condemned article. Nothing could exceed the labor required in the correction of certain of these condemned proof-sheets. One may judge of this on learning that often they did not leave my work-room until they had increased by a fifth or a quarter. Undoubtedly the greatest amount of time went to the intellectual work it cost me; but is it necessary to mention also the detail work, which in the result is not even thought of? The material labor was long, too, forced as I was to alter the proofs by notes and tags of paper in such a way that the printer might have the means of finding his way in the labyrinth. How often, when in the thick of my embarrassment, have I not exclaimed, half in joke, half in earnest, 'Oh, my friends, never make a dictionary!' What an amount of patience, ingenuity, and time I devoted to these laborious details I have long since forgiven; for from a general standpoint they have not been without service to me in disciplining my mind inclined to generalities, and obliging it to make its daily nourishment of facts both great and small.

"However carefully the printing was done, those pages were ordinarily too much worked over for me not to insist upon seeing for myself whether all had been properly executed. This verification made, I turned the proof over to M. Beaujean, who finally pronounced the print acceptable. Two months regularly elapsed between the handing in of copy and the perfection of the printed matter. The interval was long but to look fairly at the matter, to consider through how many hands the proof passed, to

take into account the opinions and suggestions of each one, it will be allowed that it would have been as impossible to ask for greater celerity either from the printer, always full of work, or from M. Beaujean, an excellent prime worker, as from me, general superintendent. When it was established that such was to be the average speed, I was enabled, in making an estimate of the growth of my copy, to calculate approximately how many years would be necessary (for it was by years that I had to calculate) in order to accomplish my purpose, supposing none of those mishaps to befall me without which human affairs seem incomplete."

In order to make head against the enormous consumption of copy by the printer, Littré finds himself in need of more help. This time it is from an unexpected quarter—his own family. His wife and daughter volunteer their services, and are willingly enrolled in the work. Littré found great comfort in this arrangement, both in the pleasure of their society and the convenience of having them constantly at hand.

"For this work," continues Littré, "M. Hachette placed at my disposal twenty-four hundred francs a year: twelve hundred francs were for my wife and my daughter and twelve hundred for myself, for we had all of us need of temporary indemnification. My wife and daughter gave less time to the household cares, and I, in the absorbing routine of the dictionary, had no more time for certain collateral occupation which served, as the saying is, to make both ends meet. The *res angusta domi* lorded the situation, and I accepted willingly the full consequences, that is to say, labor and economy. The labor conformed at least to this rule, that it never imposed upon me a necessity that displeased or disgusted me, and the domestic economy was directed to the end that, as far as possible, the present should not be completely sacrificed to the future. Besides, this annual sum of twenty-four hundred francs was merely an advance payment. It entered into the debt of four thousand odd francs that I had contracted for with M. Hachette and of which I shall speak later.

"My obstinacy in submitting to investigation everything that appeared *suspect* in my mind, increased rather than diminished in view of obstacles. I was at liberty to prolong my habitual vigil beyond three o'clock in the morning, which was my regular hour.

"This is the system of regulation which comprised the twenty-four hours of the day, and of which it was essential that the least possible portion be given to the current requirements of existence. I had arranged my affairs so, by a sacrifice of all manner of superfluity, that I was able to have the luxury of a residence both in the

country and the town. The country residence was at Méné-le-Roi, Seine-et-Oise, a small and old house, garden one third of a hectare, well planted, producing fruits and vegetables which, as to the old man in Virgil, *dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis*. There, in quasi-solitude (for my village is at a distance from the run of Parisians who escape on Sunday from the big city), it was an easy matter to dispose my hours. I arose at eight in the morning—very late, you will say, for a man so much in a hurry. Wait a minute. While they were making my bedroom, which was at the same time my workroom (I told you it was a little old house), I went down to the ground floor, taking some work with me. It is thus, among other things, that I made the preface to my dictionary. The chancellor of Aguesseau had taught me not to despise the moments that seemed of no use. His inexact wife always made him wait for dinner, and she, in presenting him a book at such times, used to say, ‘There is the ante-dinner book.’ At nine o’clock I went upstairs again and corrected the proofs that had arrived in the mean time until luncheon. At one o’clock I took my place again in my working-room, and there, until three in the afternoon, I paid my duty to the ‘Journal des Savants,’ which had elected me in 1855, and to whom I felt it a debt of honor to bring my regular contribution. From three until six I worked on the dictionary. At six o’clock I came down-stairs for dinner—always ready, for my wife did not imitate Madame Aguesseau. An hour was about the time usually spent. It is recommended as an hygienic precept not to do study-work immediately after a meal. I have constantly infringed upon this rule, after learning by experience that I suffered no harm from the infringement. It was so much gained, so much snatched from corporeal necessities. Going up toward seven in the evening I took hold of my dictionary and did not relinquish it again. A first relay brought me to midnight, where they left me. The second brought me to three in the morning. Ordinarily my daily task was completed. If it was not I prolonged the vigil, and more than once, during the long days, have I put out my lamp and continued by the light of the dawn of the next day.

“But let us not make a rule of the exception. Three o’clock was oftenest the limit at which I left pen and paper and put everything in order, not for the next day, for the next day had already arrived, but for my next task. My bed was there, almost touching my desk, and in a few moments I was in bed. Habit and regularity (physiological note not without interest) had extinguished all excitement of work. I fell asleep as easily as could have done a man of leisure, and it is in the same way that I arose at eight o’clock,

the hour of many a lazy one. These night vigils were not without some compensation. A nightingale had taken up its quarters in a little avenue of lindens that traversed my garden, and filled the silence of the night and the surrounding country with its clear and mellow music. O Virgil, how were you able, you author of the ‘Georgics,’ to make of these glorious notes a song of mourning, *miserabile carmen*!

“In town the time was less strictly organized. The day had comings and goings and unforeseen disturbances. But with the night I became completely my own master; my night belonged to me, and I employed it exactly as I did at Méné-le-Roi—winter nights, when I missed my musical companion, the sight of the country and the extensive horizon, but which had their periods of silence even in Paris, when everything became hushed toward two and three in the morning—nights which one after the other were spent in the retirement of study.

“From 1860 up to the end of the printing, that is to say during twelve years, I never intermitted the discipline I had imposed upon myself. I will not say that I was not often seized, in certain moments of physical or mental lassitude, with an impatient desire to finish the work. But, strangely enough, it was not when the mass of work, diminished but a little, seemed discouraging by reason of its enormity; it was when it was sensibly diminishing, and that I was approaching the end. Then I chafed under the slow stages that I was forced to take; I counted again and again what yet remained to be set up, and how many hours there were to be devoted to it. Then censuring myself for my weakness, I returned to the regular course of days and nights, which had not brought me so far in order to have me give out in the last stage of my journey and in very sight of the goal. To be wanting in any way to one’s own reward, in exhorting one’s self to one’s self—there is nothing so well calculated to sustain one in good thoughts and firm resolutions as to make to one’s self a regular sermon that shall touch the core of things and the core of character. We need no preacher then to close our mouths and open our eyes.”

An interruption occurs soon afterward, which brings into strong relief the indomitable energy of Littré. On the death of Comte, he is requested by his widow to write the life of the philosopher. Although an ardent admirer and disciple of the great positivist, Littré first refused, because of the dictionary that completely engrosses him. Comte’s widow, however, importunes so effectively that Littré at length yields.

“From this time on I had to modify my order of work and to sandwich in the production of

'Auguste Comte et la philosophie positive'; the title of the work resulting from my negotiation with the widow. I judged that it would require a year for this composition, and the execution did not prove my estimate erroneous.

"Thus decided, I broke off my work on the dictionary at midnight, and from twelve until three I took in hand the life of Auguste Comte. Those three morning hours (for the astronomical day begins at midnight) seized upon regularly for about one year, and joined with what odd moments I was able to scrape together, were sufficient. In 1863 the volume was finished. During the interval I gained a little less upon the proof-sheets of my dictionary—that was all.

"The result proved that Madame Comte had not presumed too much upon my affection; and when I was out of the furnace I applauded myself upon my achievement: the debt of disciple which I owed had been demanded, and I had paid it.

"My permanent assiduity at the work, not allowing itself to be diverted by any distraction or fatigue, was rewarded, and in 1865 I was able to inscribe upon a last leaf, 'To-day I have finished my dictionary.'"

But, although the work was ready for the press, Littré never ceased correcting what he had published. His supplementary work fills fifty pages of the fourth volume, and, in the eight years since that volume was published he has kept the work so constantly at his elbow that the remains he has left us from his subsequent investigations will prove valuable material should a revised edition of the work be undertaken.

Before the dictionary is complete, Littré finds it expedient to alter the contract with his publishers, in order to save himself and family from ruin should the work be a failure financially. The original contract stipulated that forty thousand francs should be the amount advanced, and that this amount should be repaid. It is obvious that, should the work fail, Littré and his family would be financially ruined. He had spent the best share of his life in this work, relying on paying back the advances made out of the proceeds of the sale. The danger of his position does not seem to have struck him until his work was nearly finished, and it is well for him that his dealings were with a firm of such upright character as that of Hachette. His claim was allowed. The contract was altered, and he was saved from bankruptcy in any case. His loss would be thirty years of unprofitable labor, and that of the Hachettes forty thousand francs. The result, however, makes us smile at the doubts he entertained then as to the result.

After describing the way in which his various assistants employed their month's holiday in the summer, he continues:

"I had then in the Rue de l'Ouest, to-day the Rue d'Assas, a very small and inconvenient lodging, but very cheap, as my meager revenue demanded. It was the same one that the Communists occupied in May, 1871, for three days. From the windows they fired upon the Versailles troops who were attacking the place; then, when, routed there as elsewhere, they took to their heels, they were careful not to leave before setting fire to the ground-floor. The house became a blaze; but the fire brigade arriving, controlled this conflagration, as well as that across the way, where M. Michelet lodged, who was fortunately absent, but whom they did not wish to neglect.

"Well, in that apartment which, after undergoing the perils of the siege, the Commune nearly burned down, M. Hachette coming one day to visit me, noticed the piles of papers lying about, which were the not yet printed parts of my dictionary. The proximity of the papers to the fireplace struck him, and concern at the prospect of a fire crossed his mind. 'What could be done,' said he to me, 'to prevent an irreparable loss? Would it be possible to make a copy of all that and have a duplicate?' I objected that it would be a long and expensive job to make a copy of such a mass, that the risks at my house would be doubled at that of a copyist, and that, in a work purely secondary, delays were to be apprehended which it was necessary to obviate. On that the proposition remained where it was before, but I could not rid myself of the danger it had suggested, and I was full of anxiety for fear of possible calamity.

"My careless security had disappeared, and I was thinking of what precautions I might take, if not to destroy, at least to diminish the evil chances whose vivid image caused me to tremble. My manuscript was disposed in packages of one thousand pages. It turned out that I had two hundred and forty of these packages. Accordingly, I ordered eight chests of white-wood, each capable of containing thirty packages, in all two hundred and forty thousand pages. This was the end of the dictionary, and represented about the equivalent of what I had already printed and saved from ordinary danger. These chests were turned over to a packer, who prepared them as if for a sea-voyage to America or the Indies—that is to say, against the length of time, the moisture, and all changes of climate. They had not so far to go, however. I took them to Ménil-le-Roi, and placed them in the cellar. . . . Thus I come to the middle of the terrible year 1870."

The next year is one of suspense and danger

to Littré and his family. He escapes on the outbreak of the Commune—the third Parisian insurrection he has witnessed. I pass over the details of the war, with which we are all familiar, and take up the thread of the narrative when order is again prevailing and Littré has been elected a member of the Legislature. He can not work at his dictionary in Paris, owing to the disorder there.

To resume his language: "The proofs were sent, not without difficulty, to Versailles, and returned to Paris with no less trouble. The greatest inconvenience arose from my being separated from all the adjuncts to my dictionary labor. However, that inconvenience was but a passing one. The insurrection subsided, and I returned to Paris, to my books and my workshop. From that time the printing went on rapidly, and ended in 1872, with the end of the year. I have noted above what sincere joy I experienced in 1865, when I wrote the last page of my reconstructed work. The last perfect sheet which I handed over in 1872 renewed with no less of vivacity the feeling of having accomplished a result after great efforts, after many years, in spite of periods of deep inner despair, and rude crosses from without.

"Those last eighteen months (1871-1872) were to me months burdened down beyond measure with difficulty. All the arrangements of my life, to procure to myself the greatest possible amount of time for work, were upset. As member of the National Assembly, I attended the sessions regularly. Not having been able to take up my residence at Versailles because of my book, and deprived of all that was handy to me in Paris, I was obliged each day to make the journey that so many have grumbled at, and which has but just been discontinued. In this way the entire middle of my day was taken away from me. There remained only the forenoons, the nights, the Sundays, and the recesses of the Assembly. Those hours snatched from public duties were employed, I need not say how jealously, or how rejoiced I was to find them sufficient."

III.

"It was at the close of that year, 1872, that my health began fundamentally to be impaired. I was attacked by little fevers; a catarrh located itself in my nasal and respiratory ducts, and did not leave me; the nails of my hands became affected, and dropped off one after the other. Neither time nor medical treatment brought any comfort; time, on the contrary, aggravated each day the burden of old age, and medical care found no support in a constitution falling to ruins. And in truth, far from mending, my

condition, after having lasted in a painful but supportable manner, became involved with rheumatism, which caused and still causes me great suffering, and which also took on the character of permanence. Little by little I came to be entirely confined to my room, almost nailed to my arm-chair. . . . I have made a careful examination, from a medical standpoint, as to whether I was justified in associating the suffering that assailed the close of my existence with the manner of life I led during the last fifteen years of my dictionary; and it has been impossible for me to find any connection of cause and effect. Many a person has worked and does still work as much as I without becoming a prey to the complicated pathology which has taken hold of my person. . . . I accordingly absolve the dictionary entirely from any responsibility in the organic derangements that afflict me.

"The disease, which never afterward left me, caused me, upon my completion of the work (with which event its attack coincided), a disappointment, small perhaps, yet sensible. My design was to have reunited my co-workers at a feast of congratulation and farewell; also M. Hachette, my publisher, and some friends dating from the time of my college days. Turned invalid, I was forced absolutely to renounce all reunions and feasts. I hoped at first that this was but an adjournment; but I hoped in vain. The adjournment was *sine die*. Time mended nothing, it made everything worse; and, in writing these lines, I hold the pen with a feeble and suffering hand.

"My dictionary was not finished until my seventy-first year. The more I advanced into old age, the greater became my boldness and the more did my chances of putting the last touches to the work diminish. My temerity carried the day. I have received the congratulations of one of my colleagues and friends, M. Laurent-Pichat, who sustained my efforts and aided my labor. The expressions he has used have made me hesitate to repeat them; but I beg of my reader, who undoubtedly shares in this feeling, to forget the form in consideration of the substance. 'An illustrious man of our day,' said M. Laurent-Pichat, in a discourse delivered at the distribution of prizes in Charlemagne College, August 5, 1879, 'whose moral heroism stands before us like a great example, undertook an immense work, without a thought for the days of life that were yet reserved to him. He began his task in the years of decline. He worked fifteen years at it, and the printing of the work lasted perhaps as many years again. Success crowned his efforts, he raised a national monument; and he can now take his rest in considering with complacency the monument

which he has consecrated to the French language.' These words, addressed to young people about entering life, regarding an old man who is about taking his leave, appeared to me, in spite of the excess of eulogy, worthy of being stored up; and all the more as my example and

the advice with which I have associated it have, I am sure, engaged more than one man of labor and energy to regard rather what is before him to do than what is before him to live."

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

BONAPARTE.

FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURE-ROOMS.*

IN commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognizing the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the professional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarkation I drew at the establishment of the hereditary empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness to the French people, and at the same time European ascendancy to the French state. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French but European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal monarchy was set up, and then how it fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the in-

troduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the consulate—with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the empire—I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and discussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the needful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as, indeed, it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connection of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quit-

* The last of a long course of lectures, printed here as containing a condensed statement of results.

ting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this: that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now, to begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this: that, when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organized power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such, for instance, was the municipality of Paris when the French monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly, the municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent *coup d'état*. But, as a general rule, the greatest organized power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is, therefore, natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might no doubt have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumouriez, but for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the state to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralized military power to hold together the vast empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now, in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing thier affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the government of the Directory had sunk into such

contempt that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organized power like the army to take its place by a sudden *coup d'état*. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's imperialism to the *levée en masse*, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the Revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly, as the Revolution caused the war, it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of imperialism. If under the *old régime* France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old monarchy itself would have been transformed into an imperialism. That imperialism appeared now in such a naked, undisguised form was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power, so it alone determined its character. Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connection with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact, too, it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the Parisian

Revolution, but of the *levée en masse*. Bonaparte canceled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two revolutions, widely different from each other; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the old *régime* and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European liberalism and a fatal political heresy. The monarchy of the Bourbons was itself liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI; it was liberal again in the Constitution of 1791; liberal under the charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present republic. There have been two great aberrations toward the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848 and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X into measures which looked like a revival of the old *régime*.

The struggle, then, throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon, and the present opportunist republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the old *régime* has been utterly dead, and even Charles X did not seriously dream of reviving it—and the only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical, half poetical, intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous, excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question: 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to carry on parliamentary government in the face of this danger—but in vain: 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a liberal absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method

was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levée en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called ideology. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call eighteenth-century liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institutions; when his own Senate and Corps Législatif were, in the first place, not representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by assembly. Their liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the Church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in promoting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and, if Bonaparte made the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of liberalism, that his administration was one long *coup d'état*. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the old *régime*, it is the old *régime* in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789,

and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without Assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the *noblesse* and clergy.

Such, then, are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe, in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international revolution were precisely the great liberal sovereigns of the age—Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves, it might be done without causing a general confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the policy of the partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now, this immense superiority was given to France by her *levée en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of liberalism in Europe. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the Government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and fall of the monarchy in 1792, given at the same time the European war, an all-powerful military government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Masséna, embark in a career of con-

quest. But I have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favorite *declamatio* that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their own selfish gratification. The word was—

“Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.”

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began these lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the *cultus*. Half a century has passed since Mr. Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers, or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made enduring: and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is his sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a much more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticise it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a new stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavor, therefore, to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same as, though it is by no means altogether different from, the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper dis-

posed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a temper of pure impartiality and candor. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any *a priori* theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occasionally individual men, who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is noble to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or base and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairyland; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally, indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in express words, that the

old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it *is* true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred, and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because, while others wanted clearness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy; therefore all mankind gladly rallied around him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now, it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not rise in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast fabric of his greatness more than half

was not built by him at all, but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready-made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levée en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake, therefore, to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanry. In fact, he floated to supreme power upon a tide of imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, apparently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still"; his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But, though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Masséna might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What, then, were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place, he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign

one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the code, but a number of great institutions, almost, indeed, the whole organization of modern France—administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial, and military systems—are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795-1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French state.

The simple explanation of this is, that his government was a real government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea, that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the mediæval empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the imperial place which he had not really created, had besides this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learned the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levée en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period, with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bona-

parte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say: "Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces, of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed. We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty, who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical *pose*, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions, except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character, indeed, is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive, as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterward formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,* which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling

plan of his, the failure of which he never ceased to regret, the Eastern expedition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamed of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cæsar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and the French Church, to negotiate the Concordat, and reenact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the East and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed—a religious revolution extending over the whole East, and then combined in some way with the Revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *a priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe, has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet-conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly a hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was—that is, a prodigy of will, activity, and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle is a moralist, and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him, the very crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking, as it were, a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue. Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others

* See Arthur Böhtlingk's "Napoleon Bonaparte," vol. ii.

noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated—that is, by shaking off the trammels of narrative, proposing definite problems, and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research, but a precise political philosophy, with principles fixed

and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation to research and discovery the question whether this task—the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics and all politics shall begin in history—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.

J. R. SEELEY (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

STRANGE PLAYERS.

NO doubt the actor's art depends considerably upon his physical gifts and qualifications. It is not enough for him to sympathize sincerely with the character he undertakes, to feel deeply its emotions, to weep or to laugh with it, as the case may require; he must be prepared also to represent or to personate it; he must so express it as to render it credible, intelligible, and affecting to others. Aspect, elocution, attitude, and gesture, these are the means wherewith he accomplishes his effects, illudes his audience, and wins of them their applause: these are his professional implements and symbols, and without these there can be no acting. "A harsh, inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face," Mr. G. H. Lewes has said, "would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage"; and the same critic has decided that, unless the actor possesses the personal and physical qualifications requisite for the representation of the character he undertakes, no amount of ability in conceiving it will avail.

But, of course, stage portraiture can only be a matter of approximation: the actor has to seem rather than to be the character he performs, although it is likely that the actors themselves do not so clearly perceive this distinction. Macready enters in his diary at one place: "Began to read over 'Macbeth.' Like MacIse over his pictures, I exclaim, 'Why can not I make it the very thing, the reality?'" At another time

he writes: 'Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted it well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me. I could not feel myself in the part. I was laboring to play Macbeth. On Monday last I *was* Macbeth.' And again a little later: "Acted Macbeth in my best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. J'ai été le personnage." The admired comedian Molé had a sounder view of his professional duties when he observed of one of his own performances: "Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir. Je me suis trop livré, je ne suis pas resté mon maître; j'étais entré trop vivement dans la situation; j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement."

This *optique du théâtre*, in fact, with certain artifices of the toilet skillfully employed, so materially abets the player in his efforts to portray, disguising his imperfections and making amends for his shortcomings, that it becomes a question at last as to what natural advantages he can or can not dispense with. Is there anything, he may be tempted to ask, that positively unfits him for creditable appearance upon the scene? The stage is a wide field, an open profession, finds occupation for very many; what matters it if some of its servants present sundry physical defects and infirmities? Can absolutely nothing

be done with the harsh, inflexible voice? Is the rigid, heavy face so fatal a bar to histrionic success? It is desirable, of course, that Romeo should be young, and Juliet beautiful; that Ferdinand should be better-looking than Caliban, and Hamlet less corpulent than Falstaff; that Lear should appear venerable, and Cæsar own a Roman nose; but even as to these obvious conditions the play-going public is usually prepared to allow some discount or abatement. No doubt, too great a strain may be placed upon public lenity in this respect. There is an old story told of the seeking of a theatrical engagement by a very unlikely candidate. It was objected that he was very short.—So, he said, was Garrick. It was charged against him that he was very ugly.—Well, Weston had been very ugly. But he squinted abominably.—So did the admirable comedian, Lewis. But he stuttered.—Mrs. Inchbald had stuttered, nevertheless her success upon the stage had been complete. But he was lame of one leg.—Mr. Foote had been very lame—in fact, had lost one of his legs. But his voice was weak and hollow.—So, he alleged, was Mr. Kemble's. But, it was finally urged against him, he had all these defects combined.—So much the more singular, he pleaded. However, the manager decided not to engage him.

Some years since a book was published entitled "The Lost Senses," which set forth how, notwithstanding grievous afflictions and physical infirmities, the writer had contrived to lead a studious, useful, and not unhappy life. How many of his faculties can an actor afford to lose? There have been mad players. The case of the Irish actor Layfield, narrated by O'Keeffe, is perhaps hardly in point. Layfield was struck with incurable madness while in the act of playing Iago to the Othello of Sheridan, and died shortly afterward in an asylum. The first symptom of his malady is said to have been the perversion of the text of his part and his description of Jealousy as a "green-eyed lobster." And the later eccentricities of the veteran Macklin may be attributed rather to excessive senility than to absolute mental disease. We are told that, properly attired as Shylock, he entered the greenroom, where the other players were already assembled. He was about to make his last appearance upon the stage. "What! is there a play to-night?" he inquired. All were amazed; no one answered. "Is there a play to-night?" he repeated. The representative of Portia said to him, "Yes, of course. 'The Merchant of Venice.' What is the matter with you, Mr. Macklin?" "And who is the Shylock?" he asked. "Why, you, sir, you are the Shylock." "Ah," he said, "am I?" and he sat down in

silence. There was general concern. However, the curtain went up, the play began, and the aged actor performed his part to the satisfaction of the audience, if he stopped now and then and moved to the side the better to hear the prompter. "Eh, what is it? what do you say?" he sometimes demanded audibly, as he lifted up his hair from his ear and lowered his head beside the prompter's box.

But Reddish, the step-father of George Canning, was decidedly a mad player. He had been dismissed from Covent Garden Theatre because of his "indisposition of mind," when, upon the intervention of certain of his friends, the management granted him a benefit. The play of "Cymbeline" was accordingly announced with Reddish as Posthumus. Ireland, in his biography of Henderson, relates that an hour before the performance he met Reddish "with the step of an idiot, his eye wandering, and his whole countenance vacant." Congratulated upon his being sufficiently recovered to appear, "Yes, sir," he said, "I shall perform, and in the garden scene I shall astonish you!" "The garden scene?" cried Ireland; "I thought you were to play Posthumus." "No, sir, I play Romeo." And all the way to the theatre he persisted that he was to appear as Romeo; he even recited various of the speeches of that character, and after his arrival in the greenroom it was with extreme difficulty he could be persuaded that he had to play any other part. When the time came for him to appear upon the stage, he was pushed on, every one fearing that he would begin his performance of Posthumus with one of Romeo's speeches. "With this expectation," writes Ireland, "I stood in the pit, close to the orchestra, and being so near had a perfect view of his face. The instant he came in sight of the audience his recollection seemed to return, his countenance resumed meaning, his eye appeared lighted up, he made the bow of modest respect, and went through the scene much better than I had before seen him. On his return to the greenroom, the image of Romeo returned to his mind, nor did he lose it till his second appearance, when, the moment he had the cue, he went through the scene; and in this weak and imbecile state of his understanding performed the whole better than I ever saw him before." Ireland even pronounced that the actor's manner in his insane state was "less assuming and more natural" than when he had "the full exercise of his reason." Reddish was not seen again upon the stage, however; he died soon afterward hopelessly mad, an inmate of York Asylum.

In the records of the Théâtre Français a very similar case may be found. The actor

Monrose, famous at one time for his admirable personation of the character of Figaro, had been for some months in confinement because of the disordered condition of his mind. His success in Beaumarchais's comedy had in truth turned his brain. He had so identified himself with the part of the Spanish barber that he could not lay it down or be rid of it. On the stage or off, sleeping or waking, he was always Figaro. He had forgotten his own name, but he answered to that of Figaro. In conversation he was absent, appeared not to hear or not to understand what was said to him; but a quotation from the "Barbier" produced an immediate reply, a merry laugh, a droll gesture. It was resolved that a performance should be given for his benefit, and that he should appear as Figaro upon the occasion. The house was crowded to excess. Mademoiselle Rachel and all the leading players of the Français lent their services. The representation produced a profit of eighteen thousand francs. Dr. Blanche, the leading physician of the asylum in which the actor had been confined, was present throughout the evening, in close attendance upon his patient, soothing and encouraging him in the intervals of the performance. The anxiety both of spectators and actors was very great. The scene was described as "exciting in the highest degree." It was dreaded lest the actor's malady should suddenly disclose itself. The audience hesitated to applaud, lest they should dangerously excite the poor man. Mademoiselle Rachel was so affected that she twice lost recollection of the words she should speak, although she was appearing in one of her most favorite and familiar characters. The representatives of Rosina and Almaviva could not disguise their terror; at each word, at each gesture, of Figaro's they looked for betrayal of his insanity. It was said, however, that the actor had never played better than on this his last night upon the stage, when he was released but for a few hours from the mad-house. He sought to reassure his friends by his ease of manner, his smiling glances, his air of complete self-possession. At one time only did he seem thoroughly conscious of the painful position in which he was placed. Toward the close of the third act of the comedy Figaro is required to exclaim three times, "Il est fou!" We are told that at this utterance "every heart beat with terror, . . . and here, and here only, did Monrose himself seem to betray that he was aware of the truth; he spoke with increasing vehemence, and with an expression of the most poignant grief."

In the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Bellamy of Covent Garden Theatre it is told how an insane actress once forced her way on to the stage and represented to perfection the madness of Ophelia;

but the story is not very credible. Mrs. Verbruggen—she had been known, too, as Mrs. Mountford, and in her honor Gay, it was said, had written his "Black-eyed Susan"—had been confined for some time in an asylum; her mind had suffered because of the perfidy of Mr. Barton Booth the tragedian, who had suddenly transferred his affections from her to the beautiful Miss Santlow, the dancer. Mrs. Verbruggen was allowed considerable liberty, however, for her malady had not assumed a violent form, so that she was able with little difficulty to elude the watchfulness of her attendants and make her way to the theatre. She had ascertained that "Hamlet" was to be represented; as Ophelia she had been wont to receive the most fervent applause. "Concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia makes her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on to the stage before her who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was in truth Ophelia's self, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her."

There have been blind players. In the "Wolverhampton Chronicle," December, 1792, appeared a statement to the effect that one Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company then in Staffordshire, although stone-blind, represented all the heroes in his tragedies and the lovers in genteel comedies. In 1744, on April 2d, the Drury Lane play-bill was headed with a quotation from Milton: "The day returns, but not to me returns." The performances were given for the benefit of Dr. Clancy, author of the tragedies, "Tamar Prince of Nubia," and "Hermon Prince of Choraæ," who had become blind. The public was duly advertised that, "Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his profession, the master of the playhouse had kindly favored him with a benefit-night; it was therefore hoped that, as that was the first instance of any person laboring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, the novelty as well as the unhappiness of his case would engage the favor and protection of a British audience." The tragedy of "Œdipus" was represented, and the blind man personated the blind prophet Teresias. The performance produced some profit, and Dr. Clancy was further assisted by a pension of forty pounds per annum out of the privy purse. Imperfect sight has been no bar to success upon the stage. Even Roscius is said to have been afflicted with obliquity of vision, and therefore to have played in a vizard, until his audience, recognizing his great histrionic merits, induced him to discard his mask that they might the better en-

joy his exquisite oratory and the music of his voice. The great Talma squinted. And a dramatic critic writing in 1825 noted it as a strange fact that "our three light comedians, Elliston, Jones, and Browne," each suffered from "what is called a cast in the eye." Mr. Bernard, in his "Retrospections," describes a provincial actor of some reputation who, although possessed of but one eye, played "all the lovers and harlequins." With shortness of sight many of our players have been troubled, or how can we account for such well-known facts, for instance, as the eye-glass of Mr. Bancroft and the *pince-nez* of Mr. Irving? Poor Mrs. Dancer—she was afterward famous as Mrs. Spranger Barry and as Mrs. Crawford—was so short-sighted that Hugh Kelly, in his satirical poem of "Thespis," rudely spoke of her as a "moon-eyed idiot." And once when by accident she dropped her dagger as she was about to commit self-slaughter upon the stage in the old tragic way—she was playing Calista in "The Fair Penitent"—her imperfect vision hindered her from perceiving where her weapon had fallen, and she could not recover it. "The attendant endeavored to push it toward her with her foot; this failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly handed it to her mistress to put an end to herself with: an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene," simply comments O'Keeffe, who relates the story. The late Herr Staudigl, who usually wore spectacles when he was not engaged upon the stage, found his weakness of sight a special disadvantage when he personated Bertram in "Robert le Diable." He could not find the trap-door through which Bertram should descend in the final scene of the opera, although pains had been taken to mark broadly with chalk the exact position of the opening. The famous bass was usually conducted carefully to the spot and held over it that he might not miss it by the Robert and Alice of the night. From the first, indeed, the trap-door in "Robert" had been a source of inconvenience. On the night of the production of the opera, Nourrit, who played Robert, an impassioned artist, "*entraîné par la situation, se précipita étourdiment dans la trappe à la suite du dieu des enfers.*" The audience, much alarmed, exclaimed, "Nourrit est tué!" Mademoiselle Dorus, the representative of Alice, shed tears. No harm had been done, however. Robert was not hurt. He had fallen upon the mattresses arranged for Bertram. "Que diable faites-vous ici?" said Bertram's interpreter, Levasseur, to Nourrit, as they met beneath the stage. "*Est-ce qu'on a changé le dénouement?*"

The late John Baldwin Buckstone was extremely deaf; his infirmity scarcely affected his performance, however, if, as Mr. Tom Taylor

wrote, it "raised a wall of separation between him and all but a small circle of intimates." His quickness of intelligence in matters of his craft was so great that he might have been closely watched not only on the stage at night but even at the morning's rehearsal without discovery being made that he could hear no word of what was passing about him. "He was guided, in his by-play as well as in his spoken part, entirely by his knowledge of the piece acquired in reading it, and by his quick eye, which could catch much of what his stage-interlocutors said from the movement of their lips and the expression of their faces. I remember his telling me," Mr. Taylor notes, "that it was only by this means he knew when his cue to speak came." An earlier actor, one Winstone, attached to the Bristol Theatre, remained upon the stage as an octogenarian although he was so affected with deafness that he could not possibly "catch the word" from the prompter. Delivering his farewell address, he secured the assistance of one of the performers to stand close behind him, advancing as he advanced and retiring as he retired, like a shadow, and charged to prompt him should he fail in the words of his speech.

Foote presents the most remarkable instance of a one-legged player. While on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, riding a too spirited horse, he was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg had to be amputated. It was suggested at the time, "as a marvelous proof of the efficacy of avarice," that Foote had unnecessarily undergone amputation that he might surely enlist the sympathies of the Duke of York, and by his influence obtain the Chamberlain's license for the little "theatre in the Haymarket"; but such a supposition is wholly incredible. Foote jested, as his wont was, even under the surgeon's knife. A little while before he had caricatured, in his farce of "The Orators," the manner and aspect of Alderman Faulkner, the eccentric Dublin publisher, whose wooden leg had been turned to laughable account upon the stage. "Now I shall be able to take off old Faulkner to the life," said the satirist, when it was announced to him that the operation must be performed. But, in truth, he felt his misfortune acutely; he suffered deeply both in mind and body. He wrote pathetically of his state to Garrick: "I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all I have suffered." After an interval he reappeared upon the stage, however, the public finding little abatement of his mirthfulness or of his power to entertain. But, as O'Keeffe writes, "with all his high comic humor, one could not help pitying him sometimes as he stood upon his one leg leaning against the wall while his servant was

putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump; he looked sorrowful, but, instantly resuming all his high comic humor and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight." He wrote his comedy of "The Lame Lover," as it were to introduce his false leg to the public, and as Sir Luke Limp protested that he was not the worse but much the better for his loss. "Consider," he urged, "I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, nor gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . What! d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drum-sticks, or chop with Lord Lumbar for both of his logs? What is there I am not able to do? To be sure, I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town. . . . A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have!"

Charles Mathews the elder, though he did not incur the loss of a limb, was thrown from his carriage and lamed for life. When he was enabled to return to the stage, he reappeared leaning upon a crutch stick and personating a lame harlequin in a comic extravaganza entitled "Hocus Pocus, or Harlequin Washed White," designed especially for his reintroduction to the public. Some few years since Signor Donato, a one-legged dancer, appeared in the course of a Covent Garden pantomime, and surprised the audience by the grace and agility he displayed, his mutilated state notwithstanding. He wore the dress of a Spanish bull-fighter, and to the stump of his leg a tassel was affixed, so that it resembled somewhat an old-fashioned sofa-cushion. In his "Retrospections of the Stage," Mr. Bernard describes a veteran manager who, though bent with age and afflicted with gout in all his members, delighted to represent the heroes of light comedy. He was unable to walk or even to stand, and throughout the performance had to remain seated in his easy-chair, his lower limbs swathed in flannels, and to be wheeled on and off the stage as the circumstances of the play required. He endeavored to compensate for these drawbacks by taking large pinches of snuff very frequently, and by energetically waving in the air a large and dingy pocket-handkerchief. In this way he would represent such characters as Plume, the vivacious hero of Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," to audiences that were certainly indulgent and tolerant if they were not enthusiastic.

One of Mr. George Vandenhoff's "Dramatic

Reminiscences" relates to a one-armed tragedian he encountered in 1840 on the stage of the Leicester Theatre. The poor man's left arm, it seems, "had been accidentally shot off," nevertheless he appeared as Icilus, as Pizarro, and as Banquo, concealing his deficiency now with his toga, now with his mantle, and now with his plaid. Mr. Vandenhoff writes: "I had really not noticed the poor fellow's mutilation, though I had observed that he seemed rather one-sided in his action, till I played Othello to his Iago; and then what was my horror, on seizing him in the third act, to find that I had got hold of an armless sleeve stuffed out in mockery of flesh, for he did not wear a cork arm! I was almost struck dumb, and it was only by a strong effort that I recovered myself sufficiently to go on with the text. Poor fellow! he was a remarkably sensible man and good reader; but, of course, he could never rise in his profession with only one arm." Art might have helped him, however, as it helped the late M. Roger, the admired French tenor, to a mechanical hand when by the accidental bursting of his gun his own natural right hand was so shattered that immediate amputation above the wrist became absolutely necessary. By touching certain springs with the left fingers the artificial right hand performed several useful functions, opened and closed, held a pen or paper, grasped and even drew a sword from its sheath. Those uninformed upon the subject might have witnessed the performances of the original John of Leyden in Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and never have suspected the loss he had sustained. By a similar accident the English comedian, John Bannister, injured his left hand, and for some time it was feared that amputation must be undergone. The actor, however, escaped with the loss of two joints from two of his fingers and one joint from a third; this involved his always appearing on the stage afterward with a gloved hand. In Anthony Pasquin's "Life of Edwin," the comedian, there is an account of a "barn-door actor," boasting the strange name of Gemea, who, having lost an eye, wore a glass substitute, and was further troubled in that he had been deprived of the use of his left arm, which, paralyzed and withered, hung down uselessly at his side. Nevertheless, he contrived to play Richard III occasionally, when he endeavored to keep his lame limb out of the way tucked under his cloak behind him. But as he stalked about and spoke his speeches, the pendent arm shifted its position, came into sight, swung forward, and incommoded him greatly, to be "instantly and unkindly slapped back into its place by the right hand." Throughout the performance, indeed, his right hand was found to be constantly en-

gaged in keeping his left in order; the spectators, meantime, greeting with laughter and applause this curious conduct on the part of the strangest Richard that could ever have been seen upon the stage.

Old age, it need hardly be said, is no disqualification to the player. Curious cases of longevity abound upon the stage. It is almost a condition of the actor's life that he shall be old and seem young. What does the artist's age matter if his art does not grow old? As one of the characters observes in the comedy of "Confident par Hazard"—"Mon acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas moi." A youth of twenty was charged with being in love with the septuagenarian actress Déjazet. He denied it, but his blushes seemed to contradict his denial. "Oh!" said Nestor Roqueplan, an elderly gentleman, but a few years the junior of the lady, "il n'y a pas de mal à cela; et vous avez tort de vous en défendre. Quand je l'ai aimée, j'avais votre âge!" The famous French actress Mademoiselle Mars at sixty was still accepted by the Parisian public as an admirable representative of stage heroines of sixteen. The English actress, Mrs. Cibber, advanced in years, studying through her spectacles the part of Cælia in "The School for Lovers," declined the proposition made to her that Cælia's age should be altered and advanced from sixteen to twenty-three. The old actress preferred that Cælia should be as young as possible; and at night the audience confirmed her judgment, and held that Mrs. Cibber was no older than the part represented her to be. Mrs. Cibber, however, had preserved a certain youthful grace and slenderness and symmetry of figure; this was not the case with Mademoiselle Mars, whose form had become robust and portly—"square-built," to adopt the term employed by Captain Gronow, who, while admiring the actress's "fine black hair and white and even teeth, and voice of surpassing sweetness," noted that "the process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn, the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when the finish was accomplished by the maid's foot being placed in the small of the lady's back, and thus the last vigorous haul being given to the refractory staylace." The fat have been usually received with complacency and indulgence by the playgoing public, however. Is not the well-rounded form of Mademoiselle Croizette-always cordially welcomed to the stage of the Théâtre Français? A German gentleman visiting England some sixty years ago questioned whether there existed in any other European theatre "so many untheatrical female figures" as on the London stage. "The man-

agers," wrote this cavalier, "appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. That class of women who are not improperly termed in Germany 'female dragoons,' seem here considered as the most suitable recruits." And he comments upon the "monstrous absurdity of the performance by Mrs. Jordan, a dame of forty with a portly figure and lusty proportions, of the character of Miss Lucy, a country girl of sixteen who takes delight in playing with her doll in the form of 'The Virgin Unmasked.'" But the Londoners "liberally remunerated her with the most enthusiastic applause." For poor Mademoiselle Mars a hint came at last that she was lagging superfluously upon the scene, and that she had outlived the favor and the indulgence of her public. Even while certain of her admirers continued to maintain that "Mademoiselle Mars a l'âge qu'elle a besoin d'avoir, parce qu'elle a la force et la grâce de cet âge," a wreath not of live flowers but of *immortelles* such as adorn graveyards was thrown to her upon the stage. The actress withdrew from the scene. The insult may have rather expressed an individual opinion than a general sentiment; but it sufficed. Audiences rarely permit themselves thus to affront their favorites; albeit it is told of a very plain-faced actor, that when he played Mithridate, at the line addressed to him by Monime, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage," the parterre would sometimes cry out, "Laissez-le faire!"

"Mislike me not for my complexion," says the black Prince of Morocco. Is the player ever misliked for his complexion? Like a good horse, a good actor may be of any color. Lord Byron found at Venice in 1818 an Othello who for some "exquisite reason" declined to assume "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and played the part with a white face; but this was in Rossini's opera, not in Shakespeare's tragedy. "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera," wrote Byron, "the music good but lugubrious," etc. Jackson, in his "History of the Scottish Stage," mentions an actress reputed to be "not only excellent as to figure and speaking, but remarkably so as to singing," who was wont to appear as Juliet and Polly in "The Beggar's Opera," but who had the misfortune to be a negress! Foote proposed that the old Roman fashion should be revived, and that the lady should wear a mask, while it was remarked that, in the case of a black Juliet, Romeo's comparison of her beauty to the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear" would have a special application. Jackson passing through Lancashire had witnessed the lady's performance of Polly. He writes, "I could not help observing to my friend

in the pit, when Macheath addressed her with 'Pretty Polly, say,' that it would have been more germane to the matter had he changed the phrase to 'Sooty Polly, say.'"

Mr. Ira Aldridge, who was pleased to call himself the African Roscius, and who for some years flourished as a tragedian, was a veritable negro born on the west coast of Africa, the son of a native minister of the gospel. It was intended that the boy should follow his father's calling and become a missionary; for some time he studied theology at an American college and at Glasgow University, obtaining several premiums and a medal for Latin composition. But in the end he adopted the profession of the stage, appearing at the Royalty Theatre in the east of London and at the Coburg, in a round of characters of a dark complexion, such as Othello, Zanga, Gambia, Oroonoko, Aboan, and Mungo. He fulfilled various provincial engagements, and at Dublin his exertions were specially commended by Edmund Kean. At Belfast Charles Kean played Iago to Mr. Aldridge's Othello and Aboan to his Oroonoko. He appeared at the Surrey Theatre, at Covent Garden, and the Lyceum. The dramatic critic of the "Athenæum" in 1858 particularly noticed one merit of his performance of Othello; he dispensed with the black gloves usually worn by Othellos of the theatre and displayed his own black hands, with "his fingernails expressively apparent." He traveled upon the Continent, and was received with enthusiasm in the theatres of Germany. Princes and people vied in distinguishing him, crowded houses witnessed his performances, and honors, orders, and medals were showered upon him. He extended his repertory of parts, playing Peruvian Rolla, who was no doubt dark-skinned but not of African complexion. By-and-by he exhibited a black Macbeth, a black King Lear. For him was revived the doubtful play of "Titus Andronicus," and he personated Aaron the Moor to admiring audiences. On the German stage, strange to say, he was permitted to deliver the English text while his fellow-players were confined to the German version of their speeches. However,

the audiences of New York and Boston were similarly tolerant in the case of the German tragedian, Herr Bogumil Dawison, who played Othello in German to Mr. Edwin Booth's Iago in English.

Many foreign players have appeared successfully upon the English stage speaking English or broken English. More rarely have English actors ventured to speak from the stage in a language not their own. In the last century, however, Mr. Bellamy, with a company of English amateurs who "spoke French like natives," presented the tragedies of "Andromaque," "Athalie," and "Zaire" in French at the Richmond Assembly Rooms, expressly engaged and fitted up for the occasion, some assistance being rendered by the Marquis de Verneuil and Madame Brilliant. Junius Brutus Booth, whose "knowledge and accent of the French tongue" an American critic describes as "simply perfect," played "Oreste" in French, when "Andromaque" was produced at the French theatre, New Orleans, "in a manner to rouse the wildest enthusiasm." Curiously enough, Macready had contemplated the same feat with Rachel for his Andromaque or his Hermione; but he abandoned the notion, satisfied that, although he might succeed in conveying the substance and passion of the scenes, the minor beauties and more subtle meaning belonging to the genius of the language would certainly escape him. It may be added that, within the last few months, certain English performers have amused themselves by joining in a representation in French of Augier's comedy "L'Aventurière," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

We have wandered from our theme a little. But perhaps it has been shown sufficiently that the physical qualifications of the players have been always regarded liberally by the public, and that generally there has prevailed a disposition to accept just what the stage has been prepared to tender, without subjecting it to anything like harsh requisitions or exactions.

DUTTON COOK (*Belgravia*).

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

WHAT critics have said about authors, and what authors have said about critics, is a topic that might be treated of with more learning than Mr. Jennings has displayed in a little work on the "Curiosities of Criticism" (Chatto & Windus). He has written chiefly about modern and English critics. He has not gone back to the fine old quarrels in which Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius were mixed up. At the court of the Ptolemies, poets and their rivals behaved much as they did at the court of Louis XIV. They made fun of each other's legs and verses, and compared each other to the scavenger-bird of Egypt. Envy was then believed by Callimachus, as by Balzac and by authors at large, to be the motive power of criticism. The quarrel in Greece was so old as to have become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters potters," he was doubtless thinking of feuds between the poets who succeeded and were popular, and the poets who failed and said disagreeable things. The philosophers were no better. Several Platonic dialogues are really criticisms of the popular Sophists, by the Sophist whose unpopularity ultimately took the strong shape of a dose of hemlock. There are few better examples of the "candid friend" style of criticism than the passages in which Aristotle reviews the Platonic theory of ideas. Later criticism at Alexandria produced the exuberant spitefulness of Zoilus and the meddlesome activity of Zenodotus. Aristarchus became the patron of all sound criticism, and commentators preferred being wrong with him to being right with Aristophanes. French society, from the age of Boileau to that of Paul de St.-Victor, would have provided Mr. Jennings with abundance of anecdotes. Molière and his critics alone would supply material for a very curious and amusing chapter; and the quarrels of classicists and romanticists, of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, of the critics who write and run away, and of the critics who cross swords, might have been made no less entertaining. The mere name of Pope suggests a whole literature, at which Mr. Jennings has glanced, of spiteful criticism. But he has preferred to deal, as a rule, with the feuds of our own century—with Keats and the "Quarterly," Mr. Tennyson and the same censor, Mr. Gilbert and the "Pall Mall Gazette."

In any active literary age, it must needs be that offenses come. In such ages criticism is a profession. Now, all professions, from acting to medicine, have their jealousies, but it is not the

business of other professions to be perpetually talking. This is the business of criticism, and so the troubled waters are constantly being stirred over again, and the mud is brought up to the top. Criticism is an art practiced on the most sensitive of all human beings—poets and men of letters. No other class is so ready or so able to cry out when it is hurt, and Mr. Jennings has made an amusing selection of the cries of injured vanity. Swift called "the true critic" "a dog at the feast." Ignorance, he said, is the father of criticism; noise, impudence, pedantry, ill-manners, are her offspring. Mr. Ruskin, that gentle critic who has scalped Guido, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Mr. Whistler, is, in his milder moods, of the opinion that criticism is a piece of bad breeding. Goldsmith thought that "by one false pleasantry the future peace of a worthy man's life is disturbed." And this is the incessant charge against critics, that they poison the existence of authors, good and bad. The accusation seems to have very little sense in it. Authors are really engaged, voluntarily, in a kind of game. They throw down the challenge to the critic, they are miserable if he does not take it up, and they become half wild with rage if his verdict is not favorable. Experience, by this time, might teach even authors that critics have little power to make or mar.

Let a book be good or bad, if it has the element of popularity in it, it will succeed, in spite of the righteous or unrighteous wrath of reviewers. And, if a book has not the salt of popularity in it, no amount of favorable or even gushing notices will rescue it from neglect. Every great poet of the century—except, perhaps, Scott—was violently attacked in his beginnings. It was partly pedantry, partly dullness, partly political spite, that caused the "Edinburgh Review" to speak of "Christabel" as "a miserable piece of coxcombery and shuffling," while the thin and precious volume that contains "Kubla Khan" was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty. . . . With one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." This blatant nonsense no more harmed Coleridge than Jeffrey's "This will never do" harmed Wordsworth. Though the world is weary of the story of Keats and the "Quarterly," we are obliged to agree with Mr. Jennings that the reviewer did harm the poet.

The publishers of "Hyperion" (Taylor & Hessey, 1820) say, "The poem was intended to be of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding," and thus a narrow and prejudiced criticism caused a heavy loss to literature. And yet even now a fair judge will admit that the "Quarterly" reviewer did hit a number of terrible blots in "Endymion." It would have been a misfortune if Keats's first work had been eagerly applauded, and if all contemporary versifiers had followed the worst examples of his bad early manner. There was a good deal of truth in the remark, "he wanders from one subject to another, from the associations, not of ideas, but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn." Chapman had set the example of the same false method, in his translation of the "Odyssey."

But, if Keats's energy was relaxed by the abuse of critics, we scarcely can remember another example in which malicious or just criticism stood in the way of a good book, or prevented a bad one from attracting its congenial audience. Of the latter process, a rare example is Macaulay's crushing exposure of Robert Montgomery. Of the former, we see a kind of trace when Shelley complains, after an assault by the "Quarterly," "My faculties are shaken to atoms and torpid; I can write nothing." The real mischief which even sound criticism does is to check spontaneity. A writer may be warned of a fault, and may accept the warning, but his natural power is abated for the moment; he thinks of his paces, and, if we may say so, is thrown out of his stride. But this sort of effect soon passes away, and the results of criticism may, in the long-run, prove salutary. That righteous judgment does not interfere with a bad book's vogue, we see every day in the illustrious example of certain novelists. To take an example of the other sort, a powerful critic long ago informed the author of "A Daughter of Heth" that, whatever he might succeed in, one field was closed against him—the field of fiction. But this prophecy has been eminently unfulfilled. Again, it often happens that a new book, novel or poem, is very much to the taste of the critics. The press is unanimous in its praise. The author's heart rejoices; he looks forward to many editions, and thinks that even on the system of "half-profits" there must be money for him. But the public has not agreed with the reviewers, and the publishers' books show a sale of some fifty copies, and an alarming deficit. Authors should reflect on these verities, and so learn to bear criticism without screaming aloud or writhing in silent an-

guish. And yet, though no one knows better than the critic the truths which we have advanced, it is probable that critics, next to really great poets, themselves suffer most keenly from unfavorable reviews. These are the amiable inconsistencies of human nature.

The ingratitude of poets has often left us mourning. Mr. Tennyson has altered or suppressed almost all the passages in his volume of 1833 which the critics pointed out to his notice. The "wealthy miller's mealy face" is no longer affectionately compared to "the moon in an ivy-tod," whatever an "ivy-tod" may be. His chestnut-buds are no longer "gummy." "Then leaped a trout" has taken the place of "a water-rat from off the bank." The famous passage about

"One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly, and nothing more,"

which provoked the flippant inquiry, "What more would she like?" has been modified. An ecstatic address to "Darling room, my heart's delight," is omitted altogether, and, in short, Mr. Tennyson has usually accepted the advice even of unfriendly critics. Yet he has never shown any fervent gratitude, and even wrote fifty years ago an angry little poem on "Fusty Christopher."

We, in our humble way, are suffering from a want of kindly recognition. Two years ago we reviewed Mr. John Payne's privately printed translation of Villon's poems. While we found much to admire, we had to say that the version of the famous "Ballad of Old Time Ladies" was perhaps the worst ballad ever written. We did not like the expression "the middle modern air" from which Thais is supposed to hide. It did not seem a natural expression in Villon's mouth. "*Heloïsa the staid*" seemed not to be well fitted with an epithet. We disliked "the queen whose orders were" to the effect that Buridan should be drowned. And we complained that "But what has become of last year's snow?" was a poor rendering of *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* Mr. Payne has just republished his Villon, in a form suited to a "squeamish" modern taste, which dislikes the free filth of the Parisian burglar, when rendered, in cold blood, into English. The new volume deserves, and, we hope, will obtain, popularity. But while Mr. Payne has altered all but one of the peculiarities which offended us in his ballad, he does not seem the more grateful. He accuses us of probably being familiar with only one text of Villon (M. Lacroix's, 1877), and of not having taken the trouble to make ourselves "adequately acquainted with the subject under review." This unkindness is just what critics must expect. But still

Mr. Payne has tried to act on our ignorant advice. For "Hides from the middle modern air" he now reads "cousins-german in beauty rare," which is much more accurate. For "where is Heloisa the staid?" he writes, "where did the learn'd Heloisa *vade*?" *Vade* is a charming word, though Webster says "it is obsolete or not used." Mr. Payne might have written "wade" or "fade," but "*vade*" is certainly more old-fashioned. As for "the queen whose orders

were," she has become "the queen who willed whilere." And, instead of making "where" rhyme to "were," "wear," "where" (repeated), Mr. Payne now calls our lady, "virgin debonair." Thus criticism has had some effect on him (which is in itself a curiosity), but has not begotten a spirit of friendly gratitude. The critic must be satisfied, then, with doing good, careless of its recognition.

Saturday Review.

SINCERITY IN BIOGRAPHY.

THE rapidity of criticism nowadays is a patent evil. For years a number of men, eminent for the special talents required for such a task, have been engaged on a work of national importance, the revision of the New Testament. It appears, and in twenty-four hours the critics are sitting in judgment. Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" are given to the world, and contain such acidities as those who knew this great but rather cantankerous genius were not surprised at. Straightway down come the critics in wrath that Mr. Carlyle's nose was not rubbed off his face. It is open to a critic, as a consequence of the publication of the "Reminiscences," to revise his opinion of Mr. Carlyle, but it is another thing to quarrel with the editor who has given him the means of doing so.

The cue is given generally by some able writer, strongly biased, or by some audacious young spark, some young man of the clubs, full of animal spirits, and undoubting faith—in himself; and the rest follow suit. "Every one according to his cue." There is no need to go to the opposite extreme of haste and, like one of the weekly papers, a Church one, review a book only when it has become the guardian of the best Aylesbury. Bishop Wilberforce said it would be a very good thing if we all had our cooling days. A little decent pause, a little holding of the breath before the shout of ill-informed condemnation, is desirable.

These remarks are provoked by the manner in which Mr. Froude has been hastily assailed for his courageous honesty and faithful adherence to plain duty. When we had occasion in the May number of "Temple Bar" to regret the picture which Carlyle had painted of himself, we were not of those who blamed Mr. Froude for placing it on view. Had we foreseen the storm of abuse hurled at him, we should have delivered our conscience on this matter for such as it is

worth. What is it these people want? These idolaters of Carlyle, having first done their best to spoil a noble character by a life-long flattery, want to impose their opinion of Carlyle on the world, and object to Mr. Carlyle's own objections to their fictitious portrait of him. We are not concerned to prove Mr. Carlyle a prophet, a saint, or a particularly good man, but we are concerned in having an honest portrait of him. We do not expect to find him perfect, should be rather disappointed to find him without the necessary shadow, and, knowing it to be impossible, should suspect doctoring.

Where would Dr. Johnson be, if Boswell had painted out all his roughness, softened all his rudeness, taken all the bosses out of the old oak, and sent him up a clean poplar to the sky? Where would Byron be if Moore had striven to make a saint of him, and sent all his billings and cooings to the dove-cote? How much better if Lockhart had frankly shown the one slight blemish on bright and genial Scott, instead of murdering the reputation of Constable and the Balcanynes, honest men, whose only fault was a blind follow-my-leader, when Scott showed the way! Even the scoundrel Cellini has our sympathies by reason of the truth that is in him, and shrewd Pepys lives in our affections, spite of his love of money, foreign kisses, and occasional opening of the palm to bribes. Carlyle, while casting about for the reason of Burns's popularity with every class of life and different forms of mind, settles on sincerity, on "his indisputable air of truth," as the chief cause. Mr. Froude recognizes this, and that we want Carlyle the man; we want him as we want Cromwell's wart, Johnson's splutter, and Scott's foxy look; we want him good and bad, brightness and shadow—and it is precisely this we have in the "Reminiscences."

The gold in Carlyle must needs have some

alloy, but he has done such service to the state, is so far raised above ordinary men by genius and by worth, he is at once too great and too good, to suffer in reputation from the whole truth being told of him. Without unsaying, therefore, a word which we said in May, we repeat what we there said, that we can not afford to do without the qualifying colors supplied by Carlyle himself to the image erected by his idolaters.

We know too much how biographies are sometimes cooked, sometimes from family affection, sometimes from party motives, sometimes from the ignoble reasons of space. Again, there are cases where so much more canvas must be covered than the subject warrants; or, editors will not take pains to absorb and assimilate and give out a result, but they must shoot the correspondence into the literary highway. Even this is better than a foregone conclusion to exhibit a preternatural character for holiness or genius. What melancholy reading most biographies are, wherein the hero is niched up high out of our earthly vision, and aureoled for the family descendants!

Most religious biographies are sufficient to make one a sinner, so dreary are they in their monotonous goodness, so banked out by flattering laurels is the view of any weakness or shortcoming. Lives of Roman Catholic saints have an artificial air about them, and a wooden aspect. We don't believe in them at all, and, if theirs is goodness, commend us to a little of this world's ways. More pardonable, but slightly nauseous, are widows' tributes to the departed. There are rare cases where an unclouded judgment has perceived that the highest tribute to the memory of a loved one is the truth; but they are rare.

If honesty was more than ever necessary in biography, it was so in the case of Mr. Carlyle. He had been praised not only where he deserved it, but also precisely where he did not, and, if his character had been suffered to retain the false colors his worshippers desired for it, a certain support would have been given to all his opinions bad as well as good, of which they are now deprived. Thackeray has told us—

“How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are.”

And even Carlyle had his weaknesses and littleness, for, with much rugged and honest protest against all forms of insincerity, Carlyle yet mixed an unhealthy worship of mere force of will and intellect. “God forbid,” said he, “that the time should ever come when we shall esteem riches the synonym of good!” To which we add, God forbid that will or intellect, or mere force of any kind, should come to be synonymous with good!

The deification of mere intellect is probably as dangerous as the deification of wealth, if not so obviously debasing; and Carlyle's notion that intellect was a security for morality is not borne out by the facts of life, while the deification of force is the subversion of right by might, and the return of society into savagery. When not employed in this worship of force, he set himself to “hurl forth defiance, pity, expostulation, over the whole universe, civil, literary, and religious,” as he wrote to De Quincey, when he proposed to found a Misanthropic Club at Craigenputtoch. It is this hurl of defiance which probably makes people consider Carlyle a democrat, but there was a good deal more of the Tory than the Radical in Carlyle.

We can not get away from the idea that there were two Carlyles, and that the last was not the better of the two. Whether or no he sympathized with Frederick the Great, and allowing that he really did get disgusted with the imperial robber during the fifteen years in which he was engaged chiseling out a monument to him, yet he has erected this monument with the black flag flying on the top of it. It will not do the harm it might have done had it been more intelligible and more brief. But the harm it must have done Carlyle himself, for fifteen years to be trying to make the worse appear the better cause, is evident in the way in which he got soured toward the world and most of his contemporaries.

The difference in style and choice of language between the magnificent “*Essay on Burns*” and “*Frederick the Great*” represents the difference between Carlyle unappreciated and condescending to express ideas of great breadth and depth in the ordinary language of the day and Carlyle bowed to as an authority and dealing out his thoughts just as they came to him with the certainty of imposing the conveyance of the idea as well as the idea itself upon a grateful audience. Where he had been a servant in the service of letters he had become master: instead of seeking fame he had been made dictator. Wordsworth had in much earlier days called him “a pest to the English tongue,” but this is an exaggerated method of expressing the natural regret of a man of rhythm at seeing his native language distorted. Like Turner, Carlyle had two styles. As with Turner's early pictures, Carlyle's early essays, while having the same force of ideas as his later works, yet had the advantage of a comparatively clear delivery. Like Turner, once known and famous, and able to assert his individuality, Carlyle indulged in every fancy which sported before his imagination. As Turner in his latter pictures gave free scope and what appears to some lay minds unbridled license

to his imagination, as he cast upon the canvas the very dream of a thought, so Carlyle at the last gave out some of his thoughts in the process of formation, and trusted to the intelligence of his reader to find his way to his meaning.

There is a lesson in Carlyle's life, the immense power of the world to ruin a man. That it did not ruin Carlyle, but only stimulated some of his defects, leaving the great truth of his nature untouched, is not owing to the world, but to his early training, and to his communings with himself on the lonely peat-moor of Craigenputtoch. Had he continued to live at Craigenputtoch, drank in of the wisdom he there sought, and kept aloof from the flatteries of men, much that horrifies his worshipers in the "Reminiscences" would have been absent. None the less would he have fought against vice, cant, and the decaying patriotism and strength of the nation, but there would have been allied with this more charity to individuals, and possibly less continual reference to self.

But it was not to be, and Carlyle, poor and struggling, and out of the hard earth forcing the violet to bloom, fled from this rough but healthy school, to a London world which secured him as a novelty, and which liked to hear his bitter observations, which drew him out purposely by acting as foil to him, and, marching in the opposite way of his well-known opinions, gave him what he grew to want ever more and more, an audience to listen to his replies. Who can doubt that any vanity there was in the man was stimulated by this incessant flattery? Who does not understand how Wordsworth and Lamb, who did not condescend to this mode of dealing with Carlyle, came to be disliked by him? But this is the least part of the mischief. These very worshipers who were crying aloud in the streets, "A prophet, a prophet!" this very world who threw wide open its portals to one who gave it a reflex brilliancy, did with Carlyle as they had done with Irving, checked his progress. They flung themselves across his path, and turned his truth almost into a lie; for can we imagine that Carlyle in his days of wrestling would have placed a whip in the hand of the white man to scarify the black, that he would have idolized force as the ultimate good, and got to look upon his fellow-creatures, "*down upon them*" alas! as "weltering of my *poor* fellow-creatures . . . stuck in that fatal element"?

And now this very world, these very worshipers cry out, "Prophecy smooth things, prophecy deceits." Suppress everything unpleasant, or rough, everything which lowers our idol in public estimation. This injudicious advice has fortunately come too late, although we do not believe it would have deterred Mr. Froude from

the course he has taken, for which fifty years hence people will thank him, as we now thank Wraxall for the very truths which in his days were called lies. He has resisted the temptation to palter with the truth of history. It matters little or nothing, in dealing with an ordinary man, which of his opinions you give or suppress, but every opinion of Carlyle is a line or dot in the plate on which the engraver of his portrait is working. Leave it out and you have an approach more or less to a portrait, but not *the* portrait. Yielding to no one in a love of Lamb, for his grand unselfishness, for the originality of his quaint wit, for his letters equal to any in the English language, yet we will still have Carlyle's estimate of him also, we can see dimly through "the ghastly London wit," of which Carlyle accuses Lamb, Carlyle's difficulty in estimating a subtilty of mind which his hotter intellect burned up as cinder.

Seeing that Wordsworth sometimes climbed to the sublime heights and had visions of beauty denied to the many, we yet can not afford to part with Carlyle's finding him like a rustic fiddle. It is the measure of Carlyle's inability to appreciate a genius which had in it the repose of nature rather than the vehemence of force. Everything had to be served up hot with Carlyle. So, too, there is a certain limited truth in Carlyle's estimate of Shelley. A defect of Shelley is pressed out to its extreme point, and thus made to be seen. This does not injure Shelley, but slightly mars the catholicity of Carlyle, that he did not see the insignificant relation of this defect to Shelley's merits.

We see some of the results of the opposite method to Mr. Froude's in the Metternich and Talleyrand memoirs. Taking these seriously, we are called upon to believe that Metternich was nothing short of a pious statesman, and Talleyrand only anxious for the reign of law. The piety of the one and the morality of the other are for the stage, and have a certain dramatic interest, but let some master-mind fasten on these men, and throw off the stage properties and the Monmouth Street attire, and give us the very men, and while we should miss the lofty characteristics claimed by these great actors for themselves, we may find in return human beings with many lovable qualities, standing on pedestals a little more level to the ordinary human eye. Metternich would not then appear as the Pecksniff of politics, nor Talleyrand as the Tartuffe, characters they somewhat resemble when drawn by their own pencil.

The "Life of Wilberforce" is very ably written from a certain point of view, a definite and consistent picture is obtained, but it is a Wilberforce for the church-window, not Wilberforce

with his finger on the public pulse nor the brilliant, versatile prelate, affluent of words, with a touch of all things to all men. If biographers will put a mask over their hero, they must be content with the consequence of robbing from us the sight of the human face. There was a great deal more to love than to dislike in Wilberforce, for his chief weakness seems a desire for the world's love and approbation, but he is painted as the Roman Catholics paint their saints, in whom one takes infinitely less interest than in the remoter pagan gods, who went in for their failings along with their more celestial attributes. Naughty as Mercury was in his deception of poor Sosia, grossly wanting in proper morality as Jupiter was toward Alcmena, we see that the poets and dramatists had a better sense of artistic fitness than these painters of the saints, who give us impossible virgins and inhuman saints.

We are inclined to treat any suppression of evidence which goes to the construction of a perfect picture of any great man as a crime. In this light we should almost include the destruction of Byron's autobiography, which, if not all printed, should have been all preserved. It should have been in the power of students to refer to it. We therefore favor the publication even of those criticisms by Carlyle of his friends which show an acerbity and even an insincerity. If there had been insincerity in Johnson, it must have been of the slightest, and we don't think there was much in Carlyle. Give it and all the bad things with it, and time will let them settle at the bottom, and the wine none the worse. No man is the same man all through his life, and there may have been half a dozen Carlyles between 1820 and 1880. A man is not necessarily insincere because in an accidental fit of spleen or dyspepsia he sees only the worst side of human nature. If we regret the publication of anything in the "Reminiscences," it is the essayist's recollections of Smail. Here even our regret is tempered by the fact that it has drawn out from Mr. Ireland a genial and sympathetic defense in the "Manchester Examiner."

If the world desire an ideal character of Carlyle, it must look for it to the poet, and not to the historian. The business of the latter is with truth. Carlyle was not an amiable man, apparently, and in reading his "Reminiscences" he occurred to us as rather a difficult, not to say a cantankerous man, but yet of an essentially kindly nature. He was a man of such originality of mind, and possessed such a command of language, he had such a power of throwing into dramatic form any event, idea, or character with which he was dealing, has so infused his mind into that of the generations which succeeded him,

and has thus been so large a factor in the composition of modern thought, that a living picture of such a man is a national want.

To speak of him as we have heard him spoken of, as the Johnson of our time, appears unreasonable. In force of imagination and rapidity of insight alone was he superior to Johnson. In learning, judgment, humanity of mind, in that common-sense which is more valuable than genius itself, Johnson was generally the superior of Carlyle. With all his stupendous powers of talking, Johnson could listen as well as talk, a quality in which Coleridge and Carlyle seem to have been lacking. We are not aware whether this applies in anything like the same degree to Carlyle as to Coleridge or Macaulay, but we have yet to see whether we shall have, in the forthcoming "Life of Carlyle," any conversations equal in interest to those reported by Boswell. Further, there was a touch of the Diogenes in Carlyle, a cynical disbelief in any great amount of human goodness, which grew upon him. From his comfortable tub in Cheyne Row, he barked at his fellow-creatures, whom he thought poor creatures, most part fools. They certainly took his gospel very freely, and saw, or fancied they saw, through the haze of words, and through much uncouth jargon mingled with much poetic thought, great meanings and sublime moralities. The great mist through which his meaning could be discerned enhanced the bigness of the thought, and gave it preternatural value. He was a great preacher and poet; an enemy of all cant and of all insincerity, including biographical insincerity. We are all of us his debtors; and we think there must be something wrong in the man who can not recognize, under the ruggedness of Carlyle's thoughts, the true nobility which, with his severe sincerity, has given him such a hold over the English people in all parts of the world. But, for all this, we want nothing obliterated or kept back which is essential to a perfect view of Carlyle's character.

Let us suppose that Mr. Froude had acted as those who have attacked him wished him to act, and had canceled every unkind passage in the "Reminiscences" in which Carlyle unconsciously describes himself while describing his friends and contemporaries. We should then be precisely in the position we were before the "Reminiscences" were published, and be without the modification supplied by Carlyle himself to the too eulogistic character of him claimed by his worshippers. We should, we now know, be obviously seeing Carlyle in a false light. *Qui vult decipi decipiat*. We are not of the number.

G. B. (Temple Bar).

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITHIN the last few years there has been a very remarkable spread of malarious sickness. At one time malaria was confined in the Eastern and Middle States to a few marshy districts, but now it is found almost everywhere. It has appeared in parts of New England and New York where all accounts agree that it was never known before; it is found on the hills as well as in the valleys, in cities as well as in villages, in dry as well as wet places. At one time Boston was declared to be the northern limit of it, and whether it has yet appeared on the shores of Massachusetts or Maine we do not know; but the Berkshire country was equally considered free from it, and now it has made its appearance there. The question naturally arises as to the cause.

A good many answers to this question are given, but they are mostly of a speculative character. President Chadbourne, of Williams College, has written a letter in which he affirms that no answer is possible. The theory which once prevailed, and which he had taught, "that malarial poison is the result of vegetable decomposition, especially the decomposition produced by stirring soils rich in organic materials, so that the soil can readily be acted upon by heat and sunshine," needs, he now believes, from observations in various districts, to be greatly modified. "Any one," he says, "who has studied the subject in the West, will satisfy himself that malaria abounds where water is too scarce for comfort; where, if the malaria comes from the soil at all, it must come from soil that is high and dry. He will be further confirmed in the notion that neither abundant water nor rich soil even is essential to the production of this malaria, when he finds it in the Rocky Mountains, where the few streams flowing from melting snow are as pure as our New England trout-brooks, while most of the soil is poor in organic matter, as it must be where little besides the sage-brush can grow. It is certain, therefore, that we have malaria in some places that are high and dry, where the soils are well drained and not highly charged with organic matter." Its unusual prevalence in New England and other portions of the Atlantic border can not, he thinks, be satisfactorily accounted for. Its origin and dissemination are as mysterious as potato-rot and other blights which destroy vegetation, or as an epizooty among horses, which come without any known cause, run their course, and then disappear as mysteriously as they come. The yearly progress is eastward and northward; but President Chadbourne thinks that in former times it "undoubtedly prevailed to some extent where its presence was not suspected. Now that attention is generally called to the subject, the physician recognizes the effects of malaria where they formerly would have remained unnoticed, or would have been referred to some other cause."

Admitting that the origin of malaria can not be accurately determined, there are two circumstances in recent phases of our social life that may in part account for the greater prevalence of the fever arising from it. We commented last month upon the immense growth in recent years of summer pleasuring, and this fact is one of the circumstances to which we refer. Almost everybody now travels in the summer months, or changes his residence during that period. The seashore, the mountains, the valleys, are all crowded with people from the cities and towns; and, as these people are unacclimated, as their habits are not so judicious as those of permanent residents, exposing themselves continuously to night air and hot suns, sickness becomes very common among them. Every physician in the large cities knows how many families that have gone to spend the summer in the country return in September ill with fever. A great many cases of malaria that have fallen under the writer's observation have been contracted in this way. The stranger in any section is naturally much more susceptible to local influences than those who have always lived there, and hence malarial fever may very naturally appear among strangers in places where it has scarcely been known before. An observing countryman once said to the writer: "We never get fever and ague, but city people who come here are continually falling sick with it. They are fond of moonlight rides and moonlight sails, and night air everybody but city people knows is bad for the health." It is certain that fever is frequently contracted by town-people in country places, and it is just possible that the apparent spread of malaria may be largely due to this fact. A great many people in the city of New York are suffering from it, and we do not know a case of malaria occurring in the older part of the town that did not have its origin in the way we have mentioned.

The other circumstance to which we referred is the greatly increased use of ice-water. This will probably strike many persons at first as simply fantastic, but there are some good grounds for the theory. Every one is aware of the disagreeable flavor of ice when melted, and has detected in it the evident presence of earthy matter. Frozen water seems to hold particles or substances which do not obviously affect the taste when the water is ice-cold, but which become apparent as soon as the temperature is heightened. Whether this earthy matter is unwholesome or not must depend upon its character; and this is exclusively within the province of the chemist to determine. We wish simply to suggest the possibility that malarial poison may lurk in ice-water, in view of a recent occurrence in England. In 1879 a sanitary commission was appointed by Parliament to inquire into the water-supply in many urban districts in England. Some

significant facts were elicited by the commission. In a little village in Yorkshire the health of the inhabitants had always been good, and especially free from zymotic disease, until, owing to a failure of the water-supply, the villagers were forced to make use of the ice which had collected on a little stream on the outskirts of the village. They melted the ice and used it for drinking purposes, and shortly afterward a low malarial fever became prevalent. Of course, it can be said that this was probably due to the character of the water in the stream, and of this fact the report does not speak. We have had instances in this country of sickness produced by the use of impure ice; it needs, indeed, no parliamentary commission to convince us that impure ice is unwholesome. But the apprehension excited by the report is, that ice supposed to be pure may contain the seeds of malarial poison. Another instance cited by the commission does not affect the question of ice, but of the quality of water in use; it may, however, as well be mentioned. A number of troops stationed at Dover obtained their water-supply from artesian wells, but, the supply falling short, they were obliged to draw from a source outside the town—one which troops stationed without the town had been accustomed to depend upon. It had always been noted that troops stationed outside of the city were subject to malarial fever, while the troops within the city escaped; but no sooner did the latter begin drinking the water usually furnished the former, than fever broke out among them. This simply shows, as far as it goes, the effect of pure and impure water; and, as change of water is disturbing to many persons, our army of summer travelers may often lay the seeds of malarial fever by drinking from wells that do not in the same degree affect those habituated to it from infancy.

We think it tolerably certain that the greater prevalence of malarial fever is, at least, partially due to the immense increase of summer traveling and summer sojourning, and possible that the greatly extended consumption of ice in recent years is an exciting cause; but we leave both suggestions to the consideration of persons who make subjects of the kind their special study.

IN the August number of "Scribner's Magazine" Mr. Albert Stickney gives his second article on "The People's Problem," to which we referred last month. He here outlines the remedy he proposes for the evils of our present political system, whereby the people may recover the power they have lost, and overthrow the tyrannical domination of political organizations. The foundation of his system is the old New England town-meeting, wherein every citizen possessed necessarily and without defection a voice equal to every other citizen in all local affairs.

His plan is—I. "The people should act in their own persons, only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet as one body; 2. In

all other than the local affairs of these small districts the people should act by delegates." This system, he affirms, "is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants." The following, which we extract from the article, will enable the reader to gain some idea of the workings of Mr. Stickney's plan, but the article should be read in full if one wishes to comprehend the proposed system thoroughly:

"In all other public action, whether as to the affairs of cities, counties, States, or the nation, whether it be the choice of public officers or the adoption of public measures, whenever the numbers of the citizens who are to act are too large for them to meet and act as one body, then they should act by delegates.

"This is, as it seems to me, the key-stone of the political arch, the fact which lies at the very foundation of popular government.

"Its especial importance is in its application to the process of election. And its application to the process of election is this: Instead of the citizens of a large city, or a large district, or a State, casting their ballots directly for a mayor, or a member of the State Legislature, or a governor, or a presidential elector, or a representative to Congress, the citizens in each small election district (which should, as a rule, have not more than five hundred voters) would meet in one place, as one body, at one time, and vote for a member of an electoral convention—an elector. This voting by the citizens should be done on a call of names, each citizen giving his vote aloud at the call of his name. And, to insure greater deliberation and greater unanimity, a two-thirds vote rather than a majority, as it seems to me, should be required for a choice. The delegates thus chosen to an electoral convention would in their turn meet, as one body, at one time and place, and would elect the mayor, or member of the State Legislature, or governor, or presidential elector, or representative to Congress. It is at once seen that, in some instances, it would become necessary, on account of the large number of voters, to use an intermediate convention (or it might be more than one) to choose the members of the final electoral convention, which should elect the officer himself. That would depend on the size of the voting constituencies. Each successive convention should, as to its membership, be kept, as to numbers, within the limit which will secure deliberate action. That limit seems to be about five hundred men. It may add clearness to the statement of the plan proposed to give one illustration of its working, with the figures. In electing a President of the United States, for instance, the number of citizens entitled each to his one voice in the choice of his President is, taking it roughly, nine millions. If we make the number of the electors who vote directly for the President, in the final convention, three hundred, that would give ninety thousand voters to each district which would choose a presidential elector. If, then, each of these districts of ninety thousand voters were divided into small districts having each two hundred and fifty voters, there would be three hundred and sixty of these small election districts, each of which would have one delegate in the convention which should choose the presidential elector. . . .

"The system is simple and practical. It is the system which is, in form, used for the nomination of candidates—a system which has grown, which has been called into existence, without the aid of any enactment, by a living and growing need. It is the system which

the national party organizations have been compelled to adopt in order to get any common action of their members. It is, in substance, the system which the framers of our national Constitution supposed they had adopted for the election of the President. But they overlooked the necessity of having the electoral college of presidential electors meet as one body. Nor did they anticipate the effect of the growth of population, and the consequent increased numbers of popular constituencies."

Mr. Stickney believes that this system is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men and measures. No doubt there are advantages in it. Five hundred citizens meeting in their own district to elect delegates to a convention would know each other, know the men brought forward to represent them; and it is possible that under this arrangement there would follow something like a just and adequate representation of public sentiment. But it is by no means certain. It would be strange indeed if politicians found no means to manipulate these conventions to their own ends. In all bodies assembled for any purpose, leadership naturally falls into the hands of a few. Not merely groups as large as five hundred, but much smaller groups, when assembled for any purpose, are pretty sure to fall into the hands of men who either from personal force, the ability to express themselves, or tact in management, know how to rule men. The most distinguished representative bodies in the world are commonly controlled by leaders, and we may thus well apprehend from this fact that small electoral bodies, or conventions formed by delegates from such bodies, would be much more apt to record the will of a small number of shrewd leaders than their own convictions. It is true that whenever an assembly, large or small, feels intensely on any subject, it is impossible to divert or overrule its action; but commonly the majority have no particular feeling, no earnest convictions, and no definite purpose; and at such times the men who have purposes divert everything to their own end. Politicians are simply working leaders; and there will be ample opportunity for the exercise of this leadership in bodies of electors, however small they may be, or however chosen. Under Mr. Stickney's plan, political organizations would have to change their tactics a little; new methods would have to be devised to meet the new conditions; but there seems to us grave apprehension that eventually the politicians, in some form or other, would secure the control they covet and commonly know how to secure. We should be glad, however, to see Mr. Stickney's plan tried. We should be no worse off than now; and possibly means might be found to make political leaders

a little more directly amenable to public sentiment than at present. In a subsequent paper Mr. Stickney proposes to show how his plan can be put in operation.

ON July 14th, a few days before our last number went forth to our readers, Mr. JOHN ADAMS APPLETON, the second of the four brothers who until recently composed the publishing house of D. Appleton & Company, died at his home on Staten Island. Mr. Appleton was in his sixty-fifth year at the time of his death, and had been engaged in the publishing business nearly forty years, the house itself having been founded by his father a little more than fifty years ago. Our readers know very well the reputation the house has achieved in this half-century; how many publications of great and unique value it has given to American students and readers. Although thus conspicuously identified with American enterprise and American letters, Mr. Appleton's life was a very quiet and retired one. His somewhat nervous and susceptible temperament made publicity of every kind distasteful; in his own charming home on the shores of Staten Island, he dispensed a cordial and unostentatious hospitality; otherwise he mingled with the world very little. One of his zealous purposes in recent years was the erection of a church at Clifton, near his residence, almost every stone of which was placed under his supervision, the greater part of the cost being maintained by him. It is a handsome Gothic structure, bearing the name of St. John's, and so identified is his name with it that it fairly stands as a monument to his memory. Mr. Appleton's life was simple, calm, gentle, and pure. It was not his disposition to seek for distinction beyond that which a well-conducted business gave him. He was jealous of the reputation of his house, and glad to see its fame and usefulness extend; beyond this he knew little of the restlessness that accompanies ambition. He was happy to be instrumental in advancing the interests of the Church, and he was always solicitous for the welfare of all connected with him. His life in these particulars was a model, for it was marked by application, by a faithful discharge of all duties, by a deep, strong love of home and kindred, by devotion to his church, by liberal charity, and by unblemished purity in heart and deed. Lives of this kind contribute greatly to the substantial welfare of communities. They give to society its stability, to business its energies, to home its happiness, to the Church its influence, and to national character some of its most valuable qualities.

Notes for Readers.

SINCE the novel took its place as one of the great departments of literature, it has been illustrated by many subdivisions or types. We have had the novel of incident or adventure, the novel of character, the novel of society, the analytical or psychological novel, the "novel with a purpose," the religious novel, the didactic or ethical, the sensual, and the sensational, not to mention many others which elude definite classification. It would seem as though the field had been so thoroughly worked that the possible forms and combinations were by this time pretty well exhausted; but Mr. W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life worth Living?" has achieved the unexpected distinction of inventing an entirely new variety—a variety which may be suggested if not described by the epithet piously-prurient. Mr. Mallock is a young man who has exhibited great anxiety lest the progress of science should deprive mankind of its ideals and human life of its dignity, and with a vigor which is quite admirable he has for several years past addressed himself to the task of counteracting the pernicious influence of such men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall. In several very clever and voluble books, and in a score or so of magazine articles, he has endeavored to show that the words of the scientists are foolishness, and that their steps take hold on evil; and, in his capacity as curator of the public morals, he has favored us with some very ingenious and seductive reasons why we should accept that interpretation of the mystery of God's ways to man which is furnished by the Roman Catholic Church. In the course of these discussions and expositions he has betrayed a quite remarkable knowledge of and familiarity with Providence; and it is to be feared now that in his case, as in so many others, familiarity has bred contempt, for in no other way can we account for his last performance, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" (Putnams). Here, with unsuspected versatility, Mr. Mallock shows us how gracefully he can temper the severity of the Christian moralist with the voluptuous imaginings of an erotic temperament; and how easily he can pass from the discussion of such high themes as "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," to the portraiture of a young Adonis who retires to a sequestered nook by the Mediterranean, in order to see if by searching he can find out God and save his soul, and who in the process is surrounded by fallen women, in respect to one of whom he is tortured, as we are told, by the conflict which arises within him between the "impersonal yearning to lead her to God" and the passionate desire to secure personal possession of her. It must be admitted that there is a certain piquancy in the situation, and one follows with curiosity if not with interest the unfolding of a scheme of salvation in which the customary "exercises" of the votaries are mitigated by passionate kisses, fervent embraces, wreathed

arms, stolen interviews, and all the other felicities and amenities of the fleshly school. If Mr. Mallock intended any lesson at all to be drawn from his story, it is that purity of heart and elevation of character are not necessarily incompatible with unimaginable depths of physical depravity, and, on the other hand, that the mere aspiration after good is not sufficient to preserve one from the most fatal and soul-wrecking compromises and defections. The implication is the usual one with him—though this time it is left wholly to inference—that religion is the only sure compass by which man can shape his course across the stormy seas of modern life; but there is something unspeakably repulsive in his method of working out the thesis. The cant of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins is positively edifying in comparison with this obscene and irreverent commingling of talk about "saving souls" and "bringing one another to God" with the behavior and language and sentiments of a dance-house; and very few can read "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" without feeling that some of the most awful of those *vie sacrée* which the thinking man of our day is fairly compelled to tread are thereby irrevocably polluted and defiled. Surely there is something almost tragic in this spectacle of a man who, after starting out with the avowed purpose of leading his fellow-men to that heaven from which Tyndall and Huxley were threatening to alienate them, now takes his stand neck-deep in a moral sewer, and besmirches with its filth the audience that has been lured thither by his psalm-singing.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY's sketch of Thomas Carlyle (Harpers) may be regarded as the first word in the great chorus of reaction which was certain to make itself heard as soon as the vociferous denunciations aroused by the "Reminiscences" had had time to subside. It was written, as the author says, in loyalty to the memory of those two at Chelsea whom, amid whatever differences of conviction, he honored and loved; and it is a strong protest against the idea that "the outcries of a broken heart should be accepted as the man's true voice, or that measurements of men, and memories as seen through burning tears, should be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment." Its aim is to portray Carlyle as he was in his healthier periods and saner moods, and it consists for the most part of impressions which were written down at the time when the memory of them was fresh and vivid, and when it was not imagined that they would ever be anything more than a small contribution to that record of Carlyle's life which Mr. Conway thinks will be "a long task, employing not only many human hands, but even the hand of Time himself." In so far as they tend to vindicate Carlyle from the harsh judgments recently passed upon him, it is because we find in them touches here and there of the

more genial and humorous side of his nature; but, after all, one is obliged to admit that, like everything else that has been published since Carlyle's death, Mr. Conway's memorials only tend to prove the substantial faithfulness and accuracy of the self-revelations contained in the "Reminiscences." There can be no doubt, of course, that they leave a more kindly impression of the man, and that they illuminate somewhat the monotonous gloom which appears to have enshrouded his closing years, and which is allowed to become too prominent in the later chapters of the "Reminiscences"; but when we come to compare the actual utterances it is easily seen that the difference is one of tone and manner rather than of substance. Indeed, one of the surprising traits of Carlyle's character, whether as portrayed by himself or his apologists, is the early period at which he took his peculiar attitude toward man and the world, and the persistency with which he maintained it amid all the vicissitudes of adverse and propitious fortune, of obscurity and fame. Appended to Mr. Conway's sketch are a number of extracts from letters which Carlyle wrote to two college friends in the interval between his nineteenth and his twenty-ninth years; and it is curious to find that in almost the earliest of them the Carlylean refrain of discontent with himself and contempt for the world at large is distinctly audible. There are passages that might be interpolated into the "Reminiscences" without producing any incongruity of thought or sentiment, though there is in all Carlyle's early writings—in the early essays as well as in these letters—a surprising absence of those qualities of style and peculiarities of diction which at a later period seemed to have become a part of the very bone and sinew of his genius.

THE most piquant passages in Mr. Conway's "Reminiscences" are those in which he has incorporated fragments of Carlyle's conversation; and it will be interesting to note what he says in general terms of that conversation: "Those who have listened to the wonderful conversation of Carlyle, know well its impressiveness and its charm: the sympathetic voice now softening to the very gentlest, tenderest tone as it searched far into some sad life, little known or regarded, or perhaps evil spoken of, and found there traits to be admired, or signs of nobleness—then rising through all melodies in rehearsing the deeds of heroes; anon breaking out with illumined thunders against some special baseness or falsehood, until one trembled before the Sinai smoke and flame, and seemed to hear the tables break once more in his heart: all these, accompanied by the mounting, fading fires in his cheek, the light of the eye, now serene as heaven's blue, now flashing with wrath, or presently suffused with laughter, made the outer symbols of a genius so unique that to me it had been unimaginable had I not known its presence and power. His conversation was a spell: when I had listened and gone into the darkness, the enchantment continued; sometimes I could not sleep until the vivid thoughts and narratives were noted

in writing." Of the more amiable traits illustrated by the sketch, the following is an example: "I may recall here an occasion when Carlyle was speaking, in his stormy way, of the tendency of the age to spend itself in talk. Mrs. Carlyle (with her wonted tact, anticipating any possible suggestion of the same from some listener) said, archly, 'And how about Mr. Carlyle?' He paused some moments: the storm was over, and I almost fancied that for once I saw a tear gather in the old man's eyes as he said, in low tone: 'Mr. Carlyle looked long and anxiously to find something he could do with any kind of veracity: he found no door open save that he took, and had to take, though it was by no means what he would have selected.' Once, too, when some vigorous person was praising a favorite poet, Carlyle spoke of the said poet as a 'phrasemonger.' The other, somewhat nettled, said, 'But what are the best of us but phrasemongers?' Siegfried was never more conscious of the vulnerable point left by the leaf on his back than Carlyle of the distance between his doctrine of silence and his destiny of authorship. He bowed and said, 'True'; and the conversation proceeded amiably enough." Highly interesting to American readers are the accounts of the interview between Carlyle and Bayard Taylor, and of the relations between Carlyle and Emerson; and one of the choice gems of the volume is a letter from Emerson to Alexander Ireland, describing his first meeting with Carlyle. It is told of Emerson that, when he was on one of his earlier visits to England, large numbers of fine gentlemen whom he met desired him to introduce them to Carlyle. "Some of these were crack-brained egoists, others actuated, as he saw, by curiosity, and he saved such from the catastrophes they invited by saying, mildly, 'Why should you wish to have aquafortis thrown over you?' In one case Emerson's name introduced to him a vegetarian, with whom Carlyle went to walk. Unfortunately, his companion expatiated too much upon his then favorite topic, upon which Carlyle broke out with—'There's Piccadilly; there it has been for a hundred years, and there it will be when you and your damned potato-gospel are dead and forgotten!' He was more patient in listening to Miss Bacon, also introduced by Emerson, when she tried to persuade him that Shakespeare's plays were written by Lord Bacon. Carlyle never thought very much of the philosopher who had been unable to recognize such a contemporary as Kepler; and his only reply to Miss Bacon was, 'Lord Bacon could as easily have created this planet as he could have written "Hamlet."' I have heard that when she had gone he added to a letter written to his friend in Concord the brief postscript, 'Your woman's mad, T. C.'" The most characteristic bit of Carlyle's talk as reported by Mr. Conway is the following: "Those Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh, and went on for a long time breeding cows and making cheese, and might have gone on with their cows and cheese till doomsday. But Spain comes over and says, 'We want you to believe in St. Ignatius.' 'Very sorry,' replied

the Dutch, 'but we can't.' 'God! but you *must*,' says Spain; and they went about with guns and swords to make the Dutch believe in St. Ignatius—never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column for ever, and raising the Dutch into a great nation."

UNLESS the late Mr. George Henry Lewes would be disposed to take a more lenient view than most authors, when their reputation is made, are apt to take of their 'prentice-work, he would hardly be gratified by the republication of "Ranthorpe" (New York: William S. Gottsberger). Written nearly forty years ago, on the model of Bulwer's "Ernest Maltravers," and before the traditions of the Laura-Matilda school had lost their influence, it is interesting now chiefly as showing how greatly the novel has improved during the present generation as a picture of life and as a branch of the literary art. In delineation of character it is decidedly inferior to the mob of third and fourth rate novels that now issue in such numbers from the English press; its incidents and occurrences bear no congruous relationship to each other or to the general circumstances of the story; its sentiment is mawkish and schoolgirlish to the last degree; and its style is more *exalté* than would now be tolerated in what professes to be a realistic picture of modern life in London. The aim of the author in writing it was not at all to portray men and women, or to hold the mirror up to nature, but to express his own thoughts and feelings concerning the literary career and the hard conditions under which it is pursued in England. "Our hero," therefore, is carried through all the phases of youthful over-confidence, disappointed hopes, temporary success, social as well as literary, blighted affections, sterilized "genius," despair, suicidal mania, reaction, rescue, hope, solid achievement, and eventual fame as the concomitant of those "years which bring the philosophic mind." It is altogether a favorable specimen of the sort of story over which our grandmothers used to sigh and sometimes weep; but which, after such stories as those of George Sand, George Eliot, and Thackeray, seems inconceivably tawdry, flimsy, and unreal. Portions of it, no doubt, are well worth attention, those particularly in which the author indicates the conditions, mental and otherwise, of successful achievement in literature; but these are didactic interpolations, and belong more properly to an essay than to a novel. Of the dramatic faculty—the faculty which enables one to impart the semblance of personality or actual existence to creatures of the imagination—Mr. Lewes shows himself utterly destitute; and the entire work throws a ghastly sort of illumination over the fact that at a later period Mr. Lewes took upon himself the task of molding George Eliot's mighty genius and selecting the conditions under which it should be manifested!

AN adventurous gentleman, whom it is to be feared that Mr. Charles Reade would describe as an "anonymuncule," has published, through Messrs.

Lee & Shepard, "The Princess of Alfred Tennyson recast as a Drama." In his prefatory remarks he expresses the opinion that "a dramatic rendering of 'The Princess,' though it must necessarily sacrifice some of its literary beauties, can only enhance its charms as a wonderful creation of fancy, and may deepen its philosophical interest, as it bears upon many questions of modern social life and culture"; and he thinks that such a dramatic treatment of its "rich materials" would meet the approval of the poet himself, and has even been suggested by him. That it is something more than a mere literary exercise is indicated by the dedication to the ladies and gentlemen who appeared in a private dramatic performance of the piece, and by the announcement that "applications for permission to perform this drama should be addressed to the publishers"; and as it thus seems to be designed for representation on the stage, it may be well to say that, even as thus recast, "The Princess" has none of the qualities of an acting play. That Tennyson's faculty is not dramatic is clearly shown by the poems which he himself designed to be dramas; and in "The Princess," as in most of his other writings, the charm resides in that portion which is lyrical and descriptive, not in that which approaches to the dramatic in form or mode of treatment. There is some delicate character-drawing in it, some acute and suggestive argument, some fine descriptive passages, and some exquisitely dainty and musical lyrics; but there is no action, no movement, no passion, and none of that direct simplicity of speech which is indispensable to good dramatic dialogue. Nor are these defects, which lie merely on the surface of the poem, to be removed by a simple change of form. In its essential qualities the new version is no more dramatic than the old—it is less so, in fact, for the compression has been carried so far as to eliminate nearly all the character-painting, and the *dramatis personæ* are degraded into mere names and puppets. The author explains further that in his recomposition he has carefully retained "the language and style" of Tennyson. The "language" indeed is retained to a certain extent, but the "style" of the master is but faintly indicated, and the so-called drama is even more of "a medley" than the original poem.

THE fifth volume of "Appletons' Home Books" treats a very difficult subject ("Amenities of Home") with much skill and suggestiveness. To lift such a topic above the level of mere conventional platitude, and yet to avoid any appearance of invading that reserve which should be thrown around the interior life of a home, implies the possession of taste and discretion in a very exceptional degree; and the author of "Amenities of Home" has not only achieved this difficult feat, but has written a book which is interesting to read as well as profitable to reflect upon. In respect of style and manner it could hardly have been improved upon. It reads like the sprightly, animated talk of a cultured, sensible, and gracious woman, whose knowledge of life and experience of the world have only enhanced her

appreciation of the importance of home influences ; and yet with all its sparkle and vivacity, its flavor of literature, and its *savoir faire*, it has a certain undertone of earnestness and serious conviction which at once compels attention and stimulates thought. Not only so, but there are few participants in that "dual monarchy of the household" to whom it will not bring a feeling of compunction as he (or she) is compelled to realize how little attention is paid in the ordinary family (perhaps in his own) to those gracious amenities and sweet observances which, like the quality of mercy, bring blessings not only upon them that receive but also upon them that give. This, indeed, is the distinctive merit of the book : it is too acute in its insight and too direct in its injunctions not to touch at some point the susceptibility of the reader ; yet its tone is persuasive and exemplary, not at all hortatory or denunciative.

One of the most significant passages in the book is that in which the author, after lamenting the absence of reverence and external respect in the relations between American children and their parents, describes the common attitude and behavior of a French boy to his mother. It is as follows :

"Nothing in this imperfect world is so beautiful as the relation of a French son to his mother. He sees her from his first sentient look the being whom every one in the house adores. Does the nurse or the maid speak even sharply to the mistress of the house, she is immediately discharged. The child would thus see his mother's authority verified from the first, and, whatever we may say on this side of the water of the marriage relation in France, the master of the house certainly compels a sort of respect toward the mother and mistress of the house which goes far toward making the manners of a nation respectful and polite. From the cradle to the grave a French son has one duty, one affection, which is paramount to all others—that is, his love for his mother. As a child, as a boy, he treats her with perfect respect and obedience. As a young man, he delights to send her flowers, to take her to the theatres and *cafés*. It is a common sight in Paris to see a young man with a gray-haired woman at the public galleries and places of amusement, apparently perfectly happy with each other, the young man studying to make his mother comfortable and amused. Often, in leaving France, a young man asks of his family the privilege of taking his mother with him as his 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Before his marriage is arranged, she is his constant companion and his best adviser. Never until death separates them does he fail in his duty toward her ; and after that event has closed this sweet, dutiful history, he keeps the anniversary of her death as his most sacred day, and visits her grave with his children to dress it with flowers."

In his "American Nervousness" (Putnams) Dr. George M. Beard has prepared a sort of popular supplement to his more scientific and professional treatise on "Neurasthenia, or Nervous Exhaustion" ; working into it the results of nearly twenty years of research and investigation, and giving a more permanent and systematic expression to the views which he has hitherto promulgated in various lectures, addresses, and magazine articles. These views have

attracted as much attention and given rise to as much discussion as almost any physiological speculations of recent date, and their purport may be briefly summarized as follows : Nervousness, in its new medical sense, is not excess but deficiency or lack of nerve-force ; and it is especially frequent and severe in the northern and eastern portions of the United States, though it is also becoming increasingly prevalent in Europe. "The chief and primary cause of this development and very rapid increase of nervousness is *modern civilization*, which is distinguished from the ancient by these five characteristics : steam-power, the periodical press, the telegraph, the sciences, and the mental activity of women." Among the secondary causes are climate, race, institutions, personal habits, and the indulgence of appetites and passions. The greater prevalence of nervousness in America is due to a number of influences, "the chief of which are dryness of the air, extremes of heat and cold, civil and religious liberty, and the great mental activity made necessary and possible in a new and productive country under such climatic conditions." In spite of this increase of nervousness, and, indeed, partly as a result of it, longevity has increased, and there is evidence that Americans live longer on the average than Europeans, so that the American insurance companies using the English life-tables as a basis for policies have gained thereby at the expense of the insurers. Furthermore, the evil of American nervousness tends, like all other evils, to correct itself : increasing wealth will bring increasing calm and repose, various inventions will diminish the friction upon the nervous forces, social customs will be modified in accordance with the needs of changed conditions, and as a consequence a higher type of health and vigor will probably be developed by the side of the debility and nervousness which now seem to imperil the physical future of the American people.

Dr. Beard possesses in an eminent degree the art of exposition and illustration, he brings to his work the harvestings from many and widely-separated fields of literature, and his book is interesting to a degree that is seldom found in the work of a specialist in his special field. Particularly readable is his chapter on the "Longevity of Brain-workers and the Relation of Age to Work," in which he argues out in detail his much-criticised assertions that "in all ages brain-workers have, on the average, been long-lived, the very greatest geniuses being the longest-lived of all" ; that "original brain-work is done mostly in youth and early and middle life, the later decades being reserved for work requiring simply experience and routine" ; and that "a very considerable proportion of the greatest geniuses of the world are known to have been as remarkable in their precocity as in their genius, and in spite of this precocity were exceedingly long-lived." His main contention here is that brain-work is, *per se*, healthful and conducive to longevity, and, as a corollary of this, that the brain-working classes—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, scientists, and men of

letters—live much longer than the muscle-working classes. Ample proof of this is found in the vital statistics of every civilized country, and the reasons for it are so conclusive that it might have been inferred even in the absence of statistical evidence. Among these reasons—which Dr. Beard expounds and illustrates *seriatim*—are : 1. “The inherent and essential healthfulness of brain-work, when unaccompanied by worry” ; 2. “Brain-workers have less worry and more positive comfort and happiness than muscle-workers” ; 3. “Brain-workers live under better sanitary conditions than muscle-workers” ; 4. “The nervous temperament which usually predominates in brain-workers is antagonistic to fatal, acute, inflammatory disease, and favorable to long life” ; and, 5. “Brain-workers can adapt their labor to their moods and hours and periods of greatest capacity for labor better than muscle-workers.” As to the period of greatest mental productiveness, we are told that the “golden decade” of man is between thirty and forty ; that seventy per cent. of the work of the world is done before the age of forty-five, and eighty per cent. before fifty ; that the best period of fifteen years is between thirty and forty-five ; and that the year of maximum productiveness is *thirty-nine*. The broad fact to which all the evidence leads us, and which Dr. Beard regards as so important that he prints it in italics, is that “the brain follows the same line of growth, maturity, and decay as the rest of the body ; that the nervous, muscular, and osseous systems rise, remain, and fall together ; and that the received opinion that the mind, of which the brain is the organ, develops and matures later than the power of motion or of physical labor and endurance, is not sustained by the facts of history.”

SUCH perfunctory performances as “White Wings” and sundry other of his recent novels have led many of Mr. William Black’s most cordial admirers to fear that he had exhausted his faculty, and would henceforth be engaged in draining off the lees ; but these will be reassured by “A Beautiful Wretch,” which is as light of touch and as finished in form as anything he has written. The title of the story is a humorous exaggeration, and the heroine, instead of developing the sort of wickedness which we are slyly led to expect, turns out to be one of the most charming of Mr. Black’s always charming young women, while the victimized but all-conquering captain is a sort of English analogue of the inimitable German lieutenant in “The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.” Graceful and pleasing as the story is, however, it is little more than a vehicle for the copious array of pictures which accompany and illustrate the text ; and there is a piquant competition between Mr. Black’s felicitous descriptions of scenery in Switzerland, and of watering-place life at Brighton, and the graphic pencils of the artists. Prepared originally for the midsummer illustrated number of the London “Graphic,” it is probable that no similar story has ever before received such pictorial embellishments ; and the mania for “cheap

books” may well be regarded as having reached its culmination when a new story by the most popular of living novelists, accompanied by engravings that are reported to have cost seven thousand five hundred dollars, is furnished to the public in a twenty-cent number of the Franklin Square Library.

CANON FARRAR’S “Life of Christ” is known wherever the English language is spoken, but, with the exception of this, few American readers are acquainted with any other of his works, unless it be the famous essay on “Eternal Hope,” in which he repudiates the doctrine of endless punishment for the wicked. For this reason, a compilation of “Words of Truth and Wisdom” selected from his sermons and miscellaneous writings will be not less acceptable here, perhaps, than in England, where it is published (London : David Bogue). The selection appears to have been made in a catholic and sympathetic spirit, and embraces a wide range of topics ; most of the passages dealing with one or another phase of the Christian life and doctrine, while others deal luminously with more secular themes. A very striking descriptive passage of the kind in which Canon Farrar excels is one on “Roman Society in the Days of Seneca” ; but this is too long to reproduce and too good to mutilate, so we quote as a specimen of the contents of the book a rather suggestive and conveniently brief paragraph on “Words” :

“By earnestly studying words we are enabled historically to resuscitate the long-forgotten history of bygone millenniums, and to catch some glimpses into the past fortunes of nations whose very name and memory have been obliterated for ages from every other record. Intellectually regarded, the study of them initiates us into the profoundest mysteries of the human understanding. It is the foundation of all metaphysics. For it is by words alone that we can discover ‘the manner in which ideas, born of perception, present themselves all naked to the human intelligence, while it is still engaged in their discovery and still seeking to communicate them to others ; we follow the labor which it undergoes to arrive at this result, and in the want of uniformity in that labor we see the influence of different intellects.’ Hence fresh languages wisely acquired may afford us a nearer approximation to many truths than would be otherwise attainable, by suggesting thoughts and conclusions which have evaporated from our native tongue. For ‘language is the depositary of the accumulated body of experience, to which all former ages have contributed their part, and which is the inheritance of all yet to come.’ It is ‘like amber circulating the electric spirit of truth, and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom.’ So important and indispensable is the right use of words to the progress of science, that some have gone so far as to call science itself ‘a well-constructed language’ ; and, although this is an exaggeration, it is certain that in scientific no less than in religious history an ill-understood phrase, or an ambiguously-framed expression, has been sufficient to retard the progress and kindle the passions of men during centuries of warfare.”

No incident of a social character has attracted so much attention in London recently as the speech which Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe) delivered at the

Lord Mayor's literary dinner when called upon to return thanks for journalists. The speech appears to have been ironical in manner and very sarcastic in tone, and its strictures were felt the more acutely because the noble Lord was at one period of his brilliant career a journalist himself. At any rate, he has been sharply taken to task for his utterances; and the "Spectator" makes them the text for a very able and suggestive article on the function of the journalist and the distinctive traits of modern journalism. The gist of Lord Sherbrooke's complaint was that journalists undertake to tell their readers what they are to think about the news, when the very conditions under which the news is received render it impossible that they themselves can have had the time to study or digest it. Upon this the "Spectator" observes that "the journalist who writes leaders for a daily paper is precisely in the position, as regards political news, of the doctor with respect to disease or the solicitor with respect to practice; he knows a little more than the person who consults him. He may not have half of the ability of his patient or his client—very few physicians or lawyers would compare their minds with Lord Sherbrooke's—but he knows something, much or little, which the other wants to know. An important telegram received at night in the office of a morning paper really falls into the hands of a kind of corporation. Some one member of the staff probably knows the question fairly well, has watched the events leading up to the event recorded in the telegram for years, has a distinct idea what the news means, and has thought out, superficially, it is true, but still with some distinctness, what result such an occurrence would probably produce. Long habit enables him to put his opinion on paper quickly, clearly, and pleasantly, and he does put it; and, if he is even decently competent, his readers next morning have something besides the news, which increases the value of the news to them." The "Spectator" admits that the something which the journalist adds may possibly not be so valuable as the doctor's opinion or the lawyer's, because the journalist's range is apt to be too wide for equally accurate and minute knowledge; but nevertheless it has a value, because journalists are in general quite as intelligent as lawyers and doctors, are much quicker (a rigorous natural selection starving out the slow men), and are compelled to learn a vast number of facts which are not harder to learn than the anatomy of the body or the practice of the courts. "Continuous attention alone, apart from special intellectual capacity, immensely increases knowledge, and with it the power of forming an opinion."

Commenting on Lord Sherbrooke's speech, the "Academy" says that, though the press failed to

take it in good part, yet there are not a few people probably who agree with the main purport of his remarks. "The increased use of the telegraph is tending to augment the proportion of news provided by our daily papers; while the monthly magazines alone afford adequate space, and the additional advantage of signed names, for that mature expression of opinion which influences, or ought to influence, the public mind. As a result of this, the leading magazines are distinctly becoming more political and less literary; or, to put the point more precisely, they are devoting more space to information than to criticism."

THE English critical journals are not in entire agreement in their estimate of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," though all agree as to its value and importance. The "Saturday Review" says: "His volumes are emphatically addressed, in the first place, to his countrymen, Northern and Southern, many of whom, and chiefly those in the most prominent positions, were actors or sufferers in the terrible war; and, in the second place, to the select, serene, but comparatively limited students of political history everywhere, who will prize such a record for the matter contained in it, as much as for the style in which that matter is worked out. To these, and therefore to the cause of historical research in general, Mr. Jefferson Davis has, in his honored retirement, with much dignity and simplicity of purpose, offered a contribution of solid value, and for this we tender to him our sincere acknowledgments." The review in the "Athenæum" is less favorable, declaring that there is comparatively little in the work that is new, and that "those who hope to get from Mr. Davis a concise and clear view of the organization of which he was the soul and the chief will be repelled by the vast amount of dissertation with which he cumbers his pages." Further on, the reviewer says: "Perhaps it was unavoidable that this work should be open to the paradoxical criticism that there is both too much and too little personality in it; that in the biographical part Mr. Davis says too little about himself and in the historical part too much. He always writes on the defensive. He defends secession and he defends his conduct as President of the Confederacy. The personal details are interesting enough to make us regret they are so few. It concludes, however, by saying: "Every impartial reader must recognize the ability with which it is composed, the sincerity with which his opinions are held and the good faith with which they are set forth, and the value which it possesses as the authentic commentary on the most momentous episode in the history of the United States since their independence was acknowledged and their Constitution was framed."

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SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN SIX PARTS.—PART FIFTH.

XIX.

THEY passed two months without meeting, but they wrote to each other. Albert's letters were both frequent and long. He kept Mademoiselle Maulabret *au courant* of all the improvements he was making in the château and the gardens of Bois-le-Roi; he told her about his masons, his painters, and upholsterers. Jetta answered each letter, but her replies were brief. The following are fragments of her letters:

"April 16th.

"No, I feel neither remorse, nor anxiety, nor any other mental disturbance. For several days *she* and I were quarreling violently. They reconciled us. Violent quarrels rarely last long. Monsieur Vaugenis, who dined yesterday at Combard, told me with some meaning in his tone that he had seen, at les Cevennes, a house so singularly situated that one side of its roof sent the rainfall into the Mediterranean and the other into the ocean. I thought, as I listened to him, that if this house had a soul it could not long consent to this division. *Coûte que coûte*, it would have made its choice; it would have said that when one gives itself it must be all or nothing. I gave myself entirely, and shall not take back the gift. I feel myself forgiven, as you well know; why, then, make me say so? I do it, however, since you so wish. Are you content?"

"May 3d.

"I can hear your masons and all your men at work; I hear their hammers and their saws. May God bless them all!

"Our nest, as you call it, will be indeed charming. But you pretend that la Pompadour

has spoiled me, that Bois-le-Roi will seem like a barn to me, that I shall not be content without magnificence. But you do not really think so. I shall be all my life long a little *bourgeoise*. La Pompadour terrifies me, I feel lost in her vast and sumptuous mansion. The houses I like are those in which one can receive the poorest without a blush. When the indigent come to this château we do not know what to do with them. The tapestry-covered arm-chairs are not for their use, and yet there is not another, either of wood or straw, to offer them. They stand in the ante-room, or they are sent to the office, where Madame Cantarel goes to receive them. When Poverty comes to call on us in 'our barn,' we will not permit her to stand, we will insist on her being seated. God smiles on those houses which the poor love to frequent, and where the swallows build their nests. Monsieur Cantarel can't endure them—the swallows, I mean—he calls them noisy creatures, and has their nests destroyed, which always grieves me. We had many of them at the hospital, and in the spring their notes cheered our poor patients—it was hope that they brought on their wings from the depths of Egypt. But there is one thing at Combard which delights my heart—the abundance of nightingales. Would you believe that at my age I never had heard a nightingale sing until last night, when that enjoyment was mine! Their roulades and their trills filled space and thrilled the forest and myself with intense pleasure. Near the lake, among the old oaks, where there stands one wild-cherry tree, there were two who answered each other, and both said the same thing: both sang to me in their crystal voices, 'He loves you, he will always love you.'"

"May 7th.

"You think you are telling me something new when you tell me that you possess my portrait, or rather that of Sister Marie. I know it. Was I not in the adjoining room the day you talked so freely to Monsieur Vaugenis? But you need not suppose that I shall ever be jealous of that portrait, no matter how charming you may find it. In vain will you tell me that she and I are two very different persons, and that she has all your preferences; I shall never believe it. You find in her eyes, you say, a gentle sweetness that is not in mine, and she yields to all your wishes, bends herself to all your caprices, and enjoys every moment of your dear society. I infer from this praise of her that in me you find the contrary qualities, and that I have committed the unpardonable sin of not allowing myself to be borne in your arms through the night and the wind, and also that I find the nightingales of Combard quite sufficient for my happiness. You are mistaken: the nightingales please me, but they are not all-sufficient for me, and, no matter what you say, *she* and I have the same eyes.

"But the truth is, she no longer lives, and I do, unfortunately. People are always more indulgent to the dead than to the living. Poor girl! can it be that she is no more than recollection, a vanished dream, the shadow of a shade? No! no! Tell this White Sister, whose portrait you have, that she is not dead, that she will always live in the innermost recesses of my heart. I have promised this to my curé, and my curé is so dear to me that I am secretly embroidering him an altar-cloth. Don't breathe this, for, were Monsieur Cantarel to know it, he would certainly eat me."

"May 30th.

"Yesterday Monsieur Vaugenis dined with us, as you know, for you sent him here from Bois-le-Roi. He confessed to me that he was bidden to take back with him an exact report of all that was going on at Combard. What an extraordinary *métier* you are teaching him! A former president becoming a spy! Never mind. His squint and his irony alarm me, but in spite of this I always like to see him—more especially just now. In the first place, he had seen you, and he faithfully repeated the gallant message with which you intrusted him—"Tell my beloved mystic that I adore her black eyes, though they may be blue," you said to him when you left him at the train. I asked him what a mystic was. He replied that a mystic was a young man or a girl who, no matter what be the color of their eyes, saw God everywhere. If this be so, I know some one far more mystical than myself, since he sees in love God himself. But, if I

begin to lecture this man who pretends to adore me, my letter will never end. Let us make an agreement: I give you permission to love me as madly as you please, but you must not call me adorable, for the word frightens me. Sometimes, looking in my mirror, I say to myself with confusion: 'What! He adores these eyes—which have wept so much, these poor eyes which dare neither to face the sun nor happiness!' And, looking about, I try to find some mouse-hole in which I can creep, so profoundly ashamed am I. No! not another word about adoration, but I have not the smallest objection to a happy mixture of folly and extravagance with your love, for I begin to believe, with you, that that is the only sensible fashion of loving."

"June 4th.

"You are becoming very disagreeable and provoking! Why do you accuse yourself of loving me too well? And why do you say he is a mountebank or a red-republican hypocrite? What has he done to you? It seems to me that you have no reason to complain of him. Why do you tell me that a radical millionaire is a man who combines the haughtiness of an emperor with democratic venom? I am told, on the contrary, that he is without arrogance and without venom. Why do you tell me that you are glad that the day is near at hand when the question of his election as a member of the Municipal Council of Paris will be decided, and that you will be the first to congratulate him on his discomfiture? It is true that the election will take place in a few days, but perhaps the discomfiture will be for you!

"Madame de Moisieux is sure of success, and madame is never mistaken. You will see that he will be elected, and I shall be greatly pleased. I am so happy, that I wish all the rest of the world to be so too. I grant you that his opinions are *bizarre*, but I believe them to be sincere. He told us yesterday that he had sworn never to pass through the Rue Bonaparte until the name of the street had been changed.

"'But you can't alter the fact that the rascal once existed,' answered Madame Cantarel, in her sardonic tone.

"'Very possibly,' was his reply, 'but if I were the procureur-général I would prosecute every person who mentioned his name, as an offender against public decency.'

"Thereupon he went on to explain that this much over-estimated man had won his battles against all rules and good sense, when in all justice he should have lost them: in spite, however, of his atrocious blunders, he was always rescued by his extraordinary luck.

"'Are you sure that his dice were not loaded?' asked my aunt.

"He shrugged his shoulders and walked off, saying it was as difficult to believe in great men as in the waters of La Salette. Now, I haven't much faith in La Salette, but I love great men; it seems to me that one breathes and lives more fully when one listens to their history, and, if you wish to know, the books which I prefer to all others are 'The Imitation,' the fables of Fontaine, and Plutarch. But that is no reason to calumniate Monsieur Cantarel. You attribute to him the most unkind motives and plans in regard to us. Do you believe him so black as all that? I have no partiality for black, you know. He merely wishes to keep us apart for two months, and I dare say ventures to hope that some accident— But what accident? I am too happy, to believe in accidents nowadays. Perhaps too, he flattered himself that I should awake some morning with an empty heart and memory. This shows how wrong it is not to believe in the battle of Austerlitz—it weakens the judgment in other things. It must be admitted that for some time he has shown wonderful gentleness toward me. I can't go to mass without hearing a jest from him, but his jests are more amiable than they formerly were. Twice, every day, he says to me in the most insinuating tone:

" 'Well! child—do you love him still?'

"You and I are very little like each other: I wish good to everybody and everything about you. Give a bit of sugar, in my name, to your horse, will you?"

" June 8th.

"Your letter of to-day has Madame de Moisieus for its subject. You lecture me, and say I see too much of her. She is not so bad as you think—I have only one thing to reproach her with: she asks me too often what I hear from you, and I think is much amused by the embarrassment of my replies. I color, I look down or turn away, and don't know what I say. There are certainly some names which I care to pronounce only when I am among the nightingales. You insist that la marquise is frivolous, and at the same time calculating to a degree that passes belief; and yet, if to-day she were to appear at Bois-le-Roi, you would receive her with the utmost cordiality. I am well aware that this is the way of the world, but the way of the world does not please me. I really pity the poor woman. Think of being afflicted with such a son as hers! Besides, what is the good of distrusting people. What can one fear when one is sure of one's self. I venture to quote the fable of 'L'Hirondelle et les Oisillons'; it is so lovely that it brings tears to my eyes:

'Imitez le canard, la grue et la bécasse.

Mais vous n'êtes pas en état

De passer, comme nous, les déserts et les ondes

Ni d'aller chercher d'autres mondes,
C'est pourquoi vous n'avez qu'un parti qui soit sûr
C'est de vous renfermer aux trous de quelque mur.'

"To seek other worlds is a trifle too violent perhaps, and to shut one's self into a hole is not to live; and we wish to live, do we not? To live much and long. Life is so sweet."

" June 13th.

"This time I have laughed aloud at your letter. You announce to me with so much circumlocution the cruel necessity which compels you to go to Paris for a fortnight, and you explain to me with such needless minuteness the many important affairs which call you there, that I laughed as I read. What is there for me to fear. If I could suspect you, it would be only because I did not love you. And do not imagine that I am jealous of the past; the present is mine, and I believe in the future with all my heart. I do not hope, I am certain. Go, then, to your great Paris, which, after all, is as much yours as it is mine—but do not forget Bois-le-Roi. I wish you a happy journey and sunny weather; but when you are strolling along the Boulevard look at your shadow on the asphalt, look at it carefully, and you will see that there is a second one which is very like me."

" June 20th.

"Good-morning, Albert! How does la Rue de Luxembourg look to-day? Here it is the most beautiful weather in the world. I opened my window at dawn, and the morning breeze was so fresh and sweet that I could not stay in the house, and in an hour I was on the lawn. The sky was of the softest blue, tiny clouds like snow floated here and there, looking like curious travelers. I went down to the river; it was exquisite, green as emerald, quiet and shimmering; around the tall reeds on the banks the little ripples had gathered in foam, where I saw spiders swimming, and I seated myself under an old willow. Opposite was an island covered with clambering vines and lovely wild flowers, amid which one magnificent scarlet poppy blazed out like a bugle amid violins and flutes. A botanist passed with his tin box slung over one shoulder. You know that I am somewhat bold. I stopped him and asked him several questions; he answered me in Latin, but I begged him to speak French, and finally he explained that the pink flowers were called willow-herbs, and the white ones queen-of-the-meadow. When he had given me this much information he went on, and I still sat under my willow. Butterflies and bees were disporting over a spike of thyme—all this little world was happy. I watched the water running past, and I remembered that time was doing the same thing; these

three months were rapidly approaching an end—and then what?

"Suddenly a recollection of the hospital came to me. I remembered a certain young medical student who liked me, and who looked at me a little too much; told me one day that our bones, our body, all our substance, indeed, was renewed every twenty years; and I said to myself that this river now running before me renewed its waters every minute, and yet it was always the same river. It is merely the marrow of our bones, the blood in our veins, which changes; we ourselves are the same. My medical student would insist that in a few years from now you would not have the same heart: what do I care for that, provided that I am still within its sanctuary, as you are in mine?"

"These are the ideas which come into the head of a woman who has known something of medical students when she sits and looks at a river. I rose, and, as I walked away, noticed an old fisherman drawing in the lines he had set, but he had caught no pike. So much the worse for those who had pinned their faith on him. A little farther on I met a gardener who had a trap for moles, and was wretched because he had caught none. I pretended to sympathize with his regrets, but you know when I am happy I wish well to all the world, to Madame de Moisieux, and the moles even; so I said aloud, 'Burrow down deep, little ones, and look out for yourselves!' When I had climbed the hill I went across the fields which lay outstretched before me like sheets of velvet and silk. The oats mingled their silvery green with the darker tint of the wheat and with the golden brown of the already ripening rye. I followed a narrow path, the grass on either side so tall that I disappeared entirely. I perceived above me only the blue sky and under my feet the equally blue corn-flowers. An ear of wheat touched my cheek as I passed, and I started. A lark began to sing, but I could not see it. Really, Albert, I believe the bird was within my heart. *Au revoir*, Albert, only ten days yet—it is for you to count the hours."

"June 22d.

"I must acknowledge, Albert, that, if I have so easily reconciled myself to the long delay imposed by Monsieur Cantarel, it was not because I preferred hope to happiness, as you insist, but I consoled myself in thinking that I was thus granted two months in which to pay a visit and discharge a duty which struck terror to my soul. I can no longer defer it; in a few days Madame Cantarel will take me to Paris, where I shall go to see Mother Amélie, to whom I shall tell all. If you knew her, you would have no difficulty in understanding my terror; I shall

hear the most biting sarcasms, the bitterest, most insulting epithets. I shall not reply. I have employed all my ability in convincing myself; I have none left with which to convince others. I shall listen in silence. Madame Cantarel advised me to write, but this would be cowardly. I must drain the chalice to the dregs; it will not kill me. Did you not once say to me that we never buy our happiness too dearly?"

"June 24th.

"No, Albert, do not attempt to take advantage of the few hours we shall spend in Paris to come to la Rue de Rivoli to see us. I am quite sure that Madame Cantarel would give her consent did I ask her, but I do not wish to do this. We have made an engagement; let us therefore adhere to it rigidly. Just think, after the first of July, you can come to the château as you please! Mother Amélie would laugh at me, and say that she who is so unscrupulous in great things is too tenacious of smaller promises. And yet, were I to see you Saturday, if only at a distance, I should feel twice the courage in entering my lion's den. Attend to me one moment. In front of the hospital, on the other side of the square, is a fruit-shop; if, on Saturday, at two o'clock precisely, you should happen to be walking past this shop— But my cheeks burn with confusion. Remember that the fruit-shop is on the corner of the square and the street. You will find superb cherries there. Look first at them, and then at me, and on July 1st you will tell me if they were as red as my poor cheeks."

XX.

THE evening before the day when she was to go to Paris, Jetta was to call on the marquise, whom she had not seen for some days. Lara showed her in and announced her. When she saw her visitor, Madame de Moisieux, who held a newspaper in her hand, hastily thrust it under a cushion with considerable affectation of concealment.

She received Jetta with all her usual warmth of manner, but, as was not common with her, she was pensive and anxious, and so preoccupied that at times she even forgot to speak. During these long intervals of silence her eyes would be fixed on her young friend with commiseration and affection. Then she would arouse herself, and with difficulty attempt to keep the ball of conversation going, and talked until she was out of breath.

Suddenly she said:

"Have you heard lately from Monsieur Valport?"

"Yes, madame," answered Jetta, with heightened color.

"He is still at Bois-le-Roi?"

"No. Did I not tell you that urgent business had called him to Paris?"

"Ah! I had forgotten. You are sure, then, that he is in Paris?"

"Yes, madame, but why should that fact disturb you so much?"

"Oh! it is nothing, *ma belle*—nothing at all."

And the marquise went on talking very rapidly of an exposition of fruits and vegetables which she had visited two days before at the Palais de l'Industrie. She spoke of the beauty of the white-heart cherries and of the magnificence of the artichokes.

"What an abominable *métier* that of a journalist is!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"Apropos of white hearts?" asked Jetta, with a laugh.

"Apropos of nothing. The other day I came across a certain newspaper; the fact is, that since they have been allowed free scope these men have dared to say anything. In my opinion no government and no society should be without a clever prefect of police, who is able to muzzle the press. Oh, how right the Emperor was! He said to me once in those good days, 'I should not reign a week if I permitted the first comer to argue with me.' But he had not the courage to go as far as he ought, and the liberty of the press was fatal to him. The press is a poison, an absolute poison, my dear."

"Would you say that to the editor of 'La Vrai République?'" answered Jetta, gayly.

"Not to his face, certainly, but I would to his profile. It is bad enough when these gentlemen quarrel with the Government in each morning's issue, but there is nothing sacred to them; they make raids into our private lives, to quote from that good Monsieur Josseau when he was defending the Guilloutet case. 'Is it any more proper,' he asked, 'for a man to meddle with your private life, than it would be for him to enter your domicile uninvited. Private life is the moral domicile.' General opinion coincides with Josseau, but nowadays the most ordinary penny-a-liner takes the bit between his teeth, and his impudence passes belief; he would speak of me, of you, of every one."

Jetta at first supposed that some enterprising journalist had ventured on an indiscreet statement in regard to Madame de Moisieux, and she was complaining of their audacity. But she soon abandoned this notion, when, after new allusions to the cherries and the artichokes, the marquise said:

"Are you positive that Monsieur Valport is in Paris?"

Mademoiselle Maulabret's lips were momentarily compressed, then she suddenly exclaimed:

"Was there anything about Monsieur Valport in the paper you were reading when I came in?"

"What a strange notion, my dear!"

"I beg of you, madame, to be good enough to show me this journal."

"But I assure you, child—"

"The journal! Madame—I must see the journal."

And, although the marquise seemed desirous of preventing it, she drew from behind the cushion the last number of a comparatively new publication, and one in the worst possible style, called "Le Diable Borgne." We doubt if it still exists. This sort of thing is not long-lived, but it is prolific, and usually leaves at its death two or three children who are soon able to take their father's place. In addition to the chit-chat of the clubs and the stage, this especial sheet added what it called "Glimpses of High Life." Although the writers lived in the attics, although their platters are never full, and their fires a little scanty, one would have supposed that they dined and supped every evening in the great world, so much did they know of its life and its mysteries. They alluded to them in a careless fashion, and the reader pictured them airily twisting their mustaches as their Toledo blades whistled through the air. One inferred at once from their style that they were never without a *gardenia* in their button-holes, and that they were always freshly gloved; but it was easy to divine, also, that under these fresh gloves were strong, hooked fingers.

Mademoiselle Maulabret ran her eyes carelessly up and down the columns of the journal; after laughing, she had suddenly felt so disturbed that she could see nothing. It seemed to her that in this journal a misfortune was hidden like a serpent in the undergrowth of a forest. She looked, but could find nothing—all the words and letters danced before her eyes.

"Madame," she said, in a cold, determined tone, "will you kindly read to me, yourself, the venomous paragraph in which allusion is made to Monsieur Valport?"

The marquise refused at first, representing that she made a mistake in wishing to see the paragraph, that certain infamies should not be honored with five minutes' attention, and that it is much better to remain in ignorance of them.

"Well, then, since you insist; but remember that this foolish article is the mere invention of the reporter at a loss for a subject. Promise me not to believe one word of it."

"Ah! Read, madame—read!"

The marquise began:

"The 'Diable Borgne' has, it is true, but one eye: that eye sees everything, enters the most

hidden places, and reads the depths of the souls of our readers. To give them an idea of our ubiquity we will simply state that the "Diable Borgne" was, last night, at one and the same moment, in the *foyer* of the opera-house, where a most singular incident took place; in the cabinet of the President of the Chamber, where certain important resolutions were decided upon, which, in due course of time we shall lay before our friends; and in an elegant *entresol* of la Rue de Luxembourg or Cambon, whichever you please, inhabited by one of the heroes of high life, whose approaching marriage has caused a great sensation in the fashionable world as well as many bitter tears. Weep, fair ones, weep! Weep, ye stars of the ballet! We were about to tell how this accomplished gentleman, known throughout Paris, gathered around his table seven or eight of his most intimate friends. We must be exact—there were just seven. He had invited them to a farewell dinner—a dinner of funeral-baked meats—he proposed to bury with them his careless past, his bachelorhood, and the gayety of his youth. The guests were—we are too discreet to name names. To show our readers to what point we are informed, however, we give the *menu*: "*Crème d'orge à la reine, timbale à la Polonoise, homards à l'Américaine, filet de bœuf à la Nivernaise.*"

"Skip all that!" said Jetta, her nervous fingers twisting the fringe of the table-cloth, which had come, by-the-way, from Constantinople.

"We will skip it all," said the marquise, pretending to crush the paper in her hand.

"Ah!" said Jetta, with a poor attempt at a smile, "have some little compassion on my curiosity."

"Well, then, we will not trouble ourselves with these details. Where were we? Incomparable Château le Rose. Ah! Here we have it: 'At first every one was very grave, almost as if he had been asked to a funeral dinner. But the dishes were so delicious, the wines so delicate, that by degrees all their tongues were unloosed! The guests endeavored to draw from their Amphytrion some revelations touching the miraculous creature who had been able to convert to marriage the least marriageable of men. Toasts were drunk to the fair unknown, but in spite of the shouts of "Her name—her name!" the Amphytrion was inflexible. We shall be less discreet than he. We know that the fair unknown is a charming girl who had been induced by family misfortunes to begin her novitiate, and who, only a few months ago, was nursing the sick in one of our great hospitals. In the last century we ran away with nuns, in this we marry them. One thing is certain, that all fast livers, Don Juan and others, have wound up with a *re-*

ligieuse; it is the last invention of a *gourmet*. Read a certain chapter in the "Memoirs of Casanova," which treats of this point.'

"A very bad book," the marquise interrupted her reading to say—"a very bad book written by the wickedest rascal that ever trod this earth."

She continued her reading; but Jetta interrupted her, saying:

"Go on, pray—faster, I beg."

The marquise obeyed for a few moments, and then again read slowly and more slowly as she reached the following paragraph:

"They had all gone—and our hero was alone, and seated in a fauteuil, when all at once the rustle of a silk dress was heard, accompanied by a stifled laugh and a mysterious whisper. How the thing had been managed, by whom or by what, I know not, but it was she. He gazed at her—but he recognized her, his youth—his youth itself which, draped in rose-colored gauze and crowned with flowers, had come to reproach him for his ingratitude, and to say to him, 'You flatter yourself that you have buried me, but I am more alive than ever!' He tried to dismiss her, to escape from her, but she took his hand in hers, and she murmured in her bewitching voice:

"'I am thy rose, and thy rose is the only mistress of thy heart.'"

The marquise again interrupted herself.

"There are italics here, and a very foolish play on words. 'Rosella, sole mistress of thy heart,' is the idea. Pshaw! it is pitiful."

Then she continued: "'A moment more and they were in each other's arms, and she defied him ever to leave her again. But the "Diable Borgne" is severely moral; he never depicts such scenes; and we will throw a veil over this reconciliation, but we wish all of our readers who renew their subscription one of equal happiness. What will the White Sister do? The public shall be informed through us, for this story will serve for the instruction of youth. Little girls! little girls! do not flatter yourselves that you can muzzle the wolf, and go still further and marry him—he is sure to return to his *premières amours*. One immortal fabulist has said:

"'Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.'"

"Stupid! It was Destouches," said the marquise, as she threw the paper contemptuously aside, but with a stealthy glance at Jetta; but she looked at the girl with dismay, for she was hardly to be recognized, so ghastly white was her face. The marquise, shocked and startled, felt a pang of remorse, and, with an impulse of sincere sympathy, she ran to Jetta and took her tenderly in her arms. The girl's hands were like ice, and madame tried to warm them in her own.

"Rouse yourself, *ma belle*!" she cried. "You terrify me. You surely do not believe this? The journalist is lying. Write at once to Monsieur Valport; this most fascinating and dangerous man has one virtue—he can not lie. You will soon know the truth, and perhaps you will then laugh at what to day afflicts you so deeply."

"I thank you, madame," answered Jetta, rising. "I thank you for the trouble that you have taken, and the consolations you have lavished upon me."

Then, stiff as a statue revolving on its pedestal, she turned on her heel and went toward the door, followed by the marquise, who momentarily expected to see her fall.

"Ah! *ma belle*, why did you not take my advice? Why would you insist on drinking this poison?"

"But you see, madame, I have not died of it," the girl answered. "I have not even fainted this time. Do you not see that I can stand; that I can walk, and that I can still breathe? I do not shed a tear; I can even smile."

And the girl's smile was absolutely heart-breaking, and looked almost as if her senses were leaving her. Madame de Moisieux did not wish her to go away in this state, and tried to keep her. But the girl slipped from her arms, and ran quickly through the garden. To her first despair had succeeded a hot feeling of indignation; these sensations were entirely new to her, she had for the first time learned what anger meant. But hardly was she half-way down one of the avenues of the park, than her limbs failed her, and she dropped on a bench, and for some minutes she looked about with wild, affrighted eyes—eyes that doubted all they saw. They looked at the green grass, but they doubted that it was green; they looked at the blue sky, but they could not have told what color it was. All at once a revolution took place in her mind: she decided that all this story was not only improbable but impossible. There are some things which never happen, or this world would be a hell, or a lunatic asylum, and he who made it would long since have destroyed it. The sun that shone over Jetta's head seemed to her less evident than the impudence of the journalists who lie daily, and who each night eat their dishonor with their bread. Was it possible that one could be absurd enough to believe them? Did they not bear the mark of their infamy on their brow?

She rose, and, hurrying to the château and to her room, snatched up a pen, and wrote as follows:

"Tell me, Albert, what took place in your rooms the other night? They want to make me

believe, but I will not believe anything. It is all false, is it not? Write me one line—two if you choose—but one is all that I ask, and forgive me. I believe in you, Albert, with all my soul, and I love you with all my heart."

This note was thrown into the box, but the day was endless. Mademoiselle could not be silent, and during the evening she opened her heart to Madame Cantarel, who gave her all the sympathy of which she was capable.

"Have I not told you to look out?" she cried.

"Then, madame, you believe—you really believe—"

"I believe that this is a plot. I do not suspect Monsieur Cantarel; he is incapable of so adroit a defamation of character. But Madame de Moisieux has not only had her hand in the business, but she has also had some one to assist her. This is a mystery, however, which only time can clear up."

"But you are talking to me of others. What do I care for them? What of him? Ah! madame, do you believe him guilty?"

"You have written to him; await his reply; and try, my dear, to sleep a little to-night. Sleep helps you through so many hours!"

Notwithstanding these kind words, Mademoiselle Maulabret could not close her eyes all night. The sun rose at last—it was June, and he rose early. It matters little whether we grieve or rejoice, he never changes his habits. The first mail brought her nothing. Jetta questioned the postman, who explained to her all the machinery of the postal service. All day long she pictured this wonderful man, who, wearing a blue blouse trimmed with red braid, and wearing a shining cap, trudged over the dusty highways, carrying in his bag nameless sorrows and priceless joys, catastrophes and despairs, newborn hopes and deliverances. At twilight he handed her a heavy package, sealed with red. As soon as she had signed the receipt he presented, she was left alone with this letter, the sight of which terrified her so much that she hardly dared open it. "Ah!" she thought, pale and heart-sick, "if he were innocent, a line or a word would suffice. How many explanations and excuses are there here?"

She tore open the envelope and discovered her error. There was not one word of explanation, and not a syllable from Albert. He had contented himself with sending her back every letter she had ever written him. They were all there, including her very last, although she did not count them. She dropped on her knees, voiceless, pulseless, without memory and almost without life. When Madame Cantarel entered

her room, she was still kneeling, but Nature had come to her relief, and she was weeping abundantly, weeping like a very Magdalen. Her sobs were occasionally choked, and broken words passed her lips.

Madame Cantarel did not know what to do or say; having never wept, she did not understand tears. She finally exclaimed :

"Do you love him as much as that?"

"Love him!" answered Jetta, lifting her head quickly; "can I love a man whom I despise?"

"When one weeps one loves, that is clear," answered Madame Cantarel, "and in that case, my dear, you must forgive and marry him."

"Never, never!" she stammered. "I would rather die!"

Seated on the corner of the sofa, Madame Cantarel looked at her in silence, vainly seeking words with which to console this agony of sorrow; she found that the heart of Mademoiselle Maulabret was more complicated than that of her black game-cock. She finally decided that it was best to leave her to herself and to solitude. When she returned, about midnight, the sobs of the poor child had ceased. Utterly worn out, she had fallen asleep at the foot of her bed. Her head lay on her arm, her beautiful hair fell over her cheek, on which were to be seen the traces of tears, and her sleep was troubled by convulsive starts and by deep sighs, as often happens to children who fall asleep in the midst of a noisy quarrel with life. Occasionally she spoke, but without opening her eyes.

"No," she murmured. "It was not you—it is false—it must be false!"

Madame Cantarel respected this feverish slumber which, bad as it was, was infinitely better than the horrors of an awakening, and withdrew on tiptoe.

At this very same moment the Marquise de Moisieux was receiving with the greatest warmth her son, who had just returned from his journey. He had lost nothing—neither his effects nor his umbrella, nor yet his illusions, his ideas, nor his loves. We must accord him that justice at least—he never lost anything. He sometimes forgot his gloves on a restaurant-table, but he always went back for them, even at the risk of losing his train. After the first compliments had been exchanged, he said to his mother :

"Well! how about this marriage?"

"It has been arranged and broken off," was the reply.

"Upon my life, mamma, you are a clever woman!" he replied, in a jovial tone. "So, then, we may look on the girl as ours."

"No," replied the marquise, "she no longer believes in love; she will espouse either the hospital or God."

He drew back, and his face became very long.

"And I?" he said, quickly; "what of me?"

"I have found somebody else for you," answered his mother, carelessly.

He, with wonderful brilliancy, said precisely what she had said herself to Monsieur Mongeron :

"Is she humpbacked?"

"I think not," answered his mother, gravely, "but I know nothing about it." Her tone admitted of no reply. "Whatever she may be," continued the marquise, "it is a superb match for you, and in a few weeks more you will be presented to her."

He was on the point of an explosion, but he most opportunely recollected the mysterious manner which he had seen his father adopt when conversing with persons whom he regarded as too inquisitive. He looked at his mother with immense gravity, and bowed profoundly. Having completed this ceremony, this Talleyrand withdrew to his room, saying to himself :

"A fine piece of work has been accomplished in my absence, upon my life! I should like to know what they take me for. She may have millions on millions, I will never marry the humpback, for I am in love with the other—and mean to have her, too!"

He took an oath to this effect over some Jamaica rum; he swore it also on some sound Irish whisky; and then retired, weary with his journey, but enchanted with his own strength of mind.

XXI.

To the violent tempests of the soul often succeeds a dull calm that is almost too much to bear. The disabled vessel has lost its rigging, its masts, and its rudder. A level, oily-looking sea stretches endlessly to meet the sky. Jetta contemplated with stony eyes her irreparable misfortune, and for three days remained in her own room and even in her bed. The least movement was an exertion, to speak was an effort almost beyond her courage, the sound of her own voice affected her nerves in such a way that she trembled from head to foot. She felt stunned and helpless; she had hardly strength to open her eyes, and generally lay with them closed, for they had formed a close friendship with night and darkness. Sometimes she was burning with fever, and fancied that she was wandering through Paris vainly asking her way from the people she met, and that every few minutes she encountered a barrier placed across a street, and on this barrier she read this inscription, "Street closed on account of pulling down the buildings." Was not her future a closed street; were not all her hopes razed to the ground?

Madame Cantarel, who spent a portion of

every day with her, and who had begun to be seriously alarmed at her condition, was astonished at the rapidity of her convalescence. Jetta was young and courageous; it was the very violence of the shock that saved her. Could she regret the man whom she had so loved? He had dispensed with all management and hypocrisy, and seemed to have taken absolute pleasure in killing her love by the very brutality of his acts.

There are, in Asia or elsewhere, long lines of palms and orange-trees which, like a curtain, veil from the eyes of the traveler stretches of unhealthy and sterile country, marshes, and hot sand, where both hunger and thirst reign. Mademoiselle Maulabret had returned from a perilous enterprise in which she had nearly met her death. She had seen these treacherous rivers, she had breathed the intoxicating perfume of the flowers which grew on their banks, when all at once the horrible desert beyond had revealed itself, and the terror they had caused her was still to be read in her eyes. Confused and bewildered, she said to herself with a shudder, "And this it is which lies below love!" Sometimes she also said, "Poor little soul, how she loved him!" It was Jetta Maulabret of whom she spoke.

Nevertheless the hour came when her heart revolted, and she rebelled against her destiny, and wondered at its implacable severity. But by degrees one dominant thought filled her whole heart and calmed its seditions. She began to recognize in her disaster the All-powerful Hand that chastised her. She had deserted her duty, disregarded her engagements, after having given herself and taken back the gift—and He to whom she had sworn falsely had punished her infidelity by crushing all her criminal hopes. In her long, solitary conversations with herself she fancied that an unknown being stood at her side with a drawn sword in his hand, and this unknown had said to her:

"I use this sword to discipline your heart, in which was growing a crop of noxious weeds."

She heard a voice ringing in her ears all through her sleepless nights. It said:

"I am a jealous God, and I have driven away this stranger to whom you had given my place. Behold how thy pride and thy joys have perished under my vengeance!"

She was weary of struggling, and was ready to pardon even those who had plotted against her happiness. Were they not the instruments of this Sovereign Will which permitted no discussion, and who selected his workmen and his tools as seemed to him good? When Madame Cantarel tried to console her, the girl listened with a faint, dreary smile which seemed to say: "Ah! madame, do not question the justice of God!" Yes, she forgave every one except her-

self, and her bitterest remorse was caused by having made an aged priest the accomplice of her sin. She reproached herself for having deceived him; she accused herself of having perverted his good sense, and of having obtained his consent by a perverted statement of the truth, and by her mute entreaties. Of what do not tender consciences accuse themselves when they are in the mood?

She resumed her wonted life, moving about the château as of yore. Madame Cantarel, who had learned to love her very dearly though silently, gradually relinquished to her the entire government of the house, thinking the occupation would distract her from the contemplation of her own sorrows. She performed all her duties most conscientiously, and even as if she felt some interest in them, but the servants noticed the sudden change which had taken place in her. She was another person: deep lines had been worn in her hollow cheeks, her features were pinched and hollow—all in the space of one week; the spring-like freshness of her coloring had departed, giving place to a luminous pallor. Her eyes, which had made so many cruel discoveries, had lost their velvety softness and their tender sweetness, glittering now with a feverish fire. The grace of her movements had also disappeared, as well as all the gayety of her voice and her little ways. There was in all her movements something quick and precise, and in her words as well as gestures a certain authority. Her sorrow had ripened her; great griefs are the forcing-houses of the soul. Monsieur Cantarel was surprised, indeed anxious, in seeing this metamorphosis, although his mind was full of other cares. He was occupied with his approaching election, and with his future constituents. He spent the greater part of his time in Paris, enjoying only on Sunday the fresh breezes of Combard, which cooled his brow overheated by his arduous labors as a citizen and a candidate. His brief hours of relaxation he spent with his gardener, endeavoring to bring to perfection the art recently introduced of tracing, in the center of a lawn, initials and ciphers by means of another tint of grass. He wished to place his own everywhere on every bit of greensward, feeling as if, after this was done, la Pompadour might be forgotten and they would become more really his. Already could be dimly discerned the name of Louis Cantarel, and above, "Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!" What did the poor Pompadour think of these words?

He intended to improve the first opportune moment to address to his pupil salutary exhortations accompanied by good advice touching her recent experience. But, to his great astonishment, she seemed to be almost unapproachable,

and kept him at a distance. He absolutely did not dare approach the subject. The only thing he ventured to do was to lay before her a number of the "Diable Borgne," calling her attention to a paragraph he had marked. She shuddered as at the sight of some venomous reptile, but nevertheless she read, and learned that a meeting had taken place in Belgium between Monsieur Albert Valport and a writer for the "Diable Borgne"; that the journalist had been severely wounded, but it was hoped not fatally. At these last words she breathed a long sigh of relief. The editorial concluded: "From all quarters come evidences of the most earnest sympathy for our colleague. People understand that the liberty of the press has been threatened in his person, that precious liberty for which our fathers fought and bled—that precious liberty which is the safeguard of both public and private morality." He continued for some time in this strain, but it is hardly to be believed that Mademoiselle Maulabret went on to the end.

"When a man is a brawler like Valport," exclaimed Monsieur Cantarel, "it is easier to kill a journalist than to reply to him."

As Jetta made no reply, he ventured further. He patted her pale cheek, and said, caressingly:

"Poor little cheek! How pale and hollow it has grown. Oh, what a wretch this Valport is! But then what could one expect from a man who has no political convictions, and who gives anything but a straight answer when he is asked if he is a republican. Fortunately, there are other husbands to be found; and, if my darling would only believe it—"

The flashing eyes she turned upon him silenced him utterly, and he hastily returned to his botanical caligraphy.

She, all this time, was revolving a certain project in her head. She spoke of it to Madame Cantarel, but that lady abstained from any attempt to dissuade her, and only said:

"Do as you choose, my dear, but such a step proves your extreme youth."

An unforeseen incident caused her to postpone her project. For some time Monsieur Cantarel had complained that there were poachers in his park. He had sent away his head keeper, accusing him of indolence and even of connivance with the enemy. Madame de Moisieux proposed to find another for him. This man was a Corsican named Golo, a former soldier, with a quick, fierce eye, whose hard face had little to recommend him, more especially as he had on his cheek a deep scar, which looked recent and probably was, and which, without doubt, he had received from some battery. On the pressing recommendations of the marquise, Monsieur

Cantarel engaged Golo, although the man made no concealment that he was an ardent Bonapartist.

Unfortunately, in about a week after he had entered on his new duties, Golo was taken ill, and the physicians promptly pronounced it a case of small-pox. Monsieur Cantarel was greatly annoyed and cursed his ill luck. Although he had declared one day, if the *religieuses* of the hospitals were sent away, that he himself would nurse the small-pox and fever patients, he was now none the less frightened when he realized that contagion was so near. His first thought was to send Golo to one of the Parisian hospitals, and to pay his expenses there. But Mademoiselle Maulabret opposed this plan with a firmness to which he was totally unaccustomed, representing to him that the man was too ill to bear the journey, and that, besides, there was no possible danger to any one, as the cottage in which he lived was extremely isolated.

"Very good," he said, "but who will take care of him?"

"There are still left in the world," she said, in a tone of sarcasm, "a few White Sisters and the Augustines."

"I will never permit it," he exclaimed, in a magisterial tone; "no nun shall come here with her black dress and her coif."

"But one is already here who offers her services," she replied. "Be merciful to her, since she has not yet assumed her robe."

"What! Do you mean that you will undertake it? No, no, that would never do; you would bring the infection to us. Remember, mademoiselle, that human beings are intrusted to my care, that I am responsible for your aunt's health and for the health of my servants, but that, so far as I am concerned, I should be ready to run any risk if I were not, as you know, a candidate for election."

He was too well aware of the duty he owed to the sovereign people to permit one of their lawgivers to run a risk of being pock-marked.

"There is only one thing for me to say, Jetta," he continued; "if once you cross the threshold of the cottage in which that poor wretch lies, you will not leave it until he is entirely cured."

"That is precisely what I wished, sir," she replied.

A half-hour later, and she was installed by the pallet of the head keeper. The cottage consisted of two rooms, one of which was occupied by the sick man; the other was the kitchen, in which Jetta ordered a camp-bed to be put up. The first night she passed there was very precious to her. It seemed to her as if she had returned to her cloister, and this captivity of a

few weeks, to which she had pledged herself, was a direct benediction from heaven.

In confiding to her this repulsive duty, God wished to show her that he was reconciled to her, and that he yet compassionated his unfaithful servant. Even the danger she ran was welcome to her. She often wished that she might take Golo's ailment, and she blessed him in advance for the service he might render her by disfiguring that beauty which had exposed her to perils and dangers, and caused her to shed such bitter tears.

But she soon realized that in these secret wishes there was a dash of bitterness which was like the dregs of a half-cured love, and she no longer cherished the wish—that wish or any other. Night after night, day after day, she labored in her former capacity of nurse, and her fatigue recalled the many delights of the past, and gave her a foretaste of the future.

Heaven knows that her Corsican was the most exacting person in the world, being one of those men who need their health to be endurable. Generally speaking, his mood was taciturn and reserved; but illness, which he considered as an odious injustice on the part of Nature, made him very talkative. He fretted and stormed. He was violent and profoundly ungrateful, always ready to fly into a passion, and bite the hand which caressed him. Jetta had the greatest difficulty in the world to manage him.

What eloquence she lavished in urging him to take his medicines—to prevent him from throwing off the covers of his bed in his excitement! He cared nothing for the indefatigable solicitude, for her angelic patience, for her sleepless nights and weary days. He could not forgive Monsieur Cantarel for not coming in person to inquire for him, and exhausted himself in invectives against him.

Not only did Monsieur Cantarel let him "die like a dog without troubling himself about him," but had he not one day had the impudence to reprove him for his Bonapartism, and to maintain that Napoleon I had been a mean, contemptible coward? "He was no coward," vociferated Golo; "and he had ten times as much talent as Monsieur Cantarel himself." Jetta made no attempt to prove the contrary, and implored him to be calm.

The rapid progress of the disease and the loss of his strength rendered him more manageable. Without being confluent, the small-pox was in his case very serious. His head was enormously swollen, and his body covered with the eruption, but Mademoiselle Maulabret looked down upon him without disgust. He scolded and fretted no more, but he sobbed and sighed

whenever his nurse left his bed. Sometimes she was ready to drop from exhaustion, but a few hours of sleep sufficed to put her on her feet again, and to restore all her courage. She thought continually of Mother Amélie, and asked herself over and over again, "Would she be pleased with me?" She called on her conscience to judge her, and this pitiless conscience said to her: "Silence both your flesh and your blood. Have you not much to make amends for? You slept three hours last night, which was too much. You still have scruples, Mademoiselle Maulabret—and you, Sister Marie, will never have enough of them."

Besides the physician, who came every morning, and again in the evening, she received other visits very often. Madame Cantarel herself made her appearance several times in the twenty-four hours; first, because she wished to see Jetta, and next, because she thus had the pleasure of frightening Monsieur Cantarel out of his wits by telling him that she had seen her. She amused herself by his shudders and shivers, by his starts, and by the various vinegars which he scattered about him to keep away infection. Madame de Moissieux, who was never lacking in courage when she had an idea in her head which she desired to carry out, also came. She was received by Mademoiselle Maulabret with cold, reserved politeness, which in no way abashed the marquise.

She was as tender as ever toward her "*toute belle*," but her tone had changed. Her conversations were russet color in tone; she talked much of the vanity of human affections, and of the pleasures of this world. With many gesticulations, which caused a great rattling among her bracelets, she chanted the praises of Zion, the felicity of the virgins of the Lord, who live like the angels, since they are dead to the world. Sometimes she even spoke of herself becoming a Carmelite, and her bracelets jingled more than ever. After this she kissed Jetta, first on one cheek and then on the other, and hurried back to her chalet, where she submitted to the energetic fumigations prepared and administered by Lara.

When his delirium was at its height, Golo was a great anxiety to Mademoiselle Maulabret. He had only one idea, that of escaping, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she soothed him.

One night, profiting by a light sleep into which his nurse had fallen, he threw back the bed-covers and stepped into the passage, when she overtook him.

"Let me go!" he cried, struggling from her detaining hand.

"Where do you wish to go?" she asked.

"You know where perfectly well."

"I assure you that I do not."

"He is there," continued Golo, pointing with a threatening finger to the door of the kitchen; "and I wish to blow out his brains."

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asked, in a tone of mild authority.

"Of Monsieur Valport, of course."

This name, so unexpectedly uttered, thrilled her to the very marrow of her bones. Golo continued to struggle. With much patience and energy she succeeded in inducing him to return to his bed.

"You were his head keeper, were you?"

"Yes; but that is an old story. When he was fitting up his house, eight months ago, I became his valet—"

"And with what in him have you to find fault?"

"He struck me across my face with his riding-whip."

She summoned all her courage, and continued her inquiry:

"Apparently, then, he had something to complain of in you. What did you do?" she asked, in a hesitating tone.

"It was not I," he exclaimed; "it was the man with the mole who did it all."

A certain recollection darted through Made-moiselle Maulabret's mind like a flash. She remembered how one morning she had met at the chalet a little man with a fox-like face, on the side of whose nose was a large mole, and that he and the marquise had evidently been conversing seriously. She had, indeed, heard her own name spoken as she entered, and a card lying on the table had told her his.

"The man with the mole," she said. "You mean Monsieur Mongeron."

"Ah! How the deuce did you know his name?" answered Golo.

It seemed to her that she now held the clew, and that she could guess the truth.

"You are more guilty than you say," she continued; "for that woman—"

"Oh, yes! the woman in rose color," he said, with a laugh. "She was a beauty."

"And you let her in? You concealed her?"

He answered neither yes nor no.

"You were promised another place, of course, if Monsieur Valport dismissed you; and you were paid well. You made a good bargain."

He was silent, and looked as if he were saying to himself, "She shall not make me speak." Then turning to Jetta with a fierce air, he said, hurriedly:

"I did not want him to marry. I like the other one best."

Then suddenly:

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am your nurse," she answered, coldly.

And seizing him by both wrists, she compelled him to lie down quietly. He lay for some little time, but soon began to toss about again, and to rave about the cut on his face, for which he swore to be avenged. He cried out that he heard some one coming; it was he, the man with the riding-whip.

Again and again did Jetta tell him that he was not in an apartment in La Rue de Luxembourg, but that he was at Combard; and that behind the door was only a kitchen, and in that kitchen no human being. Fortunately, at day-break he fell asleep, and she was at liberty to think. There had been a plot, the proof was before her, and she was in a measure solaced.

However dead she may be to the world, it is always a consolation to the pride of a woman to learn that it has been necessary to employ artifice, to lay traps, and forge the machinery with which to induce the man she loves to betray and forget her.

When Golo awoke, his reason had returned, and he did not know what he had said. She took care to ask no further questions, for she knew enough.

A few days later the physician informed her that all danger was over for her patient, and that his recovery would in all probability be very rapid. She was now able to procure an occasional hour of liberty, of which she took advantage, in order to recover from this great strain on her strength.

Each morning she walked in the park, sometimes crossing it entirely to reach a path running along a field of grain, over which the apple-trees threw their waving shadows.

The grain was yellow, the shadows almost blue. On one side of the field was a long lane, where the poultry of a neighboring farmer liked to peck. She could hear them now among the hedge. Turning her head, she beheld the wild-cherry tree which she remembered to have been so lovely when in bloom. How long ago that time already seemed! The flowers had changed to fruit, and the top of the tree was red against the sky. A number of crows, who fancied cherries, had arisen at dawn to devastate it. Impudent as they were voracious, they were disturbed by the presence at this banquet of this uninvited spectator, who was watching them, and the whole band fluttered from limb to limb, croaking out their discontent, for it is only too true that all the world have their annoyances. Occasionally a gold-hammer uttered its pompous note, and from the depths of its solitude a cuckoo replied.

She was not alone; the dead great-uncle who occupied so large a portion of her life and her

thoughts walked at her side. As may easily be believed, her sleepless nights had left her nerves in a state of tension, which naturally disposed her to visions, for she saw the dead man distinctly. It was no phantom, it was he himself, with his tall, angular frame, his scanty white hair, his wide brow, and the keen gaze which saw all, and on his lips the faint ironical smile which she knew so well. His presence was so real to her that, with out being in the least conscious of doing so, she walked on the edge of the path, leaving the center for him; and as she moved she turned away from every fruit-tree whose horizontal branches hung lower than the others, as if she wished to spare her invisible companion the danger of being hurt by them, or the *ennui* of bowing his head. She spoke to him, and she heard his reply; the two reasoned and argued together; their disputes were endless, but they liked each other all the more.

"You are mistaken," she said to him, "and you must know it, since you dwell in the kingdom of truth eternal; but you wished my happiness, and I shall always cherish your memory; thanks to you, I shall never be alone in this world."

Then the two parted, and she, going back to the cottage, found Golo waiting for her. With her she took not only the freshness of the morning, but the divine peace arising from communion with a friend who has passed away. Living friends, however quiet they may be, have always a certain restlessness about them, and the only real repose is to be found in the society of the invisible.

As soon as Golo was cured, and no longer needed her care, Mademoiselle Maulabret took leave of him, to return to the château, with Monsieur Cantarel's consent, whom the physician had assured that the danger was over.

Golo saw her go with no emotion, and took leave of her with scanty ceremony and brief thanks. He was glad to be alive still, but he thought himself very ugly, and feared that scars would be left, and had little time to think of his nurse. She was right to return to the château, for that same afternoon the Marquis de Moisieux, who had been seen about the cottage, had finally ventured to present himself there; but the nest was empty, the bird had flown; his displeasure was mollified by the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Golo. As the two savages suited each other precisely, they fraternized at once, and a touching intimacy was formed between them, which was fruitful of happy consequences.

Mademoiselle Maulabret felt that her nerves were over-excited; she was conscious that she needed rest. Before she executed the project she had in her mind, she wished to wait until sure that she was quite herself again. When

she was in a measure restored, she consulted her reason, and her reason told her that she was entirely right. She again went to her aunt, and begged her to take her to see Mother Amélie at once.

"I will do as you think best, my dear," answered Madame Cantarel; "but I repeat what I said before, that you are very young."

XXII.

WHEN Mademoiselle Maulabret passed through the great gates of the hospital, she stopped and looked back. The square on which her eyes fell was, for the moment, very animated. In the vicinity a good deal of building was going on, drays and large carts were continually passing, huge blocks of stone linked together by huge chains jarred the pavement, and the rattle of the chains mingled with the other noises not unmusically. From the square three streets opened, and it seemed to her that it could matter to no one which he took, since they led to the same place and were equally disagreeable in themselves. There were elegant *entresols* in each one, where friends assembled to bid an eternal farewell to youth and to the enchantments which one left with regret. To dull their grief they drank to the health of each other, and all at once women in rose-colored gauze appeared. On seeing them these gay youths forgot all else; they broke their word and plighted faith, saying to themselves:

"I shall break her heart, poor child—perhaps she will die or go mad—never mind, I can't help it!"

It evidently mattered little, since the accused had never troubled himself to make the smallest defense.

She crossed the court-yard, and again she stopped and stood still. In the busy hum of the outside world, in the confused murmurs that reached her ear, she seemed to recognize the voice of the world calling her by name. Although she had never seen the ocean, she thought of its waves and their treason, of its turbulent immensity, of its perfidious recitatives, of the eternal unrest of its waves, of the dark mystery of its silent abysses. She entered the hall, then began to ascend the winding stairs, and by degrees the noises died away. When she reached a certain little door, the sight of which brought her heart to her mouth, she heard no sound from the outside world, and on her face was depicted the radiant joy of a shipwrecked mariner who has at last reached the shore.

She went in, and found the room empty. She had been informed that the Mother was in the parlor, and that she would soon return. She waited, all the time gazing at an ivory crucifix

that had once witnessed her tears, and later her smiles. She fancied that the sculptured form cast upon her a look of mercy and forgiveness. Was her Saviour rejoicing that she had at last found the right path?

Suddenly a half-pushed bolt flew back, a black robe appeared on the threshold, a pair of eyes flashed fire, and a cold, harsh voice, sounding in her ear like a trump on the day of judgment, exclaimed:

"Ah! Indeed, mademoiselle—can this be you?"

This exclamation signified:

"You can tell me nothing, Sister Marie—you are only Mademoiselle Maulabret to me. I have learned all—I know your crime—I know the beginning, the middle, and the bitter end, which God will never bless. Ah! you have come, and I am not astonished, for I expected you; but I am divided between the impatience I had to see you and the horror with which you inspire me. Yes, it is really you, and I wonder that you dare to come here—dare to appear before me—before this crucified Redeemer to whom you are abhorrent! Nevertheless, your audacity pleases me, since I can tell you all I think of you. If my lips, which divine wrath has touched with its burning coals, had been condemned to silence, I believe that I should have died."

Mademoiselle Maulabret fell upon her knees. Raising her face to the Mother, she said to her:

"Look at me, Mother Amélie, and have mercy on me."

Mother Amélie looked at her long and earnestly. Although the story told by this worn and weary face touched her but little, she was disturbed by seeing that the girl, in losing her health, her color, her brilliancy, and the delicious purity of her complexion, had preserved all her charm. Time, she thought, however, would do its work. She, however, was silent; God had left her little to say, for he had drawn from those lovely eyes all the tears they could shed, and had robbed them of their poison and their fire! He had seared this faithless heart as with a red-hot iron; the breath of his anger had withered this flower and consumed it unto the very roots.

What was there for her to do? What reproaches could she address with any effect to one who had so uselessly wept? She had thrown away her words, and Mother Amélie was not one to like to lose them.

She seated herself, and, taking Jetta's head between her two waxen hands, she said, quietly:

"You have greatly suffered, then?"

"Ah! Mother, it seems to me that it is only by a miracle that I am still living."

"And you no longer believe in love?" asked Mother Amélie, in a tone of keen sarcasm.

"I assure you that I am cured, thoroughly cured. God has tried me by iron and by fire."

"This man—?"

"Oh! Pray let us say nothing of him!"

"You hate him?"

"What is the good of hating him, Mother? It is simpler to forget him."

Mother Amélie was silent for some moments. She contemplated with stern severity this youthful sister whose head reposed on her knees, and to whom her own saintly hands served as a pillow. She was as astonished, as indignant, as a panther might be who sees a gazelle come to lie down between her paws and ask an asylum. Bitter words swelled from her heart to her lips, but, as pity closed her mouth, her anger was reduced to gnawing and champing at her bit. She finished by saying:

"The ways of the Lord are mysterious; who would dare question his manifestations? All is well done that he does, and his elect have no right to complain of the manner in which he treats them. Some enter into their kingdom at once, on others he inflicts the most cruel experiences. He orders them to climb the stony paths of the world until his own good time, when it pleases him to take compassion on their weariness, and on the wounds of their feet. You have made this journey, and you will never forget it; you are at last restored to God and to yourself. I want to believe that it is for ever."

"O Mother! I assure you—"

"I only fear him who wanders for ever about the sheepfold," interrupted Mother Amélie.

"Am I not under your care? He of whom you speak can not enter here."

"Very true, but in an hour these walls will not shelter you."

Mademoiselle Maulabret lifted her head and cried out with passionate enthusiasm:

"Mother! I have come—I have come, and I shall go away no more!"

Mother Amélie looked at the girl in amazement; she did not understand, or she did not wish to understand.

"Yes, thanks to God, I am here, and here I shall remain for ever," the young girl continued, with a rapidity of utterance which seemed to indicate the joyousness of youth, but which was in reality only the bubbling over of too full a heart. "Do not suppose that I am speaking without due consideration; I have thought long and seriously, and I am sure, positively sure of what I am about to tell you. No one will seek to turn me from my resolution; my aunt made no objection when I spoke to her. As to Monsieur Cantarel—remember that circumstances have greatly changed, that Madame de Moisieux, who governs him, has renounced all her hopes, all her

designs on me, and that there is no reason why they should insist on my remaining longer in the world. Give me, quick, paper and a pen! I want to write a letter—it will be a short one: I shall only say, ‘I am here—I shall stay.’”

Mother Amélie’s astonishment changed to positive stupor. She exclaimed:

“You are mad! What of the will?”

“Oh! the will,” answered Mademoiselle Maulabret; “it will be carried out, of course. The fortune which was offered me will go to found a *maison de santé*, and everybody will be satisfied. Oh! do not think I regret this fortune. I have passed months with a millionaire. Not a person is happy in that wealthy establishment. I am often reminded there of the sick king to whom his physician said that he would be cured on that day when he could wear next his skin the shirt of a happy man. This man was hunted for all through the world; when he was finally found, alas! he had no shirt. O blessed poverty! When I came here, I had nothing; they received me poor, and poor I come back to them. Where is the change? The dowry which I do not bring I can make up for by redoubled toil on my part. Oh, how I will love our poor sick! I will love them, as some say, with all my sense and all my folly, or rather, I will love them with all my grief and all my repentance, which they will transform into joys. Ah! mother, send me at once to some sick-bed. Is there no wound so terrible that the other Sisters shrink back in fright? Is there no linen which the nurses loathe to touch? Let me wash it, and at the same time wash my hands, my memory, and my heart clean from the past.”

By this time Mother Amélie’s impatience was no longer to be controlled.

“Enough!” she said—“enough! You are too romantic, Mademoiselle Maulabret, and your chimeras are absurd. Can it be necessary to tell you that, if wealth, of which you speak so lightly, is an instrument of perdition for infidels and the impious, it is the most powerful means of salvation in the hands of Jesus Christ and his servants? Must you be informed that, if the Church asks nothing and has nothing, it has the right to ask much, and possess much, and that the full hands which empty themselves so complaisantly for the profit of the world enrich Satan and despoil the Most High? But I will not condescend to reason with you,” she added, in an imperious tone; “that which you desire is impossible, totally impossible—you understand?”

In her turn, Mademoiselle Maulabret now looked at her companion with attention and with dread. Those small black eyes which had once made her tremble, and in whose dusky depths slept a somber fire, now flashed widely open, and

the girl sounded their depths. She suddenly divined many things which had hitherto escaped her. This servant of God and of the poor showed herself at last just as she was. She passed her life in mortifying herself, in chastising her flesh and her blood; she had renounced all, conquered without regret and without pity her desires and her needs; she was dead to herself, but she lived again gloriously in the community to which her soul and her body were given.

Mother Amélie misunderstood Jetta’s silence, which she interpreted as a mark of confusion and of contrition. She therefore said, in a tone of less severity:

“I understand your impatience. A little courage, my child. Sixteen months will soon pass.”

Mademoiselle Maulabret was no longer kneeling; she had seated herself. She answered:

“In sixteen months, Mother, it will be the same as to-day. These twelve hundred thousand francs will never be mine. I could never dispose of them.”

“What folly are you uttering? Upon my word, your mind is weakened! You forget that I know this will—that I have read it. Why do you attempt to impose upon me?”

“But, Mother Amélie,” said Jetta, softly, “a scruple disturbs me.”

“A scruple!” answered the Mother, in a tone that was almost mocking—“a scruple?”

“Have you not often told me that I had not enough?”

“There are scruples and scruples, mademoiselle, and I desire you to distinguish between those approved by the Church and those which she condemns as a suggestion of the evil-one. Have you stated yours to the priest in confession?”

“No, Mother.”

“And on such subjects you trust to your own wisdom? You, who have in your heart pronounced the vow of poverty, are you ignorant that you are obliged to strip yourself of everything, of your vain thoughts, of your arrogance and self-sufficiency—of your own will, in short?”

“And even of my conscience?”

“Of course. It is for the Church to regulate that clock!”

“I always supposed, Mother Amélie, that my conscience was intrusted to me by God, and that I should one day be called upon to account for it to him.”

“You are no longer a Catholic!” answered the mother, vehemently. “Alas! the world has spoiled you; you have become a miserable shuffler and quibbler. Do you know where this quibbling will lead you? Our Sisters, the daughters of Sainte-Marthe, had scruples like yourself;

their consciences bade them deny the infallibility of the Holy Father. Where are they to-day?"

"The daughters of Sainte-Marthe are, nevertheless, looked upon as pious and faithful servants of God and of the poor."

"It is possible, but their rebellious spirits and unruly hearts have struck a blow at the prosperity of their order; they will soon lose La Pitié; they are already impoverished. But why do we discuss this now? Tell me, I beg, what this terrible scruple may be which now has assailed you?"

Mademoiselle Maulabret hesitated a moment, then she spoke with lowered lids:

"I learned from Monsieur Vaugenis that my great-uncle Antonin wished me to marry, and the twelve hundred thousand francs which he bequeathed to me were really meant as a dowry. A paper which has been shown me proved that. This marriage, which he so ardently desired, was on the point of being consummated, when God undid the work, for which I thank him. But this, my Mother, is a question of good faith. I have thought it all over for days and nights, and the more I have reflected, the more evident does the intention of the testator become. If he could have divined that, two years later, and contrary to his wishes, I should decide to enter a sisterhood, he would have said that I needed nothing, and he would have left me nothing. My happiness was very dear to him; he make a mistake, but I respect his wishes. The sick, who will be cared for in the *maison de santé* which will bear his name, and the rules and regulations of which he carefully drew up, will have no reason to complain of my voluntary relinquishment of this money. If I did not do this, could I with a clear conscience clothe myself in the sacred garments which you wear; and, if I did so, would they protect me against the reproaches of my conscience?"

"Ah! This is your famous scruple, is it?" answered Mother Amélie, giving free vent to her passion. "This is the poverty you claim? God be praised that this atheist was mistaken? A good work is done when he is deceived! His last wishes, his implied intentions, should be respected in your opinion, should they? No, mademoiselle, permit me to tell you that your worship of a man who has spent his whole life in insulting God by his words and his acts—your worship of him, I repeat, is mere fetichism. To-day he is expiating his insults in the lake of brimstone and fire!"

Mademoiselle Maulabret was no longer sitting. The charm was broken; this long and painful conversation had offended her delicacy wounded her conscience, and weakened the respect hitherto inspired by Mother Amélie, whose

last words had cut her to the soul. She started to her feet. Some months before, she had defended the saint to her guardian; now she defended the atheist to the saint. In a tone so vehement that Mother Amélie fell back startled in her chair, the girl replied:

"How can you speak thus of a man whose memory I so deeply venerate? God granted me the privilege of closing his eyes, of receiving his last sigh. While I prayed for him, I felt that God had brought our souls very near together. I saw him die with the courage and tranquillity of a soldier—to me he was tenderness itself in that last supreme hour. I promised him that his memory would always be as dear to me as if I were his daughter; and I assure you, Mother, that I desire no heaven in which I may not hope to meet him!"

Mother Amélie had now risen in her turn. Drawing back a little, she, with kindling eyes and with vehement gesticulations, cried in a voice of thunder:

"Mademoiselle Maulabret—it is Satan himself who speaks through your lips!" Then she extended her hand toward the crucifix. "I call upon our Saviour who hears you as a witness to the truth of what I say."

Mademoiselle Maulabret went toward the crucifix, contemplated it in silence for some moments, then, bending her knees in humble reverence, she said:

"O Jesus—my Saviour and Redeemer—I have no fear of you, and I abandon to your judgment all those whom I have loved, for you are a God of mercy! It is not the nails by which your blessed hands are pierced that fasten you to the cross—it is your infinite tenderness for sinners!"

Having uttered these words in the tone of one inspired, she took two or three rapid turns through the room; in her excitement she could not find the door. Mother Amélie, frightened at the state in which she saw her, tried to calm her.

"Jetta," she said, "listen to me."

But the girl did not hear. She finally found the door which opened into the large ward, and with a rapid step she passed down between the two long rows of beds without a glance to the right or the left. Mother Amélie followed, half distracted, gesticulating and uttering incoherent words, and beginning phrases which she did not finish.

Astonished by so strange and new a sight, the sick women rose in their beds, the convalescents dropped their knitting, and every one looked with startled eyes at this whirlwind sweeping past.

Mademoiselle Maulabret reached the extreme end of the room and went out in the hall, then

down several steps of the stairs, her robe sweeping the dust after her, for she had forgotten to raise it.

Mother Amélie, leaning over the balustrade, looked despairingly after her; she saw a cherished dream disappearing—a hope which was more dear to her than life itself. This dream and this hope were now passing away for ever.

Dreams vanish at cock-crow; why had the cock crowed? She reproached herself for her imprudent quickness of speech, for the cruel words that had dropped from her haughty tongue. If passionate natures conquer for themselves the kingdom of heaven, they often prevent others from entering it. She made one final effort—she called out:

“Sister Marie! Sister Marie!”

This time Mademoiselle Maulabret heard; turning quickly around she ascended the stairs, and, throwing herself into Mother Amélie’s arms, she said:

“Mother, pardon me; I have been greatly wanting in the respect I owe you.”

Mother Amélie’s confidence revived, and, in a tone of triumph, she said:

“My child, do you wish to say that you repent of the grief you have caused me?”

“Yes, Mother, I repent. Why else did I come here?”

This somewhat equivocal reply spread a little balm on the ulcerated heart of the saint. She wanted to renew the conversation, but Jetta was already at the foot of the stairs, where she encountered a great surprise. She suddenly saw before her the man with the mole! He having received the visit of the marquise some hours before, had hastened with the news to Mother Amélie, and had little idea of what he should hear in return.

As he passed Mademoiselle Maulabret he gave her a sidelong glance, and, recognizing her, hesitated whether he should bow to her or not. Being in doubt, he passed on without saluting her.

This meeting made her very thoughtful; it, moreover, confirmed her in the vague suspicions which had haunted her, and which she had dismissed as absurd.

She paced the walk outside the court-yard for some minutes, waiting impatiently for Madame Cantarel, who appeared finally in her *coupé*, and who said as soon as she saw her:

“You have come back to us, my dear!”

“You were right, madame,” answered Jetta, with a smile of infinite bitterness, “I am, as you said, very young.”

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES BY IVAN TOURGENIEFF.

In the beginning of the present year a new daily paper, “*Poriadok*” (Order), was founded at St. Petersburg, and in the *feuilletons* of the first and fourth numbers appeared two short sketches by M. Tourgenieff, entitled “Sketches from my Note-book; Reminiscences, Personal and Other.” They are now for the first time translated from the original Russian. In a few prefatory lines the author warns his readers against identifying the narrator too closely with the actual writer. As will be seen, the sketches are complete in themselves; but there is reason to suppose that from time to time other tales referring to the same olden times will be published. Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which the portraits of Alexis and his wife are filled up, or the fidelity with which the language and style of the period have been preserved; and every effort has been made to give the English translation, as far as possible, the naturalness and simplicity of the original.

PORTRAIT SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

I.—ALEXIS SERGEIVITCH.

MANY years ago there lived on his estate of Bleak Valley, about forty miles from our village, a cousin of my mother’s, Alexis Sergeivitch Teleguin, a retired sergeant of the Guards and well-to-do landed proprietor. He constantly resided on his property, and therefore never visited us; but twice every year I was sent to pay

my respects to him, at first with my tutor and then alone. Alexis Sergeivitch was always pleased to see me, and I generally staid at his house three or four days. I saw him for the first time as a boy of twelve, and he was then already above seventy. He was born under the Empress Elizabeth, in the last year of her reign. He lived quite alone with his wife, Malania Pavlovna, who was some ten years younger. Their two daughters had long been married, but seldom came to Bleak Valley in consequence of a family quarrel,

and Alexis Sergeivitch rarely, if ever, mentioned their names.

I fancy I see before me now the old house, the very type of a country gentleman's mansion in the steppes. Though only one-storied, it was spacious and commodious, having been built in the beginning of the present century of marvelously thick pine-beams—such are nowhere to be seen in our degenerate days, but were then brought from the forests lying beyond Fiesdrienski—and contained a number of rooms, which, however, it must be confessed were rather low, and dark, because, in order to keep them as warm as possible, the windows were of the smallest dimensions. As is always the case—or, to speak more correctly, as was formerly the fashion—the domestic offices and lodgings surrounded the house on all sides, and were separated from it only by a garden, small, but rich in fruit-trees, and especially in transparent apples and pipless pears, while for ten miles round stretched the level steppe, with its fat, black soil. There was nothing to vary the dull monotony of the scene, neither tree nor church-tower, only here and there a creaking windmill with its torn and broken sails. In truth, it was well named Bleak Valley. In-doors, the rooms were filled with plain, substantial furniture; but one could not but be struck with a kind of sign-post placed near the window of the *salon*, and covered with inscriptions like the following: "If you walk round this *salon* sixty-eight times you will have done a mile"; or, "if you go eighty-seven times from the extreme end of the drawing-room to the right-hand corner of the billiard-room, you will have done a mile," etc. But what, after, all most struck a visitor who had never been in the house before, was the number of pictures, with which the walls were literally covered. For the most part they were copies of the so-called Italian masters, consisting of landscapes and mythological or religious paintings. But, as all these pictures had long ago become faded and warped, they presented, in place of figures draped in flowing robes, a mere series of flesh-colored blotches, or a roof-arch literally hanging in the air, or a straggling tree with a patch of blue foliage, or a huge apostolic leg of a dirty-red hue, in close juxtaposition with a pair of sinewy thighs and fingers, off which the skin had long since peeled. In the drawing-room was hung, in the place of honor, a full-length portrait of the Empress Elizabeth, a copy of Lampi's famous picture, the object of especial reverence—I might almost say idolatry—on the part of the master of the house. From the ceiling were suspended some bronze chandeliers with glass lustres, very diminutive in size, and covered with a thick layer of dust.

Alexis Sergeivitch himself was stout and short

of stature, with a puffy, colorless, but at the same time pleasing face, thin lips, and eyes that shone out brightly from under his high-arched brows. His thin hair was carefully combed back, and it was only since the year 1812 that he had left off powdering it. His usual dress was made up of a gray riding-coat, with a three-caped collar falling over the shoulders, a striped waistcoat, wide trousers of chamois-skin, and high boots of dark-red morocco leather with tassels in front, and covered with traced patterns in the shape of a heart. He always wore a muslin white tie, a frilled shirt, and cuffs with two gold English link-studs. In his right hand he generally held an enameled snuff-box, containing the finest Spanish snuff, and with the left leaned on a thin walking-stick, whose silver handle was considerably worn from constant usage. Alexis Sergeivitch had a nasal, squeaky voice, and there was a friendliness in his perpetual smile, even if it did wear a somewhat supercilious and self-contented expression. In the same way his laugh was genial and soft-toned, with a low sound like that of jingling glass beads. He was punctiliously polite and ceremonious, after the way of the nobility in the days of Catharine; and when he spoke waved his hand slowly with a circular movement, also in the old-fashioned manner. In consequence of a weakness in the knees, he was unable to walk, but hopped with a quick skip from one chair to another, in which he would suddenly sit down, or rather fall back softly like a cushion.

As I have already said, Alexis Sergeivitch went nowhere, and interested himself very little in the affairs of his neighbors, though he liked to have his house filled with company, for he was a great talker. The number of persons living with him was perpetually on the increase, and a host of poor boys, in well-worn Cossack tunics and clothes for the most part given them by the master of the house, were lodged beneath his roof; not to speak of a still larger number of poor girls in cotton dresses and with black kerchiefs thrown over their heads, who found refuge in a wing of the house especially set apart for them. Never less than fifteen persons sat down to table, so hospitable was he by nature. Of all these pensioners the most noteworthy were a dwarf, nicknamed Janus, or Double-faced, a Dane by birth, though some declared him to be of Jewish origin, and Prince L——, who was not in his right mind. Contrary to the custom of those days, the dwarf did not act as jester, or in any way serve to amuse his master, but was remarkably silent, and of a gloomy, morose temperament, and if a question was put to him, would only knit his brows and grind his teeth. Alexis Sergeivitch liked to call him "the philosopher,"

and had a real respect for him; at table he was always served immediately after the guests and host and hostess. "God," he would often say, "has seen fit to deny him his favor, and for that reason it does not become me to offend him further." "But in what is he a philosopher?" I once asked. Janus, I may remark, showed an invincible dislike to me, and if I only approached him would snarl out in an angry, hoarse voice, "Don't let any intruders come near me." "God bless me!—how not a philosopher?" was the host's answer; "only think, my dear sir, how well he has learned to keep silence!" "But how do you explain his double-facedness?" "Easily enough, my good sir; he has one face for the world, and superficial observers like yourself judge him by that; but his other real face he keeps hidden from men, and that face I alone know, and love him for it. You are satisfied with a hasty glance, and see nothing in his face, but I have no need that he should speak in order to understand him. I appreciate his very silence, when he condemns any little failing on my part, for he is the strictest of moralists. All this you probably will not understand; but, believe me, I am an old man of the world, and I am right."

The past history of Double-faced Janus, whence he came, or how he first took up his abode with Alexis Sergeivitch, was a complete mystery; but the story of Prince L—, on the contrary, was well known. Of a wealthy and influential family, he went up to St. Petersburg in his twentieth year, and entered a regiment in the Guards. At the first *levée* he attended he attracted Catharine's marked attention, and stopping a minute before him she pointed him out with her fan to one of her suite, and said, in a loud whisper, "Only look, Adam Vassiliévitch, what a beautiful youth—a perfect doll!" The blood rushed to his head, he hurried home, ordered the horses to be put to, threw over his shoulder the ribbon of the order of St. Anne, and drove through the city with the air of a man on whom Fortune has just showered an unexpected and miraculous favor. "Trample them down," he shrieked out to the coachman, "if they don't choose to make way!" The Empress was informed of what had happened, and an imperial order was issued declaring him to be mad, and giving him over to the charge of his two brothers, who immediately had him transported into the country and placed in the strictest confinement. They were only too glad to get his share of the family property, and took good care to keep him shut up so long that at last he really became mad. But they were not permitted to reap the wages of their knavery; the prince outlived them, and after numerous delays

and disappointments was released and given into the care of Alexis Sergeivitch, to whom he was distantly related. During his long confinement he had lost the faculty of speech, and only from time to time muttered a few unintelligible words; but he sang old Russian songs to perfection, having preserved to the last the silvery freshness of his voice, and then each word was pronounced clearly and distinctly. At times passionate fits of something like madness would come over him, and it was awful to watch him, standing in a corner of the room, his face to the wall, and every vein in his bald head filled with blood; he would break at intervals into shrieks of cruel laughter, stamp with his foot, and order "the malefactors"—meaning probably his brothers—to be punished. "Beat them well," he yelled hoarsely, as he choked and laughed—"beat them well; no mercy, but beat; beat the misbegotten brutes; my wrong-doers! That's the way, that's the way!" On the day before his death he surprised and frightened poor Alexis Sergeivitch. He came into his study, deadly pale and unnaturally quiet, and then, making a profound bow, thanked him for all the kindnesses he had shown him, and begged him to send for the priest, since death had come to him—he had seen death with his own eyes—and the time had come when he must do ease to his soul, and pardon all who had done him wrong. "But how can you have seen death?" mumbled the terrified Alexis, as he observed that for the first time the prince was speaking coherently. "What was she like? Had she a scythe?" "No," answered L—; "an old woman, simply dressed in a short jacket, with only one eye, and that eye without any lid." And the next day he died, after he had received the last sacraments; and taken a kindly and gentle farewell of all around him. "I shall die like that," said Alexis Sergeivitch more than once. And in truth something of the kind proved to be his fate, too; but of this I shall have to speak later on.

We must now return to the subject of our sketch. Alexis Sergeivitch, as I have before mentioned, associated but little with any of his neighbors; and they had no love for him, but called him strange, stuck-up, a scoffer, and a revolutionary martinet; indeed, the last of these epithets they were particularly fond of applying to him, though without the slightest idea what it meant. And to some extent, perhaps, they were right. Alexis Sergeivitch had confined himself to his estate for nearly seventy years, and during all that time avoided every kind of communication with government authorities, military officials, or magistrates. "The magistrate has to do with thieves, and the officer with soldiers," he said; "and, thank God, I am neither thief nor soldier!" He was certainly an original.

I never succeeded in really discovering what were his political opinions, if such a modern expression may be applied to him; but he liked to describe himself as an aristocrat, and was far more of an aristocrat than a country gentleman. He often regretted that God had not given him a son and heir "for the honor of the race and to hand down his name." In his study there hung on the wall, in a gilt frame, a genealogical tree of the Teleguins, with innumerable branches, and circles in the shape of apples. "We Teleguins," he said, "are of a pure old race; we never haunted anterooms, bent our backbones double, climbed palace staircases, received state wages, toadied for a good place at Moscow, or sneaked into a ministry at St. Petersburg; but remained quietly each in his own home, each his own master, each on his own land—in our nests, sir, managing our own affairs. And if I did once serve in the Guards, I am glad to say it was not for long." Alexis Sergeivitch worshiped the old times. "I tell you, men lived then comfortably and respectably; but ever since the year 1800"—he never explained why he picked out that particular year—"the military *régime* has come into fashion. Our military gentlemen don some kind of plume with flowing cock's-feathers, and are themselves forthwith transformed into cocks, with their tightly-throttled necks and eyes starting out, as they puff along half-strangled. Not long ago a police corporal came to see me on business. 'I am come to inform your honor—I suppose he thought to surprise me by calling me 'your honor,' as if I did not know we were of honorable origin. But I interrupted him: 'Respected sir, I advise you, before you proceed further, to loosen at least one button of your coat-collar; suppose only you wanted to sneeze, what would be the consequence? I ask you, what would be the consequence? Why, you would split, and go off in powder like a puff-ball!' And then, to see these military dandies drink! I generally give them *vodka*, for it is the same to them whether it is common *vodka* or Pontac; it all goes down smoothly and quickly; far too quickly for them to know what they are drinking. And to crown all, they have taken to suck tobacco-pap, and be always smoking. Your military fledgling sucks his cigar between his lips under his thick mustache, and pours whole clouds of smoke out of his nostrils, his mouth, and even his ears, thinking all the while, 'What a hero I am!' There are my two sons-in-law; one of them is a senator, and the other a curator or something; they now are always sucking their pap, and imagine themselves mighty clever for doing it!"

Alexis Sergeivitch could not bear tobacco-smoke; and another of his particular aversions

was dogs, especially little dogs. "Of course, if you are a Frenchman, you must keep a spaniel; you will then run and jump first to the right and then to the left, and it will run and jump after you, wagging its tail; but what pleasure can a Russian find in that?" He was extremely punctilious and ceremonious. Of the Empress Catharine he always spoke in terms of gushing eloquence, and in the book-language of a court historian. "She was a demigod; no mere mortal! Look, sir, only for one moment at that gracious smile," he would add, reverently pointing to Lampi's portrait, "and you will agree with me. Once in my life I was so happy as to be the recipient of that smile, and never can it be effaced from my heart." And he loved to tell stories of the great Catharine—stories which I had never read or heard before. One of them I will transcribe. Alexis Sergeivitch never allowed the slightest allusion to be made to her feminine weaknesses. "As if, after all," he would say, "we can judge her like an ordinary mortal!" One day she was sitting before her toilet-table and the *Kammerfrau* began to dress her hair, when suddenly electric sparks were seen to fly out at the touch of the comb. The Empress immediately sent for her private physician, M. Rogerson, who happened to be in the palace, and turning to him said: "I know people condemn me harshly for certain weaknesses, but you see these electric sparks? You, as a physician, must know that with such a nature and such a temperament, it is unjust to condemn me; I ought rather to be excused." The following event was one of Alexis Sergeivitch's favorite reminiscences: In his sixteenth year, he was one day on duty at the palace, when the Empress happened to pass, and he immediately presented arms; "but she," continued Alexis Sergeivitch, in a voice trembling with emotion, "smiling at my youth and zeal, was graciously pleased to give me her hand, which I reverently saluted, and patting me on the cheek asked what was my name and where I came from, and then"—at this point in the story the old man always broke down for a minute or so—"and then she ordered me to thank my mother in her name for having brought up her children so well. I could not have told any one whether I was standing on my head or my heels, nor have I to the present moment any idea how or whither she disappeared; but never shall I forget that proud minute."

I frequently questioned Alexis Sergeivitch about those old days, and the celebrities by whom the Empress was surrounded, but he generally avoided giving any definite answer. "What pleasure can there be in talking of the old times? Then we were young and lusty, and now the last tooth has fallen out of our mouths. And yet

they were glorious, those old days ; but they are gone, and peace be with them ! As to the men of that time, you wish me to speak of those rare spirits ? Well, you have often watched a bubble in the water ? While it is whole and unbroken, what glorious colors play on it—red, yellow, blue—in a word, a rainbow of hues ! but, alas ! it quickly bursts, and not a trace of it remains behind. And such were the men of Catharine's age."

Alexis Sergeivitch was a very religious man, and, notwithstanding his failing strength, went regularly to church. But he was neither fanatical nor superstitious, and laughed at signs, evil eyes, and such uncanny phenomena ; though it is true that he did not like a hare to cross his path, and would make a long round to avoid meeting a priest !* At the same time he was very respectful in his bearing toward the clergy ; after service always went up to receive the blessing, and reverently kissed the priest's hand ; but he did not care to have any unofficial communication with them. "They carry about with them such an unpleasantly strong smell," he said, by way of apology ; "and though I, poor sinner, am by no means exceptionally particular, still their long hair is so long, and so terribly oiled ; and then, they always remind you of the hour of death, and I wish to think that I have many years to live. But, dear sir, I pray you, never repeat what I have just said. Honor the priesthood—it is only fools who do not reverence the clergy—and I am much to blame for talking such nonsense at my time of life."

Like other men of his rank in those days, Alexis Sergeivitch had received no very brilliant education, but he did his best by private reading to repair its more glaring deficiencies. He only read Russian books, and of them nothing that had appeared later than the year 1800. All modern works he declared to be tame and poor in style. While reading, he always had near him, on a one-legged round table, a silver jug with a kind of sparkling minted *kvass*, the pleasant odor of which filled the whole room. Formerly he never sat down to read without first putting low down on the end of his nose a pair of large spectacles ; but in later years he did not so much read as gaze thoughtfully over the rims of his glasses, and from time to time would raise his brows, press his lips together, and sigh. Once, to my considerable astonishment, I found him weeping, with a book on his knee. The old man had been touched to tears by the remembrance of the following lines :

"O miserable race of men !
Rest is to thee unknown !
Only canst thou find rest
When thou hast swallowed the dust of the
grave. . . .
Bitter, bitter, shall be thy rest !
Sleep, O dead ! Weep, O living !"

These were the composition of a certain Gormietski, a vagrant poet, whom Alexis had taken under his protection, and regarded as "a delicate and even subtle thinker." Gormietski wore rosettes in his shoes, pronounced his o's broad, and was always raising his eyes to heaven, and sighing sentimentally. Nor were these his only qualifications ; he had been brought up in a Jesuit college, and spoke French passably well, whereas Alexis Sergeivitch only "understood" it. But one day, this same subtle thinker got dead-drunk in a public-house, and, on returning home, proved himself to be a wild quarreler. He severely punished, or rather smashed, one of the lackeys, the cook, two laundresses who ran to help, and a poor carpenter, who happened to be at work in the house, besides breaking several panes of glass, all the time shrieking out like a madman, "I'll teach these Russian rogues, idlers, thieves !" It took no less than eight servants to master him. Alexis Sergeivitch ordered him to be dragged out of the house, placed up to his neck in the snow—it was in the winter—and left there until he should get a little sobered.

"Yes," Alexis Sergeivitch often exclaimed ; "my time has passed, and I am like a worn-out horse. I too once wrote verses on my own account, bought books and pictures of the Jews, and modeled pigeons and geese, as well as any one. I had a passion for everything of that kind. True, I never took to dogs, and, as for drinking, well—only boors drink. But I was always fastidious in my tastes, and whatever the Teleguins had must be of the best. And my stables were famous for miles round ; the horses came—from where do you think, sir ? From the celebrated stable of the Czar Ivan Alexeivitch, brother of Peter the Great—my word of honor ! Stallions, pure bays, with long, flowing manes, and tails down to the hoof ! But all that is past and is no more. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity ! And yet, why complain ? To every man there is a limit fixed. Higher than the heaven thou shalt not fly, in the water thou canst not live, and on the earth thou must make thy home. After all, we still live, somehow." And the old man smiled, and took a good pinch of his fine Spanish snuff.

He was idolized by his peasants ; "master" as they called him, was good, generous, and open-hearted. But they too would often speak of him as a worn-out horse. Formerly Alexis Sergeivitch saw after all himself, was constantly

* To the present day it is considered very unlucky to meet a priest, and if obliged to pass one a Russian peasant will turn aside and quietly spit.

in the fields, in the mill, in the dairies, or the cottages. Every day he was to be seen in his light *droschki*, lined with raspberry-colored plush, and drawn by his favorite horse, *Lantern*, with the mark of a thoroughbred between its eyes—originally from the Czar's own stables—Alexis Sergeivitch himself driving, a rein tightly wound round each hand. But on reaching his seventieth year, the old man abandoned active life, and handed over the management of his estate to Antip, the village bailiff, of whom he was secretly afraid, and whom he called Micromégas—a reminiscence of the days when he read Voltaire—or still oftener “robber.” “Now, robber, how are things going on; got all the hay stacked?” “All, your worship.” “Worship or no worship,” the old man would answer as he looked the “robber” straight in the face, “you understand, the peasants are my subjects intrusted to your care, and you are not to touch them. Let them but complain, and you know my stick is not far off.” “The taste of your stick, father Alexis Sergeivitch, I am never likely to forget,” answers Antip Micromégas, as he smooths down his beard with his hand. “That is right; only do not forget.” And both master and bailiff smile grimly at the reference to the stick. In general, with his dependents and serfs, or subjects as he liked to call them, he was kind and gentle. It is not necessary to add that in those days the emancipation question had not even begun to be debated, and accordingly Alexis Sergeivitch, with a quiet conscience, ruled over his subjects; but none the less severely blamed those of his neighbor proprietors who were cruel to their serfs, and denounced them as a disgrace to their class. He divided proprietors in general into three groups: the clever, “of whom there are very few”; the stupid, “of whom there are more than enough”; and the dissolute brutes, “of whom there are sufficient to pave the streets with.” Any one who acts unjustly or harshly to his subjects is a sinner in the eyes of God, and culpable before his fellow-men. Without doubt, his servants and dependents lived happily, far more happily than his subjects who were under the care of Antip, notwithstanding the stick with which he threatened his viceroy. And how the house swarmed with pensioners of every kind! For the most part, they were old and sinewy, with bushy hair, querulous voices, and bent shoulders, and were dressed in long, loose-hanging *caftans*. In the wing of the house devoted to the women, the noise of shuffling shoes and trailing dresses was to be heard all day long. The chief lackey was Irinarch, and Alexis Sergeivitch, when he called him, always drawled out each syllable—“I-ri-na-arch!” If he wanted any of the others, he simply cried, “Eh, younker!”

and the one who happened to be nearest would answer. He never allowed a bell in the house. “Thank you very much,” he would say; “but please do not turn the place into a public hotel.” I never understood how Irinarch managed it, but no matter at what moment Alexis Sergeivitch might call him, he appeared instantly as if he had risen up out of the ground, and putting his feet close together, and his hands behind his back, stood before his master, with a morose and even sullen expression, but the perfect type of a zealous servitor.

Alexis Sergeivitch was charitable beyond his means, but did not like to be overthanked for his charity. “In what, pray, am I your benefactor, sir? It is not to you, but to myself, I am doing good.” When angry or pleased he always said *you* and never *thou*. “If a beggar ask for alms,” he used to say, “give to him once, twice, three times. But, if he comes a fourth time, you must still give, only do not forget to say, ‘I advise you, brother, to choose some means of livelihood, instead of always keeping your mouth open to be fed.’” “But, tell me, suppose that even after that advice he comes a fifth time?” “Well, what then? Of course, give him something the fifth time, too.” All the sick who came to him for help were attended to at his cost, though he himself had no faith in doctors and would never allow one to come near him. “My departed mother,” he explained, “cured all illnesses with a little olive-oil and salt, which she applied internally or externally, as the case required, and it is wonderful how well it answered. And you know who my mother was? Think only: she was born in the reign of Peter the Great!”

In everything Alexis Sergeivitch was a thorough Russian. He liked Russian cookery; he liked the Russian songs, and heartily hated the concertina—“a manufactured toy”; he liked to watch the village girls in their choral dances and to see the village women dance. It is said that when young he himself was no mean singer and dancer. But, most of all, he liked to steam himself in the bath, to such an extent that Irinarch, who attended him when bathing, having beaten him well with beech-branches soaked in beer, rubbed him down with bast-wisps and linen towels, and washed him well with soap—this same faithful Irinarch, each time that he came out of the bath “as red as a new bronze statue,” would cross himself and exclaim, “God be praised that I, his slave, am still alive; but who will save me the next time?” Alexis Sergeivitch spoke pure Russian, somewhat old-fashioned in style but elegant and correct, and was fond of introducing into his speech certain favorite words, such as, God bless me, as a man of honor, my good sir, and the like.

But, before I tell you more of Alexis Sergeivitch, let me say something of his wife, Malania Pavlovna.

II.

MALANIA PAVLOVNA was born at Moscow, and in her younger days was acknowledged to be the reigning beauty of the capital, *la Vénus de Moscou*. When I first knew her she was an old gaunt woman, with delicate, inexpressive features, a small mouth, protruding irregular teeth, a number of little curls falling over her forehead, and well-traced eyebrows. She always wore a high cap of a pyramidal shape, with rose-colored ribbons, a stiff collar round her neck, a short white dress, and prunella shoes with red heels; and over the dress a blue-satin jacket, with a loose sleeve hanging from the right shoulder. This costume was of exactly the same fashion as that which she had worn on St. Peter's day, in the year 1789. On that memorable day, then a young girl, she had gone with her parents to the Chodienski Plain to see the great boxing-match, given under the immediate patronage of the famous Orloff. "And Count Alexis Grigorovitch" (how many times I have heard the old lady tell the story!), "directly he saw me came up, and, taking off his hat with both hands, made the lowest of bows, and said: 'My fair beauty, why is that pretty loose sleeve hanging from your shoulder? Can it be that you mean to enter the lists with me? So be it; but I warn you beforehand, you have already conquered, and I yield myself your prisoner.' And all around regarded me with envy and surprise." From that day she always wore the same kind of dress. "Only, I did not wear a high cap, but a cap *à la bergère de Trianon*; and though, of course, my hair was powdered, it shone like gold—oh, how it shone!" She was what may be called sublimely stupid, and would chatter in the most inane manner, perfectly unconscious that she was talking nonsense. This was especially the case whenever she spoke of Orloff. Indeed, Orloff may be said to have formed the crowning subject of interest in her life. She generally entered, or rather swam into a room, placidly wagging her head like a peahen, marched up to the center, and then, pushing out one foot from under her dress, and daintily holding the end of the hanging sleeve with the tips of two fingers—no doubt a pose that had in former days enchanted Orloff—threw a proud, indifferent glance all round, as became an acknowledged beauty, gave a little pettish snort, murmured, "Well, really!" as if some saucy cavalier had been making her an over-bold compliment, and passed on with a stamp of the foot and a light shrug of the shoulder. She had a tiny snuff-box, from which she supplied herself

by means of a little gold spoon; and from time to time, especially when talking with some new acquaintance who pleased her, would raise—not to her eyes, but to her nose, for she saw perfectly well—a double eyeglass in the shape of a horse-shoe, which she whirled round and round her forefinger, and thus showed her white hand. Malania Pavlovna has described to me a thousand times her wedding in the Church of the Ascension—"such a beautiful church!"—and how all Moscow was there—"such a crowd! perfectly awful!" "And the archbishop himself married us, and preached such a lovely sermon that everybody wept; look where I would, nothing but tears; and the governor-general came in a *troika* of magnificent bay-colored horses. And how many flowers and bouquets! a perfect shower of them!" Nor did she forget to tell me how a certain rich foreigner, rich beyond words, shot himself for love! Orloff, of course, was there. He came up to Alexis Sergeivitch to congratulate him, and said "he was a lucky fellow." And, in answer to these gracious words, Alexis Sergeivitch made a most charming bow, lightly waving his hat from left to right close to the ground. "I hope your Excellency will not forget that there is now a line between you and my wife which you must never try to overstep." And Orloff at once understood the hint, and was pleased with Alexis for giving it. "Yes, that was indeed a man, a wonderful man. And then, another time, long after my marriage, we were invited by him to a ball, and he wore the most beautiful diamond buttons. I could not help remarking and admiring them. And what do you think? He took a knife from off the table, and, cutting off one of the buttons, presented it to me with these words: 'You, *goloubouschka*—my little dove—have eyes that outshine a hundred diamonds; look for a moment in that glass, and you will see how dull my diamonds are in comparison.' I felt obliged to look in the mirror, and all the while he stood close by my side. 'Well, am I not right?' he asked, and fixed his eyes on me with such a glance! Poor Alexis Sergeivitch was at first confused, but I said to him: 'Alexis, if you please, do not be foolish; you ought to know me better than that.' 'You may be quite at your ease, Malania,' he replied. And those same diamonds I still wear round a miniature of Alexis Grigorovitch; you, of course, have seen it, my dear; I always wear it on holidays, sewed on to the ribbon of St. George; for he was a brave soldier and a valiant hero, a knight of the Order of St. George—why, he once burned a Turk alive!"

With all this, Malania Pavlovna was a very good woman, and easily satisfied. "She never worries or annoys you," her maid-servant often

told me. She was passionately fond of sweet things, and there was an old woman whose especial charge it was to see that there was a constant supply of preserves, for which reason she was always called "Sweetmeat"; and never less than ten times a day this woman would serve up on a china plate sugared bon bons wrapped in rose leaves, barberries mixed with honey, or sweet cakes dissolved in pine sherbet. Malania Pavlovna hated solitude, and was terribly nervous when alone; and she therefore always tried to be surrounded by a number of her pensioners, whom she would pray and coax to tell her something, and to sit down, "if only to keep the chairs warm"; and then they began chattering and chirping like a brood of canaries. Like Alexis Sergeivitch, she was religious, and was very fond of reading the prayers from the service-book; but, as she confessed that she had never been properly taught to read them, a poor priest's widow was kept in the house, who "read with such taste, and could go on for a century without once yawning!" And, in truth, the widow possessed the rare faculty of reading any number of prayers without the slightest hesitation, or ever seeming to want to take breath, while good Malania Pavlovna listened with a pious expression that showed how deeply she was touched. There was another widow in her service, whose duty it was to relate *skazkie* (popular tales), to her of a night; "only old ones, I pray you," begged Malania Pavlovna, "for those I know; as to the modern ones, they are made up, and are mere inventions." Malania Pavlovna was extremely frivolous, and, like most empty-headed persons, was also very suspicious, and from time to time became possessed with the most extravagant fancies. For example, she never made any open complaint against the dwarf, but was at one time haunted with fear lest in an unexpected moment he should seize her and cry out, "Do you know who I am, and that I am a prince by birth?" after which, she felt sure, he would burn the house down. She was, like her husband, very generous by nature, but never helped her dependents or the poor with money—"she did not wish to dirty her hands"—but gave them handkerchiefs, ear-rings, dresses, or ribbons; or sent them a piece of pie or roast meat from the table, and sometimes a glass of wine. On holidays she liked to give a treat to the village women, after having made them dance before the house, while she beat time with her foot, and put herself into a series of the most bewitching attitudes.

Alexis Sergeivitch knew very well that his wife was stupid, but from the very first year of his marriage had taught himself to behave toward her as if she were the wittiest of women, and as though he feared her sharp tongue.

Whenever she began to tattle too much, he would hold up his little finger in a threatening manner, and say: "What a tongue! what a tongue! you will suffer for it in the next world! they will pierce it through and through with a red-hot needle!" And Malania Pavlovna was not offended by these words; on the contrary, she was flattered by them, and would shake her head in a deprecating way, as much as to say, "After all, it is not my fault that I was born a wit."

Malania Pavlovna worshiped her husband, and all her life proved herself to be an exemplary, faithful wife. But in her earlier days she had "a tender attachment" for a young nephew, an hussar, whom she always declared to have been killed in a duel, of which she was the innocent cause; though, according to a more trustworthy account, he got his death in a rather disgraceful tavern quarrel with one of his fellow-officers. To the last she kept in a secret drawer a water-color portrait of this interesting object. And, whenever the name of Kapietonousk was mentioned, she took care to blush deeply; and then Alexis Sergeivitch, holding up his finger by way of warning, would deliver himself of the wise maxim: "Never trust your horse loose in the field, or your wife in the house. Don't talk to me of Kapietonousk, he was a regular Cupid." Then Malania Pavlovna would put on an agitated air, and exclaim: "Really, Alexis, are you not ashamed of yourself? Just because when you were young you yourself were a regular Don Juan, you imagine—" "Well, enough, enough," interrupted Alexis, with a smile; "white is your dress, but still whiter is your soul!" "That, indeed, you may say with truth; whiter, far whiter." "Heavens, what a tongue! word of honor, what a tongue!"—and Alexis would end by softly stroking his wife's hand.

To attribute "opinions" to Malania Pavlovna would if possible be still more ill-placed than to employ such a term in connection with Alexis Sergeivitch; but I once happened to witness a strange revelation of hidden feeling in my aunt. I had accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation the name of the celebrated Scheschkovski, when she immediately became deadly pale, with an agitation which not all her paint and powder could conceal, and in an accent of real, unassumed horror, the more remarkable because she generally spoke in an affected, half-simpering, half-lisping tone, exclaimed: "How dare you speak of him, and in the night, too? I pray you, never, never, mention his name!" I have often wondered what meaning the name of Scheschkovski could have for so harmless and inoffensive a creature, who, I suppose, had never been guilty in thought or deed of anything that could compromise her. These signs of fear, in-

spired by the sudden recollection of occurrences of some fifty years before, not unnaturally suggested suspicions of a somewhat unpleasant character.

The events of 1848 would seem to have exercised a fatal influence on Alexis Sergeivitch, and it was in that year that the good old man, then eighty-eight, died. There was something strange in the manner of his death. He appeared to be in his usual health, though his age had for some time kept him prisoner to his easy-chair, when one morning he suddenly called his wife. "Malania, come here!" "What is it, Alexis?" "Nothing, except that my time has come, and I am dying." "God forbid, Alexis! what makes you think so?" "I know that it must be so. First of all, each of us should know what is expected of him; and then I happened just now to look down at my legs, and they are no longer mine; at my hands, and they too are another's. My whole body is no more the same, and I feel that I am putting on a new shape. So make haste and send for the priest; but first get me to our little bed, from which I shall never rise again." Malania Pavlovna, scarcely knowing what she did, conducted the old man to his bed, sent for the priest, and sat down by his side. Alexis Sergeivitch made his last confession, took the sacrament, called in his poor friends and dependents to take farewell of them, and then seemed to fall asleep. Suddenly the wife started up and cried out: "Alexis, don't frighten me! Don't shut your eyes! Are you in pain?" The old man quietly looked up. "No, I am in no pain; but let me breathe—I can't breathe." And for a few minutes all was still. "Malania," he at length murmured, "life is over; but do you remember our wedding-day, and what a handsome pair we were?" "Alexis, my beauty, food of my eyes!" cried the poor wife. And again the old man was silent. "Malania, shall we meet once more in the world to come?" "I will pray to God that we may meet again." And the old woman burst into tears. "No, no, do not weep, you little silly; God will give us back our youth, and once again we shall be the pair we were in days gone by." "We will, Alexis—we will!" "With God all is possible," whispered Alexis Sergeivitch; "he is all-powerful. Why, he created you, the wisest of women! There, there—I was only joking; give me your hand." And the wife and husband each fondly kissed the clasped hands. After that, Alexis Sergeivitch grew quieter, and then began to wander. Malania Pavlovna sat watching him, one hand still clasped in his, while with the other she from time to time silently wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. Two hours passed. "Has he fallen asleep?" whispered the old woman

who read the prayers so wonderfully well, as she came from behind Irinarch, who was standing near the door motionless as a post, watching his dying master. "He is asleep," answered Malania Pavlovna, also in a whisper. But suddenly Alexis Sergeivitch opened his eyes. "Malania, my faithful friend," he muttered in a broken voice; "my own true wife, God's blessing be with thee for all thy true love! I would—but I can not raise myself—lift me up a little—that I may sign thee with the cross." Malania leaned over him; but the raised hand fell back idly on the quilt, and in a few moments Alexis Sergeivitch had ceased to breathe.

His daughters came with their husbands to the funeral; neither the one nor the other had any children. Though he did not once mention their names on his death-bed, they were not forgotten in his will. "My heart has grown cold toward them," he once said to me. Knowing, as I did, how kind and gentle he was by nature, I was surprised to hear him speak thus of his own daughters. But no one has a right to make himself judge between a father and his children. "A little chink in the ground may in the course of time become a huge ravine," Alexis Sergeivitch said to me on another occasion; "a wound a yard long may heal, but cut out only a fingernail, and it will never grow again." I have been told that the daughters were ashamed of their old-fashioned parents.

A month had not passed when Malania Pavlovna also died. From the day of her husband's death she took to her bed, was scarcely ever to be seen, and no longer cared how she was dressed. But she was buried in the blue-satin jacket, and with Orloff's miniature—only without the diamonds. These her daughters carried off under the pretext that such diamonds were only fit to ornament the picture of their saint; but, in reality, to employ them for the adornment of their own persons.

In such a lively manner do the figures of my dear old friends rise up before me, and my recollections of them are as fresh as if they had died but yesterday. Nevertheless, during the last visit I ever paid them—I was then a student—an incident occurred which somewhat disturbed the impression I had hitherto formed of the patriarchal life led by the Teleguins.

Among the out-door servants was a certain Ivan, the coachman, or coach-boy, as he was called, in consequence of his little stature, which was out of all proportion with his years. He was the veriest mite of a man, extremely nimble in his movements, with a pug nose, curly hair, a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon, and lover of practical jokes; and his tricks and drolleries

were infinite. He understood how to let off fireworks, could fly kites, and was a good hand at any game; could ride standing at full gallop, could leap higher than any one else at "giant's stride," and was quite a master at making the queerest of shadows on the wall. No one could amuse children better than he, and Ivan was perfectly happy if he was only allowed to spend an entire day playing with them. When he laughed, the whole house shook, and he was always ready with a joke and an answer. There was no being angry with him, and you were obliged to laugh even while scolding him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance—particularly the "fish-dance." The music would strike up, and then the fellow darted out into the middle of the group and began turning, twisting, leaping, stamping with his feet, crawling on the floor, and going through all the antics of a fish that had been caught and thrown on the dry ground; and performed such contortions, claspings his neck with his heels, jumping here, springing there, that the very ground seemed to tremble under him. Many a time Alexis Sergeivitch, though, as I have already said, very fond of the choral dances, has interrupted the dancers, and cried out: "Come here, Ivan, my little coach-boy; give us the fish-dance, and look sharp!" And then a minute later you heard him exclaiming: "Ah, that's it; well done, well done!"

It was, then, during my last visit that this same Ivan came one morning into my room, and without saying a word fell down on his knees before me. "Ivan! what's the matter?" "Save me, sir!" "How? What has happened?" And thereupon Ivan related to me all his troubles.

About twenty years before he had been exchanged from the service of a certain Suchinski on to the estate of the Teleguins; but simply exchanged, without going through any legal formality or being supplied with the necessary papers. The man in whose place he had been taken died, and his old masters had quite forgotten Ivan, so that he remained with Alexis Sergeivitch, as if he had been born a serf in the family. In the course of time his former masters died also, and the estate passed into fresh hands; and the new proprietor, who was generally reported to be cruel and brutal, informed the authorities that one of his serfs had been taken into the service of Alexis Sergeivitch without any legal sanction, demanded his immediate surrender, and in case of refusal threatened his detainer with a heavy fine and punishment. Nor was the threat by any means an idle one, since Suchinski was a very high-placed official, a privy councilor by rank, with great influence throughout the district. Ivan in his fright appealed to

Alexis Sergeivitch. The old man took pity on his favorite dancer, and made an offer to the privy councilor to buy Ivan of him for a good round sum, but the proposal was contemptuously rejected; and what made matters worse, he was a Little Russian—as pig-headed as the very devil. There was nothing to be done but to give up the poor serf. "I have lived here, made my home here, served here, eaten my daily bread here, and it is here I wish to die," Ivan cried to me; "am I a dog, to be dragged by a chain from one kennel to another? Save me, I implore you; entreat your uncle never to give me up; do not forget how often I have amused you. And, if I do go, the worse for us all: it can only end in crime!" "In crime! what do you mean, Ivan?" "Why, I shall kill him. I will go, and the first day I will say to him, let me return to my old master, sir; do not refuse me, or, if you do, take care: I will murder you!"

If a chaffinch or a goldfinch had suddenly spoken, and threatened to swallow a large bird, I should not have been more astonished than I was to hear Ivan speak thus. Ivan, the dancer, buffoon, and jester, the beloved of children, himself a child, this good-souled creature, to become a murderer! The idea was too ridiculous. Not for a moment did I believe him; but what I could not understand was, that he should even talk of such a thing. I had, however, a long conversation with Alexis Sergeivitch, and employed every form of entreaty that he would somehow or other arrange the affair. "My dear sir," the old man replied, "I should indeed be glad to do so, but it is impossible. I have already offered the pig-headed fellow a good price, three hundred rubles, on my word of honor, and he will not hear of it; so, what can I do? Of course it is illegal, and the exchange was made in the old-fashioned way, as between men of honor, and now it promises to end badly. You will see, the man will take Ivan from me by force—he is very powerful, the governor-general often dines at his house—and he will send soldiers to arrest him. And I have a mortal fear of soldiers! The time was, I would never have given up Ivan, let him storm as loudly as he chose; but now, only look at me—what a poor cripple I am! How can I fight against a man like that?" And, in truth, Alexis Sergeivitch had of late aged greatly: his eyes now wore a childish expression, and, in place of the intelligent smile that once lit up his features, there played round his lips that mild, unconscious simplicity which I have remarked that very old people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our interview to Ivan, who heard me in silence with his head bent. "Well," he at last exclaimed, "it is given

to no one to escape his fate. But I shall keep my word; there is only one thing to do; and I will give him a surprise. If you don't mind, sir, give me a little money to buy some *vodka*." I gave him some, and that day Ivan drank heavily; but in the evening he favored us with the "fish-dance," and danced so that the girls and women were in ecstasies. Never before had I seen him in such force.

The next day I returned home, and three months later, when I was in St. Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had kept his vow. He was sent off to his new master, who at once called him into his study and informed him that he was to act as coachman, that three of his bay horses would be given into his charge, and that it would be the worse for him if he did not look well after them, or in any way neglected his duties. "I am not a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan listened to all his master had to say, and then throwing himself at his feet declared that, whatever his honor might wish, he never could be his serf. "Let me go back, I beseech your honor; or, if you like, send me to be a soldier; or before long evil will come upon you!"

His master flew into a furious passion. "Oh, you are one of that sort, are you? How dare you talk to me in that way! First, please to know that I am not your honor, but your excellency; and next, do not forget that you are long past the age for a soldier, even if they would take such a dwarf; and, lastly, pray, what is it you threaten me with? Do you mean to burn my house down?" "No, your excellency, I shall never set fire to your house." "What then? are you going to murder me?" Ivan made no reply. "I will never be your serf," he muttered at last. "I will just show you whether you are my serf or not," roared his master. And Ivan was severely punished; but for all that, the three bay horses were put under his care, and he received the place of coachman.

Ivan appeared to submit to his fate, and, as he soon proved that he understood his business,

he quickly won the favor of his master, the more so because in general he was quiet and civil in his behavior, while the horses intrusted to him were so well cared for that everybody declared it was a treat to look at them. His master evidently preferred driving out with Ivan to going with any of the other coachmen. Sometimes he would laugh, and say: "Well, Ivan, do you recollect how badly we got on at our first meeting? But I fancy we have driven out the devil, after all." To these words Ivan never made any answer. But one day, just about Epiphany-time, his master drove to town with Ivan as coachman, the bells jingling merrily from the necks of the three bay horses. They were just beginning to mount a rather steep hill at foot-pace, when Ivan slid off the box and went behind the sledge, as if to pick up something he had let fall. It was a sharp frost, and his master sat huddled up in a thick fur, with a warm cap drawn close over his ears. Then Ivan took from under his long coat a hatchet which he carried in his belt, came close up behind his master, knocked off his cap, and with the words, "I warned you once, Peter Petrovitch, so you have only yourself to thank," at one blow cut his head open. He then stopped the horses, replaced the cap carefully on the head of the dead man, and taking his place again on the box, drove into town straight up to the police station.

"I have brought you General Suchinsky's dead body, it is I myself who killed him. I told him I would, and I have done it. So take me."

He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to the knout, and then sent for life to the mines in Siberia. And thus, Ivan, the gay, light-hearted dancer, disappeared for ever from the world of light.

Yes, involuntarily, but in a different sense, we exclaim with Alexis Sergeivitch: "The old times were good, but they are gone—and peace be with them!"

C. E. TURNER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH.

FEW of the subjects with which modern science has had, and still has, to deal, are more interesting than the inquiry into the changes which a language gradually and, as it were, unconsciously undergoes, even among a people occupying one and the same region, and apparently exposed to few and slight changes from without.

No one who considers the variety of dialect within our own country at the present time, or the evidence of continual change in the English tongue, from the time when it was first known as a written language, can fail to perceive that, apart from external influences (though, of course, such influences have not been wanting in Eng-

land), a language is in a state of continual flux—in pronunciation, in the use and meaning of words, in manner of expression, idiom, and in various other respects.

The characteristics which distinguish the dialects of the northern from those of the midland and southern counties of England, or even the dialects of adjacent counties (as Lancashire and Yorkshire, Somersetshire and Devonshire, or Dorsetshire and Hampshire) from each other, were manifestly not the growth of a few years, but of centuries. The progress of our language from the earliest Anglo-Saxon days to our own time is, of course, recorded in the literature of the nation, which, carefully studied, reveals not only the more obvious influences of such causes as the Norman conquest and the sequent intercourse with France, but also the subtler changes which belong to the inherent growth of our language.

It is easy to perceive also how the spread of education has had its influence—and a very powerful influence—in checking changes which otherwise would have been rapid. We find, for instance, that in earlier times, books written in the English of the day, being read by few, had small influence in stereotyping, as it were, the use of words or phrases. But the writings of later times, and especially those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (above all, the translation of the Bible in the reign of James I), have had a most marked effect in preventing rapid changes in the language. The reason is obvious. Few read the earlier works, many read the later, and still more hear them read or quoted, and more still come into contact with those who have read them. So that the words and modes of expression in the later works remain current from generation to generation, while many of those in the earlier works have become obsolete.

Yet it is to be noticed that even this influence, potent though it unquestionably has been, has not prevented change altogether. In fact, it is clear that with the lapse of time its power must diminish. In the eighteenth century, for instance—but still more in the latter half of the seventeenth century—modes of expression used in James's Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer (which, though older, may be regarded as belonging to the same era in our language) were still employed in ordinary life; and the fact that they were so often heard in church, chapel, and conventicle, helped to retain them in such usage. But when once an expression had fallen out of use—which would happen even in the case of some expressions once familiarly employed—Bible reading and the weekly use of prayers, collects, epistles, gospels, psalms, etc., could not restore it to general circulation. The number of words, modes of expression, idioms, etc., which have

thus passed out of use necessarily increases with the lapse of time, and in time, of course, the book which had for a longer or shorter time prevented so many expressions from becoming obsolete would become obsolete itself. A new translation would, in other words, become necessary—not, as in the case of the present revised translation, because of increased knowledge of the original and increased facilities for interpreting it, but because the language of the Bible would have ceased to be the language of the people.*

It may be interesting to consider the various ways in which words, phrases, and expressions have fallen out of use since the time when the present English version of the Bible was prepared.

Some modes of expression seem to have died out without any very obvious cause. For instance, in the time of James I the words "all to" were used where we now say "altogether." So completely has the former usage passed away, that most persons understand the words "and all to brake his scull" (when read aloud), as if they meant "and all to break his scull"; in reality, of course, the words mean "and utterly crushed his scull." Other words and phrases have lost their original meaning in consequence of the growth (usually in literature) of another significance. For instance, as the word "comprehend" gradually approximated in meaning to the word "understand," with which it is now almost synonymous, its old usage, shown in the Bible expression "the darkness comprehended it not" (that is, the darkness did not inclose and overmaster or absorb † the light), was gradually lost; at the present day, no one would think of using the word in its older and, in reality, more correct sense. In other cases, words have acquired a meaning almost opposite to that which they had when the Book of Common Prayer and the present English version of the Bible were prepared. Thus, we now use the word "prevent" as almost synonymous with "hinder"; but it is used in the opposite sense in the familiar prayer beginning "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." So the word "let," which formerly corresponded very nearly with "hinder" or "prevent" (as at present used), now implies the re-

* It appears to me a circumstance to be regretted that those who have been at so much pains to revise the Bible, should not have been bold enough to present their revised version in the English of our own time, instead of the old-fashioned English of the time of Elizabeth and James. This, perhaps, is the first occasion in the history of Bible translation when men have expressed Bible teachings in a language such as they do not themselves speak.

† *Con* intensive, and *prehendo* to grasp or seize.

verse; so that there was nothing strange originally in the prayer that we might not be "let or hindered," though now the expression is certainly contradictory and perplexing (especially to the younger church-goers). Some words and phrases, without having taken a new meaning, or even lost their old meaning, have fallen out of use in ordinary speech or in prose writing, but are still freely used in poetry. Other phrases or usages have come to be regarded as ungrammatical—such, for instance, as the use of the word "often" for "frequent." ("Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.")*

As regards pronunciation, it would be difficult to follow and interpret all the changes which have taken place. Of some changes, indeed, we have no recorded evidence, while of others the evidence is but vague and doubtful. If the spelling, instead of being left free to individual fancy in former times, had been fixed as now, it would yet be (as it certainly is at present) no guide whatever to pronunciation. And, in passing, it may be noticed that the advocates of a phonetic system of spelling might find a strong argument in the circumstance that such a system would enable the philologist of the future to trace the various changes which pronunciation will hereafter undergo: while, had such a system been adopted in the past, we could form now a fair idea of the way in which our ancestors during different centuries of our past history spoke the English language of their day.

There are, however, some indications which afford tolerably sure evidence as to particular changes which the pronunciation of certain words has undergone.

For instance, remembering that many of our words have been derived directly from the French, but have been spelled, almost from their introduction, in an English manner, we can infer what was the ordinary sound-value of particular letters, singly or together. Thus, since the French words "raison" and "saison" are represented in English by the words "reason" and "season," we may infer that the diphthong "ea" originally represented the sound which it still represents in the word "great." For we can be tolerably sure that the change has been in the English, not in the French, pronunciation of these words. There is no reason for supposing that in French the letters "ai" represent the sound *ē*, as do the letters "ea" in "reason" or "season." In fact,

"ai" never could represent the sound *ē*. We infer, then, that the change has been in the English, and that two or three centuries ago the words "reason" and "season" were pronounced "rayson" and "sayson," as they still are in Ireland (not, as is commonly supposed, because in Ireland the pronunciation has been corrupted, but because there the old-fashioned pronunciation has been retained). We find thus an explanation of certain words and passages in old writings that otherwise seem perplexing. For instance, Falstaff says in reply to the request of Hal and Poin for "a reason": "What, upon compulsion. . . . Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion!" a meaningless rejoinder, at least compared with the same answer when the word "reason" is pronounced like the word "raisin."* So the "nipping and eager air," spoken of in "Hamlet," becomes intelligible only when the word "eager" is pronounced "aygre," and so seems to be identical with the French "aigre," sharp or biting. If further evidence were required to show that formerly the letters "ea" represented the sound of "a," as in "fate," it would be found in the fact that in Pepys's "Diary" the word "skate" is spelled in one place "skeat," in another, "scate." It is clear, again, that the word "beast" was pronounced "bayst," though the play on the words "best" and "beast" in "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (see the comments on Pyramus and Thisbe as represented by Bottom, Quince, and Company) is not made much clearer by the change. Still, "bayst" is nearer in sound than "beast" to the word "best," even as now pronounced, and probably best was formerly pronounced with a longer and more open "e" sound than now.

In passing, we may ask how the word "master" was originally pronounced, for this word was often spelled "mester," though oftener "maister" and "maystre." Derived from the French "maitre" (contracted from "maistre," as in the old French), we can have little if any doubt that the word was originally pronounced "mayster," which would as readily be corrupted in one direc-

* There are reasons for thinking that in many cases the letters "ee," as well as "ea," had the sound "ai" in Shakespeare's time. Thus the two lines—

"She was a wight if ever such wight were
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer"—

probably formed a rhyming couplet. So, also, probably, the lines

"If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made."

As the word "indeed" is pronounced "indade" in Ireland, there is reason for regarding it as belonging to the same category as *saison*, *raison*, *mane*, *baste*, *tay*, etc.

* Compare Jaques's words, "It is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." In passing, note here the obsolete use of the words *sundry* and *humorous*.

tion into "mester" and "mister," as, in the other direction, into the modern pronunciation, "master" ("a" as in "father," not as in "fat"). It is probable that the Scottish pronunciation of the word is much nearer to that prevalent in England three centuries ago, and still nearer that prevalent in the time of Chaucer and Gower, than is our modern English pronunciation.

In a similar way other vowel-sounds might be discussed, but this would take me too far from my subject—which, indeed, I have not yet reached. Before passing to it let me note, however, that consonantal as well as vowel sounds have undergone alteration in England during the last few centuries. We have evidence of this in the familiar passage in "Love's Labor's Lost," where exception is taken by the pedant to the pronunciation "nebour" for "neighbour," "cauf" for "calf," and so forth, showing that formerly the letters "gh" in "neighbor" and other such words were sounded (probably gutturally, as in the Scottish "lough," etc.), and that the letter "l" was sounded in many words in which it is now silent.* It may be noticed, however, that "l" had become silent in some words in past times to which it has now been restored. For instance, most persons now pronounce the letter "l" in the name Ralph, probably because the name is oftener seen than heard; formerly this name was always pronounced Rafe or Rahf. So it is clear from a well-known passage in the play of "Henry VI" (only in small part from Shakespeare's hand) that the name "Walter" was formerly pronounced "Water"—as, indeed, might almost have been inferred from its former abbreviation into Wat—for, if it had been pronounced Walter, the natural abbreviation would have been Wally or Wal'r (as Captain Cuttle called Walter Gay). The prophecy that the Earl of Suffolk would "die by water" would certainly not have been regarded as fulfilled when he was beheaded by the order of Captain Walter, if the

name had not been pronounced "Water" in those times.*

These considerations respecting the changes which our language has undergone—perhaps nowhere more than in the neighborhood of the metropolis—have been suggested to my mind by certain remarks made by an American writer—Mr. F. B. Wilkie, of the "Chicago Times"—respecting our English way of pronouncing the English language as compared with the American method, which he regards as on the whole more correct.

I must premise that Mr. Wilkie's work, "Sketches beyond the Sea," though it opens in a tone very unfavorable to the English people, shows considerable fairness on the whole. English manners are not perhaps calculated to impress strangers favorably at a first view. It may

* The passage runs thus:

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? Why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not, etc.

This reference to the sound of the word leaves no doubt that it was formerly pronounced *Water*. (So *Gualtier* is sounded *Gautier*, and has come to be spelt *Gauthier*.)

And here it may be asked whether the word "halter" was not formerly pronounced *hauler* (rhyming with *daughter*, *water*, etc.). For Lear's fool sings:

"A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap could buy a halter,
So the fool follows after."

"After," probably pronounced as by the vulgar in our own time, *a'ter*. That "f" before "t" was silent in common speaking seems shown by *Wat* Whitmore's remark to Suffolk: "Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee (wa'th thee) to thy death."

Nursery rhymes may perhaps seem an unlikely source of information respecting pronunciation, yet there are good reasons for believing that many old usages are preserved in those ancient rhymes. In particular, we may be sure that the rhyming, if not perfect, would be such as to appeal readily to the ear. Now, in Jack and Jill we find "after" rhymed to "water."

In passing, it may be noticed that in Shakespeare's time the "l" in "would" and "should" was probably sounded. For if "would" were then pronounced as in our time, "wou'd," we should scarcely find "wouldest" abbreviated into "woul't," as in "Hamlet," Act v, s. 1:

"Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?"

Woul't drink up *esil*? eat a crocodile?" etc.

In further illustration may be quoted the old lines on the vanity of human pride, inscribed on the ruined gate of Melrose Abbey, from which we learn that either the "l" was sounded in "would" or dropped in "gold":

"The earth goes on the earth glittering with gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would," etc.

* There are good reasons for believing that the letter "r" was formerly pronounced much more fully than at present. Certainly our modern "r" could not properly be called the "dog's letter," as the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" tells us it was called ("r is for the dog," etc.). We may thus explain the play on words in the passage where Celia ridicules the affected pronunciation of Monsieur Le Beau. "Fair princess," he says, "you have lost much good sport" (not pronouncing the "r" rollingly, as was doubtless then the fashion, but "spo't"): to which Celia replies, "Spot! of what color?" to the perplexity of Le Beau, as to that of many readers of Shakespeare. In passing, it may be noticed that many passages in Shakespeare are rendered obscure by changes of pronunciation. Thus, where Beatrice says: "The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion," we are apt to overlook the play on the words "civil" and "seville."

not be generally true that, as Mr. Wilkie says, "one who visits a strange country encounters first its most repellent qualities"—in fact, the contrary is sometimes the case; but this is certainly true of England and the English. Mr. Wilkie is justified in saying that his "fault-finding is confined to what may be termed the external character of the English," and in adding "that there is no partisanship in his views, because he has nowhere failed to denounce the weaknesses and follies of his own countrymen whenever the opportunity to do so fairly presented itself." Of this the following humorous passage, which bears in some degree on the question of the American way of speaking English, may be cited in illustration:

"If there be any particular thing which is calculated to make an American homesick, to make him feel he is indeed in a foreign clime, it is the entire absence of profanity." (Would this were as true as it is complimentary!) "Except what I may have overheard in a few soliloquies, I have not heard an oath since my arrival in England. The cabman does not swear at you" (he does, though, when he has a mind?) "nor the policeman, nor the railway employee, nor anybody else. Nobody in an ordinary conversation on the weather, or in asking after some one's location, or inquiring after another's health, employs from three to five oaths to every sentence. It's rather distressing to an American to get used to this state of things; to talk to a man for three or four minutes, and never hear a single 'd——n'; to wander all day through the populous streets and not hear a solitary curse; to go anywhere and everywhere, and not be stirred up once by so much as the weakest of blasphemies. What wonder that the average American becomes homesick under such a deprivation, and that he longs for the freedom and curses of his perrary home?"

Mr. Wilkie, finding that many words are pronounced otherwise in England than in America, and starting with the assumption that the American usage is correct where such differences exist, arrives at the conclusion that England "is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." "I have no less an authority than Earl Manville," he says, "for the statement that educated Americans speak the English language far better than educated Englishmen." I have yet to learn that Earl Manville is a very high authority on this particular question, whether from his exceptional knowledge of the English language, or from the opportunities he has had of comparing the way in which that language is spoken in England and in America. Not for the present considering pronunciation, and taking the English of those who are recognized as the best writers in that language as the best, it is, I believe, incontestable that on the whole a thoroughly educated Englishman

speaks the language more correctly than even the best educated Americans; *only* it is to be noticed under what reservation I make this assertion. There are usages which have become recognized in America, and are adopted by the best American writers, and which are thus correct *in that country*, though not in accordance with the rules which—tacitly or otherwise—English writers follow. They are correct in this sense, that they are in accordance with general custom, "*quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.*" And although it may be admitted that some few of these usages belong in reality to the English of two or three centuries ago, it can not be denied that many, if not most of them, are recent. I am here speaking of the form and construction of the language, not of pronunciation. As to this, it must be admitted that there is room for doubt respecting many of those points in which the two countries differ. As regards a few doubtful words, it would be scarcely worth while to inquire, but there are whole classes of words which are differently pronounced in the two countries, and it is in many cases doubtful whether the older (which may be considered the true pronunciation) has been retained in the old country or in the new.

"I have no doubt whatever," says Mr. Wilkie, "that were a wall built between England and America, so that there could be no intercourse, in two or three hundred years a native of one country could not understand a word spoken by the other." Setting aside the manifest exaggeration here, and supposing for a moment that, contrary to all experience, so short a time as three centuries would suffice to render the English of America unintelligible to the people of England, and the English of England unintelligible to the people of America, it would be altogether absurd to infer, with Mr. Wilkie, that "this would be because England is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." Nor is there the least reason for supposing, as Mr. Wilkie does, that it is because "England has no dictionary, or, what amounts to the same thing, has a dozen," that the language undergoes continual change. No dictionary, however excellent, can stereotype a language, either as to the usage of words or their pronunciation.* In America changes are taking place at least as fast as in England, probably faster. Mr. Wilkie found, he says (though one wonders where he can have obtained such experience), that there are in England about as many standards of pronunciation as there are people

* If Mr. Wilkie had been at the pains to look over the introductory matter in Webster's Dictionary, he would have found that, in quite a number of cases where he—Mr. Wilkie—finds fault with the English pronunciation, Webster is against him.

who have anything to say. He is referring all the time, be it understood, to educated Englishmen. Yet he can point only to a few words, most of which are seldom used; whereas any Englishman who has traveled much in America could cite dozens of words, all in ordinary use, which are diversely pronounced there by educated persons. Thus I have heard the word "inquiry" pronounced "inqlry," "quandary" pronounced "quándäry," "vagary" "vágäry," * "towards" and "afterwards" pronounced with the stress on the last syllable, "very" and "American" pronounced "vury" and "Amurican" (u as in "furry"), and so forth, by educated Americans; while other educated Americans pronounce these words as they are usually pronounced in England. "Gladstone says *issoo*," remarks Mr. Wilkie, "when other intelligent men say *isshu*." He might have added that Lord John Russell used to say "obleeged," as many old folks do still, and that the question was once raised in the House of Lords whether the word "wrapt" should be pronounced to rhyme with "apt" or with "propt." As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Gladstone does not say "issoo," but "issyou," which is probably correct; at any rate, as much can be said in its favor as in favor of "ishyou." Of course "issoo" and "isshu," the two pronunciations given by Mr. Wilkie, are both as utterly wrong as "Toosday" or "Dook," modes of pronunciation, by-the-way, which are very commonly heard in America.

As the point is considered next by Mr. Wilkie, though not next in logical sequence, I may consider here his reference to the pronunciation of certain proper names in England which are spelled (and he considers should be pronounced) very differently. Of words of this kind he cites:

"Colquhoun—pronounced Calhoun—(really pronounced Cohoon); Cockburn, pronounced Coburn; Beauchamp, pronounced Beechem; Derby, Darby; Berkley, Barkley; Hertford, Heford (where can he have heard this? Hartford, of course, is the accepted pronunciation); Cholmondeley, Chumley; Bouverie, Booberie (an unknown version); Greenwich, Grinnidge; Woolwich, Woolidge; Harwich, Harridge; Ludgate, Luggat (by cabmen, possibly); High Holborn, Eye Oburn (cabmen, certainly); Whitechapel, Witchipel (never); Mile End, Meelen (possibly by a Scotch cabman); Gloucester, Gloster; Leicester, Lester; Pall Mall, Pell Mell."

He might have added "Marjoribanks, Marchbanks; Cavendish, Candish; Salisbury, Sals-

bury," and a host of other names. But he mistakes greatly in supposing (as he appears to do) that these divergences between pronunciation and spelling have had their origin since America began—whether we regard America as beginning in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of the War of Independence. Some of them are at least five hundred years older than the States. But without expecting from every visitor the antiquarian knowledge necessary to establish the antiquity of the older of these modes of pronunciation, we might fairly expect that a literary man should be acquainted with the fact that Shakespeare knew no trisyllabic Gloucester or Salisbury, that with him Warwick was Warrik, Abergavenny, Abergany, and so forth.

If aught of blame is deserved for the continued use of old forms of spelling when the old modes of pronunciation have passed away, or for any divergence (no matter how caused) between pronunciation and spelling, we may meet the American with a *tu quoque*; we may say to him—

"Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

For, either within the brief duration of our cousins' own history, the pronunciation of many proper names has diverged from their spelling, or else those names were originally most incorrectly spelled. How otherwise does it happen that the true-born American speaks of Conneticut instead of Connecticut, of Cincinnatah instead of Cincinnati, of Mishigan, Mizzouri (in the South and West, Missouri is called Mizzoorah), Sheecahgo, Arkansaw, Terryhote, and Movey Star, instead of Michigan, Missouri, Chicago, Arkansas, Terrehaute, and Mauvais Terres (pronouncing the last two words as French).

Taking other than proper names, Mr. Wilkie seems scarcely to have caught in many cases the true English pronunciation. For instance, one of the most marked differences between English pronunciation and that with which Mr. Wilkie would have become familiar at Chicago is found in the sound of the vowel "a" in such words as "bath," "path," "class," etc. Now, although he mentions in one place that the "a" in the word "classes" is pronounced like the "a" in "father" (which is right), he adds even there that the sound of the word is almost like "closses," which is altogether wrong; while elsewhere, he says that the "a" is pronounced like the "a" in "all," or as "aw." He gives "nawsty" as the English pronunciation of the word "nasty." He says, "An Englishman must inform some of his acquaintances during each day something about his bath, the *a* being sounded like *a* in *all*." Of course, no educated Englishman ever pronounces

* We see here the effects of the tendency in English speaking to throw back the accent. In England we have "cóntrary" now instead of "conträry" as in Shakespeare's time; compare, also, the nursery rhyme, "Mary, Mary, quite conträry."

the "a" in "bath," "path," etc., like the "a" in "all"; nor, indeed, have I ever heard an uneducated Englishman so speak, though it is likely enough there may be dialects having this pronunciation. In fact, the story of the clergyman who, when asked whether he would be bishop of Bath or of Wells, answered "Bawth, my Lord," and so became the first Bishop of Bath and Wells, whether true or false as a story, serves to show that the word is sometimes pronounced "bawth." But certainly this is not the usual way of pronouncing it in this country. To American or rather to Western ears there must, it should seem, be some resemblance between the sound of "a" in "class," "path," etc., as Englishmen pronounce the vowel, and the sound of the vowel "o"; for I remember that, when once in Illinois I asked where the "office clerk" was, the office *clock* was shown to me. It is, by-the-way, somewhat difficult to understand how the "e" in the words clerk, Derby, Hertford, etc., has come in England to have the sound of "a" in class, father, etc. So far as I know, this usage is nowhere followed in America.* But the pronunciation of "a" in bath, class, etc., like "a" in "father," though it seems to have sounded strange in Mr. Wilkie's Western ears, is common enough—is, indeed, the accepted usage—in the Eastern States. It is also the usage sanctioned by Webster.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Wilkie represents the omission and misuse of the aspirate as though they were as common among the educated as among the uneducated classes of this country. A hasty reader might, indeed, rashly infer from some passages in Mr. Wilkie's book that there is a difference between the ignorant and the decently educated in this respect. For instance, in a rather overdrawn scene in Westminster Hall, a policeman tells Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Hatton to "pass into the 'all'"; to which, not Mr. Wilkie, but the Englishman, Mr. Hatton, replies, "Pass into the 'all'! I say, Bobby, my boy, you dropped something. You dropped an *aitch*. But never mind! You just go into the House, and you'll find the floor covered with *aitches* dropped by the members. You can find there twice as many as you've lost here. Pass into the 'a—a—all!' But, then it is only

to be inferred from this, that by associating with his American friend Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Hatton had learned to speak more correctly than other Englishmen. It was in this way that Americans explained the fact that Mrs. Trollope used the aspirate correctly. And to this day it is the prevalent (and almost universal) opinion in America that all Englishmen, educated as well as uneducated, drop their *aitches*, and insert *aitches* where none should be. I have been gravely assured time and again by Americans, claiming at any rate to be decently well-informed, that I have no trace *left* of the "English accent," which they explain as chiefly to be known by omitted and misused aspirates. They neither know, for the most part, that the omission or misuse of the aspirate is as offensive to the English as to the American ear (more so, indeed, for to the American it is simply laughable, while to the English ear it is painful), nor that the habit is to all intents and purposes incurable whenever it has once been formed. An Englishman who, owing to imperfect education or early association with the ignorant, has acquired what Americans regard as the English accent, may indeed learn to put in a sort of aspirate in words beginning with *aitch*, but it is an aspirate of an objectionable kind—fully as offensive as an aspirate in 'heir, 'hour, and 'honor. Thackeray touches on this in one of his shorter sketches. The habit of using aspirates in the wrong place may perhaps be more easily cured; but, as this habit is only found among the very ignorant, while the habit of dropping the aspirate is much more widely spread, the opportunities for testing the matter by observation are few. Many who drop their *aitches* know at least where the *aitches* should be, and by an effort put in unduly emphatic aspirations; but probably very few, and possibly none, of those who put in *aitches* where none should be, are able to spell. From a story told me by an American, it would even seem that those who thus wrongly insert *aitches** have ears too gross to recognize the difference between the correct and the incorrect pronunciation. He told me he offered an English boy in his employment ten cents to say "egg," "onion," "apple"; on which the boy said, "Hall right, hegg, honion, happle; 'and us hover the ten cents"; "No," he replied, "you are not to say hegg, honion, happle, but egg, onion, apple." "Well, so I

* The fact that the proper name Clark (which is unquestionably the equivalent of clerk) has been for hundreds of years in use in England, shows that the pronunciation *Clark* is hundreds of years old. So also the existence of an American Hartford shows that the Pilgrim Fathers called Hertford Hartford. Probably the "a" in such words as Clark, farm, etc., had originally the sound of "a" in "care." Indeed, if we consider the French origin of these words we see that this must have been so.

* In passing, I may remark that the word *ache* was formerly pronounced *aitch*, so that the word *aches* used to be a dissyllable. Thus Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says she is exceeding ill—not for a hawk, a horse, or a husband, but for that which begins them all, "H," that is, through an *ache* or pain; just as two scenes earlier her fellow-victim, Benedict, says he has the toothache.

did," was the cheerful response; "*you* say hegg, honion, happle, and *Hi* say hegg, honion, happle." But very likely my informant exaggerated.

It should be noticed that in one respect the English, even when well educated, are very careless, to say the least, in the use of the aspirate. I refer to their pronunciation of words beginning with "w" and "wh." We too often hear *when, where, whale*, and so forth, pronounced like the words *wen, were, wail*, etc. In America, this mistake is never made. They do not pronounce the words as educated Irishmen often, if not generally do, *hwen, hwere, hwale*, that is, with an exaggerated aspirate, giving the words with a *whish*, as it were; but they make the distinction between "w" and "wh" very clear. I am inclined, by-the-way, to believe that the Irish mode of pronouncing words beginning with "wh" is in reality that which was in use in former times in England, probably at an earlier date than that of the Pilgrim Fathers; at any rate, *hwat, hwen*, etc., is the spelling in old English and Saxon books.

There are faults of pronunciation which, so far as I can judge, are about equally common in both countries. For instance, "sech" for "such," "jest" for "just,"* "ketch" for "catch," "becos" for "because," "instid" for "instead," sometimes even "forgit" for "forget." But we certainly do not so often hear "doo" for "due," "soo" for "sue," and so forth, in England, as in America. "Raound" for "round," "claoud" for "cloud" is very common in New England; but perhaps not more so than in certain districts in England. In the Southern States, peculiarities of pronunciation are often met with which had their origin in the association of white children with negroes. Among these, perhaps the most remarkable is the omission of the "r" in such words as *door, floor*, etc., pronounced by negroes *do', flo', etc.*

Let us next consider the different use of certain words and phrases in the two countries.

Mr. Wilkie says, holding still by his calm and quite erroneous assumption that the change is all on one side: "The difference between the spelling of words and their sound is not all there is to prove that the English are losing the English language, and substituting a jargon that is totally unlike that speech bequeathed to us by

our Saxon and Norman ancestors. What, for instance, is to be done by a man understanding and recognizing the English of Macaulay, Longfellow, Byron, Lamb, Whittier, Grant White, and the expurgated vernacular of the venerable Bryant, who finds that a street-sprinkler in England's English is a 'hydrostatic van'; that rails on a railroad are 'metals'; a railroad-track is a 'line'; a store a 'shop'; a hardware-man an 'ironmonger'? He finds no policemen here but 'constables.' If he go into a store and ask for 'boots' he will be shown a pair of shoes that lace or button about the ankle. There are no groceries or dry-goods stores. Baggage is 'luggage'; a traveling-bag is a 'grip-sack'" (a word which I have never heard out of America, and which I believe to be quite unknown in England); "there are no trunks, but always 'boxes.' A freight-car is a 'goods-van'; a conductor on a 'bus or railway is a 'guard'; a street-railway is a 'tramway'; a baggage-car, a 'luggage-van'; a pitcher is a 'jug'; and two and a half pence is 'tuppence apenny.' A sovereign is a 'squid' ('quid' or 'couter' would be nearer the mark if we must consider slang to be part of a language); a shilling, a 'bob'; a sixpence, a 'tanner.'" He might conveniently have added for the information of Americans who wish to understand English-English, and of Englishmen who wish to understand American-English, that in England a biscuit is a "roll," and a cracker is a "biscuit."

Now, all this, unless it is intended for an elaborate (and exceedingly feeble) joke, is absurd on the face of it. To begin with, it would be difficult to find any authority in the works of Macaulay, or the other writers named, for street-sprinkler, hardware-man, groceries, and dry-goods stores, traveling-bags, freight-cars, and street-railways. But, apart from this, nearly all the words to which Mr. Wilkie objects are much older and better English than those which Americans have substituted. For instance, the word "shop" is found in English writings as far back as the fourteenth century, whereas "store" has never been used in the American sense by any English writer of repute. Manifestly, too, the word *store*, which has a wider meaning, and has had that meaning for centuries, is not suitably applied to a shop, which is but one particular kind of store. There can be very little doubt that originally Americans substituted the word "store" for "shop," for much the same reason that many shopkeepers in England choose to call their shop a warehouse, or an emporium, or a mart, or by some equally inappropriate name. Again, baggage and luggage are both good English; but on the whole the word luggage is more suitable than baggage for goods which have to

* It is worthy of notice that the pronunciation of certain vowels depends in great part on the consonant which precedes, and in part also on that which follows the vowel. Thus the u in *such* is often mispronounced, the u in *much* never, the u in *just* often, the u in *must, lust*, and *rust* never, and the u in *judge* seldom. In America "jedge" for "judge" is often heard, however. So no one ever says *los* for *laws*, but many say *becos* for *because*, and *'cos* for *'cause*.

be conveyed by train or carriage (one may say that baggage is the statical, luggage the dynamical, name for the traveler's *impedimenta*). Unquestionably there is good authority, and that, too, in old authors, for the use of both terms. Of course, we have trunks in England, despite Mr. Wilkie's assertion to the contrary; we have boxes also: very few Americans can tell off-hand, and many do not know, the real distinction between a trunk and a box; just as few, either in England or America, know the distinction between a house and a mansion. Freight-car is a good word enough—the freight half of it being better than the other, for the word car is not properly applied to a van; but goods-van is in all respects better: "freight" is a technical term, "goods" every one understands, and "van" is a better word than "car." The word "boot," again, is properly applied to any foot-covering (outside the sock or stocking) which comes above the instep and ankle.

Turning from trivialities such as these, let us now note some points in which English and American speakers and writers of culture differ from each other—first as to the use of certain words, and secondly as to certain modes of expression.

In America the word "clever" is commonly understood to mean pleasant and of good disposition, not (as in England) ingenious and skillful. Thus, though an American may speak of a person as a clever workman, using the word as we do, yet when he speaks of another as a clever man he means in nine cases out of ten that the man is good company and well natured. Sometimes, I am told, the word is used to signify generous or liberal. I can not recall any passages from early English literature in which the word is thus used, but I should not be surprised to learn that the usage is an old one.* In like manner the words "cunning" and "cute" are often used in America for "pretty" (German *niedlich*). As I write, an American lady, who has just played a very sweet passage from one of Mozart's symphonies, turns from the piano to ask whether that passage is not cute, meaning pretty.

The word "mad" in America seems nearly always to mean "angry"; at least, I have seldom heard it used in our English sense. For "mad," as we use the word, Americans say "crazy." Herein they have manifestly impaired the language. The words "mad" and "crazy" are quite distinct in their significance as used in England, and both meanings require to be ex-

pressed in ordinary parlance. It is obviously a mistake to make one word do duty for both, and to use the word "mad" to imply what is already expressed by other and more appropriate words.

I have just used the word "ordinary" in the English sense. In America the word is commonly used to imply inferiority. An "ordinary actor," for instance, is a bad actor; a "very ordinary man" is a man very much below par. There is no authority for this usage in any English writer of repute, and the usage is manifestly inconsistent with the derivation of the word. On the other hand, the use of the word "homely" to imply ugliness, as is usual in America, is familiar at this day in parts of England, and could be justified by passages in some of the older English writers. That the word in Shakespeare's time implied inferiority is shown by the line—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

In like manner, some authority may be found for the American use of the word "ugly" to signify bad-tempered.

Words are used in America which have ceased to be commonly used in England, and are, indeed, no longer regarded as admissible. Thus, the word "unbeknown," which no educated Englishman ever uses either in speaking or in writing, is still used in America in common speech and by writers of repute. Thus, in "Harper's Monthly," for May, 1881 (whose editors are well-known literary men), I find, at page 884, the following sentence in a story called "The Unexpected Parting of the Beazley Twins": "While baiting Lottie's hook, as they sat together on a log on the water's bank, he told her, almost unbeknown to himself, the state of his feelings."

Occasionally, writers from whom one would expect at least correct grammar make mistakes which in England would be regarded as very bad—mistakes which are not, indeed, passed over in America, but still attract less notice there than in England. Thus, Mr. Wilkie, who is so severe on English-English in "Sketches beyond the Seas," describes himself as saying (in reply to the question whether Chicago policemen have to use their pistols much), "I don't know *as* they have to as a matter of law or necessity, but I know that they do as a matter of fact," and I have repeatedly heard this incorrect use of "as" for "that" in American conversation. I have also noted in works by educated Americans the use of the word "that" as an adverb, "that excitable," "that headstrong," and so forth. So the use of "lay" for "lie" seems to me to be much commoner in America than in England, though it is too frequently heard here also. In a well-written novelette called "The Man who was

* I have been told by an American literary man that twenty years ago the word "clever" in America always meant pleasant and bright, whereas it is now generally used as in England. But in the West it generally bears the former sense.

not a Colonel," the words "You was" and "Was you?" are repeatedly used, apparently without any idea that they are ungrammatical. They are much more frequently heard in America than in England (I refer, of course, to the conversation of the middle and better classes, not of the uneducated). In this respect it is noteworthy that the writers of the last century resemble Americans of to-day; for we often meet in their works the incorrect usage in question.

And here it may be well to consider the American expression "I guess," which is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century, and in many written during the seventeenth century. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact, the disuse of the expression in later times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now, would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times, or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signifying that we think the answer to the riddle or the meaning of what we have heard may be such and such. But when an American says, "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the old English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wick-et," etc., so have we the verbs to "guess" and to "wis" (in the Bible we have not "I wis," but we have "he wist"). "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has changed in significance.

It may be added that in many parts of America we find the expression "I guess" replaced by "I reckon" and "I calculate" (the "I cal'late" of the "Biglow Papers"). In the South, "I reckon" is generally used,* and in parts of New

England "I calculate," though (I am told) less commonly than of yore. It is obvious, from the use of such words as "reckon" and "calculate" as equivalents for "guess," that the expression "I guess" is not, as many seem to imagine, equivalent to the English "I suppose" and "I fancy." An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess?'" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are always so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that, whereas the American says frequently, "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as freely lards his discourse with the expression, "You know," which is, perhaps, more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted that the "down-cast" American often uses the expression, "I want to know," in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest, "Indeed?"

Among other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say, "Is that so?" or simply "So!" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes but not often heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me"; whereas in reality it is equivalent to the expression "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the exclamation "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply "here" or "there." Americans say "right away" where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well" for "very well" is not commonly used in America.

Americans say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intonated as with us in England. But if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir"—the reply is "yes, *sir*," or "no, *sir*." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters do.

* The first time I heard this expression it was used in a short sentence singularly full of Southern (or, perhaps, rather negro) phraseology. I asked a negro driver at the Louisville station, or depot (pronounced *deeepoe*) how far it was to the Galt House, to which he replied, "A *right smart piece*, I reckon."

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means to "stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, for "I have some idea of buying," etc. I have indeed heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So, also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following: "I have written that note good," for "well"; "that will make you feel good," for "that will do you good"; and in other ways, all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as adverbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc.; but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The word "sure" is often used for "surely" in a somewhat singular way, as in the following sentence from "Sketches beyond the Sea," in which Mr. Wilkie is supposed to be quoting a remark made by an English policeman: "If policemen went to shooting in this country, there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either." (In passing, note that the word "either" is never pronounced *eyether* in America, but always *eether*, whereas in England we seem to use either pronunciation indifferently.)

An American seldom uses the word "stout" to signify "fat," saying, generally, "fleshy." Again, for our English word "hearty," signifying "in very good health," an American will sometimes employ the singularly inappropriate word "rugged." (It corresponds pretty nearly with

our word "rude"—equally inappropriate in the expression "rude health.")

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It *is* an elegant morning," or perhaps oftener by using simply the word "Elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant word "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc., etc. Where the word would not be redundant, it is yet generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional, but at least equally absurd, Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating," if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's Joshua Fullalove; while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "Henglish haccent." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort, he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half a dozen sentences have been uttered, he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus, no Englishman ever uses, and an American may be recognized at once by using, such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true"; by saying, "Why certainly," for "Certainly," and so forth. There are a great number of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.

FRENCH INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

IT would be difficult for the philosophic historian to find a more interesting study or a finer subject than the parallel development of the political and literary ideals of the French in the last three or four centuries. We can follow step by step the ever-growing dominion of the general over the particular, of the abstract over the concrete, of the type over the individual, up to the final victory in which the ideals of the understanding triumphed over the ideals of the reason, over instinct and imagination. The intellectual and moral tendencies discoverable in the literature of the middle ages have, of course, remained essentially the same; then, too, as now, the style was either the enthusiastic and rhetorical, or the sober and skeptical. But the current of thought and feeling has constantly been becoming more shallow and more uniform in its progress, till at length it flows like a canal in a straight line between flat bare banks. At times, indeed, and oftener than before, the stream is stayed by a volcanic outburst of the conquered yet merely slumbering instinct. The lava-mass which fills the bed seems as though it would change the river's course, but the waters cover it and flow on in a stream broader and duller than ever.

As early as in the poetry of François Villon we see the bud which came into flower in that of Béranger; but all that was unconscious and *naïve* in the former has become intentional and systematic in the latter. Only a nation in which men of genius like Rabelais and La Fontaine, and men of talent like Piron and Parny, treated indecent subjects *ex professo* could, in the nineteenth century, produce a Théophile Gautier and a Baudelaire. Who could fail to recognize in Sainte-Beuve the descendant of Montaigne and Bayle, or to see the family likeness between Corneille and Victor Hugo? Who would deny that even a scribbler like Edmond About has a drop of Voltaire's wit in his veins? But how comparatively feeble, poor, and unreal, is the work of these later writers! For the great Revolution completed the work of debilitation, which had been slowly prepared by the *ancien régime*, although the results were not seen in their full extent until half a century later. The generation of 1825 to 1840, a charming second summer of the eighteenth century, which enriched France with such an enviable literature, was not properly a product of the new social and political conditions of France, which produced their *homunculus* after

1850. But all that brilliant generation, Guizot and Thiers, Cousin and Villemain, Lamartine and Hugo, Thierry and Mignet, George Sand and Balzac, even Musset and Mérimée, only rang the changes on established ideas with talent, in some cases with genius. They did not add one to those grand original ideas by which men like Herder or Kant, Bacon or Locke, Montesquieu or Voltaire, have opened new epochs in the history of the human mind. No doubt it would be unfair to require such at their hands; they were poets, artists, and novelists, not thinkers, discoverers, or men of science. But it is the latter, not the former, who guide the intellectual movement of Europe; and it is a rare coincidence when the same nation at the same moment excels both in philosophy and art.*

Though we find no original thought in the works of the richly endowed poets and artists of 1830, in style at least they displayed a certain originality; but, since the habit of judging everything from a purely abstract logical point of view has definitely prevailed, we have nothing but the almost mathematical form of expression of the higher comedy, the flat, colorless style of review articles, and the loose, slovenly prose of novels and newspapers, occasionally varied by a meaningless jingle of words and verse. Literature in France has suffered from the same causes as public life; the great qualities of French intellect and character are, if not neutralized, at least kept completely in the background; they have of themselves shrunk back from a world in which the empty twaddle and fussy inactivity of conceited *faiseurs* push themselves so conspicuously forward. Thus in literature, as in politics, almost every trace of them has disappeared; but it must not be forgotten that they still live on as secret but powerful incentives in the higher administration of the state and in the study of the exact sciences.

Still, even in the midst of this literary and political degeneracy we can clearly discern the two tendencies of style to which I have alluded. Enthusiasm has turned into tall talk and skepticism into indifference; but, as far as form is concerned, the fondness for declamation which was common to Bossuet and Corneille, to Buffon and Rousseau, to Cousin and Hugo, is still visible in the eloquence of a Jules Favre and the

* See in the writer's "Geschichte Frankreichs von 1830-70," Band ii, Kap. ii, an account of the scientific and literary activity of this generation.

poetry of a Laprade. So, too, the refined, tasteful, clear, and sometimes almost demure manner of a Fénelon, a Voltaire, and a Mérimée has found not quite unworthy emulators in Prévost-Paradol and John Lemoine. But the verse of Racine or Musset, which charms us by its simplicity and absence of ornament, goes for nothing with the present generation of jingling rhymsters; still less does any trace remain of the "mighty-mouthed" masters of language, the great creative artists in prose or in poetry, Montaigne, Rabelais, Pascal, Regnier, La Fontaine, Molière; their creative power, as that of the whole nation, seems to have perished. Literary talent may still find some freedom of movement in the trim garden of French life, laid out according to the designs of the great political Lenôtre, but it is a garden in which it is hardly probable that genius will again flourish, unless its plan be altered and a part of the waste land be added to its precincts.

I.

THERE can be no objection to classifying an artificial literature, such as that of France has been for the last thirty years. I may therefore be allowed to divide it under the three heads of the amusing, the dull, and the sterling. In each group we shall be able to recognize the mental qualities of the French, especially their keen intelligence; the general traits of their character, above all, their tendency to set seeming above being; and, lastly, the conditions of their social life, particularly those which are proper to Paris.

Light literature is a possession of the French, which can not excite too much envy. We have simply nothing to put by the side of their hundreds and thousands of amusing vaudevilles and dramas of intrigue, novels, and stories. A German writer considers it a disgrace to try and "amuse" his readers; he thinks that he is degrading himself into a public jester; and the pretentiousness with which every author of moderate inventive talent sets about writing a "Wilhelm Meister" nullifies such little plastic power as belongs to the German nature. The simple truth is, that Germans are born to excel in the musical and lyrical rather than in the plastic and dramatic forms of art. The few who had sufficient talent to amuse us with simple, unpretentious works *à la Française* were treated so disdainfully by our almighty critics that no one cares to follow their example. With what unmitigated contempt, for instance, do not our histories of literature speak of a Kotzebue and a Zschokke, a Wilibald Alexis, or a Spindler!

If the ease of expression in speaking and writing, the ever-sparkling wit, the graceful frivolity, and the need to amuse and be amused,

which are inborn in the French nation, are combined with the unpretending naturalness of a true artist, there results a form of literature which is fleeting as "the mimic's wondrous art," but, like it, fulfills its purpose when it diverts the thoughts and raises the spirits of thousands, though for a single day. Who has ever repented of passing a couple of hours in seeing one of Scribe's comedies or in reading an historical novel of Alexandre Dumas? True, the work of both is only hasty scene-painting; but what life there is in it, what variety, what real gayety! There are signs of power in it, too, and in the case of Dumas at least one is tempted to believe that if he had concentrated his energies and worked with care and earnestness—that is, indeed, if he had not been Alexandre Dumas—he might have ranked with the greatest writers of France. But, such as it is, this light and unpretentious style gives, simply in virtue of its ease and grace, far more artistic value to French art and literature than belongs to the literature and art of England and Germany; just as the best French works of this class excel in beauty of form, though yielding to ours in depth of thought. Putting aside painters and sculptors, let us only compare a Soulié and a Paul de Kock with an August La Fontaine and a Clautren. Yet even in this light literature the present generation stands as far behind the last as in works of a higher character. It is impossible to rank novelists like Montépin, Ponson du Terrail, or Gaboriau with Frédéric Soulié, Dumas *père*, or Méry, or dramatists like Labiche, Lambert Thiboust, or even Sardou, with Mélesville or Scribe. None the less they have qualities which we look for in vain in German novels and on the German stage—humor, sustained interest, and a flow of unaffected language.

No class of literature has perhaps fallen so low as one peculiar to our century—that which treats of the horrible for its own sake. That it not only continues to exist but actually flourishes may be almost entirely explained by the views and habits of life which have prevailed since the Revolution, by certain principles which since then have been put into practice, and by the social position of the authors. Not only are both the novel of horrors and the melodrama of horrors addressed to the uncultivated and corrupt masses of the capital, who are incapable of enjoying refined and noble forms of art, and whose unstrung nerves require some violent stimulus, but they are also written by young adventurers, or outlaws grown gray in the Parisian Bohemia. Almost all French men of letters—at any rate, those who display any originality, talent, or power in their works—are *des déclassés*, that is, they do not belong to the respectable *bourgeois* society of Paris,

still less of the provinces. How, then, can they be expected to write tame family tales like honest German husbands or English maiden blue-stockings, who have often never been out of their native country-town? Nature has denied the French the quality which Germans call *Phantastik*; such imagination as they have, and it is an extremely vivid one, springs entirely from the head, and is systematically starved to death by their education, while society does all in its power to regulate and preordain the whole course of their existence. If the endeavors of education and society succeed, they leave the fancy perfectly sterile; if not, they produce a reaction of the most dangerous kind. The latter is a frequent occurrence in the case of men of indomitable spirit, of gifted nature, of unstaid character, or sensuous temperament. The imagination then breaks all bounds, becomes corrupted, throws itself into all that is horrible or impure, and indulges itself there without restraint. Instead of the healthy poetic fancy which might have been developed, we have only a sort of sickly raving; instead of the free individual life for which nature strives, we behold an existence which has no law but self-will and no aim but self-indulgence. And the more horrible the lucubrations of such a drunken imagination, the more response do they find among the coarse, passion-ridden multitude and among those of the *bourgeoisie* for whom few sources of pleasure are left either in the life around or in their own nature.

If the young author manufactures with success, he only fills his pockets to empty them again, and goes farther and farther on the profitable road which leads him to ever-greater depths. Henceforth his life is divided between orgies and feverish work; his society consists of courtesans and literary and artistic Bohemians like himself. If he has not fallen so low, he goes among those journalists who have not yet summoned up courage to lead a regular life, or actors and actresses, who in France have not, as in Germany, succeeded in attaining a reputable social position. At the best, he belongs to a class of society peculiar to the capital, which is neither a part of the respectable *bourgeoisie* nor leads a life of professional immorality—the *demi-monde*. For it is a mistaken idea of the Germans that the *demi-monde* is identical with women of the town. The *demi-monde* consists of those whom the "little pitted speck in garnered fruit" separates from the better portion of society, but against whom no sufficiently definite charge can be brought to justify their formal exclusion. Thus marriage and family life, in other words, a properly regulated existence, are unknown to the Bohemian. He paints the world as he finds it, that is, as it appears to him through the steam of the

punch-bowl and the tobacco-smoke of the public-house, or at the gaming-table and brilliant suppers of the *demi-monde*. He is excluded from society, and it is obviously as much an act of injustice as a sign of ignorance to pass a general sentence on Parisian, still more on French life, from his descriptions.

Yet respectable people, suffering as they do under the monotony of actual life, enjoy this literature of horrors and indecencies as they enjoy highly spiced dishes and foaming champagne. Is this to be seriously considered a crime? Do not we Germans likewise, though we have not the excuse of living in a monotonous society and in the midst of political dangers, though we have never undergone an education which kills all individuality, and are free to live and grow as we like? Or if not, how comes it that Germany is so familiar with this French literature of adultery, prostitution, and crime, that our circulating libraries are overflowing with translations from the French, and that Offenbach's indecent parodies as well as Sardou's witty but not too moral "Parisiana" are always to be seen on our stage?

As we have taken notice of the vile and tasteless literature which, though once kept so far at least within bounds as to be easily avoided, has in the last twenty years bespattered all that is noble and fair, it may be worth while to mention another form of light reading which is peculiar to the French, and is known under a hundred different names, such as *gaudriole*, *grivoiserie*, and—what is but too suggestive—*gauloiserie*. It also has suffered from the cynical coarseness on the one hand, on the other from the hypocritical regard for propriety, which in the last thirty or forty years have so essentially changed the tone of French society. It has become more brutal and more obscene than it was in the last century, just as the conversation of even cultivated men in the present day lingers upon such subjects with a Rabelaisian gusto and an unblushing coarseness, quite foreign to the refined Frenchman of Mérimée's school, who was a master in the art of veiled allusions.

II.

PROPER, dull literature, once an article of sale quite unknown in France, is an outcome of the conditions of modern life. It is the true literature of driveling feebleness. It lives and spreads in dramas and novels, in history and criticism, in philosophy and poetry. Mediocrity takes it as its daily intellectual food, mediocrity holds it up to our admiration, and mediocrity has given it to the world; and, as mediocrity everywhere means the immense majority of educated people, it is very easy to understand its ephemeral popularity. After a little time the judgment of the

few wise prevails; favorites of fashion, like Southey and Ponsard, sink into merited obscurity, and once more the Byrons and Mussets shine brightly forth in the firmament as lights whose glory had for some moments been overclouded by the envy of the intellectual *tiers-état*.

This literature of mediocrity has nowhere been more generally or more widely cultivated than in France under the Second Empire. Nor need this surprise us if we consider that in no nation does intellectual mediocrity veil itself with more skill than in that which has always sacrificed *estre* to *paraître*. *Nomina odiosa*; otherwise a whole tribe might be named of those who have mistaken their calling, and presented their country with the still-born offspring of their brain.

The authors of these most proper works are either professors who reside in the provinces and like to see their names mentioned in a Paris newspaper, or virtuous fathers who live in the capital and whose position compels them to produce a book about every three years. What they write are either moral dramas or poems, in which grammar, prosody, and morality are alike conscientiously respected; or correct novels which defend society by appeals to all the prejudices of respectability against the attacks dictated by the genius of a George Sand or a Balzac; or still oftener historical works and studies in literary history, in which Niebuhr and Augustin Thierry, Lessing, and Sainte-Beuve are informed what "healthy traditions" and "classical taste" really are, and in which dangerous innovations are opposed with earnest indignation. Sometimes, too, they are cut-and-dried review articles, in which a choice little piece of scandal in the life of a poet or in the chronicles of a court is dished up, that the virtuous author may have a text for a moral sermon.

Quoth a gentleman to himself, who is anxious to get into the *Institut*, or to see his name in the papers, or to have the red ribbon in his button-hole, or to be the object of pretty compliments at the *soirées*: "Well, I must write another book; only, what is the subject to be? *Voyons!* A work on Sannazaro or Roswitha? That has not been written yet. Better still, a study on Bossuet or on Pascal, considered as a critic? No; now I have it! Labourdonnaye's Indian expedition—that's the thing—something like Macaulay's 'Clive' or 'Warren Hastings.'" No sooner said than done. Our friend does not know any foreign language; he is ignorant of all the circumstances which precede, accompany, and follow the event he has chosen to describe. What of that? For what are encyclopædias intended, and catalogues, and translations? So he finds out what has

been written on the subject abroad; he has it translated, or at least extracts of it; he studies an original authority or two. And, sure enough, after a couple of years appears a neat octavo volume, correctly written, correctly printed, above all, correctly thought. The arrangement of the book leaves nothing to be desired; portraits, general observations, and dramatic descriptions are introduced and executed according to a certain infallible receipt; an irreproachable book has been produced; the well-to-do *bourgeois* buys it, has it bound, and places it in his library; the author, if he is a professor, receives a prize from the Academy; if he is a man of independent means, who has no excuse whatever for thus making the very printing-press cry out, he can not in the end miss having the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The process of manufacturing moral dramas and novels is exactly the same. The work ordinarily goes on very slowly, for the Muse smiles not on such a workman; and, though the trade is easy enough to learn, it takes time before the material is collected and pieced together. But when the work of a "conscientious poet" does appear, as happens every four years, great is the rejoicing in the land of Gath. The whole blessed nation feels a father's joy, as it beholds its own features in the virtuous hero and heroine, who leaves the object of his or her unlawful affection in the lurch and marries in the most proper way, after having set forth, through five acts or fifty chapters, the most proper scruples in most proper prose or verse. The author's friends, too, take care that the moral production reaches its address, and that the inhabitants of Philistia know of their good fortune. In fact, the "puffing" (*réclame*) begins as soon as the manuscript has gone to press. On the tacit understanding of receiving a like favor in his turn, each member of the society of literary freemasons praises up the new book, of course, without having read it. So general is the custom become, that even authors most worthy of respect find it perfectly natural and not in the least humiliating to ask all their literary acquaintances by letter or in person for a favorable notice of their books. Should any one be too proud to stoop to such a practice, he may be sure that his work, however meritorious it may be, will be buried in silence and neglect. As the unfortunate reviewer has his hands more than full if he has to serve all his friends, how can he find time to read and notice works with whose authors he is unacquainted? Impartial reviews or simple notices of new books, such as we meet with in Germany, are unknown in France. In fact, reviewing is without exception a matter between friend and friend; authors, at least the

second rate among them, form a sort of assurance company, and their mutual interest proves stronger than even religious or political party feeling.

This school of mediocrity, the name of whose disciples is legion, calls itself very complaisantly the *école du bon sens*, but it is not the good old French *bon sens à la Montaigne* and *à la Molière*, which, never a respecter of persons, pitilessly lashed the narrow ideas of propriety and the absurd susceptibilities of vanity. It is merely the *bon sens* of routine, in whose sight whatever is, is right and excellent, which will hurt no prejudices, and believes that to have an original opinion is a want of good taste, and to act independently an offense against propriety. The French, who have always been somewhat inclined to the abstract and absolute, have in fact succeeded in carrying out their logic in the "modern state"; they have realized the rationalistic ideal, and, consequently, are in their own opinion living in the best of all possible worlds. It matters not that this ideal, like their boasted liberty, equality, and justice, is only realized in the external forms, not in the actual relations of life. The French even in their best times have never troubled themselves over-much about the agreement between fact and word, and we can hardly expect them in their present condition greatly to concern themselves as to whether the whole of their "modern state" may not be an unreality. It is enough that French state institutions, French society, and French taste, are based on indisputable abstract principles. Ergo, state institutions, society, and taste, are also indisputably right and good. "Ha!—

" 'Tu non credesti ch' io loico fossi,' "

might the most dangerous of all evil spirits, the Pride of the Understanding, cry out like his colleague in Dante's "Inferno," *

Besides that division of the dull literature which is proper and moralizes, there is another species of it which is improper and does not

trouble itself at all about morality. It was developed under the Second Empire, and may be distinguished into two closely related schools—the Realists and the "Formists," if I may use the expression. The "Formists" are quite indifferent about the substance or matter; poetry like good prose is, they hold, a music, which has to charm the ear. The "*facture*" of the verse (to use the technical expression) is the great thing; all else is of quite secondary importance. Full rhymes, new and unexpected expressions and turns, and an easy flow of language are the alpha and omega of poetic art. Thought and feeling go for nothing. On the other hand, the sensible objects of the external world are made to stand out in a strong, clear light; whether it be a human face or an old chair is a matter of complete indifference. For it is sensuous charm which gives an object artistic value, whether it be a piece of heavy damask silk or a woman's rounded bosom. Morality is beside the question. Were Homer's gods, they ask, or Ariosto's heroes moral? And they think they have the poetic imagination of a Shakespeare or an Ariosto when, like Hoffmann or Brentano, they have tortured their poor brains into bringing forth some impossible caricatures.

The Realists generally choose uninteresting, immodest, often repulsive subjects, and gloat over detailed descriptions of the same. They think they have drawn a striking portrait and given a true picture of the times when they have painted with exactness silk stockings and leathern jack-boots, ruffs, and carbines, at the most a mustache besides, may be, some colored carpets and coverings to catch the eye—all of them the least essential and least interesting things in the world. The Dutch painters did so before, they say, and they only show thereby how entirely they fail to understand the theory of art for art's sake. Both schools, the Realist and Formalist, from Baudelaire to the Goncourts, from Lecomte de Lisle to Coppée, stand completely under the influence of Théophile Gautier, who was only just in time to belong to the great generation of 1830. A piece manufactured by this prophet of "art for art's sake," or by one of his best disciples, reminds us at first sight of the museum of the *Grüne Gewölbe* at Dresden—an image which no connected and harmonious work of art, but only a *mixtum compositum*, would suggest. But on closer inspection we find that we have not even isolated jewels before us, but badly colored bits of glass, and among them perhaps a couple of cheap pebbles, which the fellow has given himself an infinite deal of trouble to cut into a thousand facets. For these artists are for the most part poor, beggarly poor, and they try to imitate the rich by the false jewelry which they pick up in diction-

* As an example of the way in which sophisms and arguments merely consisting of brilliant points and sounding phrases have taken possession of even the best French mind, I may quote, besides Victor Hugo's "Misérahles," the whole of which rests on sophistry, a passage in his "Année Terrible" which invariably is much admired. The incendiary in the Commune, who is reproached with having set fire to the Louvre library, answers, *dans un vers bien amené*: "What else can you expect? *Je ne sais pas lire*." Now, every Frenchman knows that all the revolutionists, communists, and socialists without exception can read only too well, and have in fact for the most part been corrupted by what they read. *N'importe*; the expression is striking, effective; whether true or untrue is a matter of no consideration.

aries. Any one who is properly at home in his own language need not go so far in search of words, or give himself the trouble of coining new ones and galvanizing those that have been long dead into a poor semblance of life, nor need he misapply for his own purposes the terminology of the arts and sciences. True artists in language, like George Sand or Renan, find their living mother-tongue sufficient. Again, we are bored to death by the continual use of synonyms, and by the virtuoso's habit of spinning out a subject with fine expressions which all but degenerates into simple tautology. And the more insignificant and commonplace their subject is, so much the better. It is incredible what success these people with their mechanical polishing and technical contrivances have met with in a generation which is thirsting for what is real, and satisfies its desire on whatever comes to hand. To an uncorrupted taste this vapid literature is even more wearisome than offensive.

Happily France still produces, though in far less ample measure than forty or fifty years ago, a literature of real value, which is able to satisfy alike the dainty appetite of the æsthetic epicure and the healthy hunger of an uncorrupted palate. True, our generation can not boast of a first-rate historian like Augustin Thierry, of a delicate biographer like Sainte-Beuve, of a consummate artist like Mérimée, of an eloquent writer like George Sand, of a poet like Musset, or of an observer like Balzac; but in Renan and Taine, in Montégut and Scherer, in Prévost-Paradol and J. J. Weiss, in Flaubert and Augier, it possesses successors to them who command our admiration and respect.

It is only natural that a school of criticism should arise when the creative power of the nation seemed for a time at least exhausted. The strange thing is, that the reverse happened in Germany, where criticism preceded the great age of poetry. We are not now engaged in a history of literature, yet even in a sketch like the present it will not be out of place to point out how French criticism is a birth of this century. Founded by Villemain and brought to perfection by Sainte-Beuve, it received from the latter its peculiar psychological and biographical character. Its best and most delicate work has appeared within the last twenty years. A new and important element indeed in the intellectual life of the nation is this young branch of French literature, which combines Montégut's depth of thought, Renan's delicate taste and unsurpassed art, Taine's bold application of method and rich coloring, Sarcey's open-minded and unprejudiced judgment, and Scherer's thorough knowledge and honest endeavor to see things as they actually are. What these writers have produced

can not be too much studied in Germany. We had a right to look down somewhat contemptuously on the formal criticism of Bouhours and La Harpe, from the height of a culture which numbered Lessing among its founders, and was worthily continued in Schiller's philosophical criticism, Hegel's æsthetics, Schlegel's appreciative and appropriating talent, Gervinus's literary learning, and H. Hettner's masterful history of ideas; but that is no reason why we should forget that neither our own literature, nor the English, nor the Italian, can point to any works to compare with the literary and psychological studies of Sainte-Beuve.

Modern French criticism, as indeed all French literature, possesses another advantage over the German which does not receive due consideration. It takes up that wider, more liberal point of view of the man of the world, which is entirely wanting to German literature and German intellectual life, relegated as they have been for almost the last three hundred years to the universities, that is, to professors and small towns. With the exception of Lessing, Goethe, and Schopenhauer, there is hardly a writer of importance in the annals of our literary history who was not tutor or professor, or who had not at least taken part some time in his life in educational work. Lecture-rooms and libraries were the cradle of German culture, as English and French culture grew up among lawyers and politicians. The freedom and distinction which the latter thus gained are wanting to German literature, which has not yet succeeded in entirely getting rid of the atmosphere of the study, the pettiness of the school-room, the tastelessness and pedantry of the lecture-room, or the traces of the continuous struggle between the flights of idealism and the straitened circumstances of a narrow life. From the days of Montaigne and Montesquieu down to those of the Duc de Broglie and the Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire, the highest and most independent class has in France, as in England, considered it an honor to take an active part in the intellectual work of their country. But in Germany ever since the fall of the wealthy city patriciates and the independent nobles, that is, for three centuries, all intellectual activity has been left to pastors and professors. Whatever gain may thus have accrued to deep thought and earnest study has been at the expense of taste and largeness of view. The literary life of France, even in the decline which we have lived to see during the last thirty years, still retains in an eminent degree the open-mindedness, the liberal "*allure*," and the great traditions of better days.

Yet the chief merit of what remains of value amid the general decline of French literature

does not lie in these qualities. The French have always been distinguished for cleverness (*habileté*), and they possess it to such a degree that it almost amounts to genius. No nation can vie with them in works which only require talent. Though France has never produced, even in her best days, a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, she can boast of an undisputed superiority in mere technical skill. And this, like all the foregoing, applies to the fine arts as well as to literature. We need only compare the fashionable painters of France for the last fifty years with those of Germany and Italy. Where is the German artist who could rival Ary Scheffer in sentimental expression, Horace Vernet in "*furia*," Paul Delaroche in theatrical effect, Meissonier in exactness, Gérôme in effectiveness, or Regnaud in brilliancy of color? We are not speaking here of really great French painters like Delacroix, Ricard, or Decamps, any more than of those of the same order in Germany. The reader will be able to call to mind analogous examples in music, architecture, and sculpture, in which the French show the preëminence they always display when the task in hand is that of producing certain given effects by the application of technical methods (*procédés*). While, however, in the generation of 1830, a certain amount of individuality and idealism was still combined with talent and intelligence, in our days, that is, since about 1840, everything has been reduced to mechanical processes, which it must be allowed have been brought to perfection. Only let an artist have a success in the *Salon* with a new style, and in the following year will appear dozens of pictures in the same manner, executed with equal skill.*

Of course, neither a true critic nor an unbiased observer will be deceived by such works, but will at once feel their want of originality and idealism. Clever and tasteful as the imitation may be, they will be sure to miss two requisites—conviction and spontaneity. Art in France has degenerated into a mere trade. Most of those who paint or write are not conscious of any calling, but wish to make money or gain a position; and therefore they flatter and humor the public. Goethe once said, at the time when another golden age of French literature seemed to be dawning in Mérimée and Victor Hugo: "The French possess wit and understanding, but no depth and no self-devotion. . . . In their style, too, they are true to their general char-

acter. They are sociable by nature, therefore they never forget the public to whom they are speaking. They endeavor to be clear in order to convince their readers, and agreeable in order to please them." But since this judgment things have gone still further. French writers in our days do not trouble themselves to convince any one, for the simple reason that they have no convictions; they are not satisfied with being merely agreeable, but are ready to be anything else the public may wish—witty, obscene, extravagant, tragic, horrible, but (in the case of the best at least) never wanting in taste. Yet there is one thing wanting in every work, however technically perfect it may be, however well adapted to the stage, however attractively written, however witty and clever. It is not inspired by a thirst for truth, by an irresistible desire to express one's inmost nature and belief; it does not display the earnest unselfish endeavor which may frequently be traced in the most mediocre German scientific essay, the most insignificant German lyrical poem, the most awkward and tasteless German picture, although of late years German art and literature have also begun in their clumsy way to vie with French cleverness and to strive after money and success, instead of the satisfaction of the artist's conscience. All it shows is a desire to please, as a means of ministering to the author's personal vanity or personal enjoyment. Contemporary French literature shows how little can be effected by intelligence and technical skill alone; poetry, history, and philosophy—that is, all which rests on intuition or transcendentalism—can hardly be said to exist any longer. Novels and dramas, criticism and natural science, have alone survived the general exhaustion of the French mind; but the novel and the drama, as they have been handled by their two most able representatives under the Second Empire, can hardly be classed among the "*belles-lettres*." Gustave Flaubert's novels and the comedies of Dumas *filz* are really analyses of human nature in the dress of dialogue and narrative, and have more to do with natural science than with art. Flaubert's first work does indeed at times remind us of Balzac, but is destitute of his philosophical penetration and his poetical treatment.

For this very reason, however, the student of French life may gather a rich store of information from a short consideration of one of these classes of literature. As, however, the moral attitude and the method of construction always remain the same, the only difference being in the degree of talent, artistic sense, and taste therein displayed, we may be allowed to let drop our threefold division, and consider our subject in its general character.

* I may mention as instances, Cabanel's "*Venus*," Moreau's "*Sphinx*," Gérôme's "*Cæsar*," Hamon's "*Gods of Love*," Heilbuth's "*Roman Scenes*," Regnaud's "*Salomé*." In the year after they were exhibited, twenty pictures of the same character, and all good in their way, were to be seen in the *Salon*.

III.

"To write plays," said Goethe, "is a craft that has to be learned, and demands a talent which must come from nature." Now, who has more natural dramatic talent than a Frenchman, and where can the craft be better understood than in Paris?

In no age and in no country has line-and-rule art attained greater perfection than in France under the Second Empire, and in the particular department of the higher comedy, the *genre* peculiar to this period. In classic tragedy and the drama of intrigue, in melodrama and vaudeville, there was far more originality from 1815 to 1850 than from 1850 to 1870. Above all, the drama of intrigue was brought to rare perfection by the genius of Alexandre Dumas and the unfailing gayety of Scribe. Indeed, after returning to its sober senses in 1850, the repentant nation found it only too full of genius and gayety. It was about the time of the Revolution of February that national education, as systematized by the great Napoleon and the "Liberals," began really to bear fruit; for whatever inspired the least suspicion of genius, originality, independence, or imagination, had gradually come to stink in the nostrils of the "educated" public. As this public demanded a "*politique honnête et modérée*," ditto philosophy, and ditto history, so at the theatre it objected to seeing aught which transgressed the bounds of probability and propriety. Moreover, the world was grown virtuous; but, as it could not get on without just a taste of vice, "*les fournisseurs de S. M. le Public*" produced the required article, consisting of vicious virtue and virtuous vice, all within the bounds of everyday life and every-day commonplace ideas, untainted by imagination and sprinkled with timely exposition of social—not socialistic—questions.

The way had been already pointed out by Diderot in his "*Père de Famille*" and his "*Fils Naturel*"; Greuze's pictures supplied the illustrations; but both, notwithstanding false phrases and attitudes, retained the idealistic tendency of their century. Casimir Delavigne believed he was reviving the comedy of Molière when he wrote his "*École des Vieillards*," and he did but revive the *bourgeois* comedy and its prose. Of course he could not approach the creative genius of the poet who produced the characters of Arnolphe and Alceste; but, even when we compare his work with the skillful composition of Dumas *fils*, it seems to be so much rubbish. The first satisfactory model in this *genre* was the work of that amiable juggler Monsieur Scribe. "*Une Chaine*" is the first, and still one of the best, of the *hautes comédies* of the century. It turns on the favorite subject of the modern French the-

atre—the conflict between love and marriage. Balzac's "*Mercadet*," an imitation of the immortal "*Turcaret*" of Le Sage, was the first attempt to treat dramatically the other most popular theme of the time—the struggle of the *parvenu* with the social powers that be.

When writers who have real cleverness and a natural gift for light, sparkling dialogue set themselves the task of treating popular subjects and questions in an agreeable way, they will as a rule succeed far better than men of genius. They soon master the necessary technicalities, and they would not be Frenchmen if they did not know how to conceal the work of glue-pot and hammer. Take the hundreds of comedies which have been put on the stage in the last thirty years; in every one we find the same arrangement, the same personages, the same subject, the same views, and the same language. The only difference is in the degree of cleverness with which the receipt has been followed. The same cookery-book is always used, only the cooks are more or less skilled, and no one is tolerated who does not respect the authority of a Soyer. Now, everybody knows that *On naît rôtisseur, mais on devient cuisinier*; but who cares for the *rôtisseur* save on high festivals? However ("not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, roaming it thus"), let us look through the cookery-book, if it is agreeable to my readers.

The subjects of modern comedy are always taken out of the real life of the present. The play either turns on the conflict between the new and the old society, or between passion and social law, or often both are interlaced in one plot. Nothing can convince either authors or public that these conflicts are not new; in their eyes they date from the French Revolution, that new era of humanity, which, if we are to believe the French, has completely transformed human nature as well as all historical and social laws. The representative of the new society is either an *ingénieur*, who has raised himself by his own exertions, having—O incomparable glory!—come out top from the *École Polytechnique*, or he is a painter who has been decorated for his pictures in the last *Salon*. Of course, some writers emancipate themselves so far as to substitute a lawyer or officer for the *ingénieur*, though most characteristically never a professor or doctor, and sometimes, though rarely, a sculptor or poet for the painter. The old society, the society of prejudices, is represented either by a *marquis*, who is unconscious that such a thing as modern history exists, and who wishes to reestablish the system of tithes and gavel-work, a type nowhere to be found in actual life; or it is represented by a *nouveau riche*, who looks on all artists as *Bohemians*, and dreams of nothing but a red ribbon

for himself and a title for his daughter—a type to be met with at every step. So far the new comedy is but the expression of the national character and of the society and manners of the time. The first object of the modern Frenchman in art and literature, as in legislation, is to deny or veil the social inequalities which do as a fact exist; hence on the stage he must be made to attain that which he never does attain, or even strive after, in actual life—admission into a higher social stratum. On this goal he keeps his eye fixed as the grand reward of all his exertions—an unconscious and effective contradiction of the democratic reflections with which such pieces are copiously strewed.

Tirade plays, as of old, a great part in the new comedy. The *pour et contre* are argued in easy prose, just as Corneille's Auguste and Cinna argued in splendid verse. The language is always clear, witty, and flowing, but dry and colorless; the dialogue is, when not hampered by tirade, natural, vivacious, witty, and full of that old French grace, which yet never grows old, and which for three centuries Europe has never wearied of admiring. The construction (*charpente*) is, if possible, even more according to rule and line, and more artificial, than the delineation of the characters; everything being prescribed accurately—the reasons for which the personages appear on or disappear from the scene, the concentration of interest in the fourth act, the duel, the hide-and-seek, the recognition, the narrative of the "confident," and so forth. An extraordinary exercise of artistic power is therefore required to make a play seem new and imaginative, to keep up the attention, and by the interest of the plot to enliven the triteness of the subject and the monotony of the tirades. All, even the best authors, have recourse in the end to conversion, to complete change of character—a most striking illustration of the French conception of human nature. A Macbeth, a Hamlet, never change; to Shakespeare his hero's actions are his hero's character; to Schiller "a man's deeds are as the fruit of a tree; they must be what they are; no sport of chance can change them. When we know a man's inner nature, we know what he will and how he will act." Not so the Frenchman, for whom the freedom of the will is an indisputable dogma, and who takes a very different view of the matter; to him it seems only natural for the hero of a play to change his nature and habits in the twinkling of an eye, and to be suddenly converted from a gambler and libertine into a faithful husband and conscientious father.

This point of view is most characteristic of the second category of the new comedy, which deals with the question of marriage. Here we

have a man who is in love and lives with his mistress, until at last the desire to found a home of his own, to know a father's joys, to take up a position in society, in short, to live like other people, alienates him from the object of his affections, and induces him to make a *mariage de raison* with some ignorant little goose of a *bourgeoise*. There are variations in abundance on this theme, but "the good triumphs," as in the Æschylean chorus—the "good," of course, being social propriety. In fact, affection is always sacrificed to the worldly advantages of a comfortable establishment, and this is called morality and duty. The *dramatis personæ* are, firstly, a woman of middle age, who is either unhappy and passionately in love, or else a heartless coquette. (It is all one, according to the moral ideas of French society; in the eyes of almost every Frenchman who has read his Goethe, Egmont's Clärchen is simply a courtesan.) Next, a young count, who is surfeited with too much wild living and thirsts for domestic peace; also a husband, who figures as a tragical character. (The modern French think the laughable cuckold of Greek comedy, of Boccaccio, Shakespeare, La Fontaine, Molière, and Musset, is "played out," and have invented the tearful cuckold, a tedious personage, and by no means a happy invention.) Last, but not least, a Desgenais. Poor Musset is responsible for having created this maudlin type in his "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle." Desgenais is a gentlemanly *roué* who preaches morality, and it is easy to imagine what kind of morality. He has seen the world, so far as it is represented by cards, courtesans, and champagne, and has at last discovered, though too late for himself, that it would have been better if he had kept to the beaten track, and married in good time some girl just fresh from school. But it is not too late to give a young friend the benefit of his experiences. He must be brought back ere it be too late, and at any price, from the downward path into the high-road of respectability. A touching appeal is made to the young man in the name of utility and enlightened selfishness. For in such a world who would expect to hear of justice and generosity?

As the writer of such pieces lives in Paris, and in the least scrupulous company to be found in Paris, he naturally can not depict the morality and circumstances of life of the most estimable portion of Parisian society, and, as I remarked before, it would not be just to France to draw general conclusions from his descriptions as to the general conditions of the country; but as the author in the days of his youth, at home or at school, in the provinces or in Paris, has assimilated the moral ideas of his nation, it is quite

allowable to represent his moral judgment as that of modern France. We see, then, that while the unhealthy state of society which is represented in the new comedy is quite exceptional, it is dealt with in the light of generally recognized moral principles. Hence the whole of this literature is doubly unsound and twice removed from the truth. But, as it is not only lacking in healthiness and truthfulness, but also, for the most part, in imagination, poetry, and

gayety, it is quite impossible that it should outlast the passing fashion. The higher comedy of the Second Empire will share the fate of its poetry and novels: in twenty years less will be heard of it than is now heard of the novels of D'Urfé and Mademoiselle Scudéry after two centuries.*

KARL HILLEBRAND (*from his "The French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century"*).

BYRON, GOETHE, AND MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has lately published an essay upon Lord Byron which has surprised, not merely the students of Byron, but the students of Mr. Matthew Arnold himself. His theory about Byron is, that Byron is neither artist nor thinker—that "he has no light, can not lead us from the past to the future; . . . the moment he reflects, he is a child; . . . as a poet he has no fine and exact sense for word and structure and rhythm; he has not the artist's nature and gifts." The excellence of Byron, according to Mr. Arnold, mainly consists in his "sincerity and strength"; in his rhetorical power; in his "irreconcilable revolt and battle" against the political and social order of things in which he lived. "Byron threw himself upon poetry as his organ, and in poetry his topics were not 'Queen Mab,' and 'The Witch of Atlas,' and 'The Sensitive-Plant'—they were the upholders of the old order, George III, and Lord Castle-reagh, and the Duke of Wellington, and Southey, and they were the canterers and trampers of the great world, and they were his enemies, and himself."

I do not propose to discuss here at any length what is the value of Mr. Arnold's estimate of Byron. Byron can take care of himself; and Mr. Arnold does not increase our disposition to depend upon him, when we find him saying that probably Shelley's "Essays and Letters" "will resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry!"

Mr. Arnold, however, appeals to Goethe as an authority for the position to which Byron is reduced, and it is important that the English people should not suppose that Goethe did not know Byron's true worth. I have therefore collected some of the principal criticisms upon Byron which I can find in Goethe's works. The text upon which Mr. Arnold enlarges, is the remark

just quoted which Goethe made about Byron to Eckermann: "*so bald er reflectirt ist er ein Kind*"—as soon as he reflects he is a child.

Goethe, it is true, did say this; but everything in the interpretation of the saying depends upon the context, which Mr. Arnold omits. I give the whole passage, quoting from Oxenford's translation of the "Eckermann Conversations," vol. i, p. 198:

"'Lord Byron,' said Eckermann, 'is no wiser when he takes "Faust" to pieces and thinks you found one thing here, the other there.' 'The greater part of those fine things cited by Lord Byron,' Goethe replied, 'I have never read; much less did I think of them when I was writing "Faust." But Lord Byron is only great as a poet; as soon as he reflects he is a child. He knows not how to help himself against the stupid attacks of the same kind made upon him by his own countrymen. He ought to have expressed himself more strongly against them. "What is there is mine," he should have said, "and whether I got it from a book or from life is of no consequence; the only point is, whether I have made a right use of it." Walter Scott used a scene from my "Egmont," and he had a right to do so; and, because he did it well, he deserves praise.'"

Surely, it can not be said upon the strength of an observation of this kind, that Goethe be-

* Of course we are only speaking here of the large majority. It is probable that some few pieces, like the "Marquis de la Seiglière" or the "Gendre de M. Poirier," will keep their place on the stage by the side of Marivaux's "Fausses Confidences" or "Jeux de l'Amour et du Hasard," simply because they are farthest removed from the type in vogue, and approach most nearly to the French drama of intrigue as brought to perfection by Scribe and Dumas père. The real types of the higher comedy which we have endeavored to characterize, even the most successful, such as Ponsard's "L'Honneur et l'Argent" and Dumas fils' "Demi-Monde," are already becoming antiquated.

lieved that Byron was unable to reflect in that wide sense in which Mr. Arnold interprets the word. What Goethe did believe about Byron we shall see presently.

We will, in the first place, continue the quotations from the "Eckermann":

"We see how the inadequate dogmas of the Church work upon a free mind like Byron's, and how by such a piece ('Cain') he struggles to get rid of a doctrine which has been forced upon him" (vol. i, p. 129).

"The world to him was transparent, and he could paint by way of anticipation" (vol. i, p. 140).

"That which I call invention I never saw in any one in the world to a greater degree than in him" (vol. i, p. 205).

"Lord Byron is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great talent. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, his talent is incommensurable. All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection properly so called; distractions and party-spirit will not permit them to perfect themselves in quiet. But they are great as practical men. Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account his maxims in general are not successful. But where he will create, he always succeeds; and we may truly say that, with him, inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing, and then everything that came from the man, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it, or knowing how it was done. He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is as great as Shakespeare. But, as a pure individuality, Shakespeare is his superior" (vol. i, p. 209).

We see now more distinctly what Goethe means by "reflection." It is the maxim-forming faculty; the faculty of self-separation, or conscious *consideration*, a faculty which would have enabled Byron, as it enabled Goethe, to reply successfully to a charge of plagiarism. It is not the faculty of thought in its widest sense, nor of creation, and it is not much concerned with the production of poems of the highest order—the poems, that is to say, which are written, as it were, by the impersonal thought.

But again:

"The English may think of Byron as they please; but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater" (vol. i, p. 290).

This passage is one which Mr. Arnold quotes, and he strives to diminish its importance by trans-

lating *der ihm zu vergleichen wäre* by "who is his parallel," and maintains that Goethe "was not so much thinking of the strict rank, as poetry, of Byron's production; he was thinking of that wonderful personality of Byron which so enters into his poetry." It is just possible; but, if Goethe did think this, he used words which must have misled any ordinary human being, and, if the phrase *der ihm zu vergleichen wäre* simply indicates parallelism, it loses all its point, for in that sense it might have been applied to the worst poet living.

"I have read once more Byron's 'Deformed Transformed,' and must say that to me his talent appears greater than ever. His devil was suggested by my 'Mephistopheles'; but it is no imitation—it is thoroughly new and original; close, genuine, and spirited. There are no weak passages—not a place where you could put the head of a pin, where you do not find *invention and thought* [italics mine]. Were it not for his hypochondriacal negative turn, he would be as great as Shakespeare and the ancients" (vol. i, p. 294).

Eckermann expressed his surprise, and Mr. Arnold will probably express surprise at being reminded of this passage: "Yes," said Goethe, "you may believe me, I have studied him anew, and am confirmed in this opinion." The position which Byron occupies in the second part of "Faust" is well known. Eckermann talked to Goethe about it, and Goethe said, "I could not make use of any man as the representative of the modern poetical era except him, who undoubtedly is to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century." Mr. Arnold translates this word "genius" by "talent." The word in the original is *talent*, and I will not dispute with so accomplished a German scholar as Mr. Arnold as to what is the precise meaning of *talent*. In both the English translations of Eckermann the word is rendered "genius," and after the comparison between Byron, Shakespeare, and the ancients just quoted, we can hardly admit that Goethe meant to distinguish scientifically between the two orders of intellect and to assign the lower to Byron.

But, last of all, I will translate Goethe's criticism upon "Cain." So far as I know, it has not yet appeared in English. It is to be found in the Stuttgart and Tübingen edition of Goethe, 1840, vol. xxxiii, p. 157. Some portions which are immaterial I have omitted:

"After I had listened to the strangest things about this work for almost a year, I at last took it myself in hand, and it excited in me astonishment and admiration; an effect which will produce in the mind which is pure and susceptible, everything good, beautiful, and great. . . . The poet who, surpassing

the limit of all our conceptions, has penetrated with burning spiritual vision the past and present, and consequently the future, has now subdued new regions under his limitless talent, but what he will accomplish therein can be predicted by no human being. His procedure, however, we can nevertheless in a measure more closely determine. He adheres to the letter of the Biblical tradition, for he allows the first pair of human beings to exchange their original purity and innocence for a guilt mysterious in its origin; the punishment which is its consequence descending upon all posterity. The monstrous burden of such an event he lays upon the shoulders of Cain as the representative of a sullen humanity, plunged for no fault of its own into the depths of misery.

"To this primal son of man bowed down and heavily burdened, death, which as yet he has not seen, is an especial trouble; and although he may desire the end of his present distress, it seems still more hateful to exchange it for a condition altogether unknown. Hence we already see that the full weight of a dogmatic system, explaining, mediating, yet always in conflict with itself, just as it still for ever occupies us, was imposed on the first miserable son of man. These contradictions, which are not strange to human nature, oscillated to and fro in his mind, and could not be brought to rest, either through the divinely-given gentleness of his father and brother, or the loving and alleviating coöperation of his sister-wife. In order to sharpen them to the point of impossibility of endurance, Satan comes upon the scene, a mighty and misleading spirit, who begins by unsettling him morally, and then conducts him miraculously through all worlds, causing him to see the past as overwhelmingly vast, the present as small and of no account, and the future as full of foreboding and void of consolation.

"So he turns back to his own family, more excited, but not worse than before; and finding in the family circle everything as he has left it, the urgency of Abel, who wishes to make him offer a sacrifice, becomes altogether insupportable. More say we not, excepting that the motivation of the scene in which Abel perishes is of the rarest excellence, and what follows is equally great and priceless. There now lies Abel! That now is death of which there was so much speech, and man knows about it as little as he, did before.

"We must not forget that through the whole piece there runs a kind of presentiment of a Saviour, so that the poet at this point, as well as in all others, has known how to bring himself near to the ideas by which we explain things, and to our modes of faith.

"Of the scene with the parents, in which Eve at last curses the speechless Cain, which our western neighbor lifts into such striking prominence, there remains nothing more for us to say: we have to approach the conclusion with astonishment and reverence.

"With regard to this conclusion, an intelligent and fair friend, related to us through esteem for

Byron, has asserted that everything religious and moral in the world was put into the last three words of the piece."*

One more quotation. It is about "Manfred," and is to be found in vol. xxxiii, p. 153:

"A wonderful phenomenon, and one touching me closely, was the tragedy of 'Manfred' by Byron. This strange poet, rich in ideas, has taken up my 'Faust' into himself, and has sucked therefrom the strangest nourishment. He has made use in his own way of the motives which serve his own ends, so that nothing remains the same, and for that very reason I can not sufficiently be astonished at his intellect."

We have now heard enough from Goethe to prove that the very limited interpretation placed by Mr. Arnold upon a single expression can not be accepted as a full account of what Goethe thought about Byron. It is to be observed that Goethe was an old man when he read Byron, and this gives a peculiar value to his utterances. They are not the outpourings of a youth overcome by Mr. Arnold's "vogue." They are the convictions of a gray-headed and singularly self-possessed man of the world, who had passed the usual limit of life, and had seen many things; a man, too, of so rare sagacity in the discernment of character, that it became almost divination, as, for example, it did in the case of Carlyle.

Many persons will be inclined to think that Goethe, so far from putting Byron on a lower level than that usually assigned to him, has overpraised him, and will question the justice of the "burning spiritual vision" which the great German believed the great Englishman to possess. But let us read "Cain"; let us consider what Goethe call its "motivation"; let us reflect on the incident and meaning added to the legend; on the exploration of the universe with Lucifer for a guide; on its result; on the mode in which the death of Abel is reached; on the doom of Cain—the limitless wilderness henceforth and no rest; on the fidelity of Adah, who, with the true instinct of love, separates between the man and the crime; let us ponder on the majesty of the principal character, Cain himself, who stands before us as the representative of the insurgence of the human intellect, embodying it so consummately that, if we know him, we know a whole literature; let us brood over all this, and we shall say that Goethe has not exaggerated. It is the same with the rest of Byron's dramas. Over and above the beauty of detached passages, there is in each one of them a large and universal

* *Adah.* Peace be with him (Abel).
Cain. But with me!

moral, or rather moral within moral, precisely the same for no reader, but none the less certain, and as inexhaustible as Nature. This is one reason why the wisdom of a selection from Byron is so doubtful. The worth of "Cain," of "Sardanapalus," of "Manfred," of "Marino Faliero," is the worth of an outlook over the sea; and we can not take a sample of the scene from a cliff by putting a pint of water into a bottle. But then Byron's critics and the compilers tell us of failures, which ought not to survive, and that we are doing a kindness to him if we suppress these and exhibit him at his best. No man who seriously cares for his subject can hold such a theory as this. He will want to know Byron, the whole of him, in all what is called his weakness as well as in what is called his strength; for the one is not intelligible without the other. A human being is an indivisible unity, and his weakness *is* his strength, and his strength *is* his weakness. Both are significant and important.

It is not my object in this paper to justify what Mr. Arnold calls the Byronic "superstition." I hope I could justify a good part of it, but this is not the opportunity. I can not resist, however, saying a word by way of conclusion on the manner in which Byron has fulfilled what seems to me one of the chief offices of the poet. Mr. Arnold, although the very center of his dissatisfaction with Byron is that he "can not reflect," would probably in another mood admit that "reflections" are not what we demand of the poet. We do not ask of him a rhymed book of proverbs. He should rather be the articulation of what in Nature is great but inarticulate. In him the thunder, the sea, the peace of morning, the joy of youth, the calm of old age, the rush of passion, should find words, and men through him become aware of the unrecognized wealth of existence. This is the mystery of art. A man with great susceptibilities may all his life long fail to understand something which lies at his feet, or properly to value it, until it has been held up before him in verse or in color. Byron had the power above most poets of acting as a kind of tongue to Nature. His descriptions are on everybody's lips, and it is superfluous to quote them. He painted things not as if they were outside him, but with that sympathy which makes the difference between a dead and a living language. The woods, the wilds, the waters of Nature are to him

capacity for great sympathies, is equally marked when he tries his hand with portraits of men or women. He is able to pass into their very soul and essence, and thereby he makes them speak to us. Witness, for example, the girl in "The Island":

"The sunborn blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darkened wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave,
Such was this daughter of the southern seas,
Herself a billow in her energies.

Her smiles and tears had passed, as light winds
pass
O'er lakes to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
*Whose depths unsearched, and fountains from the
hill,
Restore their surface, in itself so still."*

Passages like these might be quoted without end from Byron, and they explain why he is and must for ever be among the immortals. The root of his excellence is the immense elemental force which dwelt in him, something which could answer the elements without him, a deep below to which the deep above could call, deep answering to deep. He may have been careless in expression; he may have been a barbarian and not a *εὐφύης*, as Mr. Matthew Arnold affirms, but he was *great*, and consequently vibrated to what was great. We can hardly say anything truer of him. He was a mass of living energy, and it is this which makes him so perpetually attractive and sanative too. For energy, power, is the one thing after which we pine, especially in a sickly age. We do not want carefully-constructed poems of mosaic, self-possessed and self-conscious. Force is what we need and what will heal us. In so far as it is force, it is the true morality, the true beauty, and the only revelation. It is the magnificent force in Byron which makes the accusation of affectation and posing, which is brought against him, so strange. All that is meant by affectation and posing was a mere surface trick. The real man, Byron, and his poems are perfectly unconscious, as unconscious as the wind. Therefore he is infinitely precious. The books which have lived and always will live have this unconsciousness in them, and what is manufactured, self-centered, and self-contemplative will perish. The world's literature is the work of men, who, to use Byron's own words—

"... the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence."

"Strip off this fond and false identity";

It would be difficult, surely, notwithstanding Byron's inability to reflect, to match these lines in their philosophic depth with any others in our language. His poetic success, springing from a

who are lost in their object, who write because they can not help it, imperfectly or perfectly, as the case may be, and who do not sit down to fit in this thing and that thing from a commonplace

book. Many novelists there are who know their art better than Charlotte Brontë, but she, like Byron—and there are more points of resemblance between them than might at first be supposed—is imperishable because she speaks under overwhelming pressure, self-annihilated, we may say, while the spirit breathes through her. The Byron “vogue” will never pass so long as men and

women are men and women. Mr. Arnold and the critics may remind us of his imperfections of form, but they are nothing more than the flaws of a mountain, and Goethe will be right after all, for not since Shakespeare have we had any one *der ihm zu vergleichen wäre*.

W. HALE WHITE (*Contemporary Review*).

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

I.

HAVE you ever met with a Spanish *savant*? Well, I admit the species is rare, but I knew one in Manila. His name was Don Inigo Azaola, and, in all my journeying through the different parts of the world, no more amiable a fellow has ever crossed my path. The name Azaola has been perpetuated in science by our countryman Meyen; but the splendid man who was attached to it has been sleeping these sixteen years on the Campo Santo of Manila.

It is twenty-six years now since I happened—no matter for what object—into Manila, a place which even now has many peculiarities, but which at that time bore a much more characteristic impress of the mixture of Asiatic and old Spanish customs which a more lively intercourse with other nations has since somewhat worn away, but by no means altogether effaced.

I dabbled in botany a little at that time, and old Don Inigo, who, with his scientific inclinations, stood somewhat isolated among the good people of Manila, was charmed to have found in me some one who, like himself, could grow enthusiastic over things upon which his countrymen looked down with sovereign contempt. He considered me entirely in the light of a plant, insisted that he had discovered me, and claimed the right, as discoverer, of disturbing at will my matutinal slumbers for purposes of botanical excursions, and appropriating my evenings for social intercourse.

Don Inigo had a deal, a great deal of leisure, for he was wealthy. I, as physician newly arrived and little known, had still more time, and so we were excellently suited to each other. Don Inigo was old—when a young man he had known Humboldt in Mexico—was an incorrigible free-thinker, and a hardened Jacobin; I was young, a socialist, and emancipation-mad in different directions. In the glorious year of 1848 I had been guilty of all sorts of misdemeanors, looked

upon myself as a very dangerous kind of person—since the windows of the Minister of my special Fatherland had been smashed with my coöperation—and, exalted by this proud consciousness, played the wandering conspirator. It was a character-mask which in those times served to cover many a dubious past, in foreign lands, giving place, gradually, in 1866, to the fleeing duelist count, and disappearing from the stage entirely about 1870, surviving only as reminiscence of some queer original.

Don Inigo, too, raised claims, and with a greater show of right, to the predicate of conspirator. He had formerly, as so-called liberal, languished in different Spanish dungeons, which, however, according to his description, were not nearly so uncomfortable as they are cried down to be in the yellow-covered literature of Inquisition romance; and presented neither the conventional foreground of gloating rack-attendants and inhuman jailers, nor unusual facilities for the study of toads, lizards, and other batrachia. According to the undeviating law of the dime novel, Don Inigo, after his release—I meant to say “after his escape from the dungeon”—should have been stealthily watched day and night, and his every step haunted, by the masked minions of the dark powers, and the deeply disguised familiars of the Inquisition. Such, however, was not the case. After my old friend had been punished by imprisonment for participating in conspiracy and revolt against “the powers that be,” the only precaution used was to denude him of the influential position of *oidor* (a judge of the Court of Appeals) which he had held, and pension him off with full pay. Otherwise the place he held in the society of these colonies, with their quaint forms and customs, was not in the least affected by his somewhat tainted political past; and his open and outspoken political and religious heresies did not exclude him from the most friendly intercourse with those at the head of the government, and the clergy. He had abandoned his

attempts to translate his ideal views into Philippine reality, had, in a manner, sworn to keep the peace, and thus both Church and state were satisfied.

One must needs know, from experience, what old Spanish politeness means, to understand that a discussion of political questions is an impossibility in society. Don Inigo's views were always assented to, and would have been had they been ever so much more outrageous. It was different in the field of philosophy. There, according to his own confession, he fared badly with these padres so well trained in scholastics. In the twinkling of an eye they had checkmated him, and with a triumphant smile pushed the burning taper closer to him, to relight his cigar which had gone out in the heat of argument—certainly a very mild appliance of fire as compared to the stake and pyre of the middle ages. Don Inigo, however, discouraged by the "*distinguendum est*" of the reverend gentlemen, and wearied by the politely assenting "*¿cómo no?*" of the officials, found it truly refreshing to have met some one who held and expressed opinions which in many cases agreed with his own views. In reality there was but one point on which our ideas differed. As intimated before, I was a socialistic and international enthusiast, determined on rendering happy all the peoples of the earth, after one and the same formula, and with very little expense. The old gentleman was willing to let the socialist-republic pass, though as a large land-owner he might reasonably have raised some objections to it. Equality of the different races, however, seemed egregiously comical to this experienced and far-traveled functionary.

"*¡Malditos sean los Indios y toda la gente sin razon!*"—Cursed be the Indians and all people without reason!" (*gente sin razon* is the expression in the old law-codes of the Spanish colonies by which all the colored races together were designated) was his third word when speaking of the natives, for whose material welfare he exhibited the most lively concern, but whose mental capabilities he likened to those of a well-trained hunting-dog. The Chinaman, he argued quite seriously, was certainly more intelligent, which was proved by his being a much greater rascal; but, he added with a wise look, the Chinaman had no more a soul than the rest of the *gente sin razon*.

What Don Inigo meant by "soul" it was difficult to understand, as the old gentleman believed in no life beyond the grave. To a closer definition of ideas he would not condescend; of metaphysics he wanted to hear nothing at all, but put on a vexed face and said I talked just as the padres did—which comparison he by no means intended for a compliment. So we came to leave

the colored soul to itself, by tacit agreement, entering into the discussion of the subject from a different point—that of experience. Don Inigo maintained that disposition of mind was inherited as well as physical peculiarities; and in this he was undoubtedly correct. But he went further, and insisted that even what had been experienced, passed through, or acquired, would throw its lights and shadows over coming generations; that the range of thought and the aspirations of the progenitor were reproduced in the son and descendant—not only in general tendencies, but in special and definite forms.

It is an obscure subject, on which I have never been able to form a decided opinion. Perhaps some of my readers may remember some case which belongs to this category. I will relate an instance of this kind as I had it from Don Inigo's lips partly, and partly as I lived through it myself. What portion of it is to be set down to the account of a whimsical chance, and what portion deduced from a sort of psychical law of inheritance, I leave every one to determine for himself. I simply state the facts, leaving others to draw their conclusions.

II.

ONE fine morning, before sunrise, Don Inigo stood by my bed, to call me, according to his custom, for a drive, during which, from the carriage, we botanized, ethnologized, systematized, held counsel in regard to the welfare of the universe in general, and mended the world wherever we deemed it necessary. We drove down the street toward the ferry across the Passie, but turned before we reached the bank into a lonely side-path which wound along in the shadow of a bamboo-grove among the pillar-like trunks of this curious form of vegetation.

"Observe these trunks," said Don Inigo, "which, consisting of many slender shafts, strive upward together. Do they not resemble the fluted columns of our old churches in Europe? And now see how, high up, just beneath the roof of foliage, every stem separates from its neighbor, bends away from it, crossing the one standing opposite and forming a pointed arch, always at the same angle and just at the same height. How it all meets, blends together, and unites! Say for yourself, is it not Gothic architecture? But you were never in Spain."

I remarked to the old gentleman that in my German home, too, there were many remains of this architecture to be found.

"*Cómo no?*" returned Don Inigo; "we all descend from the Goths! The grandsons cut in stone what their ancestors in the north had thought and dreamed. *Hæc pro me militat*—" and now my old friend had mounted his hobby

and was spurring it bravely on over his theories of inherited ideas, experiences, and adventures. "Gothicity," migration of the soul, free-will doctrine, destiny, necessity, and Goodness only knows what else, went wildly careering around, and the reverend fathers would have heard with some surprise how the very pillars of the Church were used as props for the rankest heresy—as, for instance, the Indian lack of soul. With horror they would have heard it, and with deep displeasure; for the Church does not send missionaries out into the world to save souls where there are none. The Church is international, according to its inmost essence, knows neither superior nor inferior race, and for that reason is opposed to race-individuality—more particularly so to the Gothic, which, from the time of Arius down to the present day, has been noticeable for cross-grainedness and obstinate behavior,

But what did that matter to Don Inigo? He was in full trim to assert the most unheard-of things, when a turn in the road opened the view of a clearing where, in a desolate spot, a small chapel arose from the brushwood, surrounded by rank weeds and covered with trailing lianas. Here the old gentleman grew suddenly dejected, and fell into deep thought before we reached the open space. Arrived at the chapel, he alighted, asked me to wait, and disappeared inside the building.

Only the night before had Don Inigo expressed himself with indignation in regard to men who forget themselves so far as to attend church. It was unsuitable to the last degree, he said. The church was for women and Indians, and masculine visits there were an unjustifiable interference with the rights of others.

When the old gentleman reappeared under the dilapidated porch, he may have read some little astonishment expressed in my looks, for he thought it necessary to justify himself on account of his apparent inconsistency.

"You are surprised, my friend," he said. "What should I seek in so sacred a place? Let me tell you that in this spot I passed the most terrible hour of my whole life. A sad story—I will tell it some other time. Well, and what then? I said my prayers there just now: surely that is nothing wrong."

A prayer nothing wrong! What a singular position in matters of faith—first to pray, and then offer an excuse for having prayed!

"It was not for myself, however," he added, with real Spanish logic; "it was for the soul of a friend who was wedded to his love and death in the same hour."

For a few moments the old gentleman looked to one side as if interested in the dust-covered foliage by the way; then he drew his hand across

his forehead as if to brush away some sad memory, and finally roused himself to the proposition that we visit this very day his friend and instructor in botany, the Padre Blanco.

"You know his 'Flora of the Philippines'? At vespers I shall expect you on the Calzada; to-night we reach San Mateo, and I introduce you to the padre. In the morning you shall see the garden and herbarium."

III.

THE military band was playing on the Calzada. Under the canary-trees, whose long-drawn shadows were thrown far over the grass-grown slopes of the fortifications in the slanting rays of the setting sun, there moved along, in the different costumes prescribed to each by descent and social position, a gay throng of Chinese, Tagalos, and all those mixtures of European and Asiatic blood comprised under the name of "*hijos del pats*." Beside the half-naked Indian and *hijo del pats*—who, in a queer jumble of Indian and European fashion, wears the finely embroidered shirt outside of his elegant black trousers—stalks proudly along in black-cloth swallow-tail and tall silk hat a Chinaman whom a permit from the Government has given the right to *de tenerse por blanco*—to consider himself a white man—a sort of patent of nobility. For this the Asiatic will, every evening, force his protesting limbs into pantaloons with straps, and patent-leather boots, will wear a cravat and adorn his head with that implement of torture, the stove-pipe, very strikingly called a "screw" by the German sailor.

As contrast to the black-coated Chinaman with the European consciousness, a blonde youth, whose straw hat seems an organic continuation of his hair, saunters slowly and with dignity down the Calzada, robed, from the linen jacket to the canvas boots, in the color of innocence, and evidently considering himself an Asiatic, with the same right with which the Chinaman considers himself a European. The blonde youth is a new "importation," with which some German or English firm has favored its business-partner in Manila. It is to be seen at the first glance; the rosy cheeks are not yet blanched by the tropical sun, nor have they as yet yielded their virginal red to the tip of his nose. The young man still enjoys being clad like the ghost of a restaurant-cook; he mingles the Spanish and his native language with the little of the Tagalo he has learned, and says, with great self-consciousness, "We in Asia." His equipage is stopping under the trees; for a white man without a carriage and horses is not conceivable in Manila. In those few cases where such a freak of nature occurs, it is looked upon with a feeling composed of pity and abhor-

rence, and is strictly and conscientiously watched over by the Government as a social enormity.

A long train of equipages, more or less elegant, moves down the Calzada. Everything is European here—the brown charioteers, with a hat shaped like an inverted grain-measure, and the small horses with bushy manes, alone have a foreign look. The blonde youth, with his spotless white jacket and his respectful salutation, draws many a smile from the black-eyed ladies who drive by him. Here and there he exchanges a stealthy greeting with a yellow beauty, dressed in the gay-colored but becoming costume of the mestizo, who, with her long, blue-black hair brushed back from the shoulders, glides by him with the peculiar wavy gait of the Tagalos. Here a graceful form comes undulating along. From the round hips a short skirt of green-yellow-red-blue-violet is suspended. If this is not Tilotama,* the goddess of the rainbow, then it is surely a member of the *corps de ballet*. How else could she keep step so well to the notes of the polka just striking up, and at the same time manage, by the aid of her little toe, to prevent her gold-embroidered velvet slipper from deserting the point of her slender foot? If the blonde youth will but wait a few hours, he can see the nymph of the rainbow in the *ballet*: she will wear rose-colored shoes there; the skirt will not be so many-colored but much shorter, and the pretty yellow legs will be whitewashed with gypsum, in lieu of stockings.

And ever larger and more motley grows the throng, moving back and forth without noise or haste, and with the tranquillity and repose peculiar to the Asiatic race.

Suddenly, through the gay strains of the music sounds the clear tone of a bell, and instantaneously the music ceased in the midst of a measure, hats disappear in an ocean of uncovered heads, horses stop without drawing of the rein, the crowd of Indians, Chinese, mestizos, stand as by a sudden spell, and the murmur of a thousand prayers mingles with the shrill tones of the bell. Then the bell is hushed, the polka is taken up at the unfinished measure, straw-hat cylinder and Chinese funnel are restored to their place, horses step out again, and the throng, but now immovable in prayer, comes back to life and motion.

Don Inigo, too, covered his head and leaned back in the carriage. I am inquisitive by nature, and, as I had but a modest opinion of the old gentleman's piety, I could not resist the tempta-

tion of observing him narrowly during vesperevotions. The old gentleman held his eyes neither cast down in reverence nor devoutly raised to heaven, but had them fixed sidewise, in a sort of military "eyes left." I had noticed this form of devotion once before, in a Bavarian cornet, and in that instance, when I followed the looks of the hero, had discovered a very pretty girl in one of the pews. This time, too, my instinct for investigation was to find reward. It was a very lovely, I had almost said a touchingly beautiful, face, on which the eyes of my old friend were resting. Perhaps that was a coincidence of circumstances, and the situation itself had spiritualized her features and brought out their peculiar beauty: the face gently bowed in prayer, the statuesque repose, lighted up by the last rays of the evening's sun, reflecting, halo-like, from the rich, dark hair.

After having devoutly crossed herself she raised her head and looked around. I saw the full face now. It was not so handsome as it had seemed at first; the regularity of the features was marred by something strange—by the Indo-Chinese cast, which, no matter how becoming to some faces, does not agree with our European idea of beauty. And yet, upon closer scrutiny, it looked as if just this irregularity gave to the face its touchingly childlike character, the expression of maidenly meekness; and when her eyes, sweeping the face of my companion, brightened in friendly recognition, I was fain to confess that I had scarcely ever seen anything more graceful.

To my impertinent question, who the *Santa* was to whom he had just been paying devotion, Don Inigo replied, with more than usual seriousness:

"At my age we pray only *for* such saints—not *to* them. And I must tell you that she is the same of whom I thought this morning at the chapel. Her father was my friend. But turn your eyes in yonder direction—there is a beauty of a different style, and an heiress to boot. That pious child over there is as poor as a church-mouse, and finds a home at the house of her wealthy relatives. Now, which would you prefer, had you to choose, this mimosa here, or the peony yonder?"

"You call the proud beauty a peony? I know a more fitting name. She resembles one of those magnificent bell-flowers whose soft fragrance intoxicates the waking and strangles the sleeping. You remember the handsome tree, with its rich green foliage, by the wall of the cemetery at Binondoc, which, with its roots among mold and ruins, hid its trunk amid nightshade, Aaron's rod, and other deadly growths. You said it was a *datura*, not yet classified, with which much mischief is made among the Tagalos

* Tilotama, the nymph of Hindoo mythology, was created by Brahma from light-colored gems, to incite the giant-brothers Sundas and Upasundas to mutual dissension and murder. In her the Greek myths of Iris and Pandora are combined.

—its narcotic fruit compels love—the poisonous leaves serve revenge. To this datura I should liken yon weird beauty, who receives the homage of the gentleman at the carriage-door with such haughty repose, and has a smile for every passer-by, but a frown only for the carriage with the *Mimosa*.”

“The *Mimosa*,” Don Inigo explained, “is called *Doña María de Almería*. The frowns of the *Doña Constanca de Sala*—that is the name of your poison-plant—are not for the *Mimosa* alone, but are divided between that dear child and the spruce officer who is just approaching *Doña María* with a confidential greeting. Although born in Spain—otherwise he could not at the present time be an officer—he is a sort of cousin to the dear child, and, as I see with pleasure, make suse of his relationship on all occasions. However, *Doña Constanca* is not the only one who feels vexed with the handsome couple; her brother, Don José, seems to take still greater offense, for he loves *Doña María* and hates Don Federigo—just as his father loved *Doña María’s* mother and hated her father. It was a sad wedding.”

The old gentleman was silent for a few seconds, and then continued :

“The cousinship existing between *Doña María* and the young officer is from the father’s side, for he belongs to the same old Castilian family from which sprang the father of *Doña María*, poor Don Enrico. Don Enrico died the death of a rebel, by the bullet, and, mark you well, he was not the first of his race who had died in that manner. An hereditary fatality hangs over this wealthy family of ancient nobility, whose destinies are linked in many ways with the history of our country. See, my young friend, how in every particular my assertion is correct. Just as these two women are enamored of this young officer—”

“But, dear friend, you say yourself that this ancient family plays a part in the history of Spain. I fancy that explains sufficiently the manner of death of Don Enrico’s ancestors, and does not require mysterious fatalities and newly-discovered laws of nature to account for. And as for the play of sympathies or antipathies inherited by the descendants—you certainly do not mean to cite the influence of a gay uniform on the female mind as a proof of your theory of inheritances. The preference shown the gay warrior is so inherent in woman’s nature, that—”

I ceased ; for I read in the darkening expression of the old gentleman’s face that my contradiction displeased him. There was a pause in our conversation—one of those unpleasant pauses, in which we drop a theme by mutual consent, without having yet found another, be-

cause we are still silently engaged with the first. At last Don Inigo resumed. He pointed to the blonde youth, who, in a position more graceful than decorous, was leaning over *Doña Constanca’s* carriage-door and animatedly whispering with the handsome girl.

“Your countryman,” said Don Inigo, “seems to make dangerous progress in the good graces of our ladies. When I recall the blushing youth—how, in his fabulously tasteless dress-coat, and with ridiculously endless bows, he retreated into the farthest corners when any one wished to introduce him to a lady ; how, when the looks of a lady happened to fall on him, he dropped his eyes to the unheard-of vest-pattern which inclosed his beating heart, as if to see whether a hole had been burned into it—”

“Well—I should think *Doña Constanca* might accomplish that.”

“—When I thus recall your countryman, and observe now with what strategic talent he turns to account his blue eyes—how cunningly he understands showing off his youthful form to best advantage in the spotless white of his dress—then, yes, then I am proud of the adaptability of the Gothic race, to which we all belong.”

I expressed to the old gentleman my concern lest this Gothic adaptability might entangle my countryman in the same difficulties which, according to the old Spanish ballad, landed the Gothic King, Roderick, in the serpent-tower. Don Inigo coincided with me. There were serpent-towers in Manila, too, he opined ; among the worst of such would be a marriage with *Doña Constanca*. And this would be in store for the blonde youth as soon as *Doña Constanca* had abandoned all hope of Don Federigo.

“But,” the old gentleman interrupted himself, “if we intend to reach San Mateo before midnight, we have just time enough left for a light repeat.”

IV.

THE city of Manila, like most Indian cities, is a blending of different townships which sprang up around the fortified city proper, and including within its lines villages already there, so that a stranger can no longer recognize the limits. To the natives, however, each village grown into the city has still its own name, and, what is of more importance—as providing the good city of Manila with a string of merry feasts—each has its own intercessor in heaven.

I do not just remember now to what patron saint we were indebted for the holiday illumination of the suburban village through which the way led to San Mateo.

Dark masses of foliage heightened by contrast the effect of the illumination, and caused

the most wonderful lights and reflections, crowding here, like black clouds, from behind an irradiated garden-wall, and blazing yonder in golden gleams from out of night-dark surroundings. To the tune of gay dance-music, pious processions were passing along; all about us a merry crowd, a sea of light, decorated houses, festive sounds, and glad people, who, in the true sense of the word, were happy in their Lord, and paid their devotions in *fandango* measure.

And these people were pious; never a rough word was heard among them, never a threatening fist raised. Decorously and quietly, clasping each other's hands like children, they glided by, a pleasant smile of greeting on their dusky faces. No oath or cry of anger was heard in the rare intervals of the big drum; only the murmur of the good-natured crowd, rising and falling as the tide. Silently I compared these people, whose feast in the main resembled a German *Kirchweih* or Slavonian fair, with my northern countrymen, and saw in spirit the Slavo-Germanic cudgel-row which, according to ancient and time-honored custom, always forms the catastrophe of the fair.

I was just about to give these thoughts expression, when Don Inigo took the word and addressed me with a certain solemnity:

"My young friend, we have thus far discussed many different phases of human life; have bantered each other, and have sometimes contradicted by word where in heart we agreed. To-day, at the Calzada, you saw Doña María, also Doña Constancia and various other people whose relations to each other I intimated to you. You have seen me, Don Inigo Azaola, whom people call an infidel, going into the house of God, and would have convinced yourself, had you followed me, that, down on my knees, I really and truly prayed. This is the day, and now the hour, in which I mean to tell you the experiences of three days of my life and that of a friend."

The streets through which we now rode were growing lonely; dark tree-tops crowded in between houses from whose windows flashed the lights, and from whose interior vibrated the chords of the guitar. At last only faint, dying notes and single beats of the drum reached us, softened by the distance into a funeral march. And Don Inigo began:

"You will have noticed sufficiently that our Spanish Government does not relish that there should be too much known in Europe of its colonies; and so there are many things happening of which only the *Oficio de las Indias* in Madrid, but no common mortal, has cognizance. It is twenty-eight years now since news of the successful insurrection in South America reached

us here in the Philippines. Revolutions, as you must know as physician, are contagious, and conspiracies sometimes lie in the atmosphere; we inhale them, and wake up some fine morning as conspirator. You see, my young friend, there are causes for dissatisfaction to be found at all times and in all places. True, our material condition justified no revolt. Had there been real and absolute distress, then the undertaking of which I am about to tell you would have found support among the lower classes of society, and would have come to a different end. But in regard to our intellectual interests we were tyrannized over in a manner which, for those few who felt the degradation, was unbearable. That is—let me tell the truth—there were really very few of us; and even we felt not so much pain at the ignorance of our fellow-citizens as a not unpleasant itching, made up of anger with the short-sighted policy of the rulers, and the gratification of superior knowledge.

"I, as representative of the highest court of law, had probably the least grounds for joining the dissatisfied. But dissatisfied I was, for I was just then in my first period of transition, and that is the very time when man is inclined to commit the greatest follies."

I must insert here for a better understanding, that the old gentleman divided his life into three periods, the first of which was devoted to women, the second to the chase, and the third to science. To judge from some of his own expressions, the transition from the first phase to the second must have been exceedingly difficult, and only after a severe struggle had he resigned himself to the change. The second transition, from the chase to science, had appeared much easier, and Don Inigo insisted that he had gained by it.

The old gentleman continued:

"At that time there lived in Manila a Captain Don Enrico Velasquez de Almería."

"Was not the name of the Mimosa on the Calzada also Almería?" I interrupted.

"You are right. Don Enrico is the father of the dear girl, and was then a fine, fresh boy, still quite in the first period, although he sometimes helped me chase deer when he visited me at my *hacienda* near the Volcano of Tal. He had no time to spare for our conspiracy—he was in love over his ears with Doña Ines Sajon, the mother of your Mimosa.

"In reality, there was nothing to thwart the young couple, for Doña Ines was, if possible, more in love with the captain than he with her. Then, she had a nice fortune; he, on the other hand, had an ancient name and pure Castilian blood; and the relatives of the Doña, who would have had no power to oppose had they been in-

clined, were delighted with the prospect of so honorable a connection. There may have been many who grudged the heiress to the Castilian. Most of all it angered Don Carlos de Sala, a captain of the same regiment, although he was only a *hijo del país*. This term implies natives of pure Spanish blood, as you know; but out of politeness the name is also applied to mestizos. At that time those born on the island could still become officers.

"This De Sala was a gloomy, taciturn fellow, suspicious and easily offended; too diffident to gain love, but devilishly ready to hate. I never liked that kind of people; and for that reason it was anything but pleasant for me, when, one night, returning from a social party, where, as usual, Don Enrico had been admired and Don Carlos unnoticed, this De Sala accepted my young friend's invitation, entered our carriage and sent home his own. A German ship-captain, who in a rosy wine humor had during the entertainment made close friendship with Don Enrico, followed De Sala's example and also came with us. As I said before, Don Enrico was a harmless, kindly being, and, besides, just in the mood to clasp the whole world to his bosom. He had a sort of good-natured ridicule for the little weaknesses of his friends, which he turned to account in the most amiable manner for the entertainment of all—the victim included. After having rallied me on a hunting-adventure, during which he said my horse had shown more sense than myself, and was therefore better fitted to fill the place of *oidor* to his Catholic Majesty than his rider, he turned his merry railery against De Sala, and that was the beginning of the catastrophe that was to overwhelm so many: for I believe to this day that just then the purpose of a diabolic revenge took possession of De Sala's brain.

"On the whole, De Sala had no appreciation of pleasantries, least of all when perpetrated by a happy rival. However, he mastered his anger better than I had expected, although even the German captain, who had drunk a good deal, saw that De Sala was boiling with suppressed rage. Don Enrico insisted that, before the final 'good-night,' we should drink one more glass with him: out of the one glass grew two, and then three.

"It was just before the rainy season, and was oppressively sultry. I felt the blood mount to my head, and saw the cheeks of my young friend flushing; I looked into his mischief-sparkling eyes, and a dull foreboding of coming evil seized me—it was as though I heard the heavy step of Destiny. De Sala grew paler the more he drank. He had half closed his eyes, as if with weariness, but sat stiff and upright by the table, while the rest of us lounged in the Chinese rolling-chairs.

"'Now,' cried Don Enrico, 'fill the goblets once more and drink to the health of my lovely betrothed, Dona Ines de Sajon.' I sat opposite to De Sala, saw the lightning-flash that darted across his face, but directly after noticed his hand extended quietly across the table, and heard his gratulations expressed in a firm though forced voice. I wanted to break up the meeting now, and De Sala, too, moved his chair. It seemed to grow more difficult for him each moment to control his feelings, and he was evidently longing to be alone with himself. Then Don Enrico drew forth a crayon-sketch prepared by himself and representing Doña Ines. Good manners required that execution and resemblance of the sketch should be commented upon with a few words; and this we did, but De Sala in such exaggerated terms that Don Enrico, much moved, clasped him in his arms and vowed eternal friendship. 'Take the picture,' he cried in his mellow mood; 'I can well spare it, for soon the original will rest in my arms.' Had Don Enrico's eyes encountered those of De Sala, he must have recognized his real feelings toward him. This he could not, more's the pity, for in his tender embrace he looked over the shoulder of his false friend. At last I succeeded in bringing their vows of friendship to a close. But now began a never-ending leave-taking, under the influence of which the German drank one glass after the other. As we had sent the carriage away, we started home on foot—De Sala, the German, and I.

"For the first time I now noticed that your countryman had drunk too much. He was firm on his feet, but the nonsense he was producing in the shape of conversation could no longer be attributed to imperfect knowledge of our language. As we passed the *Cabildo* (city-hall) he picked up a stone, flung it into a window, and then wanted to kill himself laughing because he heard no jingling. He instantly apologized, not for his foolishness, but for having unaccountably forgotten that there were no glass windows in Manila. Then he began searching around entrance-doors for the bell-knobs, which, as a matter of course, were no more to be found than window-panes. As I feared—and, as the future proved, with sufficient cause—that he might become involved in difficulties, I offered, when our roads separated, to see him home. But hardly had I declared my intention, when the crazy fellow let go my arm and in long leaps sprang down the street—toward the bridge on the other side of which lay the residence of his consignor.

"Now, it could not suit me, an incipient conspirator, to come in contact with the police, more particularly in such a silly and needless matter—to say nothing of the impropriety of an *oidor* of his Majesty running after a drunken skipper.

The good citizens of Manila would have clasped their hands above their heads the next morning if my name had appeared among the nocturnal disturbers of the peace. So, with anything but a blessing, I allowed the fool to go, and went home.

"Next morning the rumor of a detected conspiracy ran around the city, and an unsuccessful *coup de main* was spoken of. It was said the conspirators had attempted to seize the bridge which connected the city with the fortress, had succeeded in hurling the sentry posted there into the river, but had been prevented from accomplishing their purpose by the courage and presence of mind of Captain de Sala, who had heard the clash of arms and call for help on his way home. At the first moment I thought of the German captain, who might well have had an encounter with a guard or patrol. But whence came De Sala, whom we had certainly accompanied to his quarters? My fellow-conspirators had surely not inaugurated this attempt, for I should have known of it. While I was pondering over the matter, a note was brought me which an unknown Tagalo had given to my servant. It read:

"'Save yourself! The authorities have the list of conspirators. Just now Captain Velasquez de Almeria, under guard, is passing my window.'

"The letter was signed '*Una amiga*.' The handwriting was not familiar to me. Our ladies write but little. When they *do* write, there is certainly danger. As far as my friend the young captain was concerned, there must have been some mistake made in his arrest, for if there was a person in the world a stranger to our conspiracy—or any other—it was our love-lorn Captain.

"After having studied the note once more, and passed in mental review the list of my lady acquaintances—at that time still somewhat portentous—without coming to any definite conclusion regarding it, I mounted my horse, and reached the open country without being noticed or arrested. Outside the city I met old Toason. Poor fellow! He died in prison. From him I learned that, incidental to the attempt frustrated by Captain de Sala, a paper had been found containing on one side a list of names—ours among the rest—and covered on the other by the crayon-drawing of the head of a young girl.

"I now knew pretty well what to look for. I had never trusted this De Sala, for he was a *hijo del país*. A genuine Spaniard would never have allowed his malice to betray him into dishonorable political sycophancy, or into accusing the innocent.

"The particulars I learned later. It was an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, the first link of which was forged when the drunken

German, challenged by the guard, could not call to mind the customary reply, '*Que buen amigo*,' and, the sentinel placing the bayonet on his breast, he made a pass at the stupid Indian and pitched him, sword and musket, into the water. The Indian, once in the water, blessed his lucky star and the nocturnal bath, swam to the other shore and escaped the same night to his native mountains, where he leads to the present day, in the midst of children and grandchildren, the philosophic life of one dead on the army register. De Sala, from his quarters, had heard the sentry's call for help, had found the bridge unguarded, and your countryman in the hands of a patrol, out of which he freed him on his own responsibility, and with the advice to take an early departure. The German acted on De Sala's advice; for, long before the preliminary examination of the witnesses had been gone through with, the captain was riding on the high-seas and there was no one left in Manila who could have explained the disappearance of the sentry from the bridge.

"As for myself, I separated from my friend Toason in Jalajala and, unmolested, reached my *hacienda* at the foot of the Volcano of Tal. Even at this day there is but little communication between the different parts of the island. A Chinese peddler or a runaway soldier is about the only stranger one sees in the country. At that time, however, one was as good as out of the world when a three days' journey from the city. When several weeks had passed, and nothing had been done against me, I imagined that the trial had been dropped and the whole affair was over. The rainy season was close upon us; I was afraid of becoming weather-bound; I dreaded the monotony of a longer life in my wilderness, and felt great longing for the city. This was to be gratified sooner than I expected.

"One evening, returning from a hunting-excursion, I found company in my room. It was Don Vicente, one of us, and alcalde of the district of Jalajala. As I did not know for the moment whether to set down this visit to the account of fellow-conspirator or the official, I greeted him as an old friend, and inquired for the news. But the confounded fellow, before all my Indians, drew forth a document and began reading a warrant for my arrest, while at the same time two companions appeared with him. Then my choler rose; I pointed my rifle at the alcalde's head, and asked if this were the Spanish Constitution? But the man was wiser than I. He remained perfectly calm, and only said:

"'I admit, Don Inigo Azaola, that I and my men are in your power and that of your Indians. But of what avail is that to you? Are you mad enough to declare war on the Queen of Spain,

or what else do you mean to do? Escape to the mountains? It is true you are safe there; but what will become of your *hacienda de Tal*, that of Calanan, and your estate in the city? Would you enter upon the heroic career of a *tulisan* (mountain-robber), creep about in forest and mountain, subsist by levying contributions on villages, or the ransom of prisoners, and eke out an existence that could hardly satisfy an Indian? All these avenues are open to you, and for this you need not shoot me. So, now, be sensible; make no further difficulty, but come quietly with me to the city. The suspicion which rests on you will only be augmented by resistance on your part, which, by-the-way, I shall not report.'

"The man was right. From words he let fall—evidently with design—I inferred that the trial would very likely lead to no result, and that the proceedings would be dropped as soon as it could be done with some show of decency. So I placed my rifle in the corner and myself at the disposal of the alcalde.

"Why weary you with the unrefreshing details of a trial for high-treason? Mexico and the South American colonies had shaken off the yoke, and were still battling for independence; and that things were doubtful with us the Government was well aware.

"This conspiracy—I speak of the real one, not the one which De Sala pretended to have discovered—had its ramifications through all classes of society, reaching up to the highest military and administrative circles. You may imagine what time was wasted in technical forms and judicial subtleties, to give the leaders of the conspiracy a chance to make their escape, lest by some indiscreet answer one were drawn into the proceedings, and a judge should suddenly become a defendant. Well—you have been a conspirator yourself, and you know that in trials of that kind the most insignificant and the really guiltless always fare the worst; for the innocent can betray nothing, and the insignificant are not missed."

I remarked to the old gentleman that I clearly understood the situation, and he continued:

"The actual conspirators were gently enough dealt with. After several mock-trials, during which everything except the main point was inquired into, we were convicted of suspicious remarks made in suspicious company to suspicious individuals, and were condemned to a sea-voyage to the Carolines, there to enjoy the hospitalities of the governor for a few years. In this manner we were put out of the way, and every one felt safe. The non-conspirators whose names were found on De Sala's register were treated all the more severely. Just because they knew nothing, they were harried from one trial to another, and they were still being tried when we, the real conspirators, had long served out our time of sentence. Poor Toason, who fled together with me at that time, and returned later to give himself up, in the consciousness of innocence, died while still awaiting his trial; whereas our sentence had been pronounced and everything got ready for transportation, after only a few short weeks of delay.

"Only one exception was made in this proceeding, and that was in favor, or rather to the detriment, of young Don Enrico. He was not punished by imprisonment, but, like myself and the rest, was sent into exile. I never could discover whether my friendship for him sufficed to make him suspected, or whether De Sala's influence had succeeded in driving the hated rival out of the country. But," Don Inigo interrupted himself, "yonder lies the convent. I had not thought that my story would reach from Manila to San Mateo. When we old people fall upon olden times, we never know when to stop."

With these words the old gentleman threw himself from his horse, intimated with the point of his foot, to the Indian who lay snoring across the threshold of the door, that he was wanted to wake up, and directly after caressed, with his riding-whip, a group consisting of two horses and an Indian moving away through the darkness.

H. H. BEHR.

(Conclusion next month.)

TWO THEORIES OF POETRY.

"Lively boys write to their ear and eye, and the cool reader finds nothing but sweet jingles in it. When they grow older they respect the argument."—EMERSON.

IT has often been asserted that poets are seldom good critics, that there is something so incongruous between the fervent imagination of the poetical spirit and the cool judgment of the critical that they are rarely to be found united in the same person. But against this assertion it may be said that critics, especially critics of poetry, fail more often from a deficiency of imagination than from a superfluity of it, and that the two finest critics of all time were both poets—Goethe and Coleridge. And at this day we have among us Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, as living proofs of the possibility of combining the two functions. Mr. Arnold's place at the head of English criticism is beyond dispute, his poetic fame is also well assured; but Mr. Swinburne, though his poetical gifts are acknowledged without stint, even by those who have the strongest antipathy to his school of poetry, and to much of the contents of his poems, is as yet hardly recognized as an accredited critic. His style bounds onward with a wild, ungovernable rush, instead of moving with the constrained and dignified paces befitting criticism; his thought is even less under control than his style, and his judgment, in the opinion of most cooler-headed persons, is not only liable to terrible aberrations strongly resembling hysteria, but on one subject is permanently unsettled. But, in spite of all this, much of his criticism is so sympathetic, so deep-sighted, and so just, that we readily forgive his occasional misses in favor of the genuine ring with which he now and again hits the mark. Every one who has read his "Study of Shakespeare," or his essays on Ford, or Byron, or Coleridge, must feel that he has many of the higher qualities of a critic of poetry. One quality, indeed, which is an un-failing sign of a good critic, he possesses in abundance, and that is a wide toleration, the capability of appreciating poetry of the most different tendency to his own. He is as enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Arnold as he is in praise of Shelley. It has been said of Goethe that, especially in his latter days, he praised the works of other writers with so little discrimination, that praise from him was tantamount to a brevet of incapacity. But whoever said so said a very foolish thing. Goethe may perhaps have erred on the side of praise, but it was an error on the right side. It is the business of a critic

to detect and make known to the world the good that is in a work, rather than the evil. The public are quick enough to find out the evil for themselves; it is the good that generally escapes them. The man whose sole activity consists in pulling to pieces a line here, or censuring an epithet there, now exposing a faulty rhyme, now turning up a loose construction, may be in an excellent way of earning his bread, but he has no more right to be called a critic than a weeder has to be called a gardener.

This largeness of sympathy characterizes Mr. Arnold no less than Mr. Swinburne. Whether it be Homer or Chaucer, Wordsworth or Byron, Gray or Burns, who is the subject of his criticism, he can appreciate and help others to appreciate, their very different excellences. But here all resemblance between our two poet-critics ceases. With the exception of this one quality that they have in common, their criticism is as far apart as the two poles, or as their own poetry. And nowhere have we a better opportunity of studying them side by side than in their respective introductions to the selections from Collins and Gray, in the third volume of "The English Poets." Each introduction is eminently characteristic of the writer. The essay on Collins starts breathlessly with a sentence of over a hundred words, which no one but Mr. Swinburne could have penned. The introduction to Gray begins with a quotation from a letter by Gray's friend, the master of Pembroke Hall, in which occur the words, "he never spoke out," and this is made the text of the criticism:

"He never spoke out. In these four words is contained the whole history of Gray, both as a man and as a poet. The words fell naturally and as it were by chance from their writer's pen; but let us dwell upon them and press into their meaning, for in following it we shall come to understand Gray."

One need read no further to recognize Mr. Arnold's hand.

Mr. Swinburne, in his second sentence, speaks of the "fatally foolish and uncritical fashion of coupling the name of Collins with that of Gray." But, whether the fashion be foolish or not, it is followed by both Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Arnold. It is interesting to compare their different verdicts. Mr. Swinburne, after praising Gray ungrudgingly as an elegiac poet, says that "it is

not a question which admits of debate at all, among men qualified to speak on such matters, that, as a lyric poet, Gray was not worthy to unloose the lachets of his (Collins's) shoes." But this is not decisive, for, as Mr. Swinburne says, "Whether a poem like Gray's 'Elegy' be not superior to the greatest work of a lyrist is another question." It is a question, however, which he himself has no hesitation in deciding in the negative, for he assures us that "the Muse gave birth to Collins; she did but give suck to Gray." Now turn to Mr. Arnold's essay. His final verdict on Gray is as follows: "Still, with whatever drawbacks, he is alone, or almost alone (for Collins has something of the like merit), in his age." On one point, then, it would seem that the two critics are agreed, and that is the immeasurable superiority of Gray and Collins to the other poets of their day. It is because of this superiority, because they stand as it were alone, that their names are so often coupled together. But my present object is to compare not Gray and Collins, but the theories of their respective advocates with regard to the functions and aims of poetry. In Mr. Arnold's essay we find the following passage:

"The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul. . . . The evolution of the poetry of our eighteenth century is intellectual; it proceeds by ratiocination, antithesis, ingenious terms and conceits. This poetry is often eloquent, and always, in the hands of such masters as Dryden and Pope, clever; but it does not take us much below the surface of things, it does not give us the emotion of seeing things in their truth and beauty. The language of genuine poetry, on the other hand, is the language of one composing with his eye on the object; its evolution is that of a thing which has been plunged in the poet's soul until it comes forth naturally and necessarily. This sort of evolution is infinitely simpler than the other, and infinitely more satisfying; the same thing is true of the genuine poetic language likewise. But they are both of them, also, infinitely harder of attainment; they come only from those who, as Emerson says, 'live from a great depth of soul.'"

This is all very true, and it is admirably put, but there is nothing in it, except the way of putting it, peculiar to Mr. Arnold. Mr. Swinburne would probably agree with every word. It is when Mr. Arnold speaks of Gray's high qualities of mind and soul, of his learning, his critical penetration, his excellent seriousness, his pathetic sentiment, his sportive humor, and sums up by saying that in these he had the equipment and endowment for the office of poet, it is here that we get at the center of Mr. Arnold's poetical

theory. To that excellent seriousness or *σπουδαιότης* which Mr. Arnold observes in Gray, we have already been introduced in the essay which forms the general introduction to "The English Poets." It is this quality, Mr. Arnold there tells us, that constitutes a classic, a poet of the very highest class; it is this quality that is so marked in Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare; that is wanting in Chaucer and Burns. Now, though I demur to the statement that Gray, by reason of his seriousness, is a poet of a higher class than Chaucer or Burns, I fully admit the general doctrine. That seriousness or earnestness, the inmost conviction that "man and nature and human life" are subjects not to be passed over with light mockery, but to be lovingly and reverently studied, is one of the highest poetical qualities, a quality without which no poet can attain the highest rank, is, I believe, a great and indisputable truth. If it be true that "*genuine* poetry is conceived and composed in the soul"—and what believer in the high mission of poetry will deny it?—how can it be otherwise than serious?

The doctrine that poetry should be serious is intimately connected with another doctrine of Mr. Arnold's, which was the prominent feature of his introductory essay to his selections from Wordsworth. He there says—or rather repeats, for he had said it before in his lectures on Homer—that poetry is the application of noble and profound ideas to life under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, or, more briefly, that poetry is a criticism of life. This doctrine has met with considerable dissent, chiefly, I think, on account of the word "criticism"; for, as I said above, there is supposed to be, and there is to some extent, a diametrical opposition between criticism and poetry. The phrase "criticism of life" is perhaps unfortunate, but the doctrine itself is none the less an important one. It teaches the close and intimate connection of poetry with life, that it is the function of poetry to be the mirror, not of one man's soul, but of the life of all men reflected through that soul.

Turn now to Mr. Swinburne's essay, and you find the key-note of his creed in these words: "The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing"; for singer and poet are with him synonymous terms. Again he says, in conclusion, that Collins "could put more spirit of *color* into a single stroke, more breath of *music* into a single note, than could all the rest of his generation into all the labors of their lives." But however highly Mr. Swinburne may value music and color in poetry, and although he has occasionally given us poems in which there is almost literally nothing else, he of course holds that for the best poetry some other qualities are requisite. Being

a man not much given to formulæ, or indeed to close reasoning of any kind, we must not expect from him a poetic theory so concise or so rounded as those with which Mr. Arnold from time to time presents us. But, happily, in one place—the essay on Mr. Rossetti's poems—he has told us what qualities he considers are of first necessity for the best poet. I will quote the passage :

"In all great poets there must be an ardent harmony, a heat of spiritual life guiding, without constraining, the bodily grace of motion, which shall give charm and power to their least work ; sweetness that can not be weak, and force that can not be rough. There must be an instinct and a resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word ; there must also be so natural a sense of right as to make any such deformity or defect impossible, and leave upon the work done no trace of any effort to avoid or to achieve. It must be serious, simple, perfect ; and it must be thus by evident and native impulse."

This is perhaps a little vague, but the meaning is tolerably clear. A poem must be informed by ardent emotion, capable of both strength and tenderness ; its workmanship must be perfect, and it must have all the appearance of spontaneity. Strong emotion, perfect workmanship, spontaneity—singing power is implied by the two latter—are then, according to Mr. Swinburne, the qualities of first necessity for a poet. There is one quality, it will be observed, which is here omitted, but which is generally considered to be of equal necessity with those mentioned. I mean imagination, which, though closely allied to emotion, is distinct from it, and does not necessarily accompany it. Merely noting this omission for the present, I will proceed to consider the difference between Mr. Swinburne's theory, as here enunciated, and Mr. Arnold's. Not that Mr. Arnold would differ from Mr. Swinburne as far as he goes, but he would say that he does not go far enough. "I grant," he would say, "that strong emotion is at the root of all poetry ; but for the best poetry the emotion must be of a certain quality. It must be the emotion, not of a wild, misty dreamer, but of a man of high qualities of mind and soul. The Celt has plenty of emotion, but beyond a few brilliant songs he has not made much way with poetry." Mr. Swinburne's creed, on the other hand, is that any emotion will suffice for poetry, provided it be deep enough to be sincere. Speaking of Shelley's poetry, he says truly that "it is a rhapsody of thought and feeling colored by contact with nature, but not born of the contact" ; and, in his opinion, Shelley is second or third among English poets. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne's poetical preferences give us a better idea of his creed than any formal statement of it. According to him, Collins

is a greater poet than Gray, Coleridge than Wordsworth ; Villon is below Dante, but hardly below Chaucer ; Victor Hugo is in the same class with Shakespeare. Mr. Arnold's judgments on most of these poets are also before the world. He rates Collins below Gray, Shelley below Byron, Wordsworth next to Shakespeare and Milton among English poets, and above all Continental ones, except Goethe, since Molière. On Victor Hugo I do not know that he has ever sat in formal judgment, but he speaks of him, in his recent volume of "Mixed Essays," as "half genius, half charlatan," and it may be safely predicated that he would put him below Alfred de Musset. Of the Greeks his favorites, if we may take a sonnet written many years ago as a testimony, are Homer and Sophocles. Mr. Swinburne's are undoubtedly Æschylus and Sappho, with perhaps Aristophanes. Again, Mr. Swinburne has asserted "that it is certain that of all forms or kinds of poetry the two highest are the lyric and the dramatic" ; but Mr. Arnold, mindful of Homer, would, I fancy, have something to say in favor of epic poetry :

" . . . of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring."

The mention of Homer reminds me that Mr. Swinburne hardly ever mentions him in conjunction with M. Hugo and the other chief masters of song. Is it only by accident, or is it because he lacks passion, because he is so supremely sane, that he is thus excluded ? At any rate the omission is suggestive. It brings out more forcibly than anything the striking contrast between Mr. Swinburne's poetical creed and Mr. Arnold's. Mr. Swinburne's ideal poet is an impassioned rhapsodist, standing on a lofty sea-lashed rock, with his hair streaming to the wind, communing with the mighty forces of Nature, and pouring forth wild, musical words in praise of the eternal truths of liberty, fraternity, and equality :

" . . . his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Mr. Arnold's ideal is very different. Of broad, thoughtful brow and calm, unimpassioned demeanor, he mixes in the busy hum of men, with them and yet not of them, reading their thoughts with keen, unerring scrutiny, and in sweet, silvery tones, which fall like dew upon their inmost hearts, singing to them of life and light and culture :

" . . . his even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild :
He saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

And Mr. Arnold's ideal is on the whole the true one. It is the human interest in poetry by which it makes its way in the world. When Gray expressed surprise at the popularity of his "Elegy," his friend Mason quoted to him the line—

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Mentem mortalia tangunt. Yes, that is the grand secret of the power of poetry. The deeds, the sufferings, the aspirations of men like unto ourselves, these are the things that are of supreme interest. And, above all, it interests us to know what men, better, nobler, more deep-sighted than ourselves, think and feel about the manifold phases of the problem of human existence. Must we not then agree with Mr. Arnold that the best poet is the poet whose application of ideas to life is the noblest and the profoundest? It is the mistiness, the incoherence of his ideas that make it impossible for Shelley, perhaps the most poetical spirit of all time, ever to be accepted as one of the world's greatest poets. It is his marvelous insight into human nature, his deep-probing, illuminating wisdom, that make Goethe the chief poetical figure that has appeared since Shakespeare. It is the helplessness of Victor Hugo in presence of the great questions of life that leaves him, the dawn of whose genius was of such supreme promise, irrevocably stranded on the shore of eternal childhood.

Poetry, then, according to Mr. Arnold's theory, must be based upon a strong sympathy with human life, and an intelligent criticism of it. The want of this basis is the grave defect of much of the poetry of the present day, and especially of that school of which Mr. Swinburne, if not the head, is at any rate the most conspicuous member. The work of this school, both in poetry and painting, has so often been criticised on the score of its want of connection with real life, that on this point I need say but a few words. Mr. Swinburne has quoted with approval the axiom deduced by Mr. Arnold from the teaching of Greek criticism and poetry, that "all depends upon the subject," but in his own poetry he has most certainly forgotten it. The glaring poetical fault of much of his poetry, as of Mr. Rossetti's, is dullness, the dullness which comes from the choice of subjects which are of no interest to anybody. But, inasmuch as all great human actions, all great emotions, all great aspirations, are interesting, the choice of subject which is open to a poet is a very wide one, and, in spite of the Greek axiom, even more depends upon the treatment of the subject than upon the subject itself. It is chiefly Mr. Swinburne's contemptuous disregard of the eternal laws of reason and morality that makes such criticism of life as is to be found in his poetry so utterly val-

ueless. When we find a man speaking of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" as "the most perfect and exquisite work of modern times," as "the golden book of spirit and of sense, the holy writ of beauty," or alluding to Théophile Gautier as "the author of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,'" as if this mawkish and obscene piece of boyish bravado were his highest title to fame, we instinctively feel that, whatever be the subject of this man's song, it will make us neither happier nor wiser nor better.

But, after all, the "criticism-of-life" doctrine is by no means universally accepted. There are many persons who in their heart of hearts prefer Shelley to Shakespeare, and to whom the "lyric cry" of a passionate, unhappy spirit is a greater thing than the most masterly grasp of the facts of human existence. There are few persons who do not feel the charm of the unearthly, mysterious beauty of such a poem as "Kubla Khan," and yet can it be said to have any human basis? But there is one quality which every poem, if it is to appeal to that part of us to which only the noblest poems appeal, must alike possess, and that is imagination. Imagination is the spiritual eye, and if a poem fail to kindle it, though it may charm the senses or the intellect, it can not touch the soul; and poetry which does not touch the soul is, it is needless to say, of quality below the highest. I have already noticed that Mr. Swinburne, in his statement of the qualities necessary to a poet, makes no mention of imagination. Of course, it is not for an instant to be supposed that he really doubts the necessity of its presence—indeed, in his essay on Ford, he speaks of "pure imagination" as synonymous with "absolute poetry"; but at the same time it seems to me that the meaning he attaches to the term is different from that usually attached to it, at any rate since Coleridge's day. For, after saying that no writer of his age, except Massinger, has less imagination than Ford, his final verdict on him is that "no poet is less forgettable: none fastens (as it were) the fangs of his genius and his will more deeply in your memory; . . . his work becomes part of your thought and parcel of your spiritual furniture for ever." But I was under the impression that one of the surest signs of the presence of imagination in a work of art was this very power of impressing itself upon the memory. A comparison of this with other passages in which Mr. Swinburne uses the word "imagination" suggests that he means by it rather the power of seeing a wholly ideal world than that of seeing the ideal in the real. He would, for instance, grant the possession of imagination to Shelley, and Coleridge, and Victor Hugo, but deny it to Browning, and Balzac, and Scott, who, in the proper sense of the word, have it in an equal

degree. There are many excellent remarks in M. Taine's "History of English Literature," but I know none more excellent than this, that "Shakespeare's imagination was complete: *all his genius is in this one word.*"

". . . Imagination, which in truth
Is but another name for absolute power,
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood."

The general fault of unimaginative poetry is that it is too abstract, too rhetorical; that it is, as Mr. Arnold would say, evolved in the wits. But Mr. Rossetti's and Mr. Swinburne's poetry is unimaginative, not because it is too intellectual, but because it is too sensuous. Poetry should be sensuous, it is true—we have Milton's authority for it—but it should not appeal directly to the senses. "The plastic arts," says Stendhal, "appeal to the imagination through the senses, poetry to the senses of imagination." And this is at once the chief difference between poetry and all other arts, and the secret of poetry's superiority. To deprive poetry of the benefit of her vantage-ground, and force her into an unequal combat with painting, is a wanton and senseless task, which can not but end in disaster. The outward sensuous picture which painting presents is infinitely clearer, infinitely more satisfying to the senses, than anything to which poetry can attain; but the undercurrent of spirituality, the ideal intellectual beauty which it is the aim of all true art to reveal, this is the domain in which poetry soars supreme, while painting toils after her with earth-laden wings.

A noticeable feature in Mr. Swinburne's criticisms is his fondness for finding resemblances between poems and paintings. Thus in the essay on Collins he compares him to Corot, Millet, Courbet, and Millais. Now, it may not unfrequently happen that a poem and a picture may arouse similar emotions, or that some special power in a poet may be analogous to, and illustrated by, the same power in a painter. There is certainly a sort of calm grayness about Collins's "Ode to Evening," which is strongly suggestive of Corot. But a perpetual reference to painting to explain the qualities of poetry can not but tend to confuse in the mind of the critic the never-to-be-forgotten distinction between the two arts. To say that "Collins's 'Highland Ode' has much in it of Millais, and something also of Courbet," is not only far-fetched, but a gross error. Even Millais's realism is far beyond what is permissible to a poet, but to compare Collins, "a born lyric poet," with Courbet, the high-priest of the hideous, is a compliment which the poet would hardly appreciate. If poetry is to compete with painting in the treatment of landscape,

the teaching of Lessing, that poetry should deal with things in motion, plastic art with things at rest, has been all in vain. But it is not so. The poetical value of a line like—

"And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,"
will always be accounted inferior to that of—

"Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

I suppose no poet that ever lived had a surer eye for landscape, or a more consummate skill in describing it, than Mr. Tennyson, and yet some of his more realistic descriptions of scenery strike one sometimes with a sense of wasted power. It is wonderful word-painting, but how much better color-painting could have done it!*

To talk of the "color" of a poem seems to me as false as to talk of the color of a sonata, or to call a picture a symphony. One art may be wedded to another, like poetry to music or to acting, or to both, as in the Wagnerian opera, or like architecture to sculpture, or music to dancing; but to jumble up one art with another, to lose sight of the peculiar functions and special advantages of each, to talk of music as if it were painting, and painting as if it were music, can not but lead to hopeless confusion. Of course, it is not contended that no notice should be taken in poetry of the color of objects. Thomson's—

"The yellow wall-flower stained with iron-brown,"
Spenser's—

"Shakt his long locks colored like copper-wyre,"

Mr. Tennyson's description of the fruit and flowers in "The Voyage of Maeldune," and Keats's glorious picture of the "casement high and triple-arched" in "St. Agnes's Eve," are all admirable in their way, but it is not the best way. Let a poem, if you will, be adorned here and there with these glowing gems, but it is no true praise to record, as your chief impression from a poem, that it is full of color.

But there is another art besides painting with which poetry in much of Mr. Swinburne's criticism is apt to become confused. "He was a solitary song-bird," he says of Collins, "among many more or less excellent pipers and pianists." It is the music of Collins as well as his color that makes him so dear to Mr. Swinburne. *The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing.* This is, as I said before, his favorite formula, and no one doubts the truth of it. That poetical feeling is not poetry has been said

* See Hamerton's "Thoughts on Art," chapter on "Color-painting and Word-painting."

so often—it has been said by Alfieri, and Coleridge, and George Sand, and Ruskin—that it was hardly necessary for Mr. Swinburne to waste a page of scorn, as he does in his essay on Mr. Arnold's poetry, in confutation of Wordsworth's seeming paradox that—

“Many are the poets that are sown
By Nature: men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine:
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.”

For it is only a seeming paradox. “Poet” is a word of many meanings. Its first meaning, the one which corresponds to its derivation, is that of “creator”—“creator of fact out of fiction,” as Plato has it; and in this sense Cervantes, as well as Shakespeare, Thackeray as well as Shelley, Balzac as well as Victor Hugo, are poets. But this is not the accepted meaning of the term. Poetry is ordinarily used in contradistinction not to science, as Coleridge contended it should be, but to prose. And therefore Théophile Gautier is right in saying that there can be no such thing as a prose poem, that “Télémaque,” and “Réné,” and George Sand's idyls, full of poetical feeling though they are, have no right to the name of poems. A poet is an artist in verse, and in this, the ordinary meaning of the term, Pope is equally a poet with Shelley. But many persons contend that poets like Pope have no right to the name, because they are wanting in strong emotion, in true poetical feeling. They say that the name of poet should be confined to those who are not merely artists in verse, but have also feeling and imagination.

“L'art ne fait que des vers, le cœur seul est poète,”

says André Chenier, and this brings us to yet a third meaning, the meaning in which Liszt used it when he said, “*Schubert, le plus poète qui fut jamais!*” This use of “poet” and “poetry” is no doubt out of place in exact writing, like criticism, but it is common enough in ordinary speech, and Wordsworth properly avails himself of it to teach what, *pace* Mr. Swinburne, is an undoubted truth, that the most important element of poetry is its soul and not its body, the feeling and not the expression. In the noblest sense of the term a “dumb poet” has just as much right to the name as a versifier, or what Emerson, in his noble essay on the poet, calls a lyrist.

But, as I said, no one disputes Mr. Swinburne's axiom. The man of real poetical feeling, of strong emotions, warm sympathies, and swift imagination, will, if he can express himself at all in language, nearly always express himself musically. “No man can be a poet,” truly says Coleridge, “who has not music in his soul.” Of

the intimate connection of music with emotion there can be no doubt.* And thus it comes that in most poets the expression varies with the matter; when the emotion is deepest, when the thought is most noble, the verse is most musical; when the thought sinks to commonplace, the verse halts in sympathy. But there are some poets whose power of expression—or rather of musical expression—is inadequate to what they have to express. In Mr. Swinburne's words, Mr. Browning has neither form nor voice, shapelessness nor sweetness; but no one can say that his verse is unmusical either from poverty of thought or lack of poetic feeling. So, too, there are other poets whose verse is most musical, but whose matter is wholly unworthy of the music. It is *vox et præterea nihil*.

It seems to me, then, that Mr. Swinburne lays too much stress on the prime necessity of music in poetry. Poetry, to be perfect poetry, must be musical, but music alone will not make poetry.

“We were ten maidens in the green corn,
Small red leaves in the mill-water;
Fairer maidens were never born,
Apples of gold for the king's daughter.”

This, like everything Mr. Swinburne writes, is tolerably musical, but he surely will not say that it is poetry. Poetry must be capable of some meaning, but these verses have none. And this, I take it, is the difference between poetry and music, that poetry has a meaning and music has not, or in other words that poetry is thought colored by emotion, music is pure emotion. It no doubt adds to our enjoyment of music to attach some sort of meaning to it, to weave into it an image or idea; and suggestions of a possible meaning are often received with gratitude; but nothing is more irritating than to be told that a given piece of music must necessarily have one meaning and no other. The same music may have, and probably has, a different meaning for every person who hears it, and it depends not only on the person, but on the mood. A rush of emotion, a quickening of all the spiritual faculties, a feeling as of being carried up to heaven, these are the inward effects of noble music; but it is all vague, and, in the case of those who have no knowledge of music as a science, the intellect does not take the least part in the enjoyment. But poetry ought to affect the intellect, it ought to have a meaning; for language necessarily implies thought, and poetry is language. One poem, and one poem only, do I know, the effect of which in its vagueness, in its appeal purely to the emotions and the imagination, may be compared with

* See H. Spencer, “On the Origin and Function of Music.”—“Essays.” (First Series.)

music, and that is "Kubla Khan"; but the exceptional circumstances under which it was written, and the fact that there is none other like it, at any rate in the English language, would seem to show that here as ever the exception proves the rule. Is there any other poem of which it can be said that the only true criticism is that of John Duncan, "It's very fine, but I don't know what it means"? No, as a rule, one looks for meaning in poetry.

The poet who has given the most practical effect to the doctrine of music in poetry is Edgar Poe. Struck with the beautiful harmony to be obtained by the use of repetition, and especially of that species of it called the Refrain, he deliberately made this the foundation of his poetry. And is not this nearly the whole of his poetical capital? There is, indeed, a sort of weird pathos in "The Raven," but its chief beauty is the refrain. "The Bells," too, gives me considerable pleasure, but it is a mere intellectual pleasure—the pleasure which successful imitation always gives. But "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," are they anything but a senseless jingle? No, poetry is not to be made, like a pudding, from a recipe. Take a refrain, says Edgar Poe, composed of the finest sounding words to be had, add plenty of alliteration and repetition, flavor with a little sentiment, and serve as hot as possible. But it is the misfortune of poetry made in this way that it invariably comes up cold, and people like cold poetry about as well as they like cold soup. Edgar Poe's poetry is, in short, a solemn warning against making poetry by rule, against starting with a musical effect, and then looking about for thoughts or emotions to match it. It is to the level of "Ulalume" that all poetry of this sort must at last sink. Mr. Swinburne's poetry has happily not sunk to this level yet, but it is in great danger of it. For all poetry in which the splendor of the versification is not sustained by the underlying emotion, in which the rhythmical effects are used so unsparingly, with so little concealment, that they become a mere trick, is in danger of this. Some of the most beautiful passages in poetry owe much, no doubt, to alliteration, but they do not altogether depend upon it, and they never suggest the feeling that the sense has been sacrificed to it. But is a line like this of Mr. Swinburne's—

"The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,"

anything but a mere string of adjectives beginning with "d"? Would not—

"The sad supreme still sunshine of the land,"

or—

"The mild mad melting moonshine of my verse,"
be equally poetical?

Collocations, too, like "windy and wintry," "flagrant and fragrant," "swimming and skimming," may be pleasing if introduced occasionally; but the trick is not a very subtle one, and it is easy to have too much of it.

This intense striving after musical effect, this want of concealment of the machinery of the versifier's art, is one feature of that general fault which Mr. Arnold in the preface to his poems finds with most modern poetry, the want of what Goethe calls *architectonice*, or, in other words, shaping imagination. Splendid single lines, abundant imagery, unfamiliar diction, that is what is too often considered as the test of fine poetry. But I hold with Mr. Arnold that the true test of a poem is the total impression. Is the impression, which the whole poem leaves upon one, that of a noble, serious, beautiful, objective reality, informed with high thought and deep feeling, then let the diction be as simple as you please, let there be no luscious phrases, no divine cadences, it is a poem of the highest quality. It is the shaping imagination that is the supreme art-faculty. When once the artist has given shape to his conception in his mind, when once it stands out before his inward eye as a clear, visible, harmonious whole, he may say, like Menander, that his work is finished. The artist perfected by long practice, the man to whom expression, whatever form it take, has become a second nature, finds in the mere execution a matter of little difficulty. For the execution of the great masters of art is generally as simple as possible, and with the least possible waste of energy. There is no undue attention to detail, no striving after startling effects, no breathlessness, no excitement; over the whole preside perfect self-restraint and moderation. But this, I fear, is the very quality for which Mr. Swinburne has least respect. He says that Collins, in his scrupulous self-mastery of hand, so closely resembles Mr. Tennyson as once at least to provoke the same *doubtful sense of jealous and admiring demur*. And in his poetry he unmistakably exhibits his "jealous demur" to self-mastery. Surely five hundred and twenty lines is somewhat large measure for an ode, even though it be in honor of Victor Hugo. The other poems in the same volume, "Songs of the Springtides," are of much the same length, and in his latest volume Mr. Swinburne is equally unsparing. Shades of Goethe and Heine, with your tiny rivulets of crystal song, what would ye say to this flood of lyric utterance? But I must not cite German poets to Mr. Swinburne. Rather let me appeal to him in the name of the Frenchman whom he so fervently admires, in the name, not of the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," but of the author of "Émaux et Camées."

But of course self-restraint implies much more than mere brevity; it implies restraint of thought, restraint of power, restraint of imagery, and above all it implies an appreciation of that vital law of art, of that law which the Greeks so well understood, though it became a stumbling-block to their modern imitators, the law that all subjects are not suitable for artistic treatment. The repudiation of this law was the great error into which the romantic movement in France fell, in its revolt against the trammels of a pseudo classicism; but the law still holds good. The beautiful, and the beautiful alone, can be the subject of true art; and deformity, and monstrosity, and incest, and other things which shall be nameless, are unquestionably not beautiful. But a work of art must have beauty, not only of thought, but of form. And to beauty of form moderation is absolutely essential, a law which Mr. Ruskin has beautifully expressed by calling moderation the girdle of beauty. This was the great guiding principle of all Greek art, this is what gives to the Greek masterpieces, ay, and to their very slightest work, that marvelous appearance of calm repose, of the noble tranquillity of a strong man forbearing to put out his full strength. It is the absence of this quality which is so conspicuous a feature in the poetry with which I am now concerned. There is too much striving after effect, too much attention to detail, too much fancy, too little imagination. Mr. Lowell, in an essay on Mr. Swinburne's masterpiece, "*Atalanta in Calydon*," says that the poem shows that poverty of thought and profusion of imagery which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry, even of Shakespeare's, and he adds, "It seems a paradox to say that there can be too much poetry in a poem, and yet this is a fault with which all poets begin." Now, of poetry in the highest sense of the word there can not be too much in any poem, but it is easy to see Mr. Lowell's meaning. He means that in the works of young poets, in such works as "*Venus and Adonis*," or "*Endymion*," there is too much fancy, and too little imagination. It is only natural that the higher faculties should take longer to develop than the lower, that fancy, which deals only with sensuous impressions, should be at its perfection in youth, while the spiritual faculty of imagination should only come to maturity with the

" . . . years that bring the philosophic mind."

Another question which is subsidiary to that of poetical execution is that of diction, though it is too large a subject to go into here. As every one knows, one of the great services which the romantic movement did to French poetry was the increase of the poetical currency, the restora-

tion to the language of words lying neglected in the rich storehouse of the early literature. The great versifying power of Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier is in some measure owing to their consummate knowledge of their language, or rather of the dictionary, for it is of words rather than construction that they are masters. The dictionary was Gautier's favorite reading. It is no doubt well that a poet's stock of words should be as rich as possible, just as it is important that a painter should be familiar with every shade of color. It is also true that the pleasure of poetry is greatly enhanced by the use of richly sounding words; but, like everything else, this may be carried too far. Thoughts and feelings, not words, are after all the main business of poetry, just as form, and not color, is the main business of painting. In Victor Hugo's earlier poems, especially in "*Les Orientales*," the chief pleasure consists in the rolling volume of sound, and one can not help feeling the want of thought behind it. Of course, Wordsworth went too far when he contended that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and that of common life; but in Coleridge's criticism of this theory we get at the real truth of the matter. It is simply this, that poetry is the language of strong emotion, and strong emotion generally expresses itself in what is called excited language. But poetry being an art, and the pleasure which is derived from beauty being consequently its immediate aim, this language must be, as it were, toned down and modulated by the artist so as to have a pleasing effect. The passionate cry of the poet's heart must be molded by the artist's hand into a harmony of words glowing with beauty and imagination. But all this is quite consistent with perfect simplicity of diction. How some of the greatest and most poetical effects in the whole of poetry are produced by the simplest words is too well known to need demonstration here. But Mr. Swinburne's own poetry can furnish us with instances that simplest poetry is the best. In his first series of "*Poems and Ballads*," the verses to Landor and the little poem called "*The Sundew*" are exquisitely simple, and they seem to me of far higher poetical value than their more splendidly attired brethren.

It is cruel perhaps to compare the poetry of living men with anything so dead as that of the post-Elizabethan poets, but there are many striking resemblances which force themselves upon the mind. Their poetry, too, dealt much with kisses, though the "*kiss that stings*" is, I believe, a purely modern invention. They too described with passionate fervor the minutest details of their mistresses' bodies. Crashaw, like Mr. Rossetti, carried his sensuality into the most spiritual themes. Donne and Cowley were mas-

ters of conceit, and ingenuity, and far-fetched metaphor. Carew and Waller were models of style and versification. And yet of the poetry of all these men—men who in their day were far more famous than any of Mr. Rossetti's followers are now—what is left but a few songs? I can only say *absit omen*.

I have, I fear, rather wandered from Mr. Swinburne's theory to his practice, but it is by his practice that a man's creed is best known; and if Mr. Swinburne had been a critic only, and not also a popular and productive poet, his theory might well have been left to itself. It is the activity of his muse, the splendor of his gifts, the glamour of his genius, and above all the numerous disciples that he has attracted, that have prompted me to state plainly what I humbly conceive to be the fatal defects of his poetry. His genius has, I think, been greatly wronged by his excessive admiration for two men, Victor Hugo and Mr. Rossetti. The great Frenchman's stupendous powers, his marvelous variety, his untiring energy, his fervor, his patriotism, his perfect command of language and harmony, might well have blinded a less kindred spirit than Mr. Swinburne to his obvious defects; but the wealth of praise which Mr. Swinburne has lavished on Mr. Rossetti's poems is, it seems to me, a singular instance of perverted judgment. I can not agree with Mr. Swinburne that Mr. Rossetti's skill as a painter has not been injurious to his poetry. Rather, I should say, that to this very double spirit that has descended upon him may be traced not only his own defects as a poet, but those of the whole school. My estimate, however, is so very different to Mr. Swinburne's and to that of many other competent judges, that it is probably a mistaken one. I can not, however, help my conviction that in Mr. Rossetti's poetry are exhibited in a primary degree all the main features of that poetical creed which I believe to be so fatal to the production of true poetry. It seems to me, therefore, a thousand pities that one so highly gifted as Mr. Swinburne should have felt such an attraction for poetry which can not but have tended to confirm him in the path which he had already chosen. His latest volumes are, indeed, to use his own words, "clear from the pol-

lution of that pestilence" with which his earlier poems, like Mr. Rossetti's, are tainted; but they show no nearer approach to vitality. To insure this, there is wanted a larger and saner view of life, a closer and more patient observation of man and nature, and, above all, a far greater measure of self-restraint, not only in the choice and treatment of subject, but in the execution. Without such self-restraint, Mr. Swinburne will never attain to that perfection of form, that beauty of the whole, as distinguished from richness of detail, which should be the aim of every artist.

That without form no poetry can have vitality will hardly be denied, but, if Mr. Arnold's theory be right, something more than form is required to make the best poetry. It is on this point chiefly that he and Mr. Swinburne are at issue, and it is on this point that his theory is most likely to meet with dissentients. That the noblest poetry is that which is the noblest criticism of life, is found by many to be a hard saying. I can only repeat that I believe it to be absolutely true. Milton has taught us the relationship of poetry to life, in saying that he who would write an heroic poem must lead an heroic life. But, of far more avail than any precept is the evidence of positive fact. Whether Chaucer or Spenser, Gray or Collins, Burns or Keats, Wordsworth or Shelley, be actually the greater poet, it were hard to decide; but one thing is certain, that those of our poets whose fame has spread widest, whose influence has struck deepest root in the hearts of our people, are those whose grasp of the facts of life is the surest and firmest. Their names are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Burns; and time will surely add that of Wordsworth. Spenser, Keats, and Shelley are dear to every lover of poetry; they are probably the objects of a more ardent affection than that felt for any of their more widely famed compeers; but they are "the poet's poets," their charm excites its subtle influence only on those who care for poetry as an art. The others will be read, so long as our language and our nation exist, by every Englishman who has one spark of human sympathy in his heart, one thought for the graver issues of human existence.

ARTHUR TILLEY (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE MEININGEN COMPANY AND THE LONDON STAGE.

"SHAKESPEARE und Kein' Ende" was, if we remember rightly, the name of a little sketch by Goethe, to whom the everlasting talk about the great poet had become intolerable. But what would he have said had he lived to see the flood of Shakespeare literature with which the press, and especially the German press, has continued to be deluged from his day down to the present? Forty-five closely printed octavo pages of the last volume of the "Annual of the German Shakespeare Society" (Weimar, 1881) scarcely suffice to contain the appalling catalogue of the additions to Shakespearean bibliography which have appeared within 1879 and 1880. Ten pages are filled with the chronicle of merely German contributions to this "too, too solid" mass of commentary and analysis. But, happily for Germany, this activity has not been confined to the library. It has extended to the stage; and in the same volume a catalogue is given of the performances of Shakespeare's plays in Germany from the 1st of July, 1879, to the 31st of December, 1880, from which it appears that within that period eleven hundred and forty-three performances of Shakespeare's plays had been given on the various stages of the German Empire and of the German-speaking portions of Austria. "Hamlet" had been given one hundred and thirty-nine times, "Othello" one hundred and thirteen times, "The Merchant of Venice" one hundred and four. Next in popularity seems to have been "The Taming of the Shrew," which was acted ninety-five times, and at sixty different theatres; while lowest on the list comes the Second Part of "King Henry VI," which did not reach a second performance. It is remarkable that while "The Midsummer-Night's Dream" found a footing in thirty theatres, and was played eighty-two times, "King Lear" was only performed forty times, and "Macbeth" twenty-nine, the former at twenty-two theatres, the latter at seventeen. "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night" appear to run each other close in popularity, the former having been played forty-six and the latter forty-five times. But the finest comedy of all, "As You Like It," does not appear in the list. This says much for the good sense of German managers; for a Rosalind in the hands of such actresses as the German stage can boast at the present time would be too painful to contemplate. Oh, that some of our English managers would profit by the example, and repress the ill-advised ambition which prompts

so many young ladies to don the doublet and hose of "heavenly Rosalind" without one of the qualities of soul or of person by which she brought sunshine into the shady places, and filled with an atmosphere of enchantment the woodland glades of the forest of Arden!

At the head of this movement to make Shakespeare known on the stage—where alone he can be truly known—seems to have been the Meiningen Company. For years the world has heard much of what these actors had been doing in this way in the little capital of their duchy; and the result of their labors has, within the past three or four years, been communicated to many of the leading towns of Germany. "Julius Cæsar," "The Winter's Tale," and "Twelfth Night," have apparently commanded the greatest success, having been acted during the last two years respectively thirty-two, twenty-nine, and thirteen times, at eight different theatres. The echo of the Meiningen Company's reputation had reached England, and had been caught up with the alacrity with which we are apt to believe in the dramatic skill of every nation but our own. When, therefore, the Ducal Company opened their campaign at Drury Lane, expectation was highly pitched, and a welcome of more than wonted cordiality was given to the propagators of what we had been widely told was the true faith in regard to our great poet.

It was delightful to see the magnificent stage of Drury Lane, best of all stages for the display of the qualities of a fine actor, filled in a manner which to many recalled performances that in past years had charmed the imagination and the heart, and to which they still cling with grateful remembrance. To the great body of the audience, who had no remembrances to look back upon, there was a novel charm in the completeness of the *mise en scène*—the beauty of the costumes, the picturesque grouping, the thoroughness with which the intentions of whoever presided over the getting up of the plays were carried out by all the performers. Under the influence of this charm they were carried away into enthusiasm; and everywhere one heard that never had so much been done to illustrate Shakespeare and to show him to the best advantage. In their first excitement, people forget that Shakespeare appeals to the heart and to the imagination; that he trusted little or nothing to what scenic accessories could do for his work; and that amid all this exuberance of scenic decoration, this restless

activity of those picturesque crowds that thronged the stage and distracted attention from the central figures of the play, there was no little danger of overwhelming the poet in the splendor of the trappings with which he was invested.

In falling into this excess of scenic illustration, the Meiningen presiding spirit has made the same mistake which has more than once been committed on the English stage. Until the days of John Kemble no attempt was made there either at archæological accuracy or at fullness of illustration. Costume and scenery were both of secondary consideration; and it speaks volumes for the genius of Mrs. Pritchard, of Garrick, and others, that their audiences were so absorbed in the spirit of the scene by the actors' powers of expression that they found no incongruity in Lady Macbeth appealing, in a modern hoop, to the "spirits that tend on murderous thoughts," to unsex her and turn her "woman's milk to gall"; or in Hamlet, following, pale, breathless, horror-struck, his father's ghost to the battlements of Elsinore, in a black-velvet court suit and a tie-wig. The souls of the audience were riveted to the action of the scene—voice, look, gesture were true to the situation. What the actor wore was of small account. But this was a state of things which could not last as men came to know more of the history of costume and the proprieties of scenic decoration. It was felt that, as a fine picture profits by an appropriate frame, so good acting was set off by adjuncts which gave local or historical truth to the scene, if only these were kept in due subordination. But the great size of the two patent theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane were in themselves a snare to those who wished to work a reform in this direction; for the temptation naturally was to make the scenery magnificent, and to fill the vast spaces of the stage with crowds of supernumeraries.

From this snare even John Kemble, despite his educated taste, seems not to have escaped. His friend and warm admirer, Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable review of Boaden's "Life of Kemble," admits this much, and finds it not amiss to remind the play-goers of that day of the principle by which the treatment of such details ought to be regulated:

"The muse of painting," he says, "should be on the stage the handmaid, not the rival, of her sister of the drama. Each art should retain its due preponderance within its own proper region. Let the scenery be as well painted, and made as impressive, as a moderate-sized stage will afford; but when the roof is raised to give the scene-painter room to pile Pelion upon Ossa; when the stage is widened that his forests may be extended or deepened, that his oceans may flow in space apparently interminable—the manager who commands these decorations is

leaving his proper duty, and altering entirely the purpose of the stage."

Again, in the same essay, while admitting that the use of "dresses suited to the time and country, and of landscape and architecture equally coherent," must be of advantage, Scott qualifies his admission by insisting that "this part of the theatrical business shall be kept in due subordination to that which is strictly dramatic. Processions and decorations," he adds, "belong to the same province as scenes and dresses, and should be heedfully attended to, *but at the same time kept under, that they may relieve the action of the scene, instead of shouldering aside the dramatic interest.*"

If, as seems to have been the case, John Kemble occasionally overstepped the boundary which true taste would have prescribed, he avoided this error as a rule in the plays of Shakespeare. Only in "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" did he fill the stage with crowds. The management of his mob in "Julius Cæsar" was admitted to be excellent by Ludwig Tieck, who did not admire Kemble's Brutus, which he thought, in the teeth of the opinion of all other critics, "was not acted, but only declaimed with intelligence." The scene of the mob, "the great forum-scene," he writes, "with its swaying to and fro from turbulence to calm, was extremely well given" ("Dramaturgische Blätter"). The costumes, too, he admitted, were excellent. But according to the same shrewd critic, Shakespeare was "shouldered aside" in "Coriolanus" for the sake of mere pageantry and spectacle, large and important portions of the play being cut out for the sake "of a procession with trophies and eagles, which, entering at the back of the stage, and extending over its whole expanse, consumed a great deal of time." This procession, however, for which no fewer than two hundred and forty supernumeraries were employed, was in its day regarded as a perfect miracle of scenic splendor. People raved about it, as people raved last winter about the scenery and costumes at the Lyceum in Tennyson's "Cup." But when it was first presented, with Mrs. Siddons as the Volumnia, there was something beyond the mere pageant to justify their delight.

"In this procession," writes the Rev. J. C. Young, in his memoirs of his father, Charles Young (second edition, page 40), "and as one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. At the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book, or trammelled by old traditions, but the proud mother of a proud son and conquering hero; so that, instead of dropping each foot at equidistance in its place, with mechanical exactitude,

and in cadence subservient to the orchestra, deaf to the guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbings of her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye, and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly to her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all around, and rolled and almost reeled across the stage, her very soul, as it were, dilating and reeling in its exultation, until her action lost all grace, and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque, and so descriptive that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of an original conception."

Without this feature, it is easy to conceive how tedious and misplaced this interpolated pageant, for which Shakespeare gives no warrant, must have seemed in the eyes of a critic like Tieck; and yet we have heard the splendor and effect of this same procession described by eye-witnesses as casting into the shade everything of the same kind which was subsequently done either by Macready or by Charles Kean. Certainly no man had a finer eye for stage arrangements of this kind than Macready; no man could better put into his stage mob all the fluctuations of feeling, of passion, and of unreason by which the mobs of Shakespeare are swayed. In 1838 he got up "*Coriolanus*" at Covent Garden, when for the last time it was worthily presented in England. See what Miss Frances Williams Wynn says of the stage arrangements—and she had seen it under John Kemble's management, with his distinguished sister as the *Volumnia*:

"I never saw a play so beautifully, so correctly got up. It was not only the costume, the scenery, the numberless accessories that were carefully attended to, but the far more difficult task of regulating the by-play of the inferior actors was also accomplished. The effect given by the number of the mob, by the variety of action, which seemed to give Shakespearean individuality to every member of it, is indescribable. The cowed, degraded appearance of the *Volscians* in the *Triumph* was very striking. *Coriolanus* sitting at the hearth of *Aufidius* was as fine a picture as can be imagined."—("Diaries of a Lady of Quality," London, 1864, p. 304.)

Those who remember the Shakespearean revivals by Mr. Macready during his too brief tenure of Drury Lane Theatre, will recall many other instances of his powers as a stage director. His love of the picturesque was governed by a true sense of proportion. His accessories were kept in their place, not allowed to interrupt the action or intrude upon the higher interests of the scene. The movements and the general disposition of his crowds were as varied as those of a real crowd would be, while they all tended to stimulate and give expression to the feeling with

which the poet intended to animate the spectators. For it should not be forgotten that when Brutus or Marc Antony, for example, addresses the Roman mob, it is to us, the spectators in stalls and boxes and galleries, that their words are addressed. If we are not made to feel and to be swayed by their rhetoric, the primary purpose of the poet is missed, and all the agitation and tumult, the waywardness and the shouting of the stage mob appeal to our eyes and other senses with comparatively trifling effect. Macready thoroughly understood this fundamental principle of good stage management; and in the latest instance in which his skill in this direction was called into play—the management of the tumultuous mob of Ghent in Sir Henry Taylor's "*Philip van Artevelde*"—his fine perception of the point to which scenic accessories can be carried without injury to the higher interest of a drama was preëminently conspicuous.

In this quality Charles Kean was not less preëminently deficient, although for a time he took the town by storm with the redundant splendor of pageantry and spectacle, under which all that is most precious in Shakespeare was smothered and obscured. Play after play was produced, in which every resource of the carpenter, the antiquarian, and the costumer was exhausted. The stage groaned under masses of supernumeraries too vast to be manageable, and only capable of following with dismal monotony the stereotyped action of leaders almost as guiltless as themselves of intelligence and poetical feeling. Fascinating at first to audiences who sought only to be amused, this species of entertainment ended in palling even upon them, for it was impossible to find fresh stimulus to tastes that had been surfeited with the mere excitements of pageantry and costume. But this was not the only evil that resulted from a system, which was indeed "quite from the purpose of playing." Fine acting was absolutely incompatible with all this gorgeous splendor and mere appeal to the senses. The better class of spectators, those who revered their Shakespeare, were driven from the theatre; while actors who aimed at moving the imaginations of an audience by the graces of speech and action, and by the careful development of the poet's purpose, were discouraged. What the effect has been upon the English school of actors has long been apparent in the all but total disappearance from among us of the power to put upon the stage any of Shakespeare's plays in a manner for which an educated Englishman does not blush.

To how low a pitch the standard of English acting in the higher drama is reduced was never more apparent than in "*Hamlet*," "*Othello*," and "*King Lear*," as presented at the Princess's

Theatre last winter, during the performances given there by America's finest actor, Mr. Edwin Booth. With very few exceptions, the performers were such as twenty years ago would not have found engagements at any of the established provincial theatres, much less have been tolerated on a London stage of any pretensions. None of the characters were made out, because none of them were understood by the actors themselves. The rhythmic value of blank verse was an idea which seemed never to have entered into their minds; nay, the very rudiments of the actor's art—the management of the voice, articulate speech, appropriate grace or dignity of deportment, assumption of individual character—had not only never been mastered, but to all appearance were not even aimed at. And yet it was said at the time that every effort had been made, and no expense spared, by the manager to find the strongest troupe that could be got together to support Mr. Booth. If this were so, pitiful indeed must be the resources available to any one who aspires to reestablish the old reputation of the English stage for the acting of a poetical drama. How grievously Mr. Booth suffered from the incompetence of those around him, needs not to be told. Even genius on the stage can not show itself at its best, when all around is feeble or absolutely bad. But to an actor of his stamp, who charmed not by the flashes of genius, but rather by finish and high accomplishment, wrought of careful study and long experience, aided by a fine voice, admirable elocution, genuine sensibility, and the natural grace of a well-balanced and elastic figure, the results were simply disastrous. Kept in a constant state of irritation by the bad acting of those who surrounded him, the public were not always in the mood to do him justice, and visited upon him the sins for which he was not responsible. It indeed spoke volumes for the genuine merits of Mr. Booth, that, in spite of every disadvantage, he established himself in the esteem of the best judges of his art; and indeed in certain passages—such as the mad scenes of "King Lear"—he rose to a height of excellence which explained and justified his great reputation throughout America. Not for many a day has there been seen on our stage so fine an example as these scenes afforded of what the actor can do to irradiate the pages of the dramatist. The most thorough student of Shakespeare would be the foremost to admit that Mr. Booth threw a flood of fresh light upon these great scenes. His action, as he sat watching the simulated vagaries of Edgar, with looks which, by their very intenseness of credulity and wonder, showed how his own reason was beginning to totter—"my wits begin to turn"—was in the best style of the actor's art; but there was an approach to genius

—that rarest of gifts—in the portrayal of actual madness in the subsequent scene, and in the way the actor used the handful of straws which he carried to give to it the semblance of complete reality. At one time it became in his hand the bow to "draw me a clothier's yard," and send it home to the "clout"; at another, each separate straw seemed to be to the poor mad king a living creature, against whom he launched the shafts of his sarcasm and railing. Such acting, once seen, becomes a permanent boon to the student. It clings to the memory like something witnessed in actual life, being, as it is, a living commentary on the text, which, when of this quality of excellence and truth to nature, outweighs all that can be done in the way of exposition by the subtlest or most eloquent of critics. Admirable as, in the main, Mr. Booth's *King Lear* was, it did not maintain this high level of excellence throughout; but this seemed to be due not so much to any defect of conception as to a weakness of *physique*, possibly temporary, which prevented him from giving full force to the outbursts of wayward anger, or adequate depth of pathos to the overflowings of passionate tenderness, which are demanded for a wholly satisfactory rendering of this character. We have called this weakness "possibly temporary," because it was well known that during the latter portion of this gentleman's performances he was suffering from a domestic anxiety calculated to impose a very severe strain upon a nature obviously most sensitive.

It was fortunate for Mr. Booth that he did not leave England without an opportunity of being seen under more favorable conditions at the Lyceum Theatre, where he alternated with Mr. Irving the characters of Othello and Iago. Very far short of excellence as the general performance of "Othello" was at that theatre, still it contrasted favorably with the cast of the same play at the Princess's Theatre. The Cassio, it is true, was colorless and commonplace; but the Cassio of the Princess's was simply an outrage upon propriety. On the other hand, the Roderigo of the Princess's was as far above the Roderigo of the Lyceum as an actor of average ability, trained upon good models, is above one whose ability, such as it was, had obviously enjoyed no such advantage. For Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, it is needless to say, there were no counterparts at the Princess's; and in the Brabantio of Mr. Mead—a good specimen of an actor of the old school—a striking contrast was afforded to the Brabantio of the Princess's—an actor who, with some of the virtues, has just those vices into which the disciples of that school fall, who are without the sensibility and the fine intelligence which distinguished its leaders. Little as

Brabantio has to do and say, that little, especially in the scene of the Venetian Council, is of radical importance; and in Mr. Mead's hands not a point was lost. He was just the father who, while by his own coldness and want of sympathy he had driven Desdemona to seek sympathy elsewhere, yet was cut to the very heart when he woke up to find that she had chosen a husband and a future for herself. When we heard, at the end of the play, that he had died of grief, we remembered how consistent such an ending was with the heart-stricken look and quivering tones of the actor, as he spoke the few significant words with which he resigned his daughter to Othello.

No more marked contrast of styles could well be imagined than that between the styles of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth. The Iago and the Othello of Mr. Irving were both more calculated to strike the imagination than those of Mr. Booth, for in conception no less than in treatment they were full of novelty, and enlivened by a minuteness of detail which ran over at times into something bordering on extravagance. If Mr. Booth's Othello wanted fire and force, Mr. Irving's was without the exquisite tenderness and the native dignity by which Othello maintains his hold upon our sympathies, in spite of the all but incredible credulity with which he allows himself to be made the dupe of Iago. But of the two, Mr. Irving's conception, upon the whole, seemed as though it would have come nearer to the Othello whom Shakespeare drew, if only nature had endowed him with the power to give utterance to that intense and concentrated emotion which is demanded for the volcanic passion of the Moor. As Iago, however, Mr. Booth's impersonation was much more likely than Mr. Irving's to impress those around him with the belief of his "exceeding honesty." It had the outward semblance of frankness and geniality by which people are thrown off their guard, while the utter hardness of heart, and unscrupulous selfishness of the man, who has said to himself, "Evil, be thou my good," flashed out upon occasions with tenfold force by contrast with the careless ease of his general bearing. Every word told without having undue stress laid upon it. Mr. Booth's soliloquies were those of a man really thinking aloud, and they let the audience into the secret of Iago's character, without any of those conscious asides and knittings of the brows in which only stage Iagos ever indulge. About Mr. Irving's Iago, on the other hand, there was too much effort, too much "affectation of a bright-eyed ease," too palpable a simulation of foppish jauntiness not consistent either with Iago's character or position, too constant a desire to provoke attention when others were by. Along with this,

the actor, it seemed to us, had recourse in his soliloquies to an excess of little artifices, intended to give an appearance of spontaneousness to the act of thinking, but which produced exactly the opposite effect, while throughout there was too much of the crafty, restless look and of the cynical self-gratulation, which are more appropriate to the villain of melodrama than to the smooth and ingrained hypocrite of the Machiavellian type.

One advantage Mr. Booth had in both characters over his brilliant coadjutor in his clear and musical utterance of Shakespeare's verse. Nor was his example without a beneficial influence on Mr. Irving, who, under it, seemed to shake off in no small degree that affectation—for affectation it is—of a mode of delivery which, however attractive to some, is a great drawback to his best performances. In Tennyson's "Cup," Mr. Irving seemed to us to have already entered upon a new course in this respect. It was well for the poet that he did so; for to our thinking not one of the resources of the actor's art but was necessary to give attraction to what, as a mere piece of dramatic writing, was of very ordinary merit. With the critics, Miss Ellen Terry's Camma carried off the honors; but, with all deference to their infallibility, the poet owed much less to the Camma than to the Synorix of the Lyceum. In ordinary hands Synorix would have been revolting: this Mr. Irving's skill prevented. He had obviously taken immense pains over it, and his performance was full of nice points of detail, which showed how much the actor had done to strengthen the work of the poet where it was weakest. The part of Camma is as gracious as that of Synorix is the reverse; and the actress is assured of the sympathy of the audience from the first. Moreover, the poet has given her in the last scene a splendid opportunity for that silent acting which is the test of true histrionic power—an opportunity, however, of which only an actress gifted with a poetic imagination could take advantage. Of the strange and deadly revenge devised by Camma, no hint in words can be given by the poet—for to do so would be fatal to the interest of the *dénouement*. But what the dramatist dared not do, the actress might and ought to have done, by making the audience feel through all the early portions of the scene that she is possessed by some great purpose which shall explain the mystery of her consent to marry the profligate Tetrarch, the assassin of her husband. Again, when the poison she has shared with Synorix begins to take effect upon Camma's brain, and she imagines she hears the voice of Sinnatus calling to her, voice and look and gesture should be such as to convey to the audience the impression of a mind beginning to waver

from the effects of the draught, and of a frame slowly penetrated by the paralyzing influence of the poison. But on the occasions of our visits to the theatre, we looked in vain, in the impersonation of the actress, for any such clews to the language or purpose of the poet. What an actress of genius might have made of this scene it is impossible to say, but great effects have been produced in much less striking situations. As it was, however, not only this scene, but the whole play, viewed as a drama, was singularly ineffective; and but for the unrivaled beauty of the scenery, and the general excellence of the *mise en scene*, not even the curiosity and admiration with which Mr. Tennyson's name invests all his work could have made it keep its hold upon the stage for any time. The Sinnatus of Mr. Terriss was of great value in the general effect of the piece. It was a thoroughly well made out sketch, and showed the abilities of this promising actor at their best.

Since the days when Mr. Macready produced "Acis and Galatea" at Drury Lane, with Stanfield's scenery, nothing so beautiful in mere scenic adjuncts has been seen in England. Nor was the selection of the costumes, and the disposition of the priestesses of Artemis, who thronged her temple, less to be admired. The latter would certainly have been improved by a little of that variety of action, and of that highly developed skill in grouping, for which the Meiningen Company are conspicuous. And the accomplished director of that establishment, Herr Chronegk, has his company too well in hand for such a thing to be possible as that the high-priestess of Artemis should, like her representative at the Lyceum, indulge her peculiar notions of the dignity which befits that office by sitting on the altar-steps hugging her knees while a solemn ceremony is going forward. Reading, as the public had done, of Camma's matchless grace and elevation—of the way in which she "fell, as if by chance, into positions which rival the best of the Greek sculptures"—an action so contrary to every notion of what was appropriate to the character and the situation must have had a rather bewildering effect upon that portion of the audience who take *au sérieux* the commentaries of theatrical critics.

In former days there was always, we have understood, some controlling power in every leading London theatre, which would have made such an impropriety impossible, even if it had been attempted to be indulged in—which is most improbable—by any member of the company. There are innumerable signs that in most of our theatres no such control is exercised now; and yet, without an authoritative voice to regulate every arrangement of the stage, one can very

well see how vain it is to hope for that general excellence which, if it can not inspire an audience with enthusiasm—for this only genius can do—will at least send them away instructed and content. It would be unjust, however, not to admit that such managers as Mr. Hare and Mr. Bancroft do not merely recognize the necessity for such a control, but exercise it with rigor, and with the best results to the reputation of their theatres and in the gratification of their audiences. "The study of perfection" would seem to be their law. What is the consequence? Simply this, that nowhere, not even in Paris, are pieces to be seen put upon the stage or acted with greater finish or *vraisemblance* than at the St. James's Theatre or the Haymarket. The pieces themselves may be slight; but, such as they are, they are admirably given, and with a spirit, freshness, and individuality sufficient to show that, under favorable conditions, a school of acting might be revived in England, capable of holding its own against any in Europe.

One hopeful sign is, that our best managers and actors seem not to be above learning whatever of good their foreign rivals have to teach them. Lessons from abroad they have had in plenty during the last three or four years. Italy, France, and Holland have all sent to London excellent specimens of their various schools—none more excellent than the little troupe of Dutch actors who last summer surprised their much too scanty audiences by performances in which the fine qualities and great artistic skill of the leading artists were scarcely more conspicuous than the individuality of character and pantomime by which every minor actor, down to the merest supernumerary, gave an air of reality to the scene as delightful as it is unwonted. By this example some of our theatres have already profited; and if English histrionic art has anything to learn from the Meiningen Company, it is in this direction also.

Germany, like England, has at this moment but few actors of mark in the poetic drama, and the price set upon the services of those few, there as here, puts out of the question any attempt to concentrate them in any one establishment. The Grand Duke of Meiningen has, therefore, wisely confined his efforts in the cause of the drama to making the most of such talent as can be made available upon easier terms. He has brought together a company of actors of more than average ability. He has given to them permanent engagements and every motive for working together in the friendly rivalry of true artists, under the discipline of a stage director of paramount authority. Each is bound to coöperate in giving strength to the cast of the pieces produced, by taking, if necessary, a subordinate part in them—

a condition impossible in England, where actors judge of themselves and are judged of by the public according to the nominal importance of the parts in which they appear; but practicable in Germany, where no such rule prevails, and where Schröder, the greatest actor of his time, when at the height of his fame, thought the Ghost in "Hamlet" a part not unworthy of his powers. No pains, apparently, are spared to make the members of this company respect themselves and the art which they profess. All that a liberal subvention can do is done to give richness and local color to the appointments of the stage, and these are selected with a skill and applied with an energy which help to keep alive in the establishment a spirit of emulation, and a wholesome pride in the successful results of a common effort.

It was a bold enterprise to transfer to London not merely the actors, but all the scenic appointments of a theatre conducted upon such principles, and to place London play-goers in a position to judge of its merits and defects, as favorable as though they had made a pilgrimage to Meiningen itself. In the spacious area of the Drury Lane stage, the qualities in which these representations chiefly excel had ample opportunities for display. For, as already indicated, the strength of the Meiningen theatre lies not in the preëminent excellence of its actors so much as in the pomp and prodigality of the scenic accessories. For this mode of treatment "Julius Cæsar" affords the fullest scope, especially during the first three acts. In them the mob of Rome play a not insignificant part, and Herr Chronégk turned to the best account the opportunity of making them serve as a striking background to the main action. The wholesome operation of a system which allows no point, however small, to be slighted, was at once brought home to the audience in the spirit and individuality given to those of the mob, to whom Shakespeare has assigned short speeches at the opening of the play. They were represented by actors well studied in their art, fit mouth-pieces for the shallow, unstable mob, who were made visibly to wince under the taunts of Marcellus for the fickleness which had led them to bestow on Cæsar the same acclamations they had so recently given to his rival Pompey. The key-note was well struck for what was to follow in the processional entry of Cæsar, with an array of attendants wellnigh regal; and the striking figure of the soothsayer, with his single sentence, "Beware the Ides of March!" admirably delivered, was a further proof of the care taken to give due effect to the smallest incidents of the play by placing every character in competent hands. As the play advanced, the working of the same principle was everywhere apparent. In the scene with Portia (Act II, sc.

4), and again in the senate-house (Act III, sc. 1), the soothsayer became a most imposing figure. Scarcely less admirable was the small part of Artemidorus; and although the minor characters of Lucius, of Cæsar's servant, and other attendants, were intrusted to young women, probably from the impossibility of getting boys to fill them, the parts were really acted, the words were well spoken—not walked through and mumbled, as is almost invariably the case upon our stage. Indeed, several of them were represented by actresses who subsequently acquitted themselves with distinction in important characters in the other plays of the Meiningen *répertoire*.

For all this, every true lover of the drama felt grateful; and scarcely less so for the beauty of the scenic arrangements—a very futile and misplaced attempt to depict what should have been left to the imagination, "the tempest-dropping fire," and the general electrical disturbance, described by Casca, on the night before Cæsar's death, excepted. Nothing but good, however, is to be said of the manner in which the scene in Cæsar's house and that of his assassination were presented, or of the way in which the grouping and action of the characters were described and carried out. The actors wore their Roman dresses well, and maintained each his own individuality in broad and marked lines. These scenes, so splendidly conceived by the poet, were, in short, presented in a way at once to stimulate and to satisfy the imagination. Nor do we remember to have seen a more impressive picture than when Marc Antony, left alone upon the stage, went up to the dead Cæsar as he lay swathed in his purple robes, and, standing at his head, poured out his hitherto suppressed anguish and purpose of revenge in the speech, admirably spoken by Herr Barnay, beginning—

"Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth," etc.

In all this the stage director had given true assistance to both actor and poet, and we were again reminded of the excellence of the Meiningen system in the genuine pathos which the young lady who played Antony's servant threw into the exclamation, "O Cæsar!" as she caught a sight of his body, and fell on her knees beside it. It is by little touches of this kind, quite as much as by elaborate accessories, that the Meiningen company justify their claims as reformers of the stage. These touch the heart, and foster the proper mood for appreciating the purpose of the poet; whereas there is always danger that this mood may be disturbed, if the appeals to the eye be too frequent or too vivid.

Something of this danger was incurred in the immediately following scene in the forum. Every resource of the establishment was called into

play in order to give a sense of reality to this scene—a scene in which Shakespeare's genius grappled, and successfully grappled, with what was certainly one of the most striking events in Roman story. In the various costumes of the vast crowd which filled the stage, the student of antiquity was delighted to see the results of the most scholarly research; while the artist's eye was gladdened by contrasts of color and variety of grouping, in which there were suggestions for many pictures. The general disposition of the scene was excellent, and quite sufficient for all dramatic purposes. But it was in the way that the crowd became a living, seething mass of ill-instructed, excitable, passionate human creatures,—"a fierce democratic swayed at will" by the rhetoric first of Brutus and then of Antony—that the presiding spirit of the company made his power felt. Not a hint given by Shakespeare in the interjected speeches of the first, second, third, and fourth citizens, but was turned to profit. The representatives seized and directed the variable moods of the mob with admirable skill, moving in and out among them, and driving home their speeches with the tones and action of accomplished actors. The crowd itself, moreover, listened to the two great orators as if, indeed, a portentous issue hung upon their words, and step by step it was wrought up to the frenzy of passion, which in Shakespeare finds vent in the words—

"Second Cit. Go fetch fire!"

Third Cit. Pluck down benches!

Fourth Cit. Pluck down the forms, windows, anything!"—

and which in reality made the Roman populace lay hold of every inflammable thing within their reach, musical instruments included, to make a funeral pyre for Cæsar's body in the forum, not three hundred yards from the spot where Marc Antony spoke his craftily devised harangue.

But the very vividness with which all this was acted could not fail to do some violence to Shakespeare, who naturally throws more stress upon Brutus and Antony as the moving spirits of the scene than upon those whom they address, whereas upon the stage they were somewhat overshadowed by the prominence of the mob. An actor of less power and accomplishment than Herr Barnay would have run great risk of being utterly eclipsed. Only his imposing voice and presence enabled him to tower over all the weltering turbulence of the scene, and, despite the somewhat too frequent interruptions of assent from the crowd, to keep the attention of the audience fixed upon himself as the central figure. It was in this scene, as in the previous scene in the senate-house, that Herr Barnay—who, we hear, is not a permanent member of the Meiningen troupe—

proved himself to be of a far higher order than those with whom he was associated. His elocution, unforced and incisive, aided by a flexible, penetrating voice, and by the graces of free and appropriate action, told with immense effect. When he descended from the rostrum to a place beside the bier, his tall and commanding figure prevented him from being dwarfed, as otherwise he must have been, by the crowd which was allowed to press too closely and eagerly upon him. Not soon will be forgotten by those who saw it, the admirable way in which he illuminated with voice and action the speech beginning, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" working up his audience to the highest pitch of sympathy, till he had prepared them for the climax of his rhetoric, as he threw back the mantle from Cæsar's face, with the words—

*"Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here—
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors."*

By this time he had moved the audience in front, as well as those upon the stage. He sent the same thrill through them by showing to their eyes that "poor and bleeding piece of earth," to which the civilized world had but the day before been bowed in homage.

The Cassius of Herr Teller was a performance of great merit. He had "the lean and hungry look" of the ascetic republican, who "thought too much," and filled Cæsar with distrust. An actor of large experience, trained in the light of good traditions, he threw himself into the part with the sincerity of a true artist. His Cassius was, therefore, a figure to remember; and this all the more that, in subsequent performances, the same actor proved himself as much at home in comedy as in the higher poetical drama. The Brutus was not so satisfactory—lacking the dignity of an ardent nature, disciplined to self-command, which Shakespeare has so wonderfully drawn. In the beautiful scene with Portia, the absence of this characteristic became most prominent; and its absence had an evil effect upon the Portia who, beside a Brutus of the highest stamp, would not, as she did, address her remonstrances to him with a noisy vehemence, strangely discordant with the mingled dignity and tenderness which breathe through every word that Shakespeare has placed in her mouth. And yet the actress, Fräulein Haverland, showed herself a mistress of her art in the only other scene where Portia appears (Act II, scene 5), where she is hurried into the street by her anxiety to learn the news of the attempt she knows is about to be made on Cæsar's life. Into this scene she threw an intensity which carried

the audience by storm, and to which they delighted to give a hearty recognition.

In "The Winter's Tale," which almost rivaled "Julius Cæsar" in popularity, a severer test was applied to the powers of the Meiningen system to do justice to the finer poetical elements of the Shakespearean drama. The play affords scope in Leontes and in Hermione for the subtlest histrionic power, while the episode of Florizel and Perdita, sweetest of idyls, demands the most delicate handling, not only in their representatives, but also in the portrayal of the ideal pastoral life in which their story is set. The Drury Lane audience were better able to form a comparative judgment in this case, for the play has been seen, and at no very distant date, on both the London and provincial stages. In exquisite beauty of costumes and of grouping, the Meiningen performance left nothing to be desired. At every turn it seemed as if some of the great pictures of the Venetian school had come to life. The scenery, too, with one exception, was all that could be wished; and everywhere was apparent the same fine sense of color, of picturesque arrangement, of the value of little incidents of detail, as in the "Julius Cæsar," carried in some respects to even a higher pitch of excellence. As a mere piece of scenic splendor and stage effect, it would be difficult to imagine anything superior to the scene of Hermione's trial, and the effect upon the awe-struck crowd of the thunderbolt that sweeps from heaven in answer to Leontes's sacrilegious words—

"There is no truth at all i' the oracle"—

that has just proclaimed Hermione's innocence. But how dearly was the triumph of such a scene purchased by the violation of truth to Shakespeare, and to all probability! Shakespeare places the scene in "a court of justice." Here it was in a public street. No doubt Hermione complains of having been hurried

"Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limb"—

but this merely means that she, in her yet delicate state, has been hurried "through the open air" to the place of trial. The temptation to strain the words of the poet had, however, been obviously too great, for it gave the stage-director the opportunity of bringing in his well-drilled crowds to express, by looks and exclamation, their sympathy with the unhappy queen, and to keep up a running commentary of by-play upon the words of the leading actors. But the mischief did not stop here. From the desire to compose his groups well, he subjected Hermione to an act of unmanly rigor, of which not even Leontes would have been guilty; for, in place of being

conducted to a seat, as befitted a woman fresh from childbed, and that woman an emperor's daughter, and herself a queen, she was made to stand on a raised platform, almost jostled by a mob of bystanders, throughout a scene of more than ordinary length. Placed in such circumstances, it was perhaps not strange that the speeches of Hermione were given by Fraülein Haverland with an almost masculine energy of tone and gesture, little suited to express that touching combination of wounded dignity and tenderness with martyr-like sweetness and heart-searching pathos which Shakespeare has infused into every line of this scene.

In this mode of treating a scene of exceptional poetic value, we must decline to adopt the teaching of the Meiningen school, for it is, in the worst sense, a "shouldering aside of the dramatic interest" for the sake of what is of no moment whatever to the right understanding of the play—nay, more, for what, by its intrusive prominence, actually impedes the performers from giving due effect to the conception of the poet.

The same absence of sympathy with Shakespeare's purpose was not less conspicuous in the last scene of the play, where, after sixteen years spent by Leontes in mourning for the wrong he has done to the wife whom he believes to be dead, she is restored to him by Paulina. The situation is one of the finest in Shakespeare; he has been at peculiar pains to invest it with every circumstance of solemnity. Hermione, sanctified by long years of seclusion and grief, through which she has been sustained only by the promise of the oracle that her lost daughter shall be restored to her, is to be given back to the husband, all whose remorse could not, until that child was found, win her again to his arms, so wide was the gulf which had been placed between them by the outrage done to her as wife, as mother, and as queen. Like a strain of sad, sweet music, the scene brings all the pain and misunderstanding of the earlier acts to a harmonious close. So anxious has Shakespeare been to indicate the way he wished it to be treated, that he places it in "a chapel in Paulina's house." How great, then, was the surprise of those who knew this, when the curtain rose upon one of those impossible fairy groves of rainbow lines which precede the transformation scene of a pantomime; and this, although the text in as many words indicates that the curtained recess to which Paulina leads Leontes stands at the end of a picture-gallery along which she has just brought him! If the stage-director had not felt the situation, as little did the actors seem to do so. Hermione, not robed to resemble a statue, but wearing the royal apparel in which she had appeared in the first act, inspired no reverence,

for she wore no trace on her looks of the "woman, bright with something of an angel light," with which long years of holy meditation had suffused them. Here, too, Herr Barnay as Leontes proved quite unequal to the situation. Where were the amazement, the awe, the pang of remembrance, the welling-up of the old passionate love at the sight of his much-wronged queen, which finds vent in the words—

" . . . Oh ! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I wooed her " ?

Where, too, was all the trembling ecstasy of mingled hope and fear, as, while he gazed, the figure before him seemed to stir with life ? Remembering what this scene was, as last it was seen in London, with Macready as Leontes, and what its effect upon the audience was, we felt that our German visitors have yet much to learn before they can interpret worthily what is best and highest in the Shakespearean drama. What waste of power, too—what disregard of the sense of proportion—to expend so much labor and wealth of illustration on all the preceding portions of the play, and then to let it come to a close so flat and unimpressive !

Space fails us, otherwise we might further illustrate this blindness to the finer poetic aspects of the play by the manner in which the episode of Florizel and Perdita was treated. Hard indeed, we own, must it always be to find a young actor and actress equal to parts of such ideal beauty ; and if their Meiningen representatives were little like what the imagination pictures, one is too much accustomed to such disappointments to complain. But the scenes where they are the central figures were overlaid by the introduction of a great deal too many figures, by too many garish dresses, and dames of the ballet type, which merely delayed the action, and distracted attention from what was of more importance. All praise, however, was due here, as in "Julius Cæsar," to the care taken with the minor parts throughout the play. This exemplary quality, indeed, distinguished all the performances ; and set before those who take upon themselves the responsibility of conducting a theatre an example which, if followed, may do much to raise the character of the English stage.

We must not close our remarks on the play without a word of warm commendation for the Paulina of Fräulein von Moser-Sperner, into which the actress threw all that intensity of feeling which the part requires, and with the skill of emphasis and action which only an accomplished

artist can command. Results of an average excellence so marked as in the case of the Meiningen Company, speak volumes for the industry and modestly artistic spirit with which they must have worked through many years to produce so prevailing a completeness of *ensemble*. For it is only by years of work pursued in this spirit that such results are to be obtained. There is no royal road to excellence on the stage, any more than in any other art. Yet when we see how far short of what could be wished is what even these patient, intelligent, and practiced artists can achieve, we may well wonder at the courage of those young gentlemen from Oxford who seem to have deemed it to be their vocation to show London, at the Imperial Theatre, a few weeks ago, how "Romeo and Juliet" ought to be acted. In the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, with which they entertained their friends last year, they were safe from criticism. Nine tenths of their audience did not understand a word of spoken Greek, and the other tenth were very tolerant of an attempt which had at least the merit of being novel, if not amusing. A little common-sense—which, however, does not always accompany a knowledge of Greek—might have taught these young gentlemen to distrust the praises of such lenient critics, and to return, with laurels all untarnished to "strictly meditate the thankless Muse," or to prosecute those other pursuits which their Alma Mater is supposed to foster. Instead of this, they have rushed before the town in the play which perhaps of all others in Shakespeare imposes the very highest demands upon those who would embody it on the stage. The foolish praise of personal friends has, no doubt, not been wanting to gratify the vanity which prompted an attempt, the audacity of which amounts to mere impertinence. But it would be idle to waste criticism upon the outcome of what had no doubt absorbed an infinite quantity of time, unwisely taken from more fitting pursuits. Of all arts, as Voltaire long ago said, the art of acting is the most difficult. When will amateurs learn to realize this truth ? If act they must, let them do so by all means ; but let them first qualify themselves by all the hard study, and still harder practice, which the art demands. If the young Oxford amateurs wish to find out whether Nature meant them for the stage, let them take to it as a profession. Judged by what was seen of them at the Imperial Theatre, they will scarcely provoke very eager competition at present among managers for their services.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LAWN TENNIS AND ITS PLAYERS.

"THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." An evidence of this, as strong as anything to be found in the theological writings of Dr. Paley, is discernible in the singular circumstance of the mania for rinking preceding the quite rational enthusiasm for lawn tennis. Now that the nation is restored to its sound mind, it can perceive without difficulty that nothing could have come out of rinking. A person revolved round and round on a pair of wheeled skates, which gave him or her the appearance of having club-feet, to the discordant sounds of a bad band. This was rinking. And the monotony was only diversified when the person fell with violence on the end of his nose, and broke that feature of his face, or sprained his wrist, or had to be conveyed home in a cab, suffering from severe concussion of the brain. Such as it was, however, all classes were for a time quite demented on the subject of rinking. They imagined that they could rink without weariness or satiety for three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. Age would not wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety. Rinks were constructed in all parts of London, and in most of our country towns; and then, all at once, rinking vanished from the number of popular amusements, like an unsubstantial pageant, faded. It left, however, some truly valuable "racks" behind. Rinking was the herald and forerunner of a new and better dispensation. Its function was to prepare the earth for a worthier pastime. It devoted itself to straightening the crooked, and making the rough places smooth, until, in the fullness of time, lawn tennis appeared in a world fitted, by the multiplicity of its skating-rinks, to give it a worthy reception.

Under any circumstances, such a game as lawn tennis would not have failed to achieve popularity and success. For, first of all, it is played with a ball and a bat; and human nature is so constituted that, given a ball and bat, it can obtain from these constituent elements a larger amount and a greater diversity of pleasure than from any other combination. Then, it is not so difficult but that every one can play a little. It is not like cricket, where a bad player has but a single chance, so to speak, and, after hours of weary fielding, is pretty sure to be dismissed with the first ball to obscurity and humiliation. It is not like real tennis, at which the beginner finds it altogether beyond his capacity to get within five feet of the ball. Lawn tennis cheats the "duffer" with the fond illusions of hope:

"Still it whispers promised pleasure,
And bids the lovely scenes at distance hail."

Until the very last stroke of a game has been played, there remains the possibility—the hope—that past failures may be redeemed by sudden and continuous success. The "duffer" aims at the ball, and strikes only the vacant air; he puts the ball into the net; he sends it out of court—anywhere except where it ought to go—but there is no occasion for him to be reduced to absolute despair. If he has missed fifty chances, fifty others equally good are still awaiting him. And then the greatest "duffer" does occasionally succeed in accomplishing a "return." That constitutes a delirious moment. He summons his friends and his neighbors to rejoice with him, and no more remembers the anguish of repeated failures. For it is to be noted that, when a "duffer" makes a return, he generally scores an ace—a dufer's return being as little looked for by the opposing side as the proverbial bolt out of a blue sky. And Mr. W. Renshaw himself could do no more. Then, again, all the adjuncts of lawn tennis are such as to invest it with an exceeding delight and fascination. An English lawn, with the grass like velvet beneath one's feet, the summer sunlight glancing amid the foliage of the trees, the bright colors of the flower-beds around, the strawberries, the iced claret-cup—those who have not played lawn tennis under these conditions are persons to be profoundly commiserated. But though, as I have said, lawn tennis under any conditions must have become a highly popular game, the play could never have been carried to its present perfection—the latent possibilities of the game would never have been so thoroughly discovered—but for the existence of disused skating-rinks. These not merely furnished a number of ready-made courts, but they supplied a pattern from which others might be constructed. They showed how the game might be made independent of summer weather and a carefully tended lawn, and so placed it within the reach of thousands, summer and winter, who otherwise could not have played at all.

The object of the present paper is to trace the successive modifications in the style of play which the game has undergone since its first introduction. It is so universal an amusement at present that such a narrative, however imperfectly executed, can not fail to be of interest to many. I shall assume that all readers of this paper are acquainted with the rules of the game. Originally, then, the chief object of the lawn-tennis

ver was to acquire the art of striking the ball for s it is struck at real tennis; "putting cut on the an, ll," this stroke was commonly called. And whi here can be no question that, in the early and th innocent days of lawn tennis, the "putting of cut qu on the ball" was a highly effective device. It an caused the ball, upon touching the ground, to th rise at an unexpected angle, which to the lawn- si tennis "duffer" is a most disconcerting occur- v rence. He either misses the ball altogether, or strikes it with a violence which causes the spectator to suppose that he imagines the court to be about a quarter of a mile long. In the early days of "cut" the majority of lawn-tennis players were "duffers," without being aware of it, and the subtilities of "cut" for a while completely overcame them. But gradually it became apparent that the men who "put cut" on a ball were able to do so only in one particular way. Their returns bounded off at an angle, it was true, but always at the same angle; and, when the angle had once been ascertained, a "cut" ball became as easy to take as one that was not "cut." Nay, in most cases it was easier. For, in those early days, the pace at which a ball was returned diminished in proportion to the amount of "cut" that there was on it; and it is the swift ball which the inexperienced player finds it most difficult to keep within court. The consequence was, that the accomplished "cutter" of balls was not unfrequently hoist with his own petard. His antagonist, calculating beforehand the angle at which the ball would rise, took his stand there, and sent it back straight and swift into the "cutter's" court. A ball thus swiftly returned can not, except rarely, be "cut" back; there is not time to get into the attitude proper for "cutting"; and so, as players learned to send in swift returns, "cutting" was deposed from its place of preëminence, and was regarded as of little value. There are, however, still to be seen players who fondly cling to the old "cutting" stroke; like ghosts they "haunt the places where their power has died"; but they are as men fighting with bows and arrows against modern arms of precision. The "cut" has lost all the awe-inspiring qualities which originally invested it. It has been found out; and, although there are moments in a rally when the "cut" can be employed with great effect, it no longer forms a prominent feature in the style of the best players. Those who cling to "cut" have to content themselves with their excellence therein. They are not "in" the game, as it is played at present.

The second great change in the method of play was brought about by Mr. W. Renshaw. He came up from Cheltenham to London, and brought with him a tremendously swift and difficult overhand service, and the practice of volley-

ing at the net. Volleying at the net had, to a certain extent, been practiced before his time. Mr. Spencer Gore, who won the gold cup at Wimbledon on the first occasion that it was competed for, had achieved his success mainly by volleying. But Mr. W. Renshaw was the first player who showed what could be done by means of "volleying at the net." Exceedingly active, and gifted with an accurate eye and a quick hand, he "placed" his volleys with a skill and certainty which, until then, had never been witnessed in a lawn-tennis court. For a while he carried all before him. The returns from the base-line were not then nearly so swift as they have since become, and this circumstance rendered "volleying at the net" doubly fatal. All players began, in imitation of W. Renshaw, to study the art of volleying at the net. At this time the "volleyer" stood as near to the net as the rules of the game would allow him, and it was not supposed to be possible to volley efficiently from the back of the court. There are, however, great accompanying weaknesses in a position close to the net. A player in such a situation defends but a small portion of the court. A "return" can be tossed over his head; there is space on his right hand and on his left for a ball to pass him; and it is difficult, if standing close to the net, so to volley a hard-hit return that it shall not go beyond the base-line. The mere force of the rebound, unless the racquet is very carefully handled, will carry the ball out of court. The effects, therefore, of Mr. Renshaw's new game of "volleying at the net," were to compel players to cultivate "placing" as an accomplishment of first necessity to him who would excel at lawn tennis, and also to get more and more pace into the returns, so as to drive the volleyer to the back of the court, when he became merely as other men—a Samson shorn of his locks.

The two players who, in those days—i. e., about two years ago—were most successful in encountering Mr. W. Renshaw by these means, were Mr. Erskine and Mr. Lawford. An unfortunate accident has compelled Mr. Erskine to retire from the contests of lawn tennis, and the game has thereby lost one of its finest exponents. But Mr. Lawford's fine play is still to be seen; and it is remarkable, amid much else that is excellent in it, for the tremendous swiftness and severity of his "returns" from the base-line. There is no other player who can drive a ball transversely across the court at such a rapid rate as Mr. Lawford. This particular return is, I imagine, due to a long series of contests with Mr. Renshaw, when the fortunes of a set depended upon the measure of success with which Renshaw could be driven away from the net. Comparing the play of these two eminent masters of

the craft, I think that of Renshaw might be defined as the play of a man who has a natural genius for the game; that of Lawford, as the result of persistent practice. Renshaw's style is as graceful as the performance is excellent; his hardest strokes are made without apparent effort, and he has a really wonderful aptitude for meeting new and sudden difficulties with equally new and unexpected displays of dexterity. Lawford, on the other hand, is an ungraceful player, and it is sheer industry and perseverance which have enabled him to reach his present high standard of excellence. The matches of last year seemed to show that play from the base-line had a slight superiority over volleying from the net. Mr. Renshaw won the Irish championship, it is true, but he was defeated both at Prince's and again at Wimbledon; and, in both these tournaments, the final ties were played almost entirely from the base-line. On Prince's Ground, the final match was between Mr. Lawford and Mr. E. Lubbock; at Wimbledon, between the former gentleman and Mr. Hartley. Better lawn tennis, as played from the base-line, has, I suppose, never been seen than in these two matches. In the contest between Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Lawford there was one rally where the ball was returned over the net no less than eighty-three times; and Mr. Hartley, who beat Mr. Lawford by three sets to one, is the best player from the base-line which the game has yet produced. But this year there was an entire change of method in the play; and Mr. E. Lubbock and Mr. Hartley, not having marched with the times, were defeated with surprising ease and quickness. The victor this year of all the great matches has been Mr. W. Renshaw. He has retained the Irish championship, he has won the Silver Cup at Prince's, and he has wrested the Wimbledon Gold Cup from Mr. Hartley, after that gentleman had retained it for two years. But, over and above this, his victory at Wimbledon has been far more than an ordinary victory. There are for this tournament some forty or fifty entries, and these are paired off by lots. Now, it might easily happen that an inferior player should live almost to the close of such a competition, because, in the drawing, he had the good fortune to be paired with antagonists weaker than himself. The players competent to cope with Mr. Renshaw on anything like equal terms can be counted on the fingers of a man's hand. Exclusive of Mr. Hartley they are—Mr. E. Lubbock, Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Lawford, and Mr. Richardson; and either by accident or arrangement, all these players, instead of contending against each other, were successively met and vanquished by Mr. Renshaw. Thus, he has not only won the Gold Cup, but in the process of doing so has actually met and defeated every possible competi-

tor for that prize. This result is due mainly to his masterly volleying from the center of the court. This is the latest modification which the game has undergone. I have already explained the weaknesses inseparable from volleying close to the net. A player who, standing on the service-line, can volley effectively from that position, gets the better of most of these. He is sufficiently distant from the rest to give him time to get to a ball to his right or his left; it is, of course, very much more difficult to toss a ball over his head than when he took his stand close to the net; and a hard return from the base-line striking his racquet, has a far greater space for its rebound—the chance, therefore, of its being carried out of court is greatly diminished. This change in tactics has rendered the playing of the game a far more delicate and difficult matter than it has ever been before. The "placing" of every return has to be judged with the nicest accuracy, the object being so to return the ball that it shall be impossible for your adversary to return it without abandoning his central station on the service-line. A hard, straight return from the back of the court, rarely succeeds in accomplishing this if one's adversary is at all skilled in volleying. Such a ball can be volleyed back with a swiftness which is nearly certain to score an ace. The most effective stroke for routing a man standing on the service-line is a ball tossed in the air so as to descend almost perpendicularly a few paces behind the spot on which he stands. Not only must he run back to return such a stroke, but it is all but impossible to volley it, except gently. Any attempt to put severity into such a volley will, in nine cases out of ten, carry the ball far beyond the base-line. Consequently, the rallies in the great games of this year have had none of that monotonous character which belonged to the long-drawn-out contests of last year from the base-lines. If not so protracted as those, they have been much more exciting and diversified, consisting now of a rapid interchange of volleys from the service-line; or, when one of the players had been dislodged from that vantage-ground, of a series of endeavors on his part so to "place" the ball that, driving his opponent back, he might recover the lost point of strength. The player that is firmly planted in the center of the court, on the service-line, is tolerably certain to win the rally.

Such is the new method of play which Mr. W. Renshaw has carried to so great perfection. Not only do his volleys surpass those of other players in accuracy of placing and certainty of return, but he has two strokes which are, in a special sense, his own private property. They are his "half-volleys," and the returns, which have come to be known as "Renshaw smashes." A half-volley, if properly managed, is a most

effective return ; a ball taken on the half-volley flies back into an adversary's court, with a most swift and perplexing spin upon it ; but to "place" a half-volley is, I think, the achievement most difficult to accomplish in lawn tennis. In fact, with the exception of W. Renshaw, I have never seen a player who could be trusted to return a half-volley so as to place it on some predetermined spot. The "Renshaw smash" is a stroke of a very different kind. It consists in taking on the volley a tossed ball, and beating it down on the ground with immense force. Most players, who attempt this stroke, merely send the ball flying miles out of court ; W. Renshaw can do it three times out of four. I question if the "Renshaw smash" be intrinsically so difficult a stroke to return as it looks. The force with which the ball is struck to the ground gives it also a long and high rebound, thus allowing a cool and imperturbable player ample time in which to get at and return it. Such a player is Mr. Richardson ; and I have seen him return one "smash" after another, until Renshaw, rendered frenzied and desperate, has "smashed" the ball out of court. Mr. Woodhouse, too, in his contest at Wimbledon against Mr. Renshaw, returned three of those "smashes" in quick succession, ultimately scoring the ace. But, if not intrinsically difficult, there can be no question that the "Renshaw smash" is eminently demoralizing to the firmest and most composed players. It startles the mind and dazzles the eye, so that the hand can not execute what is required of it to do. How completely the game had been changed by this volleying from the service-line was shown when Mr. E. Lubbock and Mr. Hartley had to contend against Mr. Renshaw. At the close of last year, no names stood higher in the roll of lawn-tennis players than those of these two gentlemen, and they are, beyond question, very admirable players, but they have neglected volleying. And the consequence was, that Mr. Renshaw slaughtered them with ease and affluence by three sets to love. What an unlooked-for falling-off was there ! Many a lawn-tennis player, whose reputation had been built up in the safe security of a country district by elaborate "cuttings" and similar obsolete devices, as he beheld this instructive spectacle must have felt constrained to whisper to his own mind : "I, too, am no better than a duffer ; I can not volley from the service-line." As a player from the base-line, it is probable that Mr. Hartley is a more accomplished performer than Mr. E. Lubbock ; but the latter can volley to a certain extent ; so that, while he made at times a good fight of his battle, the champion of two years, who can not volley at all, contrived to score only two games out of the entire three sets—a warning to all players vainly puffed up

with the knowledge which edifieth not, to wit—lawn tennis played only from the base-line.

Mr. W. Renshaw I have already described as a player of genius. It is hard to conceive of any one being a greater adept at the game than he is ; but one gentleman there is in London, who, if he chose to cultivate his powers, might wrest his ascendancy from the Wimbledon champion. This is Mr. Swainson Akroyd, of the Maida-Vale Lawn-Tennis Club. His natural gifts for playing the game are more striking, perhaps, than even those of Mr. Renshaw. Tall, active, and long in the arm, he has a reach which seems to extend to every corner of the court. He can volley, half-volley, has a difficult service, and his back-handed play is incomparably the most severe I have ever seen. The ball is sent *whishing* across the net with a downward cut upon it, which keeps it from rising above an inch or two after it has touched the ground. But Mr. Swainson Akroyd is not sufficiently impressed with the moral obligation incumbent upon all lawn-tennis players to develop their powers to the utmost. He will plead, if exhorted to do so, that he has "business in the city," or some such frivolous excuse ; as if lawn tennis were not the chief end and object of a man's existence ! This painfully mistaken view of life hinders him from attaining the certainty of play which is essential to success, and which is attainable only by constant practice. Leaving him, therefore, out of the reckoning, after Mr. Renshaw, the most accomplished players are Mr. Lawford and Mr. Richardson. At the present moment these two gentlemen are as nearly equal as it is possible for two players to be. After the match at Wimbledon between Mr. Renshaw and Mr. Hartley, Messrs. Richardson and Lawford played a match for a cup presented by Mr. Locker. In every game some one must win ; and on this occasion victory remained with Mr. Richardson, after a most exciting struggle, and some of the finest lawn tennis I have ever seen. But the players were so equal that there was not a *bisque* to choose between them. Nevertheless, supposing that they do not change their respective methods of play, I believe that Mr. Richardson will be the superior of Mr. Lawford by this time next year. Mr. Lawford's returns are the more severe, but Mr. Richardson excels in placing and volleying ; and it is by placing and volleying that, for the future, lawn-tennis players must achieve success. The fourth place in the hierarchy of first-rate players belongs, in my opinion, to Mr. Woodhouse, of the West Middlesex Lawn-Tennis Club ; the fifth, to Mr. E. Renshaw. Then comes a miscellaneous horde of what may be called "good players" ; men who would be victorious on most grounds, except when pitted against the five or

six first-rate players, Chief among these is Mr. Jenkins, of the Maida-Vale Lawn-Tennis Club, a very accomplished player, of whom it is difficult to say why he does not stand in the first rank; Mr. Cole, of the West Middlesex Lawn-Tennis Club, who, if he would but acquire the art of volleying, would find few men capable of beating him; Mr. Braddell, the Oxford University champion; and Mr. G. Law, who, in the quite inferior diversions of the cricket-field, allows his powers as a lawn-tennis player to rust in him unused. Beyond the "good players," again, there is a vast multitude whom no man can number. This is the great army of "duffers," male and female, and who are the cause of much anguish and bitterness of spirit to the earnest and conscientious lawn-tennis player. A writer in a weekly contemporary has described the "duffer" with some vivacity, and in considerable detail; and, as the description has an unmistakable flavor of personal experience, I transcribe it here:

"The enjoyments of the lawn-tennis party are of a checkered character. At such gatherings there is certain to be, in the shape of a duffer—

'The little pitted speck in garnered fruit
Which, rotting inward, slowly molders all.'

"The duffer is of various kinds. The most objectionable, perhaps, is he who, with no proper sense of the high duties to which he is being called, professes his willingness to 'make up a set.' This duffer is generally under an impression that the game is one which can be played at once by the light of Nature. The success which attends the strokes of one player rather than those of another, he attributes to an inscrutable good luck. He rarely gets within a foot of the ball, and his functions as a player are almost exclusively limited to beating the air with an unprofitable racquet. The duffer can nearly always be recognized at a garden-party by the elaborateness of his 'get-up.' It has been sometimes conjectured that he regards a suit of 'flannels' as invested with magical properties, like Mr. Tennyson's 'white samite, mystic, wonderful,' and that they impart skill and dexterity to him who wears them. Ladies play a great deal at lawn tennis, and are nearly always duffers, though rarely of so objectionable a type as the masculine duffer. They are, for the most part, conscious of their deficiencies—playing, indeed, more for the sake of the costume than for the game—and exhibit a laudable desire to keep as much as possible out of the way of their partners. The masculine duffer will rarely accept this self-sacrificing rôle. He will rush in where angels would fear to tread, regardless of the havoc he causes. Few ladies become good players at lawn tennis, or, indeed, at any game, because so few ladies play for the sake of the game. They play for spectacular purposes. They are troubled with fears lest they should be growing too red in the face. They won't run, lest the action should be ungraceful. A gentleman will shut himself up in a lonely and desolate court, and there, for

hours, in the society of an unsympathetic marker, devote himself to 'practice,' until he has acquired the thing he is aiming at—*Sic itur ad astra*. But there are few ladies touched by so conscientious a sense of the solemn responsibilities of lawn tennis. To the enthusiastic player who pursues lawn tennis in an earnest and reverent spirit, the presence of the duffer, whether male or female, is a grievous affliction. It is the *aliquid amari* welling up in a fountain of sweets—the abomination of desolation standing in the place where it ought not. His feelings are much injured by the reiterated incapacities of the duffer. But there are also moments of consolation. The duffer is awkward with his racquet. Not unfrequently, in striking at a ball, he will smite the knuckles of his left hand, causing himself to evince thereby lively manifestations of pain. At such moments the lawn-tennis player feels that he is witnessing a solemn act of retributive justice, and is cheered by the sight. Again, the duffer labors under an irremediable inability to judge of distance and direction. A ball coming at him at the rate of fifty miles an hour, he generally concludes will never reach him, unless he rushes precipitately forward and receives it, bullet-wise, in the chest. After accomplishing this feat, the duffer has, sometimes, been seen to gasp as if momentarily breathless. A duffer gasping from the consequences of his own misconduct is a spectacle solacing and full of refreshment to the earnest and reverent lawn-tennis player."

This description, it must be admitted, is somewhat acrid and unfair. Every player must be a duffer to begin with. And there are duffers and duffers. The foregoing is a description of the aggressive duffer who conceives himself to be a player before he has mastered the rudiments of the game. But there is a duffer of another kind—the duffer who, by patient continuance in well-doing, hopes to get glory and honor at Wimbledon and elsewhere. This is a man to be encouraged; and, for his benefit, I will set down a few random hints on how to become a player, which, I trust, he will turn to better account than the transcriber has succeeded in doing. The altogether indispensable requisite for success as a lawn-tennis player is imperturbability of temperament. And this it is which the neophyte finds most difficult to acquire. He thinks he will never reach a ball in time unless he rushes toward it with such devouring speed that the ball is ten feet behind him before he has pulled up sufficiently to make the blow he intended. A player must, of course, move toward a fast-flying and distant ball with rapidity, but he ought to retain full control over his movements; and, above all things, he must be careful not to throw into his stroke any portion of the impetus derived from the preceding run. The balls which are hit out of court are mostly those which have been struck after a long preceding run, and they are sent out

of court because the player has not been able to pull up, and come to a stand before making his stroke. In this matter of imperturbability Mr. W. Renshaw is a model which all lawn-tennis players should set up as their ideal. If his antagonist in the opposite court suddenly vanished from sight in a blue flame, I am confident that this accomplished player would exhibit no outward sign of emotion. It is, of course, given to few players to attain to this elevated standard of insensibility, but it should be their earnest endeavor to approximate thereto.

Another rule which the inexperienced lawn-tennis player should sedulously observe is, not to try for too much. The young lawn-tennis player is, as a rule, a great deal too anxious to (as he calls it) "kill the ball." He wants to make every return a difficult stroke. No lobs for him; every return shall be made a couple of inches above the net, and, in point of celerity, resemble an express-train. The consequence is, that he does "kill the ball," but almost invariably on the wrong side of the net. And here again he may learn a lesson from any of the eminent players I have mentioned in the foregoing pages. There is nothing more admirable in their play than the patience and self-restraint with which they are content *not* to make difficult returns, until they can do so with an almost complete assurance of decisive success.

A third rule is, never—if it can be avoided—to strike a ball on the rebound while it is still on the rise. The proper time to strike is when the ball has turned, and is on its way toward the ground. Then, whatever "screw" or "cut" may originally have been put upon the ball has gone out of it, and its return is comparatively easy. There are times, of course, when a ball must be struck on the rise. In those cases the ball should be tossed in the air, or the chances are that the mere force of the rebound, if it be sent straight back, will carry it out of court.

When the lawn-tennis neophyte finds himself in a difficulty, his tendency is to strike at the ball wildly, and as hard as he can. This is a fatal mistake. Generally he misses the ball altogether, or, if he hits it, he does it with so much violence that it is carried far out of court. In most cases a hard and swift stroke should be returned quietly and gently. The net is not far off, and a very gentle stroke suffices to carry a ball over it; while a ball thus lobbed over gives an almost irresistible temptation to the player in the opposite court to try if he can not "kill" it; and he generally does so, but on *his* side of the net. Rules, however, are by themselves powerless to lead men to excellence in lawn tennis, as in other things. A player must bring some things with him—the original gifts of Nature—before he can hope to

play. If he has not an easy and flexible wrist; if he can not, almost as if by intuition, acquire the indescribable art of handling a racquet; if he has not a correct eye for the judgment of distance, he will never become a player. Even with all these advantages he can not hope greatly to excel unless he has the opportunity of constantly playing with a better man than himself. There is nothing more fatal to progress in this game than to be the best player of the "set" to which you chance to belong. To this, in a great measure, I attribute Mr. Hartley's defeat at Wimbledon this year. Away up in Yorkshire, how was it possible for him to find a foeman worthy of his steel? The splendid play exhibited by Mr. W. Renshaw is the outcome of hundreds of hard battles with men of equal excellence with himself. But Mr. Hartley, instead of crossing swords week after week with players like Lawford, Richardson, Woodhouse, Akroyd, and others, has probably had nothing more formidable to contend with than a cohort of "duffers." How, in such a case, was it possible for him to learn to volley from the service-line? The best player in a set almost unavoidably conceits himself to be a stronger player than he is. He has acquired a thorough mastery of so much of the game as he has ever seen, and how is he to guess that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy? It is a terrible awakening to such a one when he is brought for the first time into conflict with a first-rate player. Those terribly severe returns which were wont to strike terror and confusion to the minds of the duffers with whom he has been wont to play, he finds to be neither severe nor terrible as matters now stand. In place of that easy and majestic supremacy which he had no difficulty in maintaining in his own set, he finds himself sent flying from one end of the court to the other in a most hot, breathless, and undignified fashion. How changed, alas! from the man he had fondly imagined himself to be. If a duffer—one of his habitual victims—should chance to be present while he is thus driven about under the domination of a superior will, the anguish of the experience may be said to reach its culminating point. The airy dreams of his ambition tumble in ruins around him, and he feels inclined to cry aloud in bitterness of spirit, "I am a miserable duffer, and deeper than did plummet ever sound I'll drown my racquet." For a time he sinks into a state like the melancholy of Prince Hamlet; the earth becomes a pestilential congregation of vapors; man delights not him, nor woman either. But he recovers gradually, and recommences lawn tennis, a sadder but a wiser man.

ROBERT D. OSBORN (*Contemporary Review*).

REVIEWS.

I.

VOLCANOES.*

PROFESSOR JUDD modestly announces himself in the preface to his present excellent work as the scientific executor of the late Mr. Poulett Scrope in carrying forward the knowledge and investigation of the subject to which that eminent geologist devoted so much of his life. Many years have elapsed since Scrope's death, and since he worked, and wrote, much has been done to enlarge and confirm the basis of facts and observations upon which must rest any true theory of volcanic action and of the cognate phenomena of earthquakes. Very extensive additions have been made to the relative geographical information by ascertaining the position and mutual bearings of active volcanoes in all regions of the globe, the number of which, and of what may be called semi-volcanic districts, is far greater than was formerly supposed. A more precise and differential examination has been made of the various rocks and minerals which are the slow results or immediate products of volcanic energy, and these are now better understood and more correctly classified than was formerly the case. Chemical analysis and microscopic work have also contributed to an improved knowledge of their real constitution, and of the probable conditions under which they have been evolved and have assumed their present aspects. The latest instrument of research, the spectroscope, has lent its aid, and assisted in the comparison between what is actually going on in the interior of and upon the surface of our own planet and what has been or is being transacted in the sun and other bodies of the great system to which the earth belongs. Above all, the history of the past has been carefully looked up, read, and digested, so as to explain much of what would be inexplicable, if attention were only directed to modern or recent exhibitions of volcanic action. In this, as in other departments of physical science, the immense advantage is to be noted of a concentrated attack by different branches of the service, so to speak, belonging to the powerful army now enlisted in that great warfare in which the conquest of truth is the only glory and the annexation of fresh facts and of more extended inductions is the most coveted prize.

It is nearly a century since Spallanzani visited and described the volcanoes of Italy, and these have since engaged the attention of other eminent men; but it was not until the year 1826 that Scrope's well-known treatise gave the first systematic view of the subject. It was Spallanzani who pointed out that the nature of volcanic action remains the same, however much its intensity may vary from time to time; and if this is accepted as a central truth, a great advance will be made in the facility of grouping around it many phenomena which otherwise might seem to be at variance with each other, and, indeed, not to belong to the same order of things. All subsequent discovery and reflection have tended to confirm this axiom. Stromboli has for the whole historical period of two thousand years been in a state of constant activity, but has never broken out into the violent eruptions which have distinguished Vesuvius and Etna, nor has it ever relapsed into absolute quiescence or extinction. Its accessible position and comparatively tranquil behavior have always made it a desirable spot for the study of volcanic life. There may be seen all the familiar sights and sounds of the volcano; the crater and the lava-stream, the ejected showers of molten rock, assuming the form of scorïæ as they cool in falling, and the enormous evolution of steam, which forms the huge masses of so-called smoke which hang over a volcano during eruption, and is the most probable source of the vast mechanical power which lifts the column of fused mineral matter from its subterranean reservoir and drives it over the lips of the brimming cup. Thence it runs down the sides of the mountain within which it has risen, still apparently smoking and bursting with included steam, to ravage the neighborhood, to be the terror of the day, and to become in after-ages the instruction and wonder of the future geologist, under the form of a basalt, a trachyte, or of some other plutonic rock.

The general history of the volcanic centers which have been most under observation tends to show that long periods of inactivity are followed by eruptions of long duration or of great violence, and the reverse. Feeble and brief eruptions succeed at short intervals; and, as a rule, the violence of a great eruption is inversely proportional to its duration. This sort of intermittent action obviously resembles that of the geyser springs in Iceland and elsewhere, which may fairly be described as hot-water volcanoes, and to a considerable extent it is consistent with the supposition that the actual eruptive manifesta-

* Volcanoes: What they Are and what they Teach. By John W. Judd, F. R. S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

tions of volcanic force are due to the escape of high-pressure steam, imprisoned in the interior of the earth, and waiting for an opportunity of diminished pressure to escape. Unquestionably steam does bear a considerable part in eruptions; and the unseen operation of water at enormous temperatures, and subject to immense subterranean pressure, must be held to assist in the widely-spread modifications of the earth's crust, of which volcanoes and earthquakes are the casual and not the most important indications. But much more knowledge is required before the steam theory can be definitely accepted, although it presents a greater aspect of probability than any other yet put forward and supported by observation; and in his final discussion of various hypotheses Professor Judd is extremely careful in weighing the facts already collected, and refrains from giving any absolute opinion. A recent writer in the "Quarterly Review" throws out the suggestion that the volcano and the earthquake owe their existence to some hitherto unsuspected action of electricity, while at the same time he ignores the evidence of the elevation and depression of certain tracts of the earth's surface, which must be admitted and considered in connection with any rational theory of volcanic action, and without which it can not, in all its generality, be explained.

The microscopic examination of thin slices of various lavas has discovered unexpected points of difference in their internal structure, and has even aided to some extent in determining the date of their formation. They present much difference in their composition and texture, from that of a simple glass or obsidian to that of rock like granite, made up entirely of large crystals. The vitreous lavas also sometimes take the shape of pumice, which is nothing but the filaments or powder of glassy lava consolidated, but with innumerable cavities. The pumice of commerce is a direct natural manufacture of the Mediterranean volcanoes, from one of which the necessary supply is always obtained. The most important conclusions to be derived from an investigation of the crystalline interior of lava, and from experiments upon the artificial fusing and cooling of such small portions as can be so operated upon, are those which prove the time necessary for the cooling of lavas and the great pressure to which they must have been subjected. Further evidence of enormous pressure, either exercised by steam, or by the lateral thrust of adjoining rocks, or by the weight of superincumbent mineral masses, is afforded by the existence of fluids as found in the minute cavities which abound in many kinds of crystals. Each of such cavities contains some liquid and a bubble of gas, like that of air in a spirit-level; and the obvious in-

ference is that the crystals must have been formed under a pressure capable of reducing to a liquid form some of the most volatile kinds of such matter as is usually found in an æriform state. The further prosecution of these inquiries will not only tend to throw more light on the nature of lavas, recent and ancient, but to advance our knowledge of the way in which crystals in general, and especially metallic and mineral veins, are formed. All our precious gems are probably due to volcanic action, and to the slow crystallization under enormous pressure of small portions of some of the materials which exist in another state in the greatest abundance. Diamonds are crystallized carbon, and it is known that the largest recent discovery of them has taken place in the midst of an old volcanic region of South Africa; the ruby and sapphire are crystals of alumina; the amethyst and a number of other gems represent silica.

The more recent and familiar exhibitions of volcanic agency are well described, and Professor Judd's treatise gives an admirable account of all the most celebrated eruptions, including the remarkable elevation of Monte Nuovo to a height of four hundred and forty feet in the space of two days and nights, which affords one of the best known and most instructive instances of rapid volcanic work. More novel matter is devoted to the description of less familiar but still active volcanoes, and to the studies which have now been made of extinct craters, and of the evidences of ancient volcanic action in times which are old even when reckoned according to the calendar of accepted geological time. Under different circumstances widely different results are produced. In Hawaii, where the lava is very liquid, there are great volcanic cones rising to nearly fourteen thousand feet, with a base of seventy miles, and with a slope consequently of only six or eight degrees. Cotopaxi, which has been built up by continuous eruptions from the same vent, is nineteen thousand six hundred feet high; the height and width of the base increase together, and the vertical section is nearly that of an equilateral triangle. The great eruption in the Isle of Java in 1772 was the grandest and most terrific exhibition of the inner forces of the earth recorded in history. A cone nine thousand feet high broke out in eruption, an enormous mass of materials was ejected, and the mountain was reduced in height to five thousand feet. These and similar eruptions are the violent but spasmodic efforts of volcanic force; but equally great or even greater results have probably been effected by the slow and continuous action of thermal springs, by which large quantities of heat must be constantly escaping from the interior of the earth, and materials removed and carried down

to be ultimately redeposited at the bottom of the sea. It is calculated that the solid matter dissolved in the hot waters of Bath alone, which has by their agency been extracted from the earth during the last two thousand years, would, if collected, form a solid cone equal to the bulk of Monte Nuovo.

The general proximity of active volcanoes to the shores of the sea has long been noticed; and recently extended observation confirms the fact, with only two considerable exceptions. For, in the center of the vast tract of land formed by Europe and Asia—the largest unbroken one on the globe—there rise the volcanoes of the Thian-Shan Range, of which, however, it is desirable that more should be known; and, on the contrary, the volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands, which are the largest in the world, rise almost in the center of the widest ocean and from its greatest depths. But a careful study of the evidence leads to the conclusion that the proximity of the ocean to volcanic vents should be regarded not as the cause, but as the effect, of subterranean action, when regarded in its most universal aspect. Professor Judd describes mountain-chains as cicatrized wounds in the earth's crust, representing the lines of great fissures along which volcanic action has been manifested. Afterward subsidence during long periods takes place, during which are being accumulated the future materials of the mountain-range; the effect of vast tension and pressure and of enormous heat transforms the deposited strata into hard and crystalline rocks; there is further elevation at successive epochs; and, finally, the action of water in torrents, or rain, or by frost, denudes the harder rocks and shapes out of them such masses as those of the Andes or the Alps. The time is, of course, to be counted by millions of years, and the vertical spaces to be filled in must be measured in thousands of feet; but there is nothing in the figures which need detract from the probabilities of this hypothesis. If it is accepted, it is likely that at any given time the weakest parts in the earth's crust will be along the lines of demarkation between the land and the sea, and it is here that active volcanoes would be found. To go back to an actual beginning is more than is now expected from science, which can only refer to a long series of similar changes, showing that volcanic action was at work among what are believed to be the oldest rocks. Continuous secular changes following in similar cycles of phenomena appear to be the rule in inorganic as well as in organic existence when the former is surveyed in the large and comprehensive way necessary in dealing with the cosmical history of our globe. Earthquakes thus cease to be portentous, and take their place in the ranks of the

ordinary ministers of Nature; and, so viewed, they "break not Heaven's design," as Pope has hypothetically said of them in his well-known comparison between the moral and physical evils of the world.

Much valuable illustration of modern volcanic eruptions and flows of lava is supplied by Professor Judd in the descriptions of the similar events which have occurred in the paleontological history of many a well-known region. The Island of Mull, in the Hebrides, is the wreck of an ancient volcano, which had a base of thirty miles, and a height of ten to twelve thousand feet, but which is now degraded to hills hardly exceeding three thousand feet. Similar dimensions are conjecturally ascribed to the great volcano at work in Tertiary times in the Island of Skye, and the physiology of volcanoes may now be studied among the extinct remains in the great museum of nature around Loch Coruisk and along the Coolin Hills; just as comparative anatomy can be often learned better from the preserved specimens in our great collections than from the living animals themselves. Such generalizations as are furnished by these studies of the geological antiquities of our own planet may be supplemented and extended by referring to the present condition of the sun and moon, and by an examination of the smaller bodies which alight upon the earth in their swoop through space, proving to how great an extent we share with them the same elements, and that in the present of the sun we may see our own past, and in the moon, with its vaporless surface, and extinct craters of unearthly dimensions, our own possible future.

(London) *Saturday Review*.

II.

WIT AND WISDOM OF LORD BEAONSFIELD.*

LORD BEAONSFIELD the writer would seem to be to the full as debatable a character as Lord Beaconsfield the statesman and the man. To the general his novels must always be a kind of caviare; for they have no analogue in letters, and they are the outcome of a mind and temper of singular originality. To the honest Tory, sworn to admire and unable to apprehend, they can seem scarce less inexplicable than abnormal. To the professional radical they are so many proofs of Lord Beaconsfield's innate inferiority; they are full of pretentiousness and affectation;

* The Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli, K. G., Earl of Beaconsfield. Collected from his Writings and Speeches. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

they afford examples of all manner of vices, from false English to an immoral delight in dukes; they prove their maker a trickster and a charlatan in every page. To those readers, however, whose primary care is for rare work, and who are able to be interested in the manner and personality of their author, it is not doubtful that the series of novels that began with "*Vivian Grey*" and ended with "*Endymion*" is one of the pleasant facts in modern letters.

These novels abound in wit and daring, in originality and shrewdness, in knowledge of the world and in knowledge of man; they contain most vivid and striking studies of character, both portrait and caricature; they abound in speaking phrases and happy epithets; they are aglow with the passion of youth, the love of love, the worship of physical beauty, the admiration of whatever is costly and select and splendid—from a countess to a castle, and from a duke to a diamond—and a delight in whatever is powerful or personal or attractive—from a cook to a cardinal, from an agitator to an emperor, from a gambler to a parasite. Their savor is wholly peculiar. They often remind us of Voltaire, often of Balzac, and often of the "*Arabian Nights*." We pass from an heroic drinking-bout to a brilliant criticism of styles; from rhapsodies on bands and ortolans that remind us of Heine to a gambling scene that in directness and intensity may vie with the bluntest and strongest work of Prosper Mérimée; from the extravagant impudence of "*Popanilla*" to the sentimental rodomontade of "*Henrietta Temple*"; from ranting romanticism in "*Alroy*" to vivid realism in "*Sybil*." Their author allows us no time to weary of him, for he is worldly and passionate, cynical and ambitious, flippant and sentimental, ornately rhetorical and triumphantly simple in a breath; he is imperiously egoistic, but, while constantly parading his own personality before the public, he is careful never to tell them anything about it; and he is withal imperturbably good-tempered. He brands and gibbets with a smile, and with a smile he adores and applauds. He is, intellectually at least, in sympathy with character of every sort; and he writes as becomes a man who has recognized that "the conduct of men depends upon the temperament, not upon a bunch of musty maxims," and that "there is a great deal of vice that is really sheer inadvertence." As displayed in public action, this quality of humanity constituted a special claim on our respect for the statesman; as displayed in the novels, it constitutes a special charm in the author. It is said that the Monmouth of "*Coningsby*" and the Steyne of "*Vanity Fair*" are painted from one and the same original. We have only to compare the savage bitterness of Thackeray's

study with the somewhat scornful amenity of the other man's—as we have only to compare the elaborate and exquisite cruelty of Thackeray's Alcide de Mirobolant with the polite and half-respectful irony of Lord Beaconsfield's treatment of the cooks in "*Tancred*"—to perceive that in certain ways and in a certain sense the advantage is not with him whom it is the fashion to call "the greatest novelist of his time," and that the Monmouth produces an impression which is more moral, because more kindly and humane, than the impression produced by the Steyne, while in its way it is every whit as vivid and as striking.

Yet another excellence, and a great one, of Lord Beaconsfield as a novelist is his mastery of apt and forcible dialogue. The talk in Mr. Henry James's novels is charmingly level and appropriate, but it is also trivial and a little thin; the talk of Mr. Anthony Trollope is surprisingly natural and abundant, but it is also commonplace and immemorable; the talk of Mr. George Meredith is wonderfully eloquent and fanciful, but its eloquence is too often obscure, and its fancifulness too often abnormal and inhuman. The conversation in Lord Beaconsfield's work is more satisfactory. What his personages have to say is not always distinguished either by originality or by profundity, but it is clearly and crisply phrased and happily uttered, it reads well and is easily remembered, and it seldom fails to produce a permanent impression. It is as a kind of Talker's Guide, or Hand-book of Conversation, that we wish to recommend the present volume. The compiler has done his work, which was evidently a labor of love, with judgment and discretion in the main; he has worked through his author's writings and speeches, from "*Vivian Grey*" to the discourse to the Lords in the March of the present year; and his volume contains the most characteristic utterances of a great and successful artist in life, who was renowned for good and characteristic speech.

Occasionally, it must be owned, there are disappointments. Now and then the writing is bad, and the thought is stale. Lord Beaconsfield had many mannerisms, innate and acquired. His English was sometimes loose and inexpressive; he was apt to trip in his grammar, to stumble over "and which," and to be careless about the connection between his nominatives and his verbs. Again, he could scarcely ever refrain in description from the use of gorgeous commonplaces of sentiment and diction. His taste was sometimes ornately and barbarically conventional; he wrote as an orator; his phrases often read as if he had used them for the sake of their associations rather than their own. His works are a very mine of such expressions as "*Palladian*

structure," "Tusculan repose," "Gothic pile," "pellucid brow," "mossy cell," and "dew-spangled meads." He delighted in "hyacinthine curls" and "lustrous locks," in "smiling parterres" and "stately terraces." He seldom sat down, in print, to anything less than a "banquet"; he was capable of writing of "the iris pencil of Hope"; he could not think nor speak of the beauties of woman otherwise than as "charms." Of examples of this style of composition the "Wit and Wisdom" of Lord Beaconsfield is full. Now and then, too, we light upon truths that are obviously venerable truisms in new clothes. Thus Lord Roehampton's statement, "I believe that absence is often a great element of charm," is clearly a variation on our old friend, "'Tis absence makes the heart grow fonder"; while the origin of the description in "Endymion" of a "common rumor" as "probably common falsehood" is more base, common, and popular still. On the other hand, we have plenty of good wit and unmistakable wisdom. Sometimes they come upon us disguised as impertinent and whimsical *boutades*: as when the author of "The Young Duke" reflects concerning wedlock that "it destroys a man's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being"; when he confesses that he "always looks upon a long-sighted man as a brute who, not being able to see with his mind, is obliged to see with his body"; and when he describes jockeys as "those mysterious characters who, in their influence over their superiors, and their total want of sympathy with their species, are our only match for the Oriental eunuch." Sometimes the sentence is oracular, as, for instance, "Women are the priestesses of Predestination," and the famous "Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret." Alhambra's delicious description of Wordsworth, "Gentlemanly man—but only reads his own poetry," is in its way as good and telling as the "solemn and unsexual man" of "Peter Bell the Third." Here is a reflection in another strain, the strain of the great Sidonia:

"Man is only great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham." Here, in a nutshell, is the author's own story: "It is the personal that interests mankind, that frees their imagination and wins their hearts. A cause is a great abstraction, and fit only for students; embodied in a party it stirs men to action; but place at the head of a party a leader who can inspire enthusiasm, he commands the world." Waldershare sums up Whitman's theology in a couple of sentences: "One should never think of death, one should think of life. That is real piety." There is a whole theory of conduct in these reflections from "Tancred": "How full of adventure is life! It is monotonous only to the monotonous." There is a fine theory of morals in this extract from "Contarini Fleming": "Instead of love being the occasion of all the misery of this world, as is sung by fantastic bards, I believe that the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough." And in this sentence from "Lothair," "When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic, they always call you 'My Lord,'" there is the whole "Book of Snobs," plus good temper and a pleasant face.

To the selections from the political utterances of the late earl that are comprehended in the present volume we can only give a word in passing. Among them will be found the description of Mr. Horsman as "the superior person of the House of Commons," the ascription to Lord Sherbrooke of his excellent quality of "spontaneous aversion," a few of the finer hits at Peel, and the comparison of her Majesty's Ministers with a row of extinct volcanoes. The compiler has drawn but sparingly on the "Runnymede Letters," and but sparingly on his author's earlier and more violent speeches. For all that, his book is fairly representative of the orator as of the writer, and is one that none who is interested in Lord Beaconsfield will care to be without.

(London) *The Athenæum*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN the recent controversy between Mr. Ingersoll and Judge Black on the Christian religion, Mr. Black uttered the following: "The influence of the Christian religion alone, and without the aid of state enactments, has extirpated the bad features of Asiatic manners wherever its doctrines were carried. As the Christian faith prevails in any community, in that proportion precisely marriage is consecrated to its true purpose, and all intercourse between the sexes refined and purified. Mr. Ingersoll got his own devotion to the principle of monogamy—his own respect for the highest type of female character—his own belief in the virtue of fidelity to one good wife—from the example and precepts of his Christian parents."

The theory that monogamy is peculiarly a Christian institution, that home and all the sentiments that pertain to it grow distinctly out of Christian teachings, is very common. Mr. Black simply echoes a prevailing sentiment in the sentences we have quoted. But it is a sentiment only, and will not bear the test of historic evidence. Monogamy does not come distinctly from the teachings of Christ nor of his apostles; nor does the sacredness and integrity of home directly arise therefrom. Monogamy and polygamy have always been divided by race and section; one being an Occidental and the other an Oriental institution. Monogamy is pagan in its foundation rather than Christian. It existed in Greece and Rome long before Christianity was known, and it was firmly fixed among the Germanic tribes from the earliest period. The Christian religion in its westward course found the principle of one wife universally established. The root-idea of our modern homes is, therefore, pagan. The Christian religion in the course of time came to lend itself with great effect to the sentiment of home; and to-day the two things are so practically interwoven as to appear parts of one system. But at first Christianity, so far as it touched the subject at all, encouraged celibacy. Inasmuch as carnal passion is under much greater subjection in monogamy than with polygamy, the saints naturally adopted the principle that, if a man married at all, one wife must suffice. It is not certain, however, whether this principle was in all cases rigidly carried out. St. Paul says that a bishop should be the husband of one wife; and the question has naturally been asked whether this means that laymen were ever permitted more than one. The early sentiment of the Christians, however, was mainly for celibacy; and we know how under the influence of this idea whole sections of country in a short time began to swarm with monks. In time the Church established marriage as a sacrament; but even then it placed celibacy on a high plane. It forbade the clergy to marry; it encouraged women to pledge themselves to virginity; it organized male celibates

into orders of men pledged to abstinence. It is because nature is stronger than theory, instincts more powerful than ethics, that we have marriage or homes at all.

But if we look abroad, over any Christian land, the reader doubtless says, we see happy homes fostered and blessed by the Church. Around Christian temples everywhere cluster the homes of faithful believers, sanctioned and made pure by Christian teachings. This is true; and it arises from the fact that the softening and humanizing tendencies of Christianity accord wholly with the sentiment of home, as it accords with everything in our civilization that promotes the moral well-being of men. Nevertheless, it is from the ancient pagan world that we derive the primary idea of home; and we also inherit from the barbaric northern races a great fund of domestic sentiment. The Christian religion, as it is now accepted, has strengthened and fostered these ideas; but it has done so almost despite its direct teachings. Christ declares that "there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold." This sentiment carried out would be fatal to the integrity of home; it is, indeed, fatal to the very idea of home—fatal to all our notions of domestic happiness. But it must be remembered that Christianity was not intended to promote the felicities of life. It is not its mission to make homes, or in any way to strengthen the bonds that hold human hearts to the world. Its purpose, we must remember, is exclusively spiritual—to prepare man by sacrifice and self-repression in this world for happiness elsewhere; and out of a purpose of this nature blissful homes do not naturally come. Civilization under Christian influences has modified some of the harsh features of the antique home; it has maintained the idea of one wife ruling supreme within her domain; it has rendered less absolute the authority of the husband and the father; but otherwise the seclusion, the serenity, the sacredness of home found expression in the household gods of the ancient pagans, and from them come the foundations of our lares and penates. The common sentiment, as expressed by Judge Black, that home as it exists with us is peculiarly the product of the Christian religion, is not, as we have seen, supported by the facts. What influence upon home some other religious system would have had we can not say; but it seems to us that the home sentiment took possession of Christianity rather than originated in it; and hence it would have flourished under any humanizing form of belief.

At the time we are writing it is believed that President Garfield will recover. The long period of

his illness has been a trying one, but it has revealed certain phases of national feeling that are worth, perhaps, all that they have cost. In face of the atrocious attempt upon his life, in face of his heroic suffering, partisan passions seem to have melted into air. For once North and South, East and West, Democrat and Republican, have been of one sentiment. This wide unanimity of feeling, this picture of fifty millions of people penetrated by the same sorrow and animated by the same hope, has something in it that is grand and ennobling. It shows how completely we are one people at heart, how merely superficial are most of our political differences, how everywhere, amid all the tumult of sectional and political feeling, there beats the strong, honest, sympathetic human heart. The men who voted for Garfield have scarcely exhibited more keen anxiety and sympathy than those who opposed him. Not even Washington was more completely the President of the whole people than Garfield is to-day. If his sick-bed, his protracted pain and suffering, have been the means of uniting sections and factions, if they have banished, if only for a time, partisan hatreds, if they have brought us into closer fellowship, if they have done anything to make us feel that we are in truth one people, and that the President is *our* President, they are sanctified before all men.

From the incident of the attempted assassination many morals have been drawn. It is commonly declared to be the outcome of what is called the "spoils system"; and the civil-service reformers have consequently emphasized their arguments to very good effect. It is certain that Guiteau was a disappointed office-seeker; but can any system be devised that would not give us hosts of disappointed and embittered men who have failed in their purpose? There are always motives enough to set wrong-headed men in action; and no plan can be devised, we suspect, by which men will come to understand the true logic of events, and attribute their failures and disappointments to the right causes. Men who fail to pass civil-service examination are quite as likely to feel the bitterness of their failure as are disappointed office-seekers under other systems; and inflamed men, from whatever cause, do not reason logically: they are always disposed to inflict upon some one a penalty for their humiliation. All that an improved civil-service system can do, perhaps, is to lessen the number of persons who fancy themselves aggrieved, by reducing the number of offices open to applicants.

Every administration has been beset with clamorous office-seekers, and experienced the hatred of discharged officials and unsuccessful aspirants; but Guiteau is the first man of them all that has attempted to settle his difficulties by recourse to the pistol. And here he specially represents an evil of the time—the widespread mania for the use of gunpowder. Everywhere now we hear of the pistol. The morning papers abound with cases of shooting. The revolver is worn by whole classes that formerly never thought of arming themselves, and it is drawn

daily in altercations of all kinds. The pistol has become a great and dangerous fact in our civilization; and hence, given a man without steadiness of principle, inflammable and giddy-headed, smarting under a sense of wrong, swayed by every current of passion and feeling, and, as things stand to-day, the pistol will be his inevitable recourse. Guiteau obeyed the instruction and example of the time. The general looseness of public sentiment in regard to the use of the pistol is in part responsible for the wound inflicted upon the President. The suggestion of "Punch" that railway accidents would never cease until a bishop was fastened to a locomotive, is well remembered and often quoted. Unfortunately, this shooting of President Garfield is not likely to have the effect which, according to "Punch," should be expected, because the people so far have not connected the crime with the prevalent mania for the pistol. Every one has been busy discussing the relation of the assault to our faulty civil-service system, or to the passion excited by heated factions, but no one has seen that, while the "spoils system" and all its turbulence of faction may inflame and even derange weak men, the readiness to use the pistol as a means of revenge or redress is due to the intense passion for firearms that has spread like an epidemic over the country. The danger and the sufferings of the President will do something toward reforming factions and adjusting office-seeking: should they also awaken public sentiment as to the use of dangerous weapons, and lead to the overthrow of the pistol, they will be sanctified to us in this also.

WHILE heartily sanctioning the motive that originated the civil-service-reform movement, we, for our part, have somewhat distrusted the good it is likely to produce. It is impossible, in our judgment, to effect any appreciable reform in political matters where systems are at fault, by simply acting on persons. A good system by its natural course of operation secures suitable instruments; and hence the only way to accomplish reform is by beginning at the foundation, by reconstructing faulty methods, by restraining wrong forces and setting rightful ones to work. Political reformers usually assume that, by putting one set of men out of office and another set of men in office, some mysterious good is to be effected thereby. We may go on experimenting in this way for ages, but we shall accomplish nothing. Just so long as the present conditions continue, we shall find substantially the same evils arising therefrom. The civil-service reform may put more scholarly men in office, but, if these men are subjected to the same influences and the same pressure to which their predecessors were subjected, if it remains necessary for them to serve their party rather than the people in order to maintain their places, we may be certain that very little good will result. We can secure better public servants by giving greater permanency to their official occupancy; we can secure better public servants by making it an inducement for better men to come

forward as applicants; we can maintain in office competent and trustworthy men by making tenure of office depend upon faithfulness and capability: but we shall never secure better men by simply exchanging Peter for Paul, by putting the partisans of one party out and partisans of the other party in, by making a knowledge of grammar and history a test of fitness, or by trying in any way to cure the disease by applications to the surface.

We have in two previous instances referred to Mr. Albert Stickney's articles appearing in "Scribner's Magazine," entitled "The People's Problem." These papers exhibit a great deal of acumen, and are the result of a close study of the political conditions of the time; but their most notable feature is the clear and penetrating good sense that marks them. In the third and last paper Mr. Stickney, instead of falling into the usual current of denunciation, acknowledges that the body of men now in office are as a whole capable and trustworthy. "They are the best body of men," he says, "with whom to begin an attempt to reform the administration of our public affairs. Many of them are very able men. They have, indeed, been selected on false tests and trained in a false school. But they have won their places in a struggle where it has required ability to win." If this is true—and, surveying the whole class of office-holders, we think it is—it is obvious that civil-service reform does not need so much to effect a change of persons as a change of those conditions that now convert capable men into mischievous forces. Mr. Stickney earnestly advocates a very radical change of plan—that is, a tenure of office from the highest to the lowest during

a faithful discharge of duties, instead of, as now, a tenure of fixed terms. There can be no question of the good working of such a plan with all the inferior or purely clerical places; but for the higher places we can not see that it would meet all the requirements of our political system. There are questions of policy lying quite apart from questions of fidelity or capability; and the people would often be quite unwilling to maintain even worthy men in power who were pursuing a policy which a majority distinctly opposed. Unless there are fixed tenures for these offices, the people would be deprived of adequate opportunity for the expression of their opinions on many questions gravely affecting their interests. In some measure their sentiments could be expressed through their representatives; but it would scarcely meet their purposes to see an executive holding over and pursuing an objectionable line of policy even with a Congress opposing it. The people are not likely to assent to this. But they will no doubt heartily support any practicable method that reforms the abuses of our present office-holding system. Many of Mr. Stickney's suggestions are well worth considering to this end; but it must come to be fully realized, before anything can be accomplished, that reform is possible only by reforming systems. "Method," says a Frenchman, "is master of the masters." It is right method only that produces right results. The best men in the world are sure to be inefficient under conditions that continually thwart them. It is not, therefore, change of office-holders, but of methods of appointment and of conditions of tenures, that are necessary to secure a reform.

Notes for Readers.

IT would seem that the "Æsthetes," who have hitherto been interpreted to the public chiefly by the satirical pencil of Du Maurier, have at last found a voice and an exponent. Mr. Oscar Wilde, the leader of the sect, has published a volume of "Poems" (Roberts), in which, as we may fairly infer, the sentiments and ideals of himself and his fellow-votaries are revealed. It must be regarded as unfortunate for Mr. Wilde's chances of recognition as a poet that his antecedents have been of the character we have indicated; for, as a matter of course, the tendency is to judge his poetry in the light of his personal absurdities rather than to interpret these absurdities by his poetry. Had his poems challenged attention simply upon their merits, disconnected from the author's personality, it can hardly be doubted that they would have been regarded as of very decided promise; it is certain that they would not have been subjected to the contemptuous "chaffing" which has greeted their appearance in England. They are imitative, no doubt, like the work of most young poets; but this is not an irre-

mediable fault, and they exhibit qualities that are never found in mere imitations, and which would suffice to lift even imitations to a very respectable level of art. They show that Mr. Wilde possesses imagination, fancy, poetic sensibility, an adequate equipment of knowledge, an easy command of rhythmical movement, and a quite astonishing fluency and facility of expression. In this latter respect Swinburne is the only poet who surpasses him, and he has evidently profited by a careful study of Swinburne's method; but his model and "master," as he would call him, is evidently not Swinburne but Keats, whose sensuous imagery and subtly intricate harmonies his verse often recalls. Of the contents of the collection, the shorter pieces are generally the best, and of these "Athanasia" is to our mind the most successful. It has a pleasing and suggestive fancy for a starting-point, and passes off by natural steps into those floral descriptions in which the author is usually at his best. Now and then we find in the longer poems some peculiarly felicitous and happy phrase, as where he says, "Al-

ready the pale moon washes the trees with silver"; and perhaps the most poetic lines in the volume are those in "Panthea," descriptive of the nightingale's song

"Dost thou not hear the murmuring nightingale
Like water bubbling from a silver jar?
So soft she sings the envious moon is pale,
That high in heaven she is hung so far
She can not hear that love-enraptured tune—
Mark how she wreathes each horn with mist, yon late
and laboring moon."

The defects of Mr. Wilde's poetry are connected far less with the technical execution—which is deserving of high praise—than with the substance or thought. Here, unfortunately, all is sham—sham sentiment, sham passion, sham sin, sham defiance, and sham despair. The author appears to have no convictions of any kind; the victim of each passing and evanescent state of mind, one moment he is passionately apostrophizing liberty and the next berating the Italians for taking Rome from "the only God-anointed king"—in one poem declaring that he stands apart, "neither for God, nor for his enemies," and in another offering poetic incense at the shrine of the "mystic sacrifice." Insincerity is at its worst, however, when "Love" and "young desire" are made the excuse for an almost continual recurrence to erotic images and fancies. There are passages in Mr. Wilde's book which for deliberate and naked indecency surpass Mr. Swinburne at his worst; and "Charmides," one of the longest and most carefully elaborated pieces in the collection, is the most flagrantly offensive poem we remember ever to have read. Indeed, if Mr. Wilde "voices" the sentiments of the sect of which he is recognized high-priest, the "Æsthètes" seem bent on what they would call a supreme superfluity of naughtiness; and, in view of it all, one is tempted to inquire speculatively what connection there is between lasciviousness and blue china.

A PICTURESQUE personality is picturesquely portrayed in the little book on Landon, which Professor Sidney Colvin has contributed to the "English Men of Letters Series" (Harpers). Dickens's "Boythorn," of which Landon was the original, was scarcely a caricature, scarcely an exaggeration, indeed; and the soberest record of Landon's life would contain incidents and occurrences which a novelist, giving the freest rein to his imagination, could hardly hope to transcend. In one of the scrawled and fugitive confessions of his last years, Landon himself says: "I never did a single wise thing in the whole course of my existence, although I have written many which have been thought such"; and Professor Colvin very properly remarks on this that Landon's power lay, not in doing, but in thinking and saying—"his strength was not in the management of life, but in the creative and critical operations of the mind." It is in pointing out, emphasizing, and illustrating this that Professor Colvin has furnished the needed corrective to Mr. Forster's ponderous and inept biography; and those who would become acquainted

with Landon would do well to approach him under the guidance of his latest interpreter rather than of his chosen biographer and friend. Without attempting to palliate or excuse Landon's infirmities of temper—without magnifying his virtues and belittling his vices, as Mr. Forster is apt to do—Professor Colvin is able to recognize (and make us recognize) in him "a model on the heroic scale of many noble and manly virtues." To quote a striking passage from his concluding chapter: "He [Landon] had a heart infinitely kind and tender. His generosity was royal, delicate, never hesitating. In his pride there was no moroseness, in his independence not a shadow of jealousy. From spite, meanness, or uncharitableness he was utterly exempt. He was loyal and devoted in friendship, and, what is rare, at least as prone to idealize the virtues of his friends as the vices of his enemies. Quick as was his resentment of a slight, his fiercest indignations were never for those which he conceived on personal grounds, but those with which he pursued an injustice or an act of cruelty; nor is there wanting an element of nobleness and chivalry in even the wildest of his breaches with social custom. He was no less a worshiper of true greatness than he was a despiser of false. He hated nothing but tyranny and fraud, and for those his hatred was implacable. His bearing under the consequences of his own impracticability was of an admirable courage and equanimity. True, he did not learn by experience; but, then, neither did he repine at misfortune. Another man, conscious of his intentions, and reaping the reward he reaped, would have never ceased to complain. Landon wore a brave face always, and after a catastrophe counted up, not his losses, but his consolations, his 'felicities,' reckoning among them even that sure symptom of a wholesome nature, the constant pleasantness of his nightly dreams. There is a boyishness about his outbreaks from first to last. At the worst, he is like a kind of gigantic and Olympian schoolboy; a nature passionate, unteachable, but withal noble, courageous, loving-hearted, bountiful, wholesome, and sterling to the heart's core."

In regard to Landon's work, which, of course, concerns us more than his life, Professor Colvin remarks that he was "a great creative master of historic sentiment and of the human heart," a great critic of life, a masterly critic of literature, and perhaps the greatest modern master of English prose. Conceding the defects and relative inferiority of the poetry, Professor Colvin regards the "Imaginary Conversations" as an imperishable monument to the artistic beauty of our mother-tongue, and ranks them among the few works of recent times which the world will not willingly let die. He begins his sketch by observing that "of all celebrated authors, he [Landon] has hitherto been one of the least popular," and he thinks that the causes of this scant popularity are not difficult to discern. "His thoughts were not of a nature especially to stir his own or any one time. He was, indeed, the son of his age in his passion for liberty, and in his spirit of human-

ity and tenderness for the dumb creation ; and his imaginative instinct and imaginative longings in the direction of ancient Hellas were shared by the general European culture of his time. But for the rest he ranged, apart from the passions or the tempests of the hour, among the heroic figures of the past and the permanent facts and experiences of life. He 'walked along the far Eastern uplands, meditating and remembering'; and to the far Eastern uplands those who would walk with him must brace themselves to mount. Even then there are difficulties arising from that want of consideration and sympathy in Landor for his readers of which I have spoken. He sometimes puzzles us for want of explanations, and often fatigues us with intrusive disquisitions. These, however, are the imperfections of a great master, and the way to counteract them is by providing the student with help where help is wanted ; by selection, above all, and in the next place by occasional comment or introduction. A selection or golden treasury of Landor's shorter dramatic dialogues, edited with such helps for the reader as I suggest, would be, as was said long ago by Julius Hare, 'one of the most beautiful books in the language, that is to say in the world.' From the longer, the discursive dialogues, perhaps the only selection possible for popular use would be . . . a selection of detached sentences and sayings. These form a kind of literature in which England since the seventeenth century has not been rich ; and from the conversations and other prose writings of Landor there is to be gathered such an anthology of them as the literature of France itself could hardly surpass. If, indeed, there is any English writer who can be compared to Pascal for power and compression, for incisive strength and imaginative breadth together, in general reflections, and for the combination of conciseness with splendor in their utterance, it is certainly Landor."

A TREATISE on "Illusions" by Mr. James Sully forms the thirty-third volume of the "International Scientific Series" (Appletons), and in it the author takes a wide survey of the field of error, embracing in his view not only the illusions of sense dealt with in treatises on physiological optics and the like, but also other errors familiarly known as illusions or hallucinations, and resembling the former in their structure and mode of origin. "I have throughout," he says, "endeavored to keep to a strictly scientific treatment, that is to say, the description and classification of acknowledged errors, and the explanation of these by a reference to their psychical and physical conditions. At the same time, I was not able, at the close of my exposition, to avoid pointing out how the psychology leads on to the philosophy of the subject." Inasmuch as an "illusion" is nothing more than a deviation more or less wide from normal perception or the normal operation of the mind, Mr. Sully has found it necessary to explain how the mind really operates under normal conditions ; and indeed his original method is first to show how the mind usually works in response to a certain stimu-

lus, and then to show how its defective working in this regard gives rise to certain typical illusions—illusion being, as he says, to put it broadly, deviation of representation from fact. As a consequence of this method of treatment, his book furnishes the general reader with a remarkably lucid summary of the elementary principles of psychology and mental physiology, besides affording a hint here and there of the different attitudes on various critical points of the several schools of philosophy. Of the book as a whole it must be confessed that it tends to bring home to us in a very striking manner the wide range of the illusory and unreal in our intellectual life. In sense-perception, in the introspection of the mind's own feelings, in the reading of others' feelings, in memory, and finally in belief, the author finds a large field for illusory cognition ; and in view of this wide and far-reaching area of ascertained error, the mind naturally asks, What, then, are the real limits of illusory cognition, and how can we ever be sure of having got beyond them? Is perception itself, after all, a big hallucination ; and are we in reality merely such stuff as dreams are made of? These questions necessarily lead us on to philosophical problems of the greatest consequence ; and, though Mr. Sully is able to do no more than touch upon them in his closing summary, it is satisfactory to find him declaring that, "in full view of the subtleties of philosophical speculation, the man of science may still feel justified in regarding his standard of truth—a stable consensus of belief—as above suspicion."

In a neat little volume entitled "Scientific Culture and Other Essays" (Appletons), Mr. Josiah Parsons Cooke, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard College, has brought together four lectures and addresses delivered at different times before as many audiences, and two biographical notices, one of Thomas Graham, the chemist, and the other of William Hallows Miller, the mathematician. These essays, as the author says in his preface, "are an outcome of a somewhat large experience in teaching physical science to college students"; and their main purpose is to show what is the true method of teaching physical science as against the old academic methods of recitations and examinations. To an amplitude of knowledge and exceptional skill in imparting it, Professor Cooke adds a most brilliant and persuasive eloquence, and there are few finer things in the popular literature of science than the three addresses on "Scientific Culture," on "The Nobility of Knowledge," and on "The Radiometer." They are models of that combination of experimental details with those grand ideas and generalizations that give breadth and dignity to scientific knowledge, which, as he says, teachers should always aim to effect in their courses of instruction ; and they well deserve the attention of that wider audience which they will probably reach in their present form.

We are surprised to find so crude and feeble a book as "The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's" in Holt's

"Leisure-Hour Series," which has become noted for the general excellence of the stories that have appeared in it. Whether it is to be regarded primarily as a story or as a biography, is difficult to decide, the author having taken great pains, by means of notes and the like, to show that she is adhering to authentic history, and at the same time introducing details which are quite obviously imaginary. The basis of the book is the life of George Neumark, a German poet and musician of the sixteenth century; and this, apparently, is recorded with tolerable accuracy. Janotha, the "lutaniste," is also suggested by fact, and is a somewhat realistic character-study; but Barbara and Fritz Uttmann, the naughty people of the story, are clearly fictitious, and the conception of art upon which the book is constructed is school-girlish in the extreme. Moreover, in spite of its comparative brevity, the story is persistently and unequivocally dull.

A later issue in the same series comprises two readable and admirably written novelettes by Jessie Fothergill, author of "The First Violin," etc. "One of Three" tells of the choice which a somewhat willful and eccentric young lady made between three suitors who offered themselves—the said choice not being in all respects one that commends itself to the judgment of the candid reader. "Made or Marred" portrays with a good deal of acerbity the character of a young woman, "fair but false," who by an act of sordid baseness wrecked her own life, and having apparently marred the happiness of a true-hearted but somewhat perverse young man, really caused him at a later period to congratulate himself on an escape which enabled him to do much better. The plots or themes of both stories are somewhat commonplace and hackneyed; but by freshness of treatment and genuine skill in the delineation of character and the invention of striking situations, Miss Fothergill has produced two stories which, to say the least, are quite worth the time required for reading them.

As usually happens when an historical work is planned upon a large scale, M. Taine finds that his account of the "Origins of Contemporary France" has grown upon his hands. According to the original design, the work was to consist of three parts, of which the first, depicting the Ancient Régime, should consist of one volume, the second, on the French Revolution, should comprise two volumes; and the third, on the New Régime, also two volumes. The first part was kept within the limits of one volume, as first designed; but the second volume of Part II, just ready (Holt), instead of completing the story of the French Revolution, deals only with "The Jacobin Conquest," and another volume of equal dimensions will be required for the Revolutionary Government. The present volume is one of the most striking of the series, and presents a remarkably vivid and impressive picture of what is the most painful feature of the revolutionary epoch—the gradual "conquest" of the respectable and worthy portion of a great people by a despicable faction which in point of numbers never constituted

more than an insignificant minority of the nation. Step by step, with a pitiless precision and particularity, it tells how the Jacobins, "born out of social decomposition like mushrooms out of compost," gradually gained the ascendancy which in periods of anarchy is sure to be obtained by that faction which is most violent and unscrupulous, until at last they had fixed upon the neck of a prostrated and disorganized society the most abominably despotic yoke to which a brave and spirited people was ever subjected. Adhering closely to his text, and devoting himself zealously to the marshaling in due order of the vast array of facts which he has disinterred from forgotten publications and from the musty archives of state, M. Taine rarely indulges in either comment or disquisition; but the implications of his narrative and the tendency of his opinions are unmistakable, and at a time when his countrymen are verging more and more decidedly toward democracy in their political institutions, it is not surprising that he should "foresee" that his work will cause "dissatisfaction" to many of them. Regretting this dissatisfaction, he professes to find an "excuse" for himself in the fact that most of his readers have political principles (he means prejudices) which serve them in forming their judgments of the past. "I have none; if, indeed, I had any motive in undertaking this work, it was to seek for political principles. Thus far I have attained to scarcely more than one; and this is so simple that it will seem puerile, and that I hardly dare enunciate it. . . . It consists wholly in this observation: that *human society, especially a modern society, is a vast and complicated thing*. Hence the difficulty in knowing and comprehending it. For the same reason it is not easy to handle the subject well. It follows that a cultivated mind is much better able to do this than an uncultivated mind, and a man specially qualified than one who is not. From these last two truths flow many other consequences, which, if the reader deigns to reflect on them, he will have no trouble in defining." Could there be a neater way of intimating that those who venture to differ from him in his conclusions do so for lack of a "cultivated mind" and because they are not "specially qualified" for forming judgments upon such matters? The truth is, however, that M. Taine's conclusions as an historian are colored very distinctly by his sentiments, and his sentiments may be described as contemptuously anti-democratic.

IN "Cymbeline," Mr. Rolfe's popular variorum edition of Shakespeare's plays (Harpers) reaches its twenty-fifth volume; and in the preface to it Mr. Rolfe has a brief passage at arms with Mr. Hudson, the editor of the rival "Harvard" edition. Mr. Hudson, it is well known, rejects the elaborate apparatus of notes and commentary with which the modern editions of Shakespeare are apt to be loaded down, and thinks that only the "last results" of textual criticism should be given. He says in his general preface: "It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those are who have

made a life-long study of them ; but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all ; and none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise." Too hastily inferring, we think, that this was directed at him, Mr. Rolfe rejoins in the following pointed fashion : " This is written by a gentleman and a clergyman, however lacking it may seem in courtesy and charity. I shall not retaliate by ' calling names,' but will merely remark that in quoting the opinions of the masters in Shakespearean criticism for ' common readers,' I do not assume that the latter are as competent to judge for themselves as the former. It is because they are not competent to judge for themselves that I inform them what is the judgment of those who have made Shakespeare a life-long study. The only difference between my amiable critic and myself is, that I believe the ' common reader ' to be capable of choosing between two readings or explanations of a passage, while he insists on choosing *for* the reader. I assume that, if the reader is able to understand ' the results of deep scholarship,' he is able to compare and weigh such results ; my critic says to the reader, ' You must, perforce, take the results of *my* deep scholarship or have none at all ; you can not be trusted to judge between the decisions of different scholars.' Those who want to have their thinking done for them, instead of doing it themselves, will choose their edition of Shakespeare accordingly." The truth is that, between the bare text of Shakespeare without annotations and the vast aggregations of Furness, there is a convenient and useful medium, and to this medium Mr. Rolfe has, in our judgment, very closely approximated. For those who desire to *study* Shakespeare in the light of the " deep scholarship " of the most trustworthy scholars, his edition is invaluable ; while for those who simply desire to *read* Shakespeare, with no more distraction of the attention than is involved in the explanation of obsolete words and obscure passages, Mr. Hudson's is all that could be desired.

THE " Letters of Madame de R musat " (Appletons) will inevitably be compared with her " *Memoirs*," and it can not be denied that they tend to impair our confidence in the latter. Making all due allowance for the considerations which the editor, M. Paul de R musat, suggests—the fact, namely, that the letters were liable at any time to be violated by the secret police and their contents disclosed to the Emperor, and that to show any deficiency of homage or flattery was to become " suspect "—making all due allowance for this, it is still obvious that the tone of the " Letters " is in complete contrast with that of the " *Memoirs*," and that the first draft of the latter must have differed very widely from the version which was subsequently written out from

memory and recently given to the public. In the " Letters," which cover the period from 1804 to 1813, and which were written chiefly to her husband, the Emperor is usually referred to as " our master," and in all the company of courtiers there was probably none who offered sweeter homage with greater apparent sincerity. Writing in May, 1805, to M. de R musat, who was then with the Emperor at Milan, she says : " This neighborhood [Sannois] reminds me of our misfortunes, and, painful though they were, you know by what feelings their recollection has been sweetened for me ; but when, after sadly counting them over, my thoughts revert to the peaceful times we are now enjoying, to the well-regulated liberty that I find all-sufficient, to the glory with which my country is covered, even to the pomp and magnificence that I like because they are proofs that all is an accomplished fact—in short, when I remember that this prosperity is the work of a single man, I am aroused to admiration and gratitude. *Cher ami*, this is quite between ourselves, for some persons would impute to these sentiments a very different motive from the real one, and, besides, it seems to me that praise from the heart is less anxious for publicity than that which proceeds from the intellect." Writing again in November of the same year, after the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, she says : " I shall be easier when I hear you are with the Emperor. A superstitious feeling that I can not explain, but which is deeply implanted in me, gives me a conviction that the superior Power who guards him watches also over those about him, and that no misfortune can happen near his person. This feeling, which was strong before, is now strengthened by many proofs, and, however valiant our troops, I do not doubt for an instant that it is to him we owe all our recent glory." It will be seen that there is no trace as yet of the stern censor who, at a later period, looking back calmly over the past, painted what is the severest as well as the most vivid picture of Napoleon and his court. For the rest, judging by the " Letters," Madame de R musat must have been a most charming woman to have for a wife or a mother ; and it is easy to understand the tender devotion with which she was regarded by both her husband and her son. Her feelings find franker and more frequent expression than would be " good form " in our more reserved and self-conscious period, but she does everything with such natural gracefulness and good taste that there is no room for fault-finding. It must be said, too, that she possesses in a high degree the art which Madame de S vign  exhibited in such perfection—that of being unflinchingly sprightly and animated in dealing with the trifling incidents and occurrences of every-day life. This it is that redeems from dullness letters which are too strictly " intimate " and personal in their character to possess much interest for the general reader.

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

v.

WHEN I awoke the next morning, my eye fell on the mild face of an aged form, clad in the habit of a Benedictine friar. This form sat by the bed of my friend Don Inigo, who was dividing his attention between a cup of chocolate and the reverend gentleman. I was introduced to the Padre Blanco, received his blessing, and, immediately after, the characteristic Spanish assurance that the padre himself, as well as the whole convent, was at my special disposition.

The toilet does not consume much time in those latitudes—a bath, slippers, and pantaloons. The padre himself I suspected of not possessing the latter article at all, hiding the deficiency—not very sensible in this climate—under his long robe. The morning passed in a pleasant and instructive manner. The padre conducted us to the convent-grounds, where, during his long stay on the islands, he had created a kind of botanical garden. With the tender pride of a father he pointed out the strangely formed orchids, the fantastic foliage and the weird shapes of climbing aroids, and all else that its fragrance, wealth of blossoms, or singularity of appearance had made worthy of a place in his plantation. Then he led us to the more unsightly children of Flora, whose qualities as productive plants, as poisons or medicines, had challenged him to closer observation. These latter plants the reverend gentleman had classified with systematic precision, and had named those still undescribed; but the color-glowing, wonderful shapes to which he had first led us were nearly always without specific names.

The surprise which I expressed thereat the padre left unanswered, but an inexpressibly good-natured smile stole over the placid face—it seemed as if he were smiling in the name of his flowers. Don Inigo, however, took the word and said:

“That is just what vexes me with my old friend. He describes the plants, his diagnoses are unexceptional, but, when their virtues for good or evil, or their technical application, do not make its recognition imperatively necessary, he gives no name to his discoveries, and designates the species only by numbers. Your countryman, Meyen, who was here seven years ago with the Prussian expedition, clasped his hands in astonishment, and begged our reverend gentleman, almost on his knees, to add to the technical descriptions a systematic name. To this Padre Blanco made no reply, but went aside. Directly after, he returned with a copy of his work, which, open at the title-page, he delivered to Señor Meyen. On the blank page opposite was written, ‘The author presents this book to Professor Meyen, as a souvenir of pleasant and instructive hours passed together, with the authority to name at discretion all plants which are described therein and not named.’”

The book mentioned is at present contained in the library of the university at Berlin. So I asked, with deep interest, “And what did Meyen say?”

“Well, he thanked Padre Blanco, called the book a valuable souvenir, but refused to bestow names where there was already a description. He was a German scientist, he said, and not in the habit of pluming himself with strange feathers.”

“But I can not comprehend—” I turned to the padre.

But he waved his hand, as though he knew what I meant to say. Then he bent down to a phalænopsis (an orchid whose flowers have the shape of a butterfly in repose), and, turning its shaft toward me, said:

“Observe this wonderful flower, so delicate and yet magnificent. Does it not resemble a butterfly congealed to a flower, ready at any moment to spread its snowy wings and float

skyward? Say, for yourself, is it not sufficient to enjoy the beauty of such a marvel; is it not almost a wrong to force the symmetry of this splendid form into the hard framework of systematic description? But, to append to all this a pretentious Latin name, together with which we hand down our own to posterity, this always strikes me as being a sin against the master-creations of our Lord. That is"—he corrected himself, with dignity—"it is no sin in itself, and without nomenclature there can be no botany; but there is something within me that warns against this action as an intrusion. And, since it appears a sin to me, it would be a sin; for the essence of sin lies in the intentional disobedience toward—"

"*Animus injuriandi*," Don Inigo interpolated; "but I must remind you, old friend, that we are the guests of Botanica here, not of the old maid Scholastica. The Fathers of our Church are called Sanctus Linnæus, Jussieu, De Candolle, and other saints in the calendar of Botany."

"Well, for once we will let you have your way, you incorrigible heathen," the padre said, smiling. "I only wanted to explain to our young friend here, with the unpronounceable name—But," the reverend gentleman interrupted himself, "my friends must excuse me. This is the hour for court session; my Indians are waiting for me."

These *conventos* are, so far as I know, an institution peculiar to the Philippine Islands. Originally they were probably, as the name and extensive accommodations seem to imply, intended for the reception of some religious fraternity, though at present they serve each as the abode of only one member of some religious order, who represents, at the same time, to the neighboring Indians the first instance in all secular matters of law, justice, administration, and police. This arrangement has its drawbacks and advantages, which we need not here further comment upon; to our narrative belongs only the fact that, when the padre returned from the session, his equanimity was visibly disturbed. His distracted, taciturn manner stood in striking contrast to the sociable serenity of the morning. Don Inigo's jests and raileries were unnoticed by him, while in the morning, down in the garden, he had laughed at them first, and shaken a good-naturedly threatening finger afterward.

After dinner Padre Blanco told us the cause of his absent manner.

"For once you shall be my confessors, and advise me in regard to a matter the treatment of which I can not well decide upon. You know Ramon Isley?" he turned to Don Inigo.

"The *tulisan*? But what have you to do with him?"

"More than I like, as you will hear. Over in San Lorenzo the *gobernadorcillo* has arrested the wife of this robber, because she will not betray the hiding-place of her husband.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Don Inigo, angrily. "Of course, the *tulisan* has threatened to set fire to the village on all four corners at once?"

"Just so," nodded the padre, "and that is the reason the poor woman has been sent to me."

"These Indians are the greatest donkeys in the world!" cried Don Inigo. "And the greatest donkey of them all is this yellow villain of a *gobernadorcillo*. Cursed be the—oh! I forgot; I must not curse in your house. And now, the *tulisan* will not set fire to San Lorenzo, but to San Mateo; and perhaps, to make quite sure, to one as well as the other. But, to reach the main point, under what excuse is the yellow wench—I mean the poor woman—sent to you?"

"You can easily imagine," sighed the padre. "I am to stir up her conscience. The poor woman! I hope and wish that my endeavors may be unavailing."

"Oh, nonsense! Ramon Isley is a rogue, and has made mischief enough."

"But consider, friend, the poor woman is to deliver her own husband into the hands of the executioner. Is it not terrible?"

"She can pick out a better one. An Indian wench—ridiculous!—what does she care? She will not feel it; she has no soul—she—"

"Stop!" cried the padre, raising a warning finger. "Do not fall into sin this day. Remember all that happened twenty years ago to-day!"

On the whole, it was not among Don Inigo's weak points to allow any one else the last word. But in this case he did, and I vainly waited for an elaborate exposition of his pet theory. He looked meditatively before him, and seemed lost in memories which the padre did not disturb, for he was looking out toward the forest-hills, whose ravines were filling with the purple evening shadows.

"There they come," sighed the reverend gentleman. "I believe it will be no wrong if I allow the poor woman to escape. Of course it will bring me a reprimand, but I will lay that away with the rest. One more or less will make no difference to an old man like me."

One sees, or saw at that time, many a bit of the middle ages in the Philippines, but the procession which now came forth from a grove of mango-trees was the most noteworthy I had yet seen in that line. The vanguard was composed of five valiant Tagalos, dressed in a species of bathing-drawers, and armed with a watchman's pike and halberd. After them came a stout Indian woman, her hands tied behind, but walking

proudly erect, her head raised defiantly. A gentleman, clad very decently, according to Tagalo notions—he wore his shirt outside his pantaloons—walked beside her with timid steps; but, gathering himself up for a more gallant bearing at the close of his journey, and striking his white staff on the ground, he cast the look of a general reviewing his troops on his followers, whereupon the pike-bearers came to a halt beneath the balcony.

The “dusky maid,” in her blue-striped, tight-fitting *sarong*, stood motionless as a statue among them, while the man with the white staff made a speech in the Tagalo, and received his orders from the padre.

In compliance, probably, with commands unintelligible to me, the bonds which had held the woman’s hands were loosened, and the prisoner herself turned over to some of the Indians. The band of heroes, however, who had accompanied her, shouldered their spears and proceeded, with a feeling of relief, I thought, to march back home.

The padre requested us to await him on the balcony, and descended to the court-room, while the Indians led away the wife of the *tulisan*.

“Did you notice,” asked Don Inigo, “how glad those d— fellows with the spears were when they had got rid of their sweet burden and had hung it on my poor friend’s back?”

“I did not notice that so much as the ignominy of tying the poor woman’s hands, while a full dozen of good-for-naughts, armed with long spears, were trotting beside her. Your Tagalos may be very good Christians—soldiers they are none.”

“And still,” Don Inigo insisted, “they make very good soldiers, and will fight the devil himself, if they have only a tolerable leader.”

“But the whole village fears one miserable *tulisan* and his handful of scalawags.”

“It is the fault of the system—the fault of the Government, which, in its ridiculous mistrust, will allow the Indian no fire-arms. The *tulisan*, generally a deserted soldier, takes the liberty, of course, to possess a musket, which he understands handling very well—with which, however, to save his scant stock of ammunition, he only threatens as a general thing. The Pueblo Indians, outside of that, are forced to supply him with powder and lead, and at their own risk, for the Government does not allow them the purchase of those commodities any more than the possession of fire-arms.”

“These are very queer conditions. You disarm the peaceable for the benefit of the cut-throat.”

“Many things with us are queer,” the old gentleman sighed, “and a certain considerate foster-

ing of the cut-throat system seems to be a fundamental feature of our institutions. Wherever our language is spoken this peculiarity thrives right merrily. I believe you understand now, how, under those circumstances, one indulges occasionally a little in high-treason.”

“And travels to the Carolines,” I added, in hopes of hearing more of the adventures of the old gentleman and his fellow-conspirators. But I had miscalculated. The old gentleman answered, short and dry, that he had not got as far as the Carolines.

He looked down before him; his communicative humor had evidently passed. In the mean time the padre entered, also with a long face, seated himself opposite to Don Inigo, and was silent in concert with him.

At last he sighed deeply, and said: “The heaviest burden of priesthood is the secret of the confessional. I see the catastrophe impending, and can not give warning; the evil comes, and I can not avert it.”

“I can easily fancy,” muttered Don Inigo; “it must have been a cheerful confession which Doña Isley had to make.”

Padre Blanco looked down, and Don Inigo rolled himself a cigarette.

“How soft and mild the evening falls!” the padre said meditatively; “not a breath is astir. The long-drawn shadows of the palm lie on the light green of the sugar-fields, and from out among red-gleaming mountain-groups and dark forest-shadows, the eye falls on the purple evening splendors of the sea. Do you remember, friend, twenty years ago to-day, how it roared and stormed? The palms were bent like reeds, and here, on this spot, there stands neither cacao nor areca-tree that is over twenty years old. Night-dark at noon; a black sky. First, driving dust-clouds and whirling leaves, then rain-floods from heaven, and on earth turbid waters and uprooted trees. But out on the ocean, with you, there it must have been terrible indeed.

“When the sun, pale as white-heated metal, sank beneath a chaotic horizon, and howling darkness wrapped the land, the ocean out there flashed and sparkled, not as to-night, in peaceful purple, but it flared in weird, ghostly flames and reared up in angry, red flashes against the foot of the crags. And its voice of thunder sounded in rhythmic rise and fall through the storm which raged and howled in a thousand voices, and then again moaned and wailed as in agony. Then I thought of those far out there, battling with storm and sea, and especially I thought of you, my old friend, and I went down into our church, which was shaking from its foundations, and, amid ruin and destruction, I prayed to our Lord and Saviour that he might

take you into his keeping, and not let you perish in the midst of your sins."

Don Inigo extended his hand to the old priest, and said:

"Many a one prayed that night who is not generally inclined to such occupation—for instance, myself. Of my sins, however, I did not remind the Lord, as I did not consider them any recommendation. But then you attended to that here on shore. There was really no time for long prayers," he added, apologetically, when the reverend gentleman again shook his finger; "events fairly chased each other; and what came after the storm? The storm in our own hearts was worse than the raging of wild, dumb Nature."

"See, young man," Don Inigo turned to me, "it is a serious thing to hear Death on your doorstep, knocking with his giant fist against the planks, and then to look out upon a leaden-colored water-waste and a weirdly black horizon. I do not know whether you are familiar with the sensation; but one repents at such times ever to have left the solid ground. One makes vows, and forms all sorts of pious intentions—among others, never to go to sea again. When, however, one is in a situation like this not of his own free choice, then, guilty or innocent, he will reproach those who have brought him to the strait. But hardest of all it must be when one, who is innocent of wrong, is thrust out into danger, and then learns, from the dying prayers and exclamations of his companions, that a false friend has accused him because he envied him his love; that the judges who convicted him were really guilty of the crime imputed to him; that he is sent to the Carolines in company of real conspirators only because it was necessary to quiet a sycophant whose further disclosures must be silenced by this favor."

"Don Enrico had always been a most amiable fellow, and had little talent for conspiracy, as it proved later. But it seemed as if one of the demons of the tempest had taken possession of him, and now raged within as the others raged without. To most people there is something exciting in the warring of the elements; and we were just in the right state of mind to be carried away by Don Enrico's wrath. And I have never in my life heard any one speak as Don Enrico spoke at that time. The very howling of the storm seemed subdued by his wild, fierce words, and the fury without seemed to quail before the tempest that arose in human hearts. Then, again, the roaring of the ocean swallowed his words, and only the flashing eye was seen, and arms lifted and ready for the fray."

"The storm subsided; but the waves, no longer repressed by the hurricane, reared in un-

fettered strength against the vessel, and came thundering across the deck. The timbers creaked, the halyards strained, and when, for a moment, the noise ceased, then a shrieking moaning and complaining went through the heavily laboring ship, as if it were a live thing, gaspingly wrestling with storm and sea.

"And out of all this terrible din there sounded a cry for revenge, which I very well understood. The others did not understand 'revenge,' but 'liberty'; and 'Liberty!' they shouted when they stormed the deck—'Liberty!' shouted the crew, and 'Liberty!' the soldiers, when they beat the captain down and tied his hands."

"I was not quite so calm then as I am now, and you may imagine that I, too, was, carried away by the wild enthusiasm. But I had sense enough left to save the captain's life by interceding for it with Don Enrico. There was no danger threatened the official who came with us, for he was originally one of us. I believe he would rather we had fettered him like the captain."

"As you know, in our waters the typhoon mostly begins in the north, and then travels, always toward the sun, through the entire compass-card till it settles down into the west monsoon, the regular wind of the season. We had, therefore, the most favorable wind for the return voyage to Manila, which we reached safely the next morning, after having proclaimed the republic during the night, and Don Enrico President of the Philippines. Almost the entire population had congregated on the beach to view the devastation of yesterday's storm. The return of the government vessel was considered quite natural under the circumstances, and something to be glad of, for we had almost been given up as lost, and it was thought great good luck that the vessel, so near the coast in such weather, had escaped with but slight damage. This only, as we well knew, was supposed to be the cause of our return. Of what had occurred on board with us no one on shore could have an idea. Besides, every one had enough to do for himself; for in Manila, too, the typhoon had made sad havoc. Houses had fallen, the river had overflowed its banks, and across from San Pedro de Macati shone the lurid light of a conflagration. Homeless people everywhere, and all bonds of law and order loosened. The authorities, called upon from all sides, were confused and helpless, and the Indians, who had lost house and home, and all their belongings, sought consolation, and found it, in deep draughts of palm-wine, which, strangely enough, had escaped, and was flowing in streams amid the general destruction. A better soil for the new republic could not possibly have been found—drunken Indians, headless officials, a desperate mob of those ruined during

the night, and others who believed themselves so, since the whole extent of the calamity could not yet be measured.

"The harbor-guard was surprised and captured; not one escaped to carry the message to the citadel. Don Enrico spoke, often interrupted by cheers and war-cries. To me it seemed as if out on the ocean, where storm and wave had accompanied him, his words had had a mightier spell. Be that as it may, the troops sent out against us crossed over to our side. With the battle-cry of 'Libertad!'—a word which our Indians heard for the first time—we stormed, in the midst of a disorderly, almost weaponless crowd, the same bridge from which your countryman, a few months ago, had plunged the sentinel into the stream, calling forth this whole disastrous concatenation of events by a senseless, frivolous act.

"The fortress, from which the governor with all the officers who did not join us, had already fled, fell, without a sword-stroke, into our hands. Here, in the *Cabildo*, the republic was once more proclaimed, and Don Enrico Velasquez de Almeria declared President.

"It was here that we first missed Don Enrico. Every eye sought the man on whose judgment and energy depended the safety of all. Outside, the mob roared for the President, and inside sat deliberating a *junta*, called together in haste, and not knowing what they wanted any more than the mob outside. I had an idea of where Don Enrico might be found. I went to the house of his betrothed, and there he was. He was dreaming away, in the arms of love, the moments that were priceless for us all; and even now, when it was the highest time, the foolish fellow still lingered. I was to go ahead of him, he would follow. 'Poco tiempo,' he said; and this 'poco tiempo' cost his life and many others.

"In the mean time, amid general confusion, the night set in. The Indians scattered one by one, and only those thoroughly drunk slept off the fumes of the palm-wine on the plaza in front of the *Cabildo*. The troops who had joined us were discouraged by this inactivity; their ranks were ominously thinned, and proportionately to the scattering of the crowd the *junta* lost influence. When the sun sank, came the news that troops were marching up from Binondoc. I saw that all was lost, and went once more to Don Enrico and adjured him to save himself by flight. Now, when it was too late, the mad-cap wanted to give battle.

"Suddenly there sounded from the *Cabildo* a volley of musketry, and the step of advancing troops. Flight was cut off, and safety only in temporary concealment. Unmolested I reached the house of a friend, but had hardly taken

possession of my hiding-place when my friend brought me a note containing the words:

"'Your place of concealment can not remain secret. Give yourself up voluntarily, it will make a good impression. Be assured that your friends are watching over you, and your life is not in danger. The captain of the ship, whom you saved from the rebels, tells every one that you saved his life.

Una amiga.

"'P. S.—Don Luis holds the Puerto del Moro; he will not detain you if you think of flight. But it will be better for you to stay. *Hasta luego.*'

"This time I knew the writer. By the independent style of orthography, and the monumental size of the letters, I recognized the hand of a fair lady, who meant well by me, and, what was of more importance for the present, was well informed, through certain connections, in regard to what was intended by those in high places. Yes, the women," sighed the old gentleman, carried away by his reminiscences, "they are our misfortune, and our greatest happiness! It was fair Helena who destroyed Troy—not the Greeks. Doña Ines, it was really she, poor thing, who was the original cause of the denunciation which drove us, first into exile, and then into revolt; and it was she in whose arms Don Enrico dreamed away the last decisive moment. But they were women who warned me twice; and one, I believe firmly, saved my life. Without women, young man, you have no happiness, the world no history."

After this sage reflection, the old gentleman was silent a few moments, and then continued his narrative:

"I burned the note, and reached the post commanded by Don Luis, without being stopped, allowed myself to be arrested, and lay down to sleep—for you may well think that a tornado, a revolution, and a flight will so exhaust a man that he will forget his own as well as his friends' peril. It seemed to me as if I had only just closed my eyes when Don Luis, a taper in his hand, stood at my bedside. 'Do not be alarmed,' he said—the Lord knows I was too tired out to feel alarmed at anything!—'do not be alarmed. Nothing will happen to you; but you will see terrible things! Well for me that duty confines me to this post.'

"I was ready; my escort was waiting by the door, and before two minutes had passed we were on our way to the field between the thicket on the bank and the chapel you saw yesterday. At that time this spot was the parade-ground as well as the place for executions. It was a full hour before sunrise, and the landscape was

wrapped in a heavy fog, through which the clumps of foliage by the roadside glimmered in shadowy distortions, and the clusters of reed-like leaves at the end of the pandanus-branches reached out at me like so many claws.

"As we neared the open spot we heard the regular tramp of soldiery; words of command fell upon my ear, till a 'Halt!' brought my escort to a standstill in the midst of the field, and a form approached me out of the fog, which I recognized as an old acquaintance, Captain Fernandez. 'Don Inigo,' he addressed me, 'I would gladly have spared you the sight that awaits you, but Don Enrico himself desires earnestly to have you accompany him on his last walk, and you know that the wishes of the dying are something very sacred.'

"In front of the forest-chapel—the same which you visited with me yesterday—stood a group of people, in whom I recognized, as it was growing lighter, a number of my ship-companions. On the steps sat a man and a woman, lost in tender embrace. Don Enrico looked up and greeted me. He smiled; but in his eyes I read that he must die. You should know, it is a peculiar look which people have when they must die; who sees it once will never more forget it. Beside Don Enrico sat Doña Ines. She had laid her arms about his neck, and her face was hidden against the breast which the bullet was so soon to pierce.

"'You are to be witness to my marriage,' said Don Enrico; and after these words he bent down again to the face that rested on his breast, and, while his fingers dallied caressingly among the loosened strands of her hair, he said, 'Come, light of my soul, the witness to the ceremony is here.' Doña Ines arose. If I should live to be a hundred years, I shall never forget the indescribably sad look which Doña Ines cast upon me.

"We went inside. The pair, which the blessing of the priest was to unite, and a cruel decree to separate, knelt there before the altar. As you have often told me, we Spaniards do not enjoy the reputation of over-sentimentality with you, but rather the name of being somewhat stoical and indifferent to the sorrows of others as well as our own. But you must know that the only ones who shed no tears at this marriage were Don Enrico and those who went into death with him.

"The ceremony was over. Don Enrico kissed the young wife so soon to be a widow. Then an embrace, a farewell greeting, and through the sobs of all present sounded the words, 'Comrades, I am ready.' I wanted to remain in the chapel; but the commanding officer declared to me that his orders called for my presence at the execution.

"The day broke. Like thin veils the fog hung over the fields, and as we went the sky before us crimsoned with sunrise. The first rays of the sun flashed back from the muskets of the command. 'Fire!'—a volley, a shriek, and a moaning—and when the smoke had cleared away the sun shone on a heap of dead and dying; on broad tracks of blood on the young grass, and red drops that mingled with the pearls of dew.

"So died Don Enrico Velasquez de Almería, and who shall say but what it was best for him? What more could the longest life hold in store for the man who had, in the space of three days, gone through the heights and the depths of passions that stir the human heart—the raptures of love, of revenge, and of triumph?"

Don Inigo ceased. I had quite forgotten the padre, and only a deep sigh reminded me of a third presence. I looked around. There knelt the old priest, hiding his face in his hands. Don Inigo hastily drained his goblet, and, pointing to the padre, said, "He heard his confession."

All was quiet in the room. Different questions arose to my tongue, but I could not well utter them. The reverence I felt for the silence of the others, so full of sad memories, retarded the words. Then Don Inigo, of his own accord, took up the story again.

"The marriage ceremony preceding the execution may have been of vast benefit to the soul of Don Enrico. My friend Padre Blanco must know best about that. But, in regard to the worldly goods of Doña Ines, and the child which lay under her heart since that night of woe, this marriage was really the worst that could happen. The daughter, who received the name María in baptism—you saw her on the Calzada and called her Mimosa—well, she gained the name Velasquez de Almería by this marriage, but was an orphan before her birth, and disinherited. For, according to an old law, existing at that time in all its rigor, the fortune of Doña Ines became that of a traitor through her union with Don Enrico, and as such fell to the crown."

"The lovers had not thought of that," I threw in.

"Yes, they had," exclaimed Padre Blanco, "and I must confess that, although it was not in keeping with my ecclesiastical character, I called the attention of the poor children to the secular disadvantages of the priest's blessing. Whether Doña Ines would become a mother, no one could know at that time; but, this supposition accepted, then secrecy, and later, adoption, could, without attracting attention, secure the inheritance to the child. But the dear girl"—something seemed to rise in the padre's throat—"would not consent that her loved one should enter eternity with mortal sin upon his soul, and,

according to the teachings of our Church, such would have been the case had he not made amends, through the blessing of the Church, for what his passionate blood had sinned. As priest, I could say nothing against this, though I believe that even without this expiation Don Enrico would have found the Lord a merciful judge. So the loving wife sacrificed all her possessions for the good of the soul of the beloved husband, with whom, as I hope and believe, she is now united for ever—for she died a few months after the birth of Doña María, with the loved name on her lips. But, my friends, it is late. Each day has its duties, and it might so be that a very serious one awaited you to-morrow. Sleep well, then, and the Lord guard your repose!”

The occurrences to the relation of which I had listened, more particularly the sudden end of the young captain, occupied my mind a long while before I went to sleep. And thus it happened, probably, that the image of the youth so full of glad life, whose end was so sad, and of the devoted Ines, who was bride and widow in the same hour, wove and worked themselves into my dreams. The dream was singularly vivid, and, naturally enough, excited fancy substituted the familiar features of Doña María, the lovely girl of the Calzada, and of Don Federigo, the tall captain, for those of the loving Doña Ines and the unfortunate Don Enrico. Then I myself seemed to take an active part in the affair. Don Enrico's life depended on my reaching the place of execution in time, but I could make no progress, found difficulties everywhere, and, when I reached the ground at last, I discovered to my horror that I had neglected to complete my toilet. On account of this shortcoming the execution was proceeded with in spite of my anxious protest; but, instead of Don Enrico, the body of my old friend, Don Inigo, covered the blood-stained turf; which, however, on closer examination, proved to be neither blood-stained nor turf, but a bed with mosquito-netting, on the rim of which sat our venerable host, rays of light forming a halo around his head. In front of the two, with the back toward me, stood a dark form, that seemed greatly to resemble the Indian woman who had been brought here to my friend's great displeasure, in the character of 'robber's bride.' I now saw that the halo about Padre Blanco's head proceeded from a burning taper which he held in his hand, and began to take in the sense of the group before me.

My friend Don Inigo and the Indian woman alone supported the conversation. Only at intervals, when the woman grew chary of her answers, the gray priest addressed a few words of expostulation to her, which always had the

effect of imparting fresh life to the conversation. I was still busy analyzing the singular group, when the Indian woman advanced several steps toward the padre, and knelt down. The padre held his hand in benediction over the kneeling woman a moment, murmuring a few indistinct words; the Indian woman bowed her head, then raised herself, and went out of the door.

The padre said, in Spanish this time:

“All the saints be praised that she herself told you what my priest's oath forbade me telling you! Trouble enough it has cost me, and a great deal of persuasion; may God reward her and her husband! May he protect the robber in his dangerous calling; deliver him from sudden, unrepentant death, and grant him a late and peaceful departure from this life!”

Don Inigo seemed to consider this pious wish as quite correct; but to me it looked as if the reverend gentleman held very lenient views in regard to the worldly proceedings of his spiritual children. However, there was no time for reflections. Don Inigo was out of bed with one bound, and up from the court-yard sounded the voices of Indian servants and the tramp and prancing of horses that were being led up. The padre raised his taper and lighted us on our way through the dark corridors, first to the refectory, where he presented the parting cup, then to the gate of the convent, where, in the presence of his devout servants, he gave us his benediction, and dismissed us with the whispered words:

“Hasten, my sons, so that it may not be too late!”

“Now, pray tell me,” I besought Don Inigo, when we had the village behind us, and a level by-path under our horses' hoofs, “what in the world is going on here? Why is it that we must hasten to the city at midnight, head over heels?”

“Infernal devilry!” broke out the old gentleman; “and let me tell you, the delectable kin of that old traitor, De Sala—whom the devil has long since claimed for his own—are at the bottom of it. There is that Doña Constancia, his daughter—you were right to compare her to that magnificent poison-plant—well, the evil-one takes possession of her, and she must needs fall in love with that youngster, Captain Don Federigo. At the same time she keeps up relations of very equivocal nature with your fair countryman—at least what the *tulisan's* wife dribbles about a young Señor Ingles, who fills the office—rather dangerous in this case—of messenger and letter-carrier, and whose hair in substance and color is said to resemble Manila hemp, fits the description of the German, who, from sheer folly, drives into all sorts of adventures. Now listen. It was twenty years ago yesterday that Don Enrico

was proclaimed President of the Republic of the Philippines; and to-day, when the sun rises—well—Doña María is a good daughter and devout Christian. For years she offers prayers in the forest-chapel for the repose of the soul of her parents. Doña Constanca knows this as well as the whole city does. For what object, however, she means to induce, or perhaps has induced, Don Federigo to be present at the same time and place, is not quite clear to me; for Don Federigo is far too considerate to transgress against established custom and good usage. That blonde fool has probably been enticed there by the promise of a rendezvous. Perhaps Doña Constanca means to destroy the fair name of Doña María by such tricks, or degrade her in the eyes of Don Federigo; perhaps she thinks to make him jealous of the German, who meets with fabulous success among the ladies belonging to certain circles of our society. The *tulisan*, of course, knows only what it is strictly necessary for him to know as Doña Constanca's tool. Much more decided is the testimony of the *tulisan's* wife in regard to a matter of graver import. One day, namely, when the *tulisan* had sneaked into the city and was conferring personally with Doña Constanca, her brother, Don José, stepped into the room. In some manner he had got an inkling of what was going on, promised his coöperation, and was initiated into the full details of the plot. When, however, the *tulisan* had reached the last huts of the suburb of San Pedro de Macati, on his way home, Don José came up to him suddenly and promised him a hundred *pesos* if he would kill Don Federigo—as he knew when and where to meet his victim. First the *tulisan* refused to have anything to do with the matter; these robbers do not really like to shed blood. Don José became more and more persistent, and threatened at last to inform the passers-by who it was walking beside him, and the price which a wise government had set upon this head, so hollow in itself. Then the *tulisan* consented, and repeated the oath which Don José dictated to him. This Don José is the true son of his father, whom despised love had made a villain; treachery runs in his blood. It were terrible should Don Federigo fall by the assassin's hand where twenty years ago the blood of another Almería was spilled. Let us hasten! Onward!"

VI.

DAY had not yet broken when we reached the forest-chapel. The dew of the night had changed to a drizzling rain, through which forest-edge, bamboo-group, palm-crown, and pandanus-branch, gleamed in fantastic contortions. The space in front of the chapel was deserted,

the morning so still that not a leaf stirred, and the vines of the lianas swam motionless and heavy with dew in the fog-laden atmosphere.

"Just as at that time," said Don Inigo, and descended from his horse. "They will hardly reach here before dawn," he continued. "Pray do me the favor to sing one of your German songs, but good and loud, so that it will frighten away the *tulisan*, and attract your countryman. We can open his eyes easily then, and draw him over to our side. It is much easier to avert calamity than obliterate its traces."

To this sage and (in Spanish) very ingenious maxim I could only answer assentingly. At the same time I complied with the request of the old gentleman, and broke the solemn silence of the tropical morning with the strains of that sublime song—

"What comes from yonder height,
What comes from yonder height,
What comes from yonder leathern height,
Sa—sa—leathern height?"

It might have been the damp morning air, or the excitement, which gave me a feeling as though the heavy tramp of destiny were keeping step to my singing. My throat seemed full of cobwebs, and the song would not come out clear. When I stopped, it seemed to me as if something in the far distance was repeating the last notes of the song. I thought that I must be mistaken, but Don Inigo, who, lost in sad memories, was seated on the threshold of the chapel, said, half absently, and in surprise:

"Surely, there is no echo here!"

Then he fell back into a half-waking dream, whispering to himself, now softly, then more audibly:

"It is all just as it was then; the edge of the forest over yonder, and here, by the steps, the asclepias. How delicious their scent! And this same fragrance they exhaled to the man whom they saw approach the altar first, and then led to his death. How rank the foliage, how luxuriant the vines! A symbol of the happiness which germinates from the blood and the tears of past generations. Much of the happiness of this earth springs up on soil so enriched. Where now are the strong men who crossed those steps that morning? Some have grown old; others did not grow old. Over yonder we do not age. But is there an 'over yonder?' Padre Blanco believes it; but that is his calling, and he must believe it. But it would be grand! How old I would look to all those young people up there! And Doña Ines still as fair as she was on that morning, only so much more happy. I see her before me now, so pale, so grief-stricken, yet so resigned. Her dishevelled tresses hung loose over neck and

bosom; they were wet with dew—the tears of the night. And the night—ah! there was cause that it should weep, for what was hidden under its dark veil could find consolation only in tears, and yet was tearless—strong men, who went to their death, and a woman's broken heart."

The old gentleman covered his face with his hands. I fancied that something was stirring in the foliage along the edge of the forest; and then, from another side again, it sounded like footsteps. I looked out, but there was nothing moving save the waving mist, battling with the light of the young day.

"The sun must soon rise," Don Inigo began again. "Gray, like this, the morning dawned when they were led out there, strong men and fresh youths. Don Enrico looked weary, and well he might. He had lived through in three days what is seldom experienced in a whole long life. He pressed my hand, on the place of execution, and said, 'We meet again,' Don Enrico believed in a hereafter; he was a good Christian—he had been confessed. Padre Blanco had given him absolution, and now stood beside him, praying and weeping, while Don Enrico went tearlessly to his death. They stood over there, where a hillock rises between forest and savanna. Calmly, and with eyes uncovered—"

Don Inigo did not finish the sentence, for across the plain there crashed a shot. Not the volley which twenty years ago congealed in death so many warm-beating hearts, but the sharp report of a single gun.

"*Vamos!*" cried Don Inigo. "Hasten! My God! perhaps it is already too late."

At a speedy run we reached the middle of the open field, and were approaching the opposite edge of the forest when the dark form of the *tulisan*, the discharged gun in his hand, broke from the bushes. He ran directly toward us, but turned off to the left when he saw us, and vanished among the trees which bordered the plain on that side. But soon after he broke cover again, chased by a long, white figure, which sprang out from under the same trees, and compelled the *tulisan* to change his course once more.

"It is Don Carlos!" gasped Don Inigo, while running.

I should have recognized my crazy countryman without these breathless words, as he ran, without hat, and, what was worse, without arms, in long leaps after the outlaw.

"Let him alone," Don Inigo admonished me as I prepared to follow my countryman. "We can not overtake them; the one is running for his life, the other perhaps into his death. Look over that way, rather."

Under the outlying brushwood, where the plain swelled into a hill, the upper part of a man's

body rose slowly in the first rays of the sun, only to sink back directly and vanish among the reeds and creepers of the forest-edge. I was the first to reach the spot. The man who lay there had only just drawn the last breath, for the stream of bright-red, frothy blood running across his breast had not yet coagulated.

Even to one whose calling makes him familiar with death in all shapes, it is a solemn moment to stand beside a something which just before was breathing, striving, pulsating in full life, and now, struck by sudden death, lies a silent, warning mystery at our feet. For this reason, the cry of exultation which Don Inigo uttered on beholding the corpse struck discordantly on my ear.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed; "it is not Don Federigo, it is Don José who was struck by the bullet he had hired to cut down another. The *tulisan* made a mistake. Or was it his intention to kill the man who had driven him, by threats and promises, to commit murder?"

Perhaps an indefinite feeling told the old gentleman that his exultation at this time, and on this spot, was out of place. I am not sure, and do not credit a Spaniard with any sentimentality of that kind. At any rate, Don Inigo was silent after having demonstrated his joy at the *tulisan's* mistake, and stood gravely and quietly by the dead body of the man whose father had been his mortal enemy.

"He has killed the wrong man, and yet it was the right one," he said, musing. "And just at the same morning hour, and here, where, twenty years ago, the victims of his treachery lay weltering in their blood. Just as now, the first rays of the morning's sun fell on a pale face. Who guided the bullet? What will Padre Blanco say?"

Thus, moved by many thoughts and memories, stood the old man beside the corpse—the last act of the tragedy that began twenty years ago. He said nothing more, though his lips were moving. Whether he communed with the spirits of times past, whether he was settling accounts with himself, or whether lost in prayer, he was not long left to his meditations. A hurried step, and approaching, the words, "What is going on here? Don Inigo—you here?" and Don Federigo stood beside us.

"Don José!" he exclaimed, horrified, as his looks fell on the corpse. "But how in the world—"

"It is a judgment of the Lord," was the solemn reply.

"I received a note," Don Federigo continued.

"Do not puzzle your head over it, but pray for a departed soul." With these words Don Inigo turned and preceded us to the forest-chapel, beside which we had left our horses.

In front of the chapel a carriage was stopping, which had arrived during our walk across the field. An elderly gentleman and two ladies alighted, and disappeared inside.

"Do you know the gentleman and the two ladies?" Don Inigo turned to the young captain.

"*Cómo no*," he answered, in surprise; "that is my betrothed, Doña María, with Don Fernando, her grandfather, and—"

"That will do," nodded the old gentleman. "Now give me the note which an Indian brought you yesterday."

Don Federico drew forth a paper which the old gentleman, without casting a look upon it, tore to pieces, with the words: "I know who sent you this paper, but it is best that you do not learn the name. It is just as well, sometimes, not to know our enemies."

The young captain blushed and lowered his eyes. Don Inigo, however, thought it a proper time for throwing in a few maxims and reflections.

"I know very well that women in general are not worth much; but, on the whole, we live more happily when we do not strive to know everything. Your doubts of Doña María, for instance, came very near costing your life this morning. Let this be a warning to you; and now wait here, and do not disturb the devotions of your betrothed by your uncalled-for presence in this place. But look"—he turned to me—"if I see aright that is your countryman returning from his dangerous race, and gleaming through the bushes in all his white length. In truth, I am ashamed to think that we had altogether forgotten him; and all the more glad I am to see the foolish fellow unharmed. But what is he dragging along with him there? Upon my life, it is a gun-barrel, or a gun with the stock missing. He walks slowly; the *tulisan* has made him tired; it is not easy to catch up with a man running for his life. Well for him he did not overtake him, as it would have cost his blood instead of only sweat-drops, as now. But he must have made it hot for the *tulisan*, too, or he would not have thrown away his gun, for it is not easy for him to find another. But, gentlemen, that is blood; they must have fought hand to hand.—At your service, Don Carlos; what have you there? You are bleeding!"

"The black rascal," gasped the young German, "shot down Don José! Apropos, how is Don José?"

"Dead!" was the reply.

"And my Indian is only half dead, and the wretch stabbed me in the shoulder besides."

"But, my dear friend, one does not run with impunity after a *tulisan*, more particularly when he has just committed a murder."

The young German studied a moment, and

then observed, with a show of reason, that a chase of the murderer before he had committed the crime might have had still worse consequences, as the shot would still have been in the *tulisan's* gun then.

"What nonsense!" Don Inigo muttered to himself; but aloud he said, with true Castilian politeness: "I had not thought of that; in reality, I see that you have acted with a great deal of discretion."

The dagger-thrust which Don Carlos had received was, though painful, not dangerous. It had evidently been dealt by an unsteady hand, after the *tulisan*, according to the young man's statement, had already been thrown and roughly handled. Indeed, the German had first, in his excitement, thought it only a particularly vigorous blow of the fist, after which the copious perspiration streaming down his back had somewhat surprised him. He had cheerfully proceeded with his pommeling, however, until, as he said, he had suddenly grown very soft about the heart. Similar sensations must have taken possession of the *tulisan*, and, under the influence of this conciliatory softening of the heart, they took leave of each other with feelings of unchanged mutual regard. The *tulisan* had crept under the brush to hide himself, while the young German had taken his way back to the city.

"A striking resemblance," Don Inigo whispered to me; "I wonder I did not notice it before." And, turning to Don Carlos, he asked, "Is not your name Esnuto?"

"At your service, Don Carlos Schnute, of the free and Hanseatic city of Bremen, residence, Contrescarpe, No.—. Are you acquainted there?"

"Strange! That was the name of the captain who, twenty years ago— You had a father—"

"At your service."

"—Who was in Manila about twenty years ago?"

"Certainly. He has often told me of it; and even now warns against nocturnal promenades in every letter. But, if I *must* be on the street after ten o'clock at night, I am to remember well the Spanish word without which one is very apt to get into serious trouble."

A look of deep satisfaction spread itself on the benevolent face of Don Inigo, as he remarked to me, "Then, the son got the knife-thrust which the old man deserved."

But to the German he said, "Pray, remember me to your father."

The trial in regard to the murder of Don José came to no result. My countryman did not know the name of the *tulisan* with whom he had exchanged views in the forest. Don Inigo, who knew it, kept it to himself.

Soon after this occurrence I left the island,

and know only from letters that Don Federigo became the happy husband of Doña María, and that Don Carlos Esnuto had retired to his native fields with a handsome fortune.

Don Inigo, however, escorted me, at my departure; and, as he climbed over the gunwale into the boat when it pushed back from the ves-

sel, he pressed my hand once more, and said: "What do you think now of my theory of spiritual inheritance? Remember the forest-chapel and the fates decided there."

And, with the certainty of having the last word this time, he waved his hand to me from the boat.

H. H. BEHR.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN SIX PARTS.—PART SIXTH.

XXIII.

DURING the following days Monsieur Cantarel was the busiest of men: the municipal councilor whose position he coveted had accepted an office the duties of which were incompatible with those of his councilorship. His seat had been vacant some months; after this long delay, which Monsieur Cantarel stigmatized as indecent and impolite, the electors of the *quartier* were notified to meet on the second Sunday of September. The campaign was about to open, and the proprietor of the Château de la Pompadour was in a fever. He had delivered a number of speeches, both in public and at private reunions, with varied results. Words were not always at his command, and his replies often lacked fire and force.

Questions and sudden interruptions disturbed him greatly, and, truth to tell, the only "impromptu" addresses he made were those he had carefully prepared and written out.

He envied preachers in their pulpits who speak on in one unhindered current, without any one venturing on an interruption. Consequently he was eager for an opportunity when he might give free course to his eloquence by pronouncing a long harangue which no one would interrupt, and which "La Vraie République" would reproduce in full.

This opportunity he fancied he had found. Two weeks before the balloting began, Combard was to celebrate the *fête* of its patron saint. He proposed that this celebration should take place in his grounds, which, he said, he should be charmed to put at the disposal of the commune, and, as his grounds were always hermetically sealed, this was a most liberal offer on his part. It gave rise, however, to many and warm discussions. Combard was one of those few com-

munes in the department which had remained faithful to the recollection and to the worship of the empire. The mayor and the municipal council were almost unanimously as fervent Bonapartists as Golo. They had as little liking for the person as for the opinions of Monsieur Cantarel, but it seemed very impolitic to quarrel with him, and to refuse the offers of a millionaire who would certainly impart to the *fête* most unwonted brilliancy. Policy carried the day—the proposition was accepted. Monsieur Cantarel hastened to invite his guests, his electoral staff, and some fifty influential personages, the most noteworthy in the extremely democratic *quartier*, where he intended to play his great game.

The guests were to arrive at Combard by a special train drawn by an equally special locomotive, all run at his expense.

The day which was destined to impress on the minds of the Combard people certain undying recollections finally arrived. Its beginning was very delightful, the weather was glorious—one of those days in August when everything is resplendent; when the walls, the stones, the very leaves on the trees by turn absorbed and emitted the rays of light. The weathercocks and every grain of sand in the walks glittered and sparkled.

The workmen whom Monsieur Cantarel had sent for from Paris had done wonders; everything was ready. The front of the château was decorated, and at the entrance of certain shaded paths stood well-covered tables. A vast tent, intended for the evening festivities, sheltered an immense table in the shape of a horseshoe. Another tent, with a plank floor, was to serve as a ballroom. In every direction were stands for the illumination set thick with candles, and tall striped poles whence streamed out scarlet flames and floating flags. Everywhere the eye encountered arches of evergreens, inscriptions, and devices.

A great tricolored flag was draped about the bust of Danton and his Phrygian cap.

The inhabitants of the château were already on foot and at their duty. Madame Cantarel was busy at one of the refreshment-tables. She wore her every-day costume and her usual expression of countenance—that is to say, a look of sarcastic indifference; for a long time life had been to her only a spectacle at which she was a mere looker-on: provided she had something to carp at, she was satisfied. Mademoiselle Maulabret superintended the tall lackeys, and reminded them of the especial injunctions which Monsieur Cantarel had confided to them; she was apparently gay, having determined not to dampen the spirits of others. Madame de Moisieux arrived before any one else. With a gay and laughing face she walked about, exhibiting the exquisite elegance of her toilet under the shade of her red parasol, and all the time thinking secretly of the *fêtes* at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. She would gladly have escaped this celebration, but how could she do so without giving offense to Monsieur Cantarel, who regarded her presence as the crowning triumph of his oratory? Besides, he had represented to her that it was for her son's advantage that she should take part in this great democratic demonstration; he would have liked to see her preside at the banquet where the "*gros bonnets*" of Combard and the Parisian deputation would drink the healths of each other.

"We will put it all in '*La Vraie République*,'" he had said to her. She was consoled for this threat, however, for she had had news of a certain visit that had been made at a hospital, from which she inferred the best results. Her manner was enthusiastic to a degree toward Mademoiselle Maulabret, to whom she sent from time to time a kiss from the tips of her fingers, which it must be confessed rarely reached their destination.

As to Monsieur Cantarel, he had for the moment only his "dear Léon," for whom he had sent early in order to give him his last instructions. This dear Léon was one of his reporters, a confidential one, who was deputed to see all and write all—a handsome fellow with a clear, rich complexion, who as he walked moved his hips; he was shamelessly skeptical, and when it was necessary pushed hyperbole to the verge of impudence, laughing at everything, but a finished stenographer. On this occasion this last talent was in a measure superfluous, as Monsieur Cantarel's discourse was written, but he cautioned that gentleman to hesitate occasionally and pretend to be at a loss for a word, affirming with a perfidious smile that the best ideas were long in coming.

At three o'clock the terrace began to be

crowded. Several of the municipal council and some other notabilities had invented excuses not to be there. By the order of his superiors, the curé, although with great regret, remained at home. Monsieur Cantarel was not displeased at this, since a black robe would have spoiled everything. But the mayor was one of the first on the field. He was the Comte de Noisy, former chief in the cabinet of Monsieur de Moisieux, who was much liked by the peasants for the freedom of his speech and for his *bonhomie*. He had been for some time a "gentleman farmer," cultivating his small domain with much philosophy, always in a pleasant humor on the surface, and yet never forgetting his various injuries and wrongs. He appeared in a black frock-coat and white cravat, his mouth being pinched up in a little smile of the greatest suavity. He saluted Monsieur and Madame Cantarel most graciously, but, on approaching the marquise, the pressure of her hand signified, "We two, at least, are of the same *monde*." He walked about with her for some time, and, although they were both too politic to allow one word to drop which was out of place, the looks they exchanged seemed to say: "That which was under is on top, that which was on top is under. When will the next great change come?" And, without speaking, they promised each other to work together.

The peasants flocked in after their mayor, who had led the way. They had asked each other, "Shall we go?" The answer invariably was, "Of course we will." And of course they appeared, of course they looked about with half-open lips, slouching along with dragging feet, with a half-asleep air, their arms, coming out of too short sleeves, either swinging at their sides or crossed behind their backs, and their knotty fingers twisting a straw. They noticed everything without seeming to do so, and kept their remarks studiously to themselves. They admired what they saw, but at the same time making profound calculations in regard to the expense to which Monsieur Cantarel had gone. All were received with great cordiality. Not only did they read the three words, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, written in green grass, but the master of the house distributed to them all shakes of the hand, and his eyes said to one and all, "We are brothers."

This vast estate, usually so well guarded, was to-day thrown open to every one; the very iron gates seemed to be astonished at the liberty permitted. Every one was free to go and come as he pleased, unreprieved by the proprietor and his stiff lackeys in their maroon livery. There are, however, limits to everything. One of these rustics, less timid than the others, took the liberty.

of gathering a flower as he walked along. One of the lackeys pulled him by his sleeve, and said :

"Keep your hands off ! You can look here, but you must not touch."

"And how about that ?" answered the peasant, pointing to the table spread for the banquet under the tent. "May one touch that ?"

The other, who knew his master's plans, replied, with a laugh, "*Parbleu !* you will have what Menelmontant leaves, if that be anything."

Games soon began. A rope was drawn around a square, and a wrestling-match took place. A tall pole stood near a raised platform where the prizes were exhibited. There were two fowling-pieces, a pile of cravats, hobnailed shoes, caps of every imaginable form, fichus and dresses, ear-rings, and work-bags. Several pieces of silver, glittering in their cases, were much admired by about fifty young fellows and as many girls, who were all ready to enter the lists for them. These men were robust and square-shouldered ; the heaviness of their step indicated that their daily occupation was to dig the ground.

They soon shook off their momentary embarrassment, and, with the aid of a glass of wine, they began to amuse themselves very heartily. Gayly dressed and bedizened, the girls seemed to be not their sisters and their cousins, but beings of another world. They were frail, delicate, and a little pale, and affected the airs of young ladies. Their hands were white, with a certain roughness on the tips of the forefingers, which indicated that these hands sewed constantly. Some of them wore no caps, but, instead, a bow of ribbon or a flower among their hair. Not a few silk dresses were to be seen.

Paris is not so far from Combard but that from that village the great red light on the horizon, indicating the vicinity of a city, is to be seen. But it was not only its gaslights that spread into the country, it was also its habits, its fashions, and its caprices. Almost all these young Combardaises had served their apprenticeship in the great city, as *blanchisseuses* and *couturières*, and had brought away with them many Parisian ideas. Their skirts were embroidered and of delicate whiteness, as they took care to have noticed. They gave themselves airs of great superiority, airs of princesses who condescended, out of pure benevolence, to partake of the pleasures that had been prepared for them, but which they were not disposed to take *au sérieux*. They looked at no one ; they were only anxious to ascertain that people were looking at them, and, as they daintily settled their coiffures with the tips of their fingers, they seemed to say, "All this does not concern us, but we will try and amuse ourselves all the same !" And they amused themselves !

When the pole had been climbed, when the wrestling-match was over, when the race with the feet tied in a sack had been run, then came what was known as the *jeu de baptême*. Each of the participants, armed with a long stick, seated himself in turn in a small car, which rapidly glided down an inclined plane. As they did so they struck with their sticks, at the moment which they considered most propitious, at a bucket of water hanging from a pivot. If they struck too high or too low, the bucket tipped over and deluged them. Most of those who played this game received this baptism, shook themselves like dogs coming out of the water, and shouts of laughter rent the air.

When the young men had finished, they left the inclosed square, and the girls took their places. Their eyes were bandaged, and with an oak stick they were to break an egg lying on the grass, or cut with their scissors the thread that held a doll dangling in the air. Many of these girls tried ten times without succeeding ; others, who contrived to raise a corner of the bandages, astonished every one by their clairvoyance. But Mademoiselle Maulabret kept them all in order, and would allow no trickery.

Monsieur Cantarel, who coveted only great *rôles*, deputed to the mayor the task of distributing the prizes. Monsieur de Noisy accepted with a very good grace, only petitioning that Jetta should aid him, at which the girl was greatly pleased. The mayor called the victors by their names, and she handed them the especial article won by their exploits. The *rôles* had now changed. The young men, who were confused by so many eyes bent upon them, advanced in an awkward, shamefaced manner. The girls were no longer supercilious. They no longer cared whether they were looked at or not. They thought only of the prizes. Nature had resumed her rights. They were no longer princesses, the fire of covetousness or anger glittered in their eyes.

During all this time, Monsieur Cantarel had been reciting to himself those passages of his discourse which he feared to forget, or he conferred with his dear Léon, telling him what he might or might not put in the paper. The young man listened with an air of deference, but all the time was sneering within himself, judging and gauging him.

Suddenly guns were heard. These guns announced the arrival of the Parisian deputation. Monsieur Cantarel turned to the gate, accompanied by the most important among his guests, and there stood with a radiant smile on his face. The new-comers were in the best of humor, and, jerking off their hats, they waved them in the air and shouted vociferously. The band played the "*Marseillaise*," the summer wind lightly lifted

the flag in which Danton was draped, and also the red banners hanging idly in the sunshine. At this moment Monsieur Cantarel's heart was very light. It seemed to him that this day was a glorious and an eventful one. That his election was entirely settled and secured, he read in the eyes of all about him; he felt that the results would be astonishing, the majority overwhelming. Close beside him stood Mademoiselle Maulabret, he having implóred her under these unusual circumstances to assume the position of *bouquetière*. She had suspended to her neck a basket of superb red roses, with which she adorned the constituents from Mont Aventeno. It seemed to her that there were two Jettas—one, who sat with her face buried in her hands, in some lonely corner of the château, meditating on her sad destiny, and this other, in her fluttering laces and ribbons, making up her bouquets.

"Can this be really I?" she asked herself.

Monsieur Cantarel proudly led the deputation through the court-yard into the *salon*, where no other persons had been admitted. There, in the presence of Boucher's Cupids, of Lancret's bedizened shepherdesses, of Fragonard's nudities, the collation was served. Then he took the Parisians out on the terrace, where they soon mixed among the rustics, giving them patronizing nods and smiles, which, however, elicited no response.

The *mélange* was a curious one. On one side were the peasants, with large, stolid faces, cautious and distrustful, turning a word over a dozen times on their tongues before they allowed it to pass their lips, and their eyes full of that dumb patience caught from the animals with which so much of their time is passed. Among these peasants were small, keen-eyed men, quick and nervous in gesture and movement, gifted with that imperturbable *aplomb* which is one of the greatest gifts with which a human being may be endowed, whom nothing astonishes, whom nothing embarrasses, who asks only twenty-four hours to undo one world and to make another, and who wonders at the Almighty for having taken six days in which to manufacture his. Some among these men had all the agility and grimaces of monkeys, others resembled razors which have been so often ground that only the back remains, for that great whetstone Paris only sharpens blades by wearing them out. All looked as if initiated in the most profound mysteries, all had their heads stuffed full of ideas and caprices, their faces and their pallor expressing the weariness produced by the incessant restlessness of craving desire; but, notwithstanding their weariness, they panted for new events and excitements. The rustics and the men of the Faubourg were two people, two distinct nationalities, as it were, but they were ready to meet each other on the common

ground of a festival. There is no better way to bring varied people together—delicate hands and calloused ones, confused intelligences and quick-brained men; the silent and the loquacious, the audacious and the timid, careless prodigals and close managers, revolutionists and conservatives, those who sacrifice the republic they love, and those who preserve it without loving it. Some spoke without being listened to, wasting their breath on the wind that bore it away; others watched and listened with as much stupefaction as if they had seen an *aérolite* fall from the sky, and were afraid of receiving another on their heads. To see the tranquillity of some, the listlessness of others, it seemed as if some were striking the earth with their feet to make it move more rapidly, and that others would die before they discovered that the earth moved at all.

The solemn moment had arrived. A second discharge of musketry was heard, at which signal everybody crowded toward the Temple of Love, which to-day was condemned to act as tribune; but the god was not astonished—he had, in fact, been amazed at nothing since the statue of the *Enseignement Laïque* had been installed under the shelter of his cupola. The Parisians established themselves on the long benches arranged for them; the country-people stepped into the seats in the rear, or stood about, not knowing just what to do, and with eyes as wide open as children's at a pantomime.

Monsieur Cantarel slowly climbed the rose-colored marble steps by which the temple was reached. He was followed by Madame de Moisieux, by Jetta, and by Monsieur de Noisy, who attached himself closely to these two ladies and their fortunes for the day. Madame Cantarel had disappeared; she was not to be found anywhere. In order to be more at his ease, and also to insure his being seen by every one in the assembly, Monsieur Cantarel had ordered a platform to be erected just in front of the *Enseignement Laïque*. He ascended it and looked around with a contented air, for he regarded this crowd as a happy augury. He turned to see if his dear Léon was at his post, and then, coughing three times, to clear his voice, he began in these terms:

"Citizens, friends, and brothers—"

Then he stopped and looked toward one side. It seemed to him that the platform on which he stood was not altogether steady, and as this thought occurred to him he saw that Lara, who, uninvited, had appeared on the scene, had at that moment passed by. Could it be that the fellow had intentionally shaken the supports on which the platform stood? The look of artless innocence with which he met Monsieur Cantarel's angry eyes reassured that gentleman.

"Citizens, friends, and brothers," he resumed,

"all you whom I rejoice to welcome here, the day so long anxiously looked forward to by me has at last arrived—this *fête* day, to be devoted to relaxation and enjoyment. But we are not forbidden to indulge in serious thoughts, even at a *fête*. Pardon me if I venture to put into words one which has just occurred to me. It does not emanate in my brain, it springs from my heart." (As he uttered these words, the orator struck his breast forcibly.) "Yes," he continued, "I was suddenly struck by the idea that on this *fête* day a great work has been done, a work which is as the consecration and the symbol of a new era. Can I not, citizens—can I not now say to myself that this château, formerly inhabited by the wanton mistress of a voluptuous king, by a libertine king, by a king in short—this château enriched and furnished by this frail woman—that these parterres, trodden by the feet of courtiers as vile as herself—that these lawns, where women equally had exhibited themselves—that all these things have this day been restored to their true destination?—for in you the people have regained possession of them. I see around me hands stained by noble toil. Yes, citizens, to-day the château of this woman, whose name I do not care to speak, has been sanctified and purified by being permitted to minister to the enjoyments of the people, which I call on the great Danton, whose august shade now contemplates us, to witness." (He here interrupted himself to study the effect produced by his exordium, which was heartily cheered by the Parisians. As to the country-people, they contented themselves by exchanging glances, fearing to compromise themselves either by applauding or by refraining from applause. But Monsieur de Noisy having decided to clap his hands, they decided to follow his example, and Monsieur Cantarel looked at Léon as if to say, "Hear that, now!")

"Citizens," he continued, "a second thought—"

Then the platform unmistakably moved; Monsieur Cantarel turned quickly. Mademoiselle Maulabret, who divined Lara's little game, shook her head at him, and motioned him back. He dropped his eyes with a contrite look, and retired to some little distance.

"—Citizens, a second thought occurred to me. We celebrate still another thing on this great day. Whom do I see here? Citizens and peasants, inhabitants of the town and inhabitants of the country. Yes; and we celebrate the fusion of the laboring-classes. Too long have those whom we have called the peasantry—and pray, believe me that this epithet has no invidious meaning, coming from my lips—too long have the peasantry passed for the instruments, voluntary or involuntary, of an oppressive *régime*

which has condemned France to eighteen years of servitude."

Here the mayor leaned toward Madame de Moisieux, and said in her ear:

"Marquise, have you felt yourself to be oppressed and corrupted?"

She laid her finger on her lip to impose silence.

"All this," the orator went on, "is the deplorable result of a misunderstanding which should cease for evermore. Should we not comprehend each other now? Instead of complaining of our country brotherhood, should we not do our best to enlighten them? And is it not for this that you are here, you, our brothers from Paris—Paris, that great city which I salute with enthusiasm as the central point of the earth, the headquarters of revolution, the beacon-light for the world?"

With the best intentions in the world, Mademoiselle Maulabret had by this time lost the thread of his discourse. From where she stood she could see one of the gates of the château. Through the gilded bars of this gate she saw a boy from the inn leading a horse all saddled and bridled, with which he had evidently been intrusted to take back to the stable. This horse was a magnificent bay, and was startlingly like one which it had been suggested to Mademoiselle Maulabret should bear her through the wind and the night. She felt a strange thrill from head to foot: the Temple of Love, and Lara, whom she was watching, the upturned faces, all disappeared from her sight.

Monsieur Cantarel went on in a stentorian voice to announce the various methods by which he proposed to conciliate the interests of the laboring-classes. He spoke eloquently of the integration of the exercise of all his natural rights. Mademoiselle Maulabret said to herself: "I am absurd! there are many bay horses in the world." Monsieur Cantarel shouted out an ingenious definition of scientific radicalism; she thought: "Ah me! and what would he be doing here?" Monsieur Cantarel gave to humanity his word of honor that, if he were permitted to do so, he could at once obtain for the people every advantage desired by a rational being; she added: "What can he want? His conscience is at peace, he is contented and happy—the happiness of certain consciences is a very strange thing."

In the mean time Monsieur Noisy, bending again toward Madame de Moisieux, sighed in her ear:

"The advantage which seems to me the most of all is that of being seated near you."

She laid her finger again on her lips.

"One more word, citizens, and this word I

address more particularly to our country brothers. You pass your life, you expend all your strength, in combating weeds, tares, and thistles, all the dangerous parasites which infest our fields and injure our harvests. Well, friends, I assure you in the name of our Parisian brethren who have hurried thither to press your loyal hands—and I repeat to you in the presence of Danton, and in the absence of him who remained in his rectory because the Church which he represents feels ill at ease amid *fêtes* given by and for the people—yes, I declare to you, my rural friends, that there are other plants more dangerous than thistles! Your device in future should be: ‘War on prejudice! war on ignorance! war on superstition and on the Jesuits! war on these black-robed gentry, traitors to the good cause, who wish to persuade us that truth can make terms with error!’ Come to us. Throw yourselves into our arms, which are always open to you, and we together will employ our last breath in inaugurating the reign of absolute truth and of true republicanism in La Belle France!”

Again applause rang out, applause which was possibly not as prolonged as before. The mayor did not join in it, and the inhabitants of the rural districts therefore abstained. They were none too well pleased with “the eighteen years of corruption”—like the marquise, they did not feel themselves to have been corrupted.

Notwithstanding this defection, however, Monsieur Cantarel was happy, and proud of his success, and as he wiped his brow with his handkerchief he turned toward Madame de Moisieux, who bowed with an air of approval.

The Parisian deputation had been joined by a pardoned communist who had just returned from New Caledonia. The man had once been a tailor, and was named Fichet. He was small and insignificant in appearance. Nature had given him only enough strength to sit cross-legged on a table and push a needle through. But misfortune elevates even a Fichet. He had brought back from his exile a certain aureole of sorrow which imparted to his haggard countenance a strange light. In his expression there was something almost prophetic. He had come to Combarb apparently because he had been bidden to do so, or it might have been that mere curiosity impelled him. Perhaps he, too, had his own idea. But he did not mix with the gay crowd with whom he had come; he was always alone. In the midst of these jolly dogs, whom he treated as if they had been unworthy of a glance, he was the only one who believed firmly in anything: he believed in the injustice of his judges, he believed in the innocence of Fichet, and in the laurels which should have been his. The contemptuous glances which this little man from

time to time directed toward his comrades, seemed to reproach them for the bread they had eaten when Fichet was hungry, for the wine they had drunk when Fichet was thirsty, for the *fêtes* they had attended while Fichet suffered death and martyrdom for the sacred cause. His weather-worn complexion, his hollow cheeks, the deep lines on his brow, his long gray beard, his eyes, in which blazed an unearthly fire, his half-open, trembling hands, all spoke of many privations. Occasionally he passed his tongue over his parched lips as if hoping to taste there the blood of his vengeance.

At the first glance he might have seemed ridiculous, but to any one who examined him closely he was very terrible.

Monsieur Cantarel was about to descend from his platform, when this man rose abruptly. In a harsh, loud voice, which was heard at the farthest point, he exclaimed:

“I ask permission to address two or three questions to this honorable candidate.”

This unexpected incident seemed to annoy Monsieur Cantarel prodigiously. He had expected, for once in his life, to enjoy the pleasure of speaking without being interrupted or questioned—*nemine contradicente*. In the recesses of his heart he cursed the indiscreet questioner—the disagreeable intruder who came to mar his triumph and destroy all the effect of his eloquence.

“My friend,” he answered, riveting his eyes on Fichet, “at any other time I should be charmed to reply to your questions, but we are not now at an electoral meeting. This day is consecrated to Pan, the god of the gardens and the woods, and I already regret having detained these gentlemen so long from their amusement.”

He accompanied these words with a friendly little gesture, which he intended to mean, “Call again to-morrow.” But, on a sign made by the president of his committee, he understood that the best thing he could do was to submit to his fate, and, in a politely resigned tone, he said:

“Well, my friend, I am at your orders. Speak—I am listening.”

Fichet thrust his two hands into his breeches-pockets, and, keeping his elbows well out, he replied in a calm but excessively bitter tone:

“Citizen, your speech was superb, and calculated to please some people. But I want to know one thing: are you a *collectiviste* and an *anarchiste*, or are you not?”

“Ah! my friend,” answered Monsieur Cantarel, in a suave voice, “*collectivisme* is a beautiful thing, a great thing, a holy thing—and anarchy is the same. Yes, it has its good qualities provided that you don’t abuse it. But, my friend, we must distinguish—yes, we must distinguish.”

Fichet suddenly addressed Monsieur Cantarel with the familiar French "thou," crying out :
 "Distinguish, then, if thou choosest ! Thou art a Jesuit !"

At this crowning insult, Monsieur Cantarel started as if he had been stung, and a whisper ran round among the audience. The Parisians rather enjoyed this scene, they were always eager for discussions and arguments ; they considered that a nice little discussion is the best appetizer in the world. It seemed to them that Fichet was a trifle too familiar, and that his tone was a little too lofty, but they approved his intentions. The peasants were delighted, for the scene was more entertaining to them than the integration of the citizen and scientific radicalism.

Monsieur Cantarel was greatly disturbed, all the more so because his stenographer sat just in front of him with his pencil in his hand and his note-book on his knee, writing with immense vigor ; the pencil ran over the paper with the velocity of a runaway horse. He was crazy to call out :

"My dear Léon, do not take any more notes ; this simpleton must not figure in the journal !"

He contained himself, however, and, putting his head a little on one side, he answered in a melancholy tone :

"You have not understood me, my dear friend, *au fond*. I am a *collectiviste*, and it is hardly worth while to quarrel over words—' Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Later on I won't say but that— Ah ! my friend, there are omnibus trains, direct trains, and express trains. I, my friend, am for the omnibus trains, for the trains which stop at the stations."

"Not only a Jesuit, but worse—a time-server !" cried Fichet.

"Why will you persist in misunderstanding me ? All I mean to say is, that you must not put the cart before the oxen. Ask your good country friends what they think—the first step to be taken is to remodel all the schools."

"Will that feed the people ?" asked the man.

Monsieur Cantarel's indignation was almost uncontrollable. To be treated as a time-server was pretty hard ; but for Fichet to *tutoyer* him in this unpardonable fashion was more than he could endure. He was as fretted as if he had been stung by a gadfly. Another sign from his chief decided him to curb his temper a little longer :

"I call the spirit of Danton to witness—"

"I don't wish to hear about thy Danton," interrupted Fichet. "Who was thy Danton ? An old idiot ! Nor do we wish to hear about thy Robespierre, whose cane you possess, and who was only a reactionist with his blue coat and his white vest. When the people told him that they

were thirsty and hungry, he looked up at the sky and orated on the immortality of the soul. His device was '*Là-haut !*' Ours is, '*Ici-bas.*' It is on this earth that our paradise should flourish, and we know very well that rich people shall give up what they have stolen and let us have our share !"

At these words he lifted himself on his toes, and, passing his hand over the mane of a huge marble lion guarding the entrance of the temple—

"This lion is mine !" he said.

A few steps off stood a miller named Loiseau, a good-natured fellow who was fond of his joke. He looked first at the little man and then at the big lion.

"Let him have his lion," he said, "and let him carry it away with him !"

Crowds are weathercocks who turn with every wind : the villagers began to laugh, at first because they were always in the habit of laughing at all that Loiseau said, and then at the idea of seeing little Fichet carry off on his weak shoulders a marble lion. Monsieur Cantarel's face lighted up, and he would gladly have embraced Loiseau. His joy was of brief duration. Fichet by this time had pulled his hands out of his pockets. Like a wild-boar insulted in his lair, he turned his tusks and his foaming jaws toward the crowd and shouted :

"I forbid you to laugh !"

The glare in his eyes fairly terrified Loiseau, who, in spite of himself, bowed his head.

"We are dying of hunger, and you laugh !" Fichet continued ; "we are buried in dungeons, and you laugh ; we are put to torture, and you still laugh !"

Then, turning toward Monsieur Cantarel again :

"Citizen, where were you, I pray, when we were at Nourméa ?"

Monsieur Cantarel felt the immense superiority of Fichet over himself. Fichet had returned from Nourméa. Fichet had been in the galleys ; at this moment he would gladly have given his château to be elsewhere. He placed his hand on his heart, and in a sentimental tone he said :

"My friend, my beloved friend, my heart is with you."

"And thy body," answered the pitiless Fichet, "what of that ? Is it not nearly tired of strutting round this château ? I suppose, by this time, thou thinkest the marquise herself belongs to thee."

He builded better than he knew. Monsieur de Noisy touched Madame de Moisieux on the arm, and said softly :

"Heavens ! of what marquise is he speaking ?"

"Citizen," continued Fichet, "thou art a

Jesuit, since thou makest such fine distinctions. Thou art a time-server, and thou likest omnibus trains. Thou art a maker of fine phrases, for thou talkest of giving us thy château, and yet thou knowest that in a few hours thou wilt turn us all out-of-doors. Thou, like all the *bourgeois*, takest advantage of the people; but the justice of the people will rise and exterminate thy château and thyself."

In the twinkling of an eye his sweeping gesture wiped the crowd from the terrace, the château was leveled to the ground, the lawns were shorn of every blade of grass, Danton himself was buried six feet underground! A deadly silence reigned everywhere; not a sound was heard except the song of a gold-hammer, that seemed to be celebrating Fichet's victory.

"My dear Léon, don't write another word!" cried Monsieur Cantarel, exasperated at his stenographer, who, with deplorable obstinacy, continued to set down the harangue of the communist. Then, remembering the happy effect produced by Loiseau's joke, he tried to make one himself, and thought he had found one, but hardly had he opened his mouth than the perfidious Lara, taking advantage of Mademoiselle Maulabret's preoccupation, approached the platform and gave it a stealthy kick. The orator lost his balance and fell flat. Parisians and peasants, Loiseau, Monsieur de Noisy, and all, burst out laughing. Then Monsieur Cantarel, feeling that his prestige was imperiled, boiling with rage, and paying no heed to the silent warnings he received from his president, called one of his lackeys, and, pointing to Fichet, said hoarsely:

"Carry off that man!"

A moment later Fichet was struggling in the grasp of the big lackey, who, trained to prompt obedience, dragged him quickly toward the gate.

Fichet was heard to say: "He orders the people seized by his lackeys! All the faubourg shall hear of this to-morrow. Long live anarchy! Down with these rich rascals! Down with everybody!"

The whole assemblage was now greatly excited. Every one had risen, and all were talking. Some of the Parisians thought Fichet to blame; others pleaded extenuating circumstances, and accused Monsieur Cantarel of having been lacking in that respect we owe to our brothers, even to our brothers who have gone astray. Many who took sides with Fichet did not propose to go away with him; they remained for the banquet, and postponed until the next day the expression of their opinions. Everybody was dissatisfied. The peasants pushed each other about roughly, and evinced no further respect for anything. They walked on the grass, and hot-beds were

broken in more than one direction; but the gold-hammer still sang, persisting in celebrating Fichet's victory.

Monsieur de Noisy was enchanted; he whispered in the ear of his fair neighbor: "What a charming *fête*! What a delicious day!"

Then, passing to Monsieur Cantarel, whose two hands he tenderly pressed, he exclaimed: "What an oratorical triumph yours has been! What eloquence! How well you routed him!"

Then, going back to the marquise, he said: "What do you think about it? I begin to believe that we need not trouble ourselves; they will sweep each other away."

And the marquise replied: "You are too compromising. For Heaven's sake, hush!"

XXIV.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET thought that she had paid her scot, and that no one would exact more from her. She slipped away into the thickest shadows of the park, which was almost deserted. She needed repose, silence, and solitude. She soon reached the cottage of her late patient, and saw him sitting at his door, with his pipe between his teeth and a flask of brandy at his feet. He was cleaning his gun. She asked him how he was, and then said, "Why were you not at the *fête*?"

"Because they did not think me good-looking enough!" was the sneering reply. "Monsieur Cantarel begged me not to show myself. Great Heavens! What did he suppose I wanted to go there for? I abhor their republic. Long live the Napoleons, I say!"

She went on to the very end of the park, where she seated herself at the foot of an old oak, just where an opening among the trees gave her a full, uninterrupted view of the country beyond. She forgot herself for more than an hour in this tranquil spot, until all at once she realized that the sun was slowly setting in a golden sky, flecked with violet clouds. On one side stretched a great forest, which seemed to have fallen asleep under the heats of the day. In the shadow of a mill, on a grassy bank, a peasant-lad half reclined, playing on his flageolet. Two black dogs, with heads like wolves, kept the sheep together. A cloud of starlings were flying about the sheep. At intervals they would audaciously pick a beakful of their wool.

"Shepherd-dogs, sheep, and starlings, each have their part to play in this world, and they play it well," thought Jetta. "What will mine be?" She scarcely knew.

She turned her face homeward. Suddenly the bay horse came back to her mind, and, at the same moment, as she lifted her eyes she beheld in the middle of the path a man who stood there,

motionless, with folded arms, and who was evidently waiting for her.

She was seized with a nervous trembling; her first thought was to flee; but where? She summoned all her strength, indignation sustaining her rather than courage. She continued to advance, and he came forward to meet her. She stood still now, and, in a voice of intense anger, she cried, "You—you!"

He answered: "Yes, it is I. The gate was thrown open to every one, and I had the audacity to enter."

They stood looking at each other for a moment, both surprised at the changes they beheld. Like herself, he was very pale; his face as well as hers was weary and worn by suffering, and by one fixed idea. He felt his knees tremble under him, and was on the point of exclaiming: "I have betrayed you, but I adore you! I love you more than ever!"

He wanted to fall at her feet and cover them with kisses; but he had discovered a quality in her which intimidated him.

She fanned herself with a handkerchief, mechanically. Then she said, in a tone of contempt, "What are you doing here?"

"Have you, then, never discovered that I come here every day, regularly?" he replied, in a hollow voice. "Everywhere you go, I follow!"

She shook her head. Every feature in her face said, "There is nothing more between us."

"Let me explain," he said.

"It is too late," she interrupted; "you have been silent so long! And silence is so convenient!"

"I give you my oath that you are mistaken, and that you have been deceived. It was despair and rage which reduced me to silence. My happiness was destroyed, and there was a man for me to kill!"

"You are a rigorous judge of the treachery of others!" she said, bitterly.

"I desire, at all events, that you should know—"

"Know what?" she interrupted him again. "I know that, thanks to God's mercy, the man you intended to kill is not dead. As to the other, whose face you cut with a whip, he is close at hand, and has sworn revenge. Go away at once. Believe me, my advice is good."

"You wish me, then, to remain," he said, raising his head.

She answered, in an ironical and bitter tone: "You have, nevertheless, good reasons for wishing to live. You regretted your youth and freedom. They were restored to you—"

"Do not speak to me of that woman!" he cried, kindling as he spoke. "Since you know

all, you of course know that she came to me unasked, and that I have not seen her for weeks."

"You betray every one, then?" she answered with a faint smile. "Weeks without seeing her! How long this time must have seemed!"

This was too much.

"If you would deign to look at me," he said, "my face would tell you how my days have been spent. I have done my best to forget you, and I have not succeeded. My pride owes you this avowal. Perhaps you think I have none, as I have come here to-day. My expiation has been terrible, I assure you. I said to myself, 'Pshaw! I can live without her'; and I did everything that lay in my power to drive you from my memory and my heart; but your image continually reappeared. You see before you a vanquished man. I would rather die than live without you. Have pity on me; I lay my heart at your feet!"

"You have brought me the shattered fragments," she said, proudly. "Keep them; I do not want them."

He uttered a groan of despair. "Jetta! Jetta! Can this be you—can this be I? It is not the woman's pardon I should ask, it is that of the Sister of Charity; and it is as a beggar that I kneel before you."

She pointed to the remains of a fire that had been lighted in the grass, and the bits of half-burned wood lying on a bed of gray ashes.

"It is extinguished," she said, slowly; "it can never burn again."

She made him a sign to rise, and turned away. But he followed her, murmuring entreaties in her ear. This voice, which had once been music in her ear, now jarred on her nerves like an instrument out of tune. She hastened her steps in her efforts to escape; but he became more urgent, even standing in her path and laying his hand on her arm. Her agitation was excessive, and just at this moment a liberator appeared, whom she welcomed with joy.

Could she a few weeks previously have been induced to believe that by any possibility she could ever welcome the Marquis Lésin de Moisieux in order to avoid the embarrassment of a *tête-à-tête* with Albert Valport?

Lésin, who was not fond of long speeches, had waited before making his appearance until they were all over. When he came, his first inquiry was for his friend Golo, and then he went in search of him. His stupefaction on encountering Monsieur Valport was, as may readily be believed, considerable. He began to mutter execrations, however, after a minute; then, approaching Mademoiselle Maulabret, he said:

"My mother is tired of all the noise, and has

gone home, and sent me to find you, as she wishes to see you at once on a matter of importance. But I certainly shall not tell her that I found you in this charming society, from which I scruple to take you."

"I am quite ready to accompany you," answered Jetta, coldly.

And she walked away with him, without once turning her head to look back. The two hurried on in silence, she not daring to speak lest she should betray her emotion by the trembling of her voice; he, because he was absorbed in meditating over an idea worthy of his great genius. They reached the chalet, which was deserted. The cook and Lara were at the *fête*, as well as Madame de Moisieux. Although she had not said as much to her son, she was not displeased with the attentions of Monsieur de Noisy, and she always enjoyed the excitement of a crowd. Lésin ushered Jetta into the *salon*, and drew up a chair.

"It is very strange," he said, "that she has not yet come. Some one must have detained her at the château, but she will be here presently."

Mademoiselle Maulabret seated herself. At this moment she was not thinking of either the marquise or her son; her thoughts were wandering in a park, and meeting ghosts who stood motionless at a cross-road.

As a semblance of occupation, however, she took up a book, and turned over the leaves without in the least knowing that she held it upside down. Lésin did not open his lips; he was literally livid, his pallor denoting the struggle going on within. His natural timidity shrank before the audacity of the plan he had conceived. He rose, and began to pace the room, as restless as a cat hovering around a cage, longing for the bird, and yet dreading the lash. It was now nearly night, and Jetta laid down her book with a start. She glanced uneasily at the young man, and thought his manner very singular.

"Madame de Moisieux is not coming, I fear," said the young lady.

He replied as he went nearer: "Well! what of that? We are very well off as we are."

She rose. "But the illuminations! I must not deprive you of the pleasure of seeing them."

"I prefer the two bright eyes I see before me to all the Roman candles in the world!"

She shrugged her shoulders with a slight gesture of contempt. She could not help it; she was wrong, and she knew it.

This enraged him.

"You two are reconciled, then, are you?" he asked, insolently. "You have certainly a most forgiving nature, for he has behaved toward you like a rascal and a booby."

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asked, haughtily.

"Of the man with whom you were having a delightful *tête-à-tête* just now, which I interrupted. But you will soon console yourself, as I dare say you have agreed to meet him again this evening."

She turned away in silence.

He went nearer still.

"Why do you love him instead of me? You would be a marquise. Madame Jetta Valport does not sound so badly, does it, now?"

She began to be a little frightened; but with an air of calm resolution she turned toward the door, but he placed himself against it.

"I adore you," he said; "and you shall not go away until you have given me one kiss. I am determined to have it; so you need make no fuss."

He looked at her with the same expression which she had once before seen in his eyes, and by which she had been so shocked and startled.

"I loathe you!" she cried.

"That is not a nice thing for a pretty little nun to say," he replied, angrily; and he extended his arm to take her by the waist.

But she, with a piercing shriek and a dexterous movement, placed a round table between herself and him.

"You need not scream," he said; "there is not a soul in the house, and no one will come."

And he began to pursue her. He knew very well that never again would he have a similar opportunity, and that he was playing his last card, and for heavy stakes. His mother would only forgive him on condition that he won the game, for success would be his only excuse.

"Yes," he cried, "I shall have the kiss, and also a promise that you will marry me." And he began to run. She was breathless and dizzy, but she still contrived to escape his touch. He was becoming more and more eager, like a wild beast that has sniffed blood. She did not once think of entreating or reasoning with him. Savages are never reasoned with, red-skins are never entreated. He caught his foot in one of the legs of the table and fell. She darted to the door, not having seen that he had taken the precaution of locking it and placing the key in his pocket. She ran to the window, and, opening it, sprang upon the edge. She felt his hands on her waist, his impudent lips on her cheek, and uttered a shriek more piercing than the first.

"Hold your tongue!" he said, roughly. "You won't escape me now."

Faint and sick her heart sank within her. At this moment she felt his grasp relax, and, looking up, she beheld Albert.

Devoured with grief and jealousy, he had fol-

lowed her at a distance without her suspecting it. He was determined to see her again, and waited at the end of the avenue. He had heard her first scream, and hurried to her rescue. To dash through the window, seize Lésin by the throat, was the affair of an instant. He nearly strangled the fellow.

"Albert, do not kill him!" she cried, in her agitation.

She had called him by his name. The intense joy he felt softened his righteous anger, and he dropped his victim.

"Sir!" roared Lésin, foaming with rage, "you shall answer to me for this insult!"

"For what do you take me?" answered Valport. "I shall certainly never do you that honor."

He went to the door, and tried to open it. Lésin put his hand in his pocket and drew out the key, which he threw with all his strength full at Valport's face. The latter threw his head back, however, and stooped to pick up the key from the floor.

"You are a little brusque, my dear *marquis*," he said; "but your intention was praiseworthy."

Some minutes later Mademoiselle Maulabret, trembling like a leaf, sank on a bench in the park. Albert, standing before her, respected her silence. He felt that she was struggling for composure, and that she must also control herself before she could trust herself to speak. He awaited that fatal word with feverish anxiety which should decide his whole future life.

By degrees she became calmer.

"Speak!" he said, at last—"speak, will you not? Remember that the question of my existence hangs in the balance, for I will not live without you."

Her lips finally parted.

"Albert," she said, "you have rescued me from insult. You deserve that I should forgive you on this account alone."

He uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Yes, I forgive you," she continued, in a cold, calm voice; "but you need ask no more than that at my hands. You know whether I once loved you or not, whether I believed in you. I remember your once saying to me that love was a species of madness. You were right: I was mad once, but am so no longer. The letters which you returned to me I burned only yesterday. Before putting them in the fire I read them over again, and as I read them it seemed to me that another person than myself must have written them. I said aloud, with a blush, 'Can it be that all this ever happened to me?' You see from this that I am no longer mad. A while ago I uttered some very harsh words to you. I implore you to forget them. Anger is madness, as well as love. You need not regret me so much,

Albert, there are so many women in the world. Let time do its work. In a few years we shall very probably meet like two old friends, and we will laugh together over this strange incident in our lives, and perhaps you will say with me: 'Can this really have ever happened? What a strange, strange story!' And I really do not see why, now that I have forgiven you, we can not part friends to-day. Here is my hand—it is my friendship that I offer."

He did not take her hand. He, on the contrary, drew back, and answered, gloomily:

"Why do you speak of friendship? That word, between you and me, is void of sense. You offer me yours; I will not have it. We may hate each other, if such be your will, but we never can be friends."

She rose, saying as she did so:

"I do not hate you. I shall never hate you. But love died with faith. God alone can again bring it to life, and believe me when I say that he will not perform this miracle."

Then she fled like a shadow, leaving him so overwhelmed that he made not the slightest effort to detain her. He had hoped to disarm her anger, but utter tranquillity reduced him to despair.

She returned to the château through the Bengal lights and Venetian lanterns, rockets shooting up with a loud whiz on every side; and no sooner was she in her room than her aunt, who was locked into her boudoir, sent to ask her to dine *tête-à-tête* with her, and Jetta hastened to join her.

Madame Cantarel examined the girl's face with curious eyes. She could not detect the smallest sign of emotion. Mademoiselle Maulabret had just seen the man who had abandoned her kneeling at her feet; she had granted him her pardon, but she had refused him her heart, and a secret balm was spread upon her wound. However amiable a woman may be, she likes her revenge, and when she has taken it it seems to her that only then are things moving as they ought.

"Where have you been?" asked her aunt. "You disappeared as well as myself. Our presence was not necessary. Madame de Moisieux took our places, and it is she who to-day has done the honors of this mansion. I heard all about it from Monsieur Violet, who is as indiscreet as he is talkative. It seems that the banquet was superb. Each rustic was flanked by two Parisians, one on the right and one on the left. Monsieur Cantarel apparently thinks that opinions are like contagious diseases—taken in through the skin. The marquise presided, with her grand Tuileries air; never was dignity better mingled with grace. What must the poor

emperor have thought if he, from the other world, looked down on this republican Hebe? In short, Monsieur Cantarel is both triumphant and happy at this moment. To all appearance, he has forgotten the Fichet episode. But Monsieur Violet gave me other information still. The truant has come back, it seems; you have seen him, and you have made peace?"

"Yes, madame," answered Jetta, somewhat surprised.

"And you will marry him?"

"Never," answered the girl, with gentle decision.

XXV.

MEANWHILE Lésin was nursing a new project. Ashamed of his defeat, enraged and furious, with his throat bruised by that iron hand whose firm grasp had nearly cost him his life, he resolved to chastise the man who had refused him satisfaction. He racked his brain to find some way of punishing him, and finally decided that he would wait for him at the corner of the wood. Then he had another idea, which he considered still better: he remembered Golo, with whom he had formed so close an intimacy that they concealed nothing from each other.

He at once rushed off across the park, and tumbled into the cottage of the head keeper like a bomb-shell. The two talked for a long time together, a bottle of old rum made the third in this interview, and it is doubtful if the counsel it gave was the most judicious in the world. Lésin was very eloquent, but Golo had scruples or fears, and had much to say about the police and a trial for murder.

"What stuff you talk!" cried Lésin. "Have you not sworn vengeance against him?"

"But, Monsieur le Marquis, pray consider—"

"Hold your tongue, fool! Who asks you to kill him? I tell you he thinks much more of his face than he does of his life. Now, listen to me. I heard, in America, of a handsome young fellow who was about to be married. His rival fired his gun in his face well loaded with powder. He was so disfigured that the fair lady turned her back on him. That is the sort of thing that women do. I know them well. Tell me, are you not bidden to show no mercy to poachers? You see one and you fire at him—you are not likely to kill a man without any shot in your gun! Besides, do you imagine that he will dare attempt to bring you to justice? He knows very well that you would tell the whole story of the *danseuse* in the court-room, and he is not going to run that risk. You are a chicken-livered fellow, after all, Golo! I don't believe that you are a real Corsican."

During this conversation Albert was walking up and down a secluded avenue of the park.

He had no longer any hope, and yet he could not make up his mind to go away.

Mademoiselle Maulabret had withdrawn to her room, and he could occasionally see her shadow pass her lighted window. The world is very large, and to make one many things are needed—stars and suns, planets and moons, oceans and continents, mountains and plains, lions and gazelles, monarchies, empires, and republics—millions of destinies bound to each other by a fatal chain of effects and causes. And yet at certain hours the entire universe may be comprised in a shadow flitting over a window-curtain, and then disappearing.

Albert could not take his eyes from this curtain: within was paradise, but a paradise lost to him for ever. A man may make up his mind not to be happy, but his heart is broken when he realizes that happiness came to meet him with extended arms, that he behaved like a fool, and that happiness fled never again to return.

The notes of the orchestra playing for the ball under the tent, where all the youth of the village was now dancing, reached his ears; he heard the clarinet, the drum, and the blare of the trumpet; with these sounds were mingled voices and merry laughter, and a buzzing noise like a great beehive; he shuddered at the idea of leaving all this behind him and returning to the silence and solitude of Bois-le-Roi. Supper was over; that and Monsieur Cantarel's cellar had been duly honored by the crowd. One of the Parisians was discoursing to a group of peasants, explaining to them the difference between the false republic and the true one; to all he said the peasants answered, "Yes, of course." Another, who was of Fichet's turn of mind, was giving free vent to some communist doctrines, and his hearers replied, "Perhaps—we must wait and see." As they spoke they were uneasily shifting from one foot to the other, and, scratching their heads, wondered if they might not have forgotten to bolt the great gate of the court-yard and to let the big dog loose.

Young Léon, who had taken a bottle too much, was very friendly toward Loiseau, and half in fun and half in earnest was representing to him that the great point was to abolish marriage and family ties, and that, before men could be really equal, it was necessary that children should not know of what father they were born.

Loiseau pretended to agree, but he whispered to one of his friends: "O the wretches! With their confounded newspapers they have deprived us of the empire, and now they intend to play the same game with the republic."

Monsieur Cantarel, who had nearly disappointed his arm by distributing vehement hand-shakes, and who was so hoarse that he could scarcely

speaking—Monsieur Cantarel, who, this day, in spite of what his wife said, was a disappointed man—Monsieur Cantarel, who remembered and would always remember this sorrowful experience of Fichet and of his cruelly interrupted oratorical triumphs—walked about with an air of fictitious gayety. He smiled on his guests, but his heart was heavy.

Monsieur de Noisy said to him, "We are indebted to you for a most charming day." The marquise added, "Nobody can do such things as well as you."

The hour of departure had finally arrived, and the special train awaited the Parisians. Monsieur Cantarel summoned all his strength of mind and body to keep him up to the last. The terraces were soon empty, though the orchestra still played, for the young people evidently intended to dance until daybreak. In these people he, however, took little interest, but, leaving to his intendant the duty of overlooking and dismissing them, he went off to bed, in search of the repose which he felt he so well deserved.

Albert took one last, lingering look at the curtain which shaded the dim light, and then took his departure, fearing lest the gates should be closed. At the end of the avenue was a tall hedge of laurels. He did not know that behind these laurels, with his finger on the trigger of his gun, a man was standing waiting for him.

XXVI.

A FEW days after this, Mademoiselle Maubaret received a visit from Monsieur Vaugenis, whom she had not seen for two months. She heard from him that, on the night of the *fête*, an unknown had fired on Monsieur Valport from behind the laurel-hedge, and had then fled. There had been that evening so much noise—so many reports of firearms—that this incident passed unnoticed by the many persons still within the grounds. Jetta at once understood why Golo, who had just received his month's wages, had folded his tent like the Arabs, and silently stolen away that same night.

She asked where the Marquis de Moisieux was, and discovered that he, too, had felt the need of change of air, and had gone to Paris. Jetta concealed her emotion, and listened calmly to the information given by Monsieur Vaugenis, that the gun was loaded only with powder, and that the latest intelligence from Bois-le-Roi was most reassuring, and that Valport would escape with only some trifling scars.

She did not speak for some minutes, and he, impatient at her silence, exclaimed: "You know that I always preserve a neutral position, and I do not infringe on my rules of conduct by representing to you that, after all, Albert's sin does

not belong to the list of irreparable crimes. I blush for my sex, but the truth is, that any man I know would have succumbed under similar circumstances. I dare say Cato and Brutus would have risen above temptation, but there are no Romans in the days in which we live. Moreover, I wish to add of this marriage which I so heartily desire should now take place, that your chances of happiness seem to me far greater than they were before. A young man who has been dissipated is always inclined to believe that he sacrifices much for the woman he marries. Now Albert, without suspecting it, very possibly was none the less conscious of giving up much for you. To-day the rôles are reversed. You have him at your mercy and you have every advantage on your side. It is you who give, it is he who receives."

She replied, with some vehemence, "I am entirely willing to grant him full pardon, and my friendship also, but I have nothing else to offer him."

He, in his turn, paused for some moments before he replied. Then he said, "Do you intend to enter a sisterhood, then?"

"No," she replied. "Many singular things happen in the world, and I begin to believe that things rarely turn out as we think. Mother Amélie counseled all sorts of scruples, but one has come to me which will prevent me from becoming a nun."

"Yes"—and he laughed—"a great philosopher pretends that contraries beget contraries, and that contradiction is the sovereign law of life. On this idea he has built a system which is as good as another."

He did not add that he could state the whole affair in a proverb. When a man is possessed by the demon of proverbs, even Hegel's philosophy can be condensed into one.

"I know nothing of philosophies," she said, "but the other day I found in the 'Imitation' a passage by which I was greatly struck. 'Some persons,' it says, 'are lost through their devotion, because they wished to do more than they could, not making allowance for their weakness, but following the impetuosity of their hearts rather than their judgment and their reason.' This is my own case. I dreamed of becoming another Mother Amélie. I shall always respect the virtues of this holy woman; but the last conversation we had together convinced me that I should make a very poor Augustine, while I hope that, in remaining in the world, I shall always be a good Catholic—as catholic as tolerant, as tolerant as catholic."

"If women could be cured of their inconsistencies, this world would be a sad one. And you will marry?"

"I think not. I have suffered so much that love frightens me. And I am in love now only with my liberty; but you need not fear that I shall make a bad use of it. It is written in the same book, 'Why seek you repose, when you were born to labor?' Yes, I will toil. I will consecrate my fortune to founding that *maison de santé*, so dear to the heart of my beloved uncle. You have all the plans. I will take its head. I shall take no steps just yet, and we shall have ample time to talk the matter over. I must learn many things before I can become the abbess of my lay convent. A useful old maid—is not that a noble career? It seems to me that I already have a little the look of one. Saint Catherine has another waiting-woman."

"So it seems to me, but I did not tell you so." Then he added, more seriously: "This is all very well; but what of him?"

"It is for you, sir, to find him a wife who is both good and reasonable, who will not take matters so tragically as myself. You remember the long conversation I had with you in your cabinet? At that time I looked on love as a kind of sublime devotion, as a wish to give one's self to the loved one entirely and fully. Since then I have discovered that one gives one's self away only with the expectation of being doubly rewarded. No; there is no true love without jealousy. Albert requires a wife who will love him less madly than I, perhaps, but who will be more indulgent. She will make him happy, and he will soon forget."

"Do you think that? He will never forget you."

"A magistrate, and yet romantic," she said, with a smile. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Ah! sir, forgetfulness is the law of this world as much as contradiction."

"It is certain," he replied, "if memory embellishes life, that only forgetfulness renders it possible. Some one has said this, however, before me."

"And I prove it," she said, "since I am still alive, after all that has happened."

He made a little gesture, which signified, "I have fulfilled my mission, I have nothing more to do." Then, rising, he added: "I am going to spend a few days at Bois-le-Roi with our invalid. Have you no message to send to this criminal, who has been too severely punished?"

"Nothing, except to say that I am happy to learn that his accident has had no serious consequences."

Monsieur Vaugenis retired greatly discomfited. This perfect tranquillity, which had struck terror to Albert's soul, he too regarded as boding ill, and argued a desperate case.

"It is all over," he said to himself. "To knit up again what this foolish fellow has un-

raveled would demand a miracle, and we have none in this century."

Monsieur Cantarel did not believe in miracles either, and yet he had performed one without his own knowledge. There had been a good deal of talk about the *fête* at Combard. A number of the "*Vraie République*," of which a hundred thousand copies were printed, had been devoted, from the first line to the last, to a description of its splendors. "Dear Léon" had surpassed himself; and then Monsieur Cantarel took the article in hand, and retouched it. By order of his *chef*, the young man of the future had carefully passed over the Fichet episode, and consecrated his best skill to celebrating the praises of an illustrious convert.

"It was, indeed, an impressive sight," he said, "to see this woman, born among prejudices and nursed in the lap of luxury, suddenly stirred by republican enthusiasm, and extending her white hand to those others hardened by toil; to see that she preferred this *fête* of the people to those magnificent entertainments at the Tuileries with which she had once been so familiar. Now the hearts of the people beat in unison with her own!"

This unfortunate sentence, which dear Léon had much better have left in the bottom of his inkstand, provoked the proprietors of a small radical sheet of large circulation, who took advantage of this opportunity to recommend to popular sympathy "an illustrious exile who had been driven from the park by lackeys and hirelings for having told the truth to these *bourgeois* speculators."

In a very brief space of time this illustrious exile, to whom people had not paid the smallest attention, became a celebrated man, which was an additional proof that there is a great truth concealed in the philosophy of contradictions, and also the malicious pleasure which events take in going contrary to our expectations. Monsieur Cantarel's enemies were thus armed afresh to combat his election. Until then his only opponent had been an obscure little physician, named Souriceau. Fichet entered the lists, and his eloquence was so moving that he soon made wonderful strides.

Monsieur Cantarel was not very much disturbed; he did not take Fichet *au sérieux*. His friends and the president of his committee insisted that his victory was certain; nevertheless, when the eventful day arrived, he was in an agony. He dared not go to Paris; he resembled those dramatic authors who, to use a vulgar expression, have the *trac*, and who can not make up their minds to appear at the first representation of their plays. During the whole of that fatal Sunday he wandered through his park,

conversing with his cane and himself. His especial agony was, moreover, that he could not pour his anguish into the sympathizing ears of the marquise, who, with Jetta, was dining that evening with Monsieur de Noisy.

It was nearly midnight, when a dispatch was brought to him, which he opened with his heart in his mouth. O vicissitudes of Fate! O mysterious winds, which blow on all men alike! O universal suffrage, behold your work! Fichet was elected, Monsieur Cantarel had two thousand less votes than he; and, as the crowning touch to his humiliation, even the contemptible Souriceau had distanced him, and he was lowest on the list. He sat for some time absolutely stunned, and then felt an imperative desire to pour out his soul to some fair friend. But it was not Madame Cantarel's sympathy which he craved. He said to himself that the marquise must be at home from her dinner by this time, and hurried to the chalet, flattering himself that not only would she compassionate his disappointment, but that she might even be induced to offer some practical consolation.

The house had not been closed for the night, and, as was his habit, he at once made his way to the *salon* without waiting to be announced. Was he mad? He saw, or fancied he saw, young Lara kneeling in front of the sofa on which Madame la Marquise was sitting. We must believe that he was dreaming, for hardly had he crossed the threshold than he saw young Lara standing in the center of the *salon*. It seemed to him that this charming lad looked at him with a crafty, impertinent expression, and his face struck him as so unpleasantly saucy and aggressive that he raised his hand to cuff his ears. The little Greek, however, was as lithe as a panther, and darted off.

"Well! what is the matter?" asked the marquise, in a tone of reproach.

"I can't endure that fellow," he replied. "We have more than one old account to settle. You know what he did to me in the Temple d'Amour. Besides, I consider, marquise, that he takes great liberties with you—"

"But, my good neighbor," she interrupted, "it seems to me that it is for me to manage my own household!"

He did not insist—he feared to offend her. Was not she his supreme resource? Then, too, he was struck by her wonderful beauty; never had he seen her eyes so brilliant, nor her complexion more lovely.

"Ah! madame," he said, "if I am a trifle jealous of that fellow, it is because he is happy enough to live near you; happy enough to see you every hour in the day; to breathe the air you breathe. For Heaven's sake, do not let us

two quarrel on this unfortunate day, when I am so much in need of consolation, and when you alone can console me!"

He then went on to narrate his disaster, without suspecting the effect which his words had on her.

A few days before, Mademoiselle Maulabret had written to Mother Amélie a tender, respectful letter, to ask her pardon once more for the pain she had given her, but she said nothing of the still greater sorrow she had in store for her.

Neither Mother Amélie nor Madame de Moisieux, nor yet Monsieur Mongeron, had suspected a double meaning in this letter. They believed this innocent girl to be incapable of dissimulation, and yet they had one and all done their best to teach her to hold her tongue. Encouraged by this epistle, Madame la Marquise believed herself to have fulfilled her engagement, and justified in claiming Mongeron's promise. It was, therefore, agreed that Lésin should be presented almost immediately to the heiress and her family. This point settled, the marquise kept up her intimacy with Monsieur Cantarel only in the hope that through his political influence he might obtain for her troublesome son some desirable position. And now she was checkmated in this way: two thousand less votes than Fichet! Five hundred less than Souriceau! She suddenly discovered that this doll was stuffed with saw-dust, and decided that, when the lemon is squeezed dry, it is best to throw away the skin without delay.

He was sitting on the sofa by her side. "Be kind to me," he said, tenderly; "and that will console me for everything else."

She rose and looked at him haughtily from head to foot, and, taking him by the hand, she led him in front of the long mirror.

"Do yourself justice, my good neighbor," she said. "When a woman of my age decides to have a *faiblesse*, her choice must be her excuse. Now, tell me frankly, is that face you see there a sufficiently powerful one?"

Stupefied at this extraordinary speech, he gasped for breath. As soon as he could speak he gave free course to his rage, which nearly choked him, and, after his usual fashion, he recalled to the marquise the numberless services he had rendered her, the various arrangements he had concluded with her creditors, and many other similar favors.

"Now I know what you are," he continued; "I can only wonder at my own idiocy. While you have been pretending to be so poor, you have invested a nice little million in England; but you may make up your mind to one thing: my ward will never marry your simpleton of a son."

"I am not so sure that my son is a simpleton," she answered; "but I do know this, that

Mademoiselle Maulabret will, before sixteen months, become a nun, and that my adorer will have led her to take this step."

And she pointed to the door with the gesture of an empress.

"Dismissed!" he muttered, as he went out. "Dismissed like a lackey."

"Yes," she said, "dismissed like Fichet."

These words were a second dagger in his heart. The next day, when Mademoiselle Maulabret entered the *salon*, she was surprised to find Monsieur Cantarel there, who greeted her with paternal affection, and said:

"My dear, you must do me a favor. I want you to marry Monsieur Valport. I wish it. I expect it. I insist upon it. He is the nicest fellow in the world, after all, and, in spite of the shabby trick he served us, he will, I am sure, make a most excellent husband. Then, too, this marriage will nearly kill the marquise."

"And do you wish to kill her?" asked Jetta, in some surprise.

"I have been her dupe quite long enough," he answered, in a surly tone, "but I understand her now. She is a terrible woman. I never want to hear of another marquise or a returned exile so long as I live. If you only knew, my dear, what she has done! The immorality of these people is perfectly shocking. Just imagine, my child! I have discovered that her groom, that little Greek Lara—"

"Everybody at Combard but yourself and Jetta knew this long ago," interrupted Madame Cantarel.

"And you did not warn me?"

"I respected your innocence!—Come, Jetta, you must make up your mind to marry Monsieur Valport to avenge Monsieur Cantarel. That is an act of devotion which guardians have a right, of course, to demand of their wards.

"Will it not be sufficient for the annoyance of the marquise," asked the young girl, "that I have refused to marry her son?"

"Well, I don't know about that," answered Monsieur Cantarel. "She announced to me in a tone of great triumph that my dear ward would soon become a nun. I am convinced that she has some interest in your doing so, and I would wager no small sum that she has struck a bargain with our Holy Mother, the Church—a golden bargain, be it understood, for she never does anything for nothing. She is as calculating as she is hypocritical."

"Be at ease, monsieur," answered Mademoiselle Malaubret. "I shall not take the vows, but you must never allude to this marriage again, for I assure you that it is impossible, absolutely impossible. My resolution is irrevocable.—Ask Monsieur Vaugenis," she added, extending her

hand with a smile to that gentleman, who at that moment entered the room.

She noticed that his face was grave and anxious. She felt that he was the bearer of disastrous news.

"A few days ago," he replied, "I was very anxious for this marriage, but it has now become impossible, and I can no longer urge it."

"And why, pray?" asked Monsieur Cantarel, curiously.

"Alas! the poor fellow—"

"Speak! Speak quickly!" cried Jetta, in great agitation.

"He is living," answered Monsieur Vaugenis, quickly. "But there was certainly something mixed with that powder, and we were all mistaken in regard to the gravity of his wounds. He is disfigured for life."

She started.

"Alas!" he continued, "and that is not all!"

She gazed at him anxiously, and her hands, clasped together, trembled visibly.

He shook his head sadly, and said:

"One eye is gone, and the physician has confided to me that he has grave fears for the other."

She uttered a sharp cry, and then, starting to her feet, she murmured:

"Disfigured! Blind! Ah! Good God—blind! Go tell him that I love him, that I am his, and that I wish to be his wife!"

"O Madame la Marquise," murmured Monsieur Vaugenis, "how mistaken you are!"

Madame Cantarel looked at Jetta in amazement. Had an inhabitant of the moon suddenly appeared before her, she could not have been more astonished.

"That resolution is worthy of your great heart," said Monsieur Vaugenis, "but he will not believe me. You must speak to him yourself."

"Let us go at once to Bois-le-Roi," cried Monsieur Cantarel. "We may possibly, too, meet the marquise on the way."

A quarter of an hour later, and a break drawn by four horses was rattling over the roads at break-neck speed. Monsieur Cantarel talked all the time, for he felt that he could no longer hold his tongue. The marquise and Fichet were hopelessly entangled in his tale; he professed a strong desire to wring the necks of both. But, if he had two wrongs to avenge, he consoled himself with the knowledge that one at least was certain and near at hand. Mademoiselle Maulabret never opened her lips; she was once more talking with her dead uncle.

"We have not been of one mind, I know, you and I. Was there nothing, however, but this terrible misfortune which could have smoothed away our differences?" she murmured.

When they arrived, when the break drew up

in the court-yard in the shadow of an old ruined tower covered with ivy—on which were innumerable gray pigeons pluming themselves with gentle, cooing notes—she was absorbed in thinking of the agony to be endured by this man whom she loved, in appearing before her changed as he was by Golo's dastardly hands. All the past rose suddenly before her, and she burst into passionate weeping.

She was soon seated in an arm-chair in the *salon*, and presently heard at the end of a corridor a voice that throbbed through her heart; this voice said :

"I knew her well. I was sure she would come!"

"Do not deceive yourself," answered Monsieur Vaugenis, "it is not she who has come; it is Sister Marie."

"No, no—it is I!" she cried, "it is I!"

Then, involuntarily she closed her eyes, shivering at what she was to see. When she opened them again Albert was kneeling before her, with his face hidden in his hands. She saw only his heavy chestnut locks, which certainly had not been injured by Golo's gun, and his forehead, on which she perceived two small black specks. She waited with sad impatience for him to lift his head.

He did so. With the exception of a tiny scar on the right cheek his face was uninjured. He was handsomer than ever, and he fixed his magnificent eyes on her face, eyes which shone like two stars.

"Ah! you have deceived me!" she cried.

And she tried to escape, but he grasped both her hands and compelled her to seat herself, while he remained on his knees before her. He tried to speak, but he could not.

At last he stammered, "If ever," he said, but his emotion overpowered him. Finally he succeeded in saying, "If ever I cause you a grief, if ever I cost you a tear, if ever I forget the blind man whom you were willing to marry, I should be the most despicable of men!"

She felt that all resistance would be useless, that her imprisoned hands were already accustomed to captivity, that her strong will had deserted her, and that her very heart betrayed her.

And, during all this time, the former President of the Chamber looked on with a half-kind, half-satirical smile. Presently he said aloud, in the clear, resounding tone in which he had formerly uttered his well-rounded periods :

"Joshua was not afraid to lie in order to obtain the promised land, and God, nevertheless, gave it to him!"

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

NO. III.*—THE ESSAYISTS.

ONE of our national characteristics, we are told, is a love of sermons of all varieties, from sermons in stone to sermons in rhyme. We have no reason, that I can see, to be ashamed of our taste. We make an awkward figure when we disavow or disguise it. The spectacle of a solid John Bull trying to give himself the airs of a graceful, sensitive, pleasure-loving creature, indifferent to the duties of life and content with the spontaneous utterance of emotion, is always ridiculous. We can not do it—whether it be worth doing or not. We try desperately to be æsthetic, but we can't help laughing at ourselves in the very act: and the only result is, that we sometimes substitute painfully immoral for painfully moral sermons. We are just as clumsy as before, and a good deal less natural. I accept the fact without seeking to justify it, and I hold that every Englishman loves a sermon in his heart. We grumble dreadfully, it is true, over

the quality of the sermons provided by the official representatives of the art. In this, as in many previous long vacations, there will probably be a lively discussion in the papers as to the causes of the dullness of modern pulpits. I always wonder, for my part, that our hard-worked clergy can turn out so many entertaining and impressive discourses as they actually do.

At present I have nothing to say to the sermon properly so called. There is another kind of sermon, the demand for which is conclusively established by the exuberance of the supply. Few books, I fancy, have been more popular in modern times than certain lay-sermons, composed, as it seems to scoffers, of the very quintessence of commonplace. If such popularity were an adequate test of merit, we should have to reckon among the highest intellectual qualities the power of pouring forth a gentle and continuous maundering about things in general. We swallow with unfailing appetite a feeble dilution of harmless philanthropy mixed with a little stingless satirizing of anything that inter-

* The preceding paper of the series appeared in "Appletons' Journal" for June last.

rupts the current of complacent optimism. We like to hear a thoroughly comfortable person purring contentedly in his arm-chair, and declaring that everything must be for the best in a world which has provided him so liberally with buttered rolls and a blazing fire. He hums out a satisfactory little string of platitudes as soothing as the voice of his own kettle singing on the hob. If a man of sterner nature or more daring intellect breaks in with a harsh declaration that there are evils too deep to be remedied by a letter to the "Times," mocks at our ideal of petty domestic comfort, and even swears that some of our heroes are charlatans and our pet nostrums mere quackery, we are inexpressibly shocked, and unite to hoot him down as a malevolent cynic. He professes, in sober earnest, to disbelieve in us. Obviously he must be a disbeliever in all human virtue; and so, having settled his business, we return to our comfortable philosopher, and lap ourselves in his gentle eulogies of our established conventions. I do not know, indeed, that we change very decidedly for the better when we turn up our noses at a diet of mere milk-and-water, and stimulate our jaded palate with an infusion of literary bitters. The cynic and the sentimentalist, who preach to us by turns in the social essay, often differ very slightly in the intrinsic merit or even in the substance of their discourses. Respondent and opponent are really on the same side in these little disputations, though they make a great show of deadly antagonism. I have often felt it to be a melancholy reflection that some of the most famous witticisms ever struck out—the saying about the use of language or the definition of gratitude—have been made by what seems to be almost a mechanical device—the inversion of a truism. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the limited range of the human intellect. In fact, it seems that the essay-writer has to make his choice between the platitude and the paradox. If he wishes for immediate success, he will probably do best by choosing the platitude. One of the great secrets of popularity—though it requires a discreet application—is not to be too much afraid of boring your audience. The most popular of modern writers have acted upon the principle. You may learn from Dickens that you can not make your jokes too obvious or repeat them too often; and from Macaulay that you should grudge no labor spent in proving that two and two make four. The public should be treated as a judicious barrister treats a common jury. It applauds most lustily the archer who is quite certain of hitting a hay-stack at ten paces: not the one who can sometimes split a willow wand at a hundred. Even the hardened essayist feels a little compunction at times. He is con-

scious that he has been anticipated in the remark that life is uncertain, and doubts whether he can season it with wit enough to get rid of the insipidity. "Of all the vices which degrade the human character," said the youthful Osborne in the essay which Amelia produced to Dobbin, "selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An undue love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes both to states and families." Young Osborne succeeded in staggering through two or three sentences more, though he ends, it is true, by dropping into something like tautology. But really, when I consider the difficulty of saying anything, I am half-inclined to agree with his tutor's opinion that there was no office in the bar or the senate to which the lad might not aspire. How many sermons would reduce themselves to repeating this statement over and over again for the prescribed twenty minutes! And yet some skillful essayists have succeeded in giving a great charm to such remarks; and I rather wonder that, among the various selections now so fashionable, some one has not thought of a selection of our best periodical essays. Between the days of Bacon and our own, a sufficient number have been produced to furnish some very interesting volumes.

The essay-writer is the lay-preacher upon that vague mass of doctrine which we dignify by the name of knowledge of life or of human nature. He has to do with the science in which we all graduate as we grow old, when we try to pack our personal observations into a few sententious aphorisms not quite identical with the old formulæ. It is a strange experience which happens to some people to grow old in a day, and to find that some good old saying—"vanity of vanities," for example—which you have been repeating ever since you first left college and gave yourself the airs of a man of the world, has suddenly become a vivid and striking impression of a novel truth, and has all the force of a sudden discovery. In one of Poe's stories, a clever man hides an important document by placing it exactly in the most obvious and conspicuous place in the room. That is the principle, it would sometimes seem, which accounts for the preservation of certain important secrets of life. They are hidden from the uninitiated just because the phrases in which they are couched are so familiar. We fancy, in our youth, that our elders must either be humbugs—which is the pleasantest and most obvious theory—or that they must have some little store of esoteric wisdom which they keep carefully to themselves. The initiated become aware that neither hypothesis is true. Experience teaches some real lessons; but they are taught in the old words. The change required is in the mind of

the thinker, not in the symbols of his thought. Worldly wisdom is summed up in the familiar currency which has passed from hand to hand through the centuries; and we find on some catastrophe, or by the gradual process of advancing years, that mystic properties lurk unsuspected in the domestic halfpenny.

The essayist should be able, more or less, to anticipate this change, and make us see what is before our eyes. It is easy enough for the mere hawk of sterile platitudes to imitate his procedure, and to put on airs of superhuman wisdom when retailing the barren *exuvie* of other men's thought. But there are some rare books, in reading which we slowly become aware that we have to do with the man who has done all that can be done in this direction—that is, rediscovered the old discoveries for himself. Chief, beyond rivalry, among all such performances, in our own language at least, is Bacon's "Essays." Like Montaigne, he represents, of course, the mood in which the great aim of the ablest thinkers was precisely to see facts for themselves instead of taking them on trust. And though Bacon has not the delightful egotism or the shrewd humor of his predecessors, and substitutes the tersest method of presenting his thought for the discursive rambling characteristic of the prince of all essayists, the charm of his writing is almost equally due to his unconscious revelation of character. One can imagine a careless reader, indeed, skimming the book in a hurry, and setting down the author as a kind of Polonius—a venerable old person with a plentiful lack of wit and nothing on his tongue but "words, words, words." In spite of the weighty style, surcharged, as it seems, with thought and experience, we might quote maxim after maxim from its pages with a most suspicious air of Polonius wisdom; and though Polonius, doubtless, had been a wise man in his day, Hamlet clearly took him for an old bore, and dealt with him as we could all wish at moments to deal with bores. "He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay." Does it require a "large-browed Verulam," one of the first "of those that know," to give us that valuable bit of information? Or—to dip into his pages at random—could we not have guessed for ourselves that, if a man "easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows"—what?—"that his mind is planted above injuries"; or, again, that "good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in act"; or even that a man "should be sure to leave other men their turns to speak." "Here be truths," and set forth as solemnly as if they were calculated to throw a new light upon things in general. But it would be hard to demand even of a Bacon that he should refrain from all

that has been said before. And the impression—if it ever crosses the mind of a perverse critic—that Bacon was a bit of a wind-bag, very rapidly disappears. It would be far less difficult to find pages free from platitude than to find one in which there is not some condensed saying which makes us acknowledge that the mark has been hit, and the definitive form imposed upon some hazy notion which has been vaguely hovering about the mind, and eluding all our attempts to grasp it. We have not thought just that, but something which clearly ought to have been that. Occasionally, of course, this is due to the singular power in which Bacon, whatever his other merits or defects, excels all other philosophic writers; the power which springs from a unique combination of the imaginative and speculative faculties, of finding some vivid concrete image to symbolize abstract truths. It is exhibited again in the perverted but often delightful ingenuity with which he reads philosophical meanings into old mythological legends, entirely innocent, as a matter of fact, of any such matter; which often makes us fancy that he was a new incarnation of Æsop, able to construct the most felicitous parables at a moment's notice, to illustrate any conceivable combination of ideas; a power, too, which is connected with his weakness, and helps to explain how he could be at once an almost inspired prophet of a coming scientific era, and yet curiously wanting in genuine aptitude for scientific inquiry. It is, perhaps, the more one-sided and colorless intellect which is best fitted for achievement, though incapable of clothing its ambition in the resplendent hues of Bacon's imagination.

In the "Essays" the compression of the style keeps this power in subordination. Analogies are suggested in a pregnant sentence, not elaborated and brought forward in the pomp of stately rhetoric. Only, as we become familiar with the book, we become more aware of the richness and versatility of intellect which it implies, and conscious of the extreme difficulty of characterizing it or its author in any compendious phrase. That has hardly been done; or, what is worse, it has been misdone. Readers who do not shrink from Mr. Spedding's* seven solid volumes may learn to know Bacon; and will admit at least that the picture drawn by that loving hand differs as much from Macaulay's slapdash blacks and whites as a portrait by a master from the audacious caricature of a contemporary satirist. But Mr. Spedding was characteristically anxious that his readers should draw their own conclusions. He left

* They may learn as much from the admirable "Evenings with a Reviewer," which unfortunately remains a privately-printed book, not easy to get sight of.

it to a successor, who has not hitherto appeared, to sum up the total impressions of the amazingly versatile and complex character, and to show how inadequately it is represented by simply heaping together a mass of contradictions, and calling them a judgment. Perhaps a thorough study of the "Essays" would be enough by itself to make us really intimate with their author. For we see as we read that Bacon is a typical example of one of the two great races between whom our allegiance is generally divided. He would be despised by the Puritan as worldly, and would retort by equal contempt for the narrow bigotry of Puritanism. You can not admire him heartily if the objects of your hero-worship are men of the Cromwell or Luther type. The stern, imperious man of action, who aims straight at the heart, who is efficient in proportion as he is one-sided, to whom the world presents itself as an internecine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, who can see nothing but eternal truths on one side and damnable lies on the other, who would reform by crushing his opponents to the dust, and regards all scruples that might trammel his energies as so much hollow cant, is undoubtedly an impressive phenomenon. But it is also plain that he must have suppressed half his nature; he has lost in breadth what he has gained in immensity; and the merits of a Bacon depend precisely upon the richness of his mind and the width of his culture. He can not help sympathizing with all the contemporary currents of thought. He is tempted to injustice only in regard to the systems which seem to imply the stagnation of thought. He hates bigotry, and bigotry alone, but bigotry in every possible phase, even when it is accidentally upon his own side. His sympathies are so wide that he can not help taking all knowledge for his province. The one lesson which he can not learn is Goethe's lesson of "renouncing." The whole universe is so interesting that every avenue for thought must be kept open. He is at once a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, and an omnivorous student of literature. The widest theorizing and the minutest experiment are equally welcome; he is as much interested in arranging a mask or laying out a garden as in a political intrigue or a legal reform or a logical speculation. The weakness of such a man in political life is grossly misinterpreted when it is confounded with the baseness of a servile courtier. It is not that he is without aims, and lofty aims; but that they are complex, far-reaching, and too wide for vulgar comprehension. He can not join the party of revolution or the party of obstruction, for he desires the equable development of the whole organization. The danger is not that he will defy reason, but that he will

succeed in finding reasons for any conceivable course. The world's business, as he well knows, has to be carried on with the help of the stupid and the vile; and he naturally errs on the side of indulgence and compliance, hoping to work men to the furtherance of views of which they are unable to grasp the importance. His tolerance is apt to slide into worldliness, and his sensibility to all manner of impulses makes him vulnerable upon many points, and often takes the form of timidity. The time-serving of the profligate means a desire for personal gratification; the time-serving of a Bacon means too great a readiness to take the world as it is, and to use questionable tools in the pursuit of vast and elevated designs.

The "Essays" reflect these characteristics. They are the thoughts of a philosopher who is not content to accept any commonplace without independent examination; but who is as little disposed to reject an opinion summarily because it has a slightly immoral aspect as to reject a scientific experiment because it contradicts an established theory. We must bear what the vicious man has to say for himself, as well as listen to the virtuous. He shows his tendency in the opening essay. The dearest of all virtues to the philosophic mind is truth, and there is no sincerer lover of such truth than Bacon. But he will not overlook the claims of falsehood. "Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." That famous sentence is just one of the sayings which the decorous moralist is apt to denounce or to hide away in dexterous verbiage. Bacon's calm recognition of the fact is more impressive, and perhaps not really less moral. The essay upon "Simulation and Dissimulation" may suggest more qualms to the rigorous. Dissimulation, it is true, is condemned as a "faint kind of policy and wisdom"; it is the "weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers." But this denunciation has to be refined and shaded away. For, in the first place, a habit of secrecy is both "moral and politic." But secrecy implies more; for "no man can be secret except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy." But if secrecy leads to dissimulation, will not dissimulation imply downright simulation—in plain English, lying? "That," replies Bacon, "I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in rare and great matters." He enumerates their advantages, and their counterbalancing disadvantages; and the summing up is one of his characteristic sentences: "The best composition and temperance is to love openness in fame and opinion;

secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

How skillfully the claims of morality and policy are blended! How delicately we slide from the virtue of holding our tongues to the advisability of occasional lying! "You old rogue!" exclaims the severe moralist, "your advice is simply—don't lie, unless you can lie to your advantage, and without loss of credit." And yet it really seems, if we follow Mr. Spedding's elaborate investigations, that Bacon lied remarkably little for a statesman—especially for a timid statesman—in an age of elaborate intrigues. I fancy that the student of recent history would admit that the art of dexterous equivocation had not fallen entirely out of use, and is not judged with great severity when an opponent asks an awkward question in Parliament. A cynic might even declare the chief difference to be that we now disavow the principles upon which we really act, and so lie to ourselves as well as to others; whereas Bacon was at least true to himself, and, if forced to adopt a theory of expediency, would not blink the fact. It is this kind of sincerity to which the "Essays" owe part of their charm to every thoughtful reader. We must not go to them for lofty or romantic morality—for sayings satisfactory to the purist or the enthusiast. We have a morality, rather, which has been refracted through a mind thoroughly imbued with worldly wisdom, and ready to accept the compromises which a man who mixes with his fellows on equal terms must often make with his conscience. He is no hermit to renounce the world, for the world is, after all, a great fact; nor to retire to a desert because the air of cities is tainted by the lungs of his fellows. He accepts the code which is workable, not that which is ideally pure. He loves in all things the true *via media*. He objects to atheism, for religion is politically useful; but he is quite as severe upon superstition, which is apt to generate a more dangerous fanaticism. He considers love to be a kind of excusable weakness, so long as men "sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life"; but he is eloquent and forcible in exalting friendship, without which a man may as well "quit the stage." In this, indeed, Bacon (we will take Mr. Spedding's view of that little affair about Essex) seems to have spoken from his own experience; and in spite of the taint of worldliness, the feeling that there is something tepid in their author's nature, a certain want of cordiality in the grasp of his hand—we feel that the "Essays" have a merit beyond that which belongs to them as genuine records of the observation of life at first hand by a man of vast ability and varied and prolonged experience. They show, too, a marvelously rich and sensitive nature, capable of wide sympathies,

with all manner of interests, devoted to a grand and far-reaching ambition, though not sufficiently contemptuous of immediate expediency, and fully appreciative of the really valuable elements in human life. If he has the weaknesses—he has also, in a surpassing degree, the merits—of a true cosmopolitan, or citizen of this world, whose wisdom, if not as childlike as the Christian preacher requires, is most certainly not childish. When we add the literary genius which has coined so many pregnant aphorisms, and stamped even truisms with his own image and superscription, we can understand why the "Essays" have come home to men's business and bosoms.

It is amusing to compare Bacon with the always delightful Fuller, in regard to whom Coleridge declares that his amazing wit has deprived him of the credit due to his soundness of judgment. The statement does not quite cover the ground. Fuller in the "Holy and Profane State" and Bacon in the "Essays" have each given us a short sermon upon the text "Be angry and sin not." Fuller undoubtedly makes the greatest display of intellectual fireworks. In half a dozen short paragraphs, he gets off as many witticisms, good, bad, and inimitable. A man who can't be angry, he says, is like the Caspian Sea, which never ebbs or flows: to be angry on slight cause, is to fire the beacons at the landing of every cockboat: you should beware of doing irrevocable mischief when you are angry, for Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes: he tells us that manna did not corrupt when left over the Sabbath, whereas anger then corrupts most of all: and then we have that irresistible piece of absurdity which so delighted Charles Lamb; we are warned not to take too literally the apostle's direction not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, for "then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of the year, might have plentiful scope of revenge." Undoubtedly Fuller's astonishing ingenuity in striking out illustrations of this kind excites, as Coleridge says, our sense of the wonderful. If we read in search of amusement, we are rewarded at every page; we shall never fail to make a bag in beating his coverts: and beyond a doubt we shall bring back as well a healthy liking for the shrewd, lively simplicity which has provided them. But it is equally undeniable that Fuller never takes the trouble to distinguish between an illustration which really gives light to our feet and a sudden flash of brilliancy which disappears to leave the obscurity unchanged. He can not refrain from a ludicrous analogy, which is often all the more amusing just because it is preposterously inapplicable. Here and there we have a really brilliant stroke and then an audacious pun, not, perhaps, a play

upon words, but a play upon ideas which is quite as superficial. At bottom we feel that the excellent man has expended his energy, not in "chewing and digesting" the formula which serves him for a text, but in overlaying it with quaint conceits. Bacon gives us no such flashes of wit, though certainly not from inability to supply them; but he says a thing which we remember: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem to be rather above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give a law to himself in it." The remark is doubtless old enough in substance; but it reveals at once the man who does not allow a truism to run through his mind without weighing or testing it; who has impartially considered the uses of anger and the proper mode of disciplining it; and who can aid us with a judicious hint or two as to the best plan of making others angry, an art of great utility, whatever its morality, in many affairs of life.

The essay, as Bacon understood it, is indeed a trying form of utterance. A man must be very confident of the value of his own meditations upon things in general, and of his capacity for "looking wiser than any man ever really was," before he should venture to adopt his form. I can not remember any English book deserving to be put in the same class, unless it be Sir Henry Taylor's essays, the "Statesman" and "Notes upon Life," which have the resemblance at least of reflecting, in admirably graceful English, the mellowed wisdom of a cultivated and meditative mind, which has tested commonplaces by the realities of the world and its business. But a few men have thoughts which will bear being presented simply and straightforwardly, and which have specific gravity enough to dispense with adventitious aids. A Frenchman can always season his wisdom with epigram, and coins his reflections into the form of detached *pensées*. But our language or our intellect is too blunt for such jewelry in words. We can not match Pascal, or Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenargues, or Chamfort. Our modes of expression are lumbering, and seem to have been developed rather in the pulpit than in the rapid interchange of animated conversation. The essay after Bacon did not crystallize into separate drops of sparkling wit, but became more continuous, less epigrammatic, and easier in its flow. Cowley just tried his hand at the art enough to make us regret that he did not give us more prose and fewer Pindarics. Sir William Temple's essays give an interesting picture of the statesman who has for once realized the dream so often cherished in vain, of a retirement to books and gardens; but the thought is too superficial and the style too

slipshod for enduring popularity; and that sturdy, hot-headed, pugnacious, and rather priggish moralist, Jeremy Collier, poured out some hearty, rugged essays, which make us like the man, but feel that he is too much of the pedagogue, brandishing a birch-rod wherewith to whip our sins out of us. The genuine essayist appeared with Steele and Addison and their countless imitators. Some salvage from the vast mass of periodicals which have sunk into the abysses appears upon our shelves in the shape of forty-odd volumes, duly annotated and expounded by laborious commentators. It is amusing to glance over the row, from "The Tatler" to "The Looker-on," from the days of Steele to those of Cumberland and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and reflect upon the simple-mindedness of our great-grandfathers. Nothing brings back to us more vividly the time of the good old British "gentlewoman"; the contemporary of the admirable Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter, who even contributed short papers to "The Rambler," and regarded the honor as a patent of immortality; who formed Richardson's court, and made tea for Johnson; who wrote letters about the "improvement of the mind," and at times ventured upon a translation of a classical moralist, but inquired with some anxiety whether a knowledge of Latin was consistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and thought it a piece of delicate flattery when a male author condescended to write down to the level of their comprehension. Lady Mary seems to have been the only woman of the century who really felt herself entitled to a claim of intellectual equality; and the feminine author was regarded much in the same way as a modern lady in the hunting-field. It was a question whether she should be treated with exceptional forbearance, or warned off a pursuit rather too rough for a true womanly occupation. Johnson's famous comparison of the preaching women to the dancing dogs gives the general sentiment. They were not admired for writing well, but for writing at all.

We have changed all this, and there is something pathetic in the tentative and modest approaches of our grandmothers to the pursuits in which their granddaughters have achieved the rights and responsibilities of equal treatment.

But it is necessary to remember, in reading the whole "Spectator" and its successors, that this audience is always in the background. It is literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is, for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet. Bacon is delivering his thoughts for the guidance of thoughtful aspirants to fame; and Temple is acting the polished statesman in the imagined presence of wits and courtiers. But Steele and Addison make it their express boast that they

write for the good of women, who have hitherto been limited to an intellectual diet of decent devotional works or of plays and romances. "The Spectator" is to lie on the table by the side of the morning dish of chocolate; and every writer in a periodical knows how carefully he must bear in mind the audience for which he is catering. The form once fixed was preserved throughout the century with a persistency characteristic of the sheep-like race of authors. Every successor tried to walk in Addison's footsteps. "The World," as somebody tells us, was the Ulysses's bow in which all the wits of the day tried their strength. The fine gentlemen, like Chesterfield and Walpole, too nice to rub shoulders with the ordinary denizens of Grub Street, ventured into this select arena with the encouragement of some easily dropped mask of anonymity. It is amusing to observe on what easy terms glory was to be won by such achievements. There were the exemplary Mr. Grove, of Taunton, who wrote a paper in "The Spectator," which, according to Johnson, was "one of the finest pieces in the English language," though I suppose but few of my readers can recollect a word of it, and Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn, who frequented Tom's Coffee House, and was apparently revered by other frequenters on the strength of a compliment from Steele to some contributions never identified. Nay, a certain Mr. Elphinstone, seen in the flesh by Hazlitt, was surrounded for fifty years by a kind of faint halo of literary fame, because he had discharged the humble duty of translating the mottoes to "The Rambler." The fame, indeed, has not been very enduring. We have lost our appetite for this simple food. Very few people, we may suspect, give their days and nights to the study of Addison, any more than a youthful versifier tries to catch the echo of Pope. We are rather disposed to laugh at the classical motto which serves in place of a text, and must have given infinite trouble to some unfortunate scribes. The gentle raillery of feminine foibles in dress or manners requires to be renewed in every generation with the fashions to which it refers. The novelettes are of that kind of literature which are too much like tracts, insipid to tastes accustomed to the full-blown novel developed in later times. A classical allegory or a so-called Eastern tale has become a puerility like the old-fashioned pastoral. We half regret the days when a man with a taste for fossils or butterflies was called a *virtuoso*, and considered an unfailing butt for easy ridicule; but we are too much under the thumb of the scientific world to reveal our sentiments. And as for the criticism, with its elaborate inanities about the unities and the rules of epic poetry, and the authority of Aristotle and M. Bossu, we look down upon it from the

heights of philosophical æsthetics, and rejoice complacently in the infallibility of modern tastes. Were it not for "Sir Roger de Coverley," the old-fashioned essay would be wellnigh forgotten, except by some examiner who wants a bit of pure English to be turned into Latin prose.

Oblivion of this kind is the natural penalty of laboring upon another man's foundations. There is clearly a presumption that the form struck out by Addison would not precisely suit Fielding or Johnson or Goldsmith; and accordingly we read "Tom Jones" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Lives of the Poets" without troubling ourselves to glance at "The Champion" or the "Covent Garden Journal." We make a perfunctory study even of "The Bee" and the "Citizen of the World," and are irreverent about "The Rambler." We may find in them, indeed, abundant traces of Fielding's rough irony and hearty common-sense, and of Goldsmith's delicate humor and felicity of touch; but Goldsmith, when forced to continuous dissertation, has to spin his thread too fine, and Fielding seems to be uncomfortably cramped within the narrow limits of the essay. "The Rambler" should not have a superfluous word said against it; for the very name has become a kind of scarecrow; and yet any one who will skip most of the criticisms and all the amusing passages may suck much profitable and not unpleasing melancholy out of its ponderous pages. It is all the pleasanter for its contrast to the kind of jaunty optimism which most essayists adopt as most congenial to easy-going readers. I like to come upon one of Johnson's solemn utterances of a conviction of the radical wretchedness of life. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but can not repel them." This melancholy monotone of sadness, coming from a brave and much-enduring nature, is impressive, but it must be admitted that it would make rather severe reading at a tea-table—even when presided over by that ornament to her sex, the translator of Epictetus. And poor Johnson, being painfully sensible that he must not deviate too far from his Addison, makes an elephantine gambol or two with a very wry face; and is only comical by his failure.

I take it, in fact, to be established that within his special and narrow province Addison was unique. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt tried to exalt

Steele above his colleague. We can perfectly understand their affection for the chivalrous, warm-hearted Irishman. When a virtuous person rebukes the extravagance of a thoughtless friend by the broad hint of putting an execution into his house, we naturally take part with the offender. We have a sense that Addison got a little more than his deserts in this world, while Steele got a little less, and we wish to make the balance even. And to some extent this applies in a literary sense. Steele has more warmth and pathos than Addison; he can speak of women without the patronizing tone of his leader, and would hardly, like him, have quoted for their benefit the famous theory of Pericles as to their true glory. And yet it does not want any refined criticism to recognize Addison's superiority. Steele's admirers have tried to vindicate for him a share in Sir Roger; but any one who reads the papers in which that memorable character is described will see that all the really fine touches are contributed by Addison. Steele took one of the most promising incidents, the courtship of the widow, and the paper in which this appears is the farthest below the general level. To have created Sir Roger—the forefather of so many exquisite characters, for surely he is closely related to Parson Adams, and Uncle Toby, and Doctor Primrose, and Colonel Newcome—is Addison's greatest achievement, and the most characteristic of the man. For it is impossible not to feel that some injustice is done to Addison when grave writers like M. Taine, for example, treat him seriously as a novelist or a political theorist, or even as a critic. Judged by any severe standard, his morality and his political dissertations and his critical disquisitions—the immortal papers, for example, upon the *Imagination* and upon "*Paradise Lost*"—are puerile enough. With all our love of sermons, we can be almost as much bored as M. Taine himself by some of Addison's prosings. The charm of the man is just in the admirable simplicity of which Sir Roger is only an imaginative projection. Addison, it is true, smiles at the knight's little absurdities from the platform of superior scholarship. He feels himself to be on the highest level of the culture of his time—a scholar, a gentleman—fit to sit in council with Somers, or to interpret the speculations of Locke. But at bottom he is precisely of the same material as the fine old squire with whom he sympathizes. His simplicity is not destroyed by learning to write Latin verses, or even by becoming a Secretary of State. Sir Roger does not accept the teaching of his chaplain with more reverence than Addison feels for Tillotson and the admirable Dr. Scott, whose authority has become very faded for us. The squire accepts Baker's chronicle as

his sole and infallible authority in all matters of history; but Addison's history would pass muster just as little with Mr. Freeman or Dr. Stubbs. We smile at Sir Roger's satisfaction with the progress of the Church of England when a rigid dissenter eats plentifully of his Christmas plum-porridge; but there is something almost equally simple-minded in Addison's conviction that the prosecutors of Sacheverell had spoken the very last words of political wisdom, and even the good Sir Roger's criticisms of the "*Distressed Mother*" are not much simpler in substance, though less ambitious in form, than Addison's lectures upon similar topics. Time has put us as much beyond the artist as the artist was beyond his model, and, though he is in part the accomplice, he must also be taken as partly the object of some good-humored ridicule. We can not sit at his feet as a political teacher; but we see that his politics really mean the spontaneous sympathy of a kindly and generous nature, which receives a painful jar from the sight of bigotry and oppression. His theology, as M. Taine rather superfluously insists, represents the frigid and prosaic type of contemporary divines; but it is only the external covering of that tender sentiment of natural piety to which we owe some of the most exquisite hymns in the language. In short, the occasional pretentiousness of the man, when he wants to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments upon points of criticism and morality, becomes a very venial and rather amusing bit of affectation. It shows only the docility—perhaps rather excessive—with which a gentle and rather timid intellect accepts, at their own valuation, the accepted teachers of his day; and, having put away all thoughts of judging him by an inapplicable standard, we can enjoy him for what he really is without further qualification; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indication of a childlike nature unspoiled by familiarity with the world; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of the *Vision of Mirza*, or the legend of Marraton and Yaratilda, and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, while somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution; but, in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe in-

trenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report—you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quiet, sub-sarcastic playfulness, which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for twelve hundred gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds to-morrow; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a Deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skillful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion; and the talker on paper must

change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal; but he is terribly apt to take irony for a personal insult, and to mistake delicacy for insipidity. It is true, indeed, that one kind of authority has become more imposing than ever. We are greatly exercised in our minds by the claims of the scientific critic; but that only explains why it is so much easier to write about essay-writing than to write an essay one's self.

Some men, indeed, have enough of the humorist or the philosopher to withdraw from the crush and indulge in very admirable speculations. Essays may be mentioned which, though less popular than some downright twaddle, have a better chance of endurance. But, apart from the most modern performances, some of the very best of English essays came from the school which in some sense continued the old traditions. The "cockneys" of the first quarter of the century still talked about the "town" as a distinct entity. Charles Lamb's supper-parties were probably the last representatives of the old-fashioned club. Lamb, indeed, was the pet of a little clique of familiars, standing apart from the great world—not like Addison, the favorite of a society, including the chief political and social leaders of the day. The cockneys formed only a small and a rather despised section of society; but they had not been swamped and overwhelmed in the crowd. London was not a shifting caravansary, a vague aggregate of human beings, from which all traces of organic unity had disappeared. Names like Kensington or Hampstead still suggested real places, with oldest inhabitants and local associations, not confusing paraphrases for arbitrary fragments of S. or N. W. The Temple had its old benchers, men who had lived there under the eyes of neighbors, and whose personal characteristics were known as accurately as in any country village. The theatre of Lamb's day was not one among many places of amusement, with only such claims as may be derived from the star of the moment; but a

body with imposing historical associations, which could trace back its continuity through a dynasty of managers, from Sheridan to Garrick, and so to Cibber and Betterton, and the companies which exulted in the name of the King's servants. When sitting in the pit, he seemed to be taking the very place of Steele, and might still listen to the old "artificial comedy," for which we have become too moral or too squeamish. To read Elia's essays is to breathe that atmosphere again; and to see that, if Lamb did not write for so definite a circle as the old essayists, he is still representing a class with cherished associations and a distinctive character. One should be a bit of a cockney fully to enjoy his writing; to be able to reconstruct the picturesque old London with its quaint and grotesque aspects. For Lamb is nowhere more himself than in the humorous pathos with which he dwells upon the rapidly vanishing peculiarities of the old-fashioned world.

Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt may be taken to represent this last phase of the old town-life before the town had become a wilderness. They have all written admirable essays, though Hunt's pure taste and graceful style scarcely atone for the want of force or idiosyncrasy. No such criticism could be made against his friends. Lamb was not only the pet of his own clique, but the pet of all subsequent critics. To say anything against him would be to provoke indignant remonstrance. An attack upon him would resemble an insult to a child. Yet I will venture to confess that Lamb has some of the faults from which no favorite of a little circle is ever quite free. He is always on the verge of affectation, and sometimes trespasses beyond the verge. There is a self-consciousness about him which in some moods is provoking. There is a certain bigotry about most humorists (as of a spoiled child) which has become a little tiresome. People have come to talk as if a sense of humor were one of the cardinal virtues. To have it is to be free of a privileged class, possessed of an esoteric system of critical wisdom. To be without it is to be a wretched matter-of-fact utilitarian pedant. The professed humorist considers the rest of mankind as though they were deprived of a faculty, incapable of a relish for the finest literary flavors. Lamb was one of the first representatives of this theory, and is always tacitly warning off the profane vulgar, typified by the prosaic Scotchman who pointed out that his wish to see Burns instead of Burns's son was impracticable, inasmuch as the poet himself was dead. The pretension is, of course, put forward by Lamb in the most amiable way, but it remains a pretension. Most people are docile enough to accept at his own valuation, or at that of his admirers,

any man who claims a special privilege, and think it wise to hold their tongues if they do not perceive it to be fully justified by the facts. But I admit that, after a certain quantity of Lamb, I begin to feel a sympathy for the unimaginative Scotchman. I think that he has something to say for himself. Lamb, for example, was a most exquisite critic of the authors in whom he delighted. Nobody has said such admirable things about the old English dramatists, and a little exaggeration may be forgiven to so genuine a worshiper. But he helped to start the nuisance of "appreciative criticism," which proceeds on the assumptive fancy that it necessarily shows equal insight and geniality to pick up pebbles or real jewels from the rubbish-heaps of time. Lamb certainly is not to be blamed for the extravagance of his followers. But this exaltation of the tastes or fancies of a little coterie has always its dangers, and that is what limits one's affection for Lamb. Nobody can delight too much in the essay upon roast pig—the apologue in which contains as much sound philosophy as fine humor—or in Mrs. Battle's opinions upon whist, or the description of Christ's Hospital, or the old benchers of the Temple, or Oxford in the Long Vacation. Only I can not get rid of the feeling which besets me when I am ordered to worship the idol of any small sect. Accept their shibboleths, and everything will go pleasantly. The underlying conceit and dogmatism will only turn its pleasanter side toward you, and show itself in tingeing the admirable sentiments with a slight affectation. Yet, one wants a little more fresh air, and one does not like to admire upon compulsion. Lamb's manner is inimitably graceful; but it reminds one just a little too much of an ancient beau, retailing his exquisite compliments, and putting his hearers on their best behavior. Perhaps it shows the corruption of human nature, but I should be glad if now and then he could drop his falsetto and come out of his little intrenchment of elaborate reserve. I should feel certain that I see the natural man. "I am all over sophisticated," says Lamb, accounting for his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, "with humors, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whimwhams which their simpler taste could do without." There are times when the simpler taste is a pleasant relief to the most skillful dandling of whimwhams; and it is at those times that one revolts not exactly against Lamb, but against the intolerance of true Lamb-worshippers.

The reader who is tired of Lamb's delicate confections, and wants a bit of genuine nature, a straightforward, uncompromising utterance of antipathy and indignation, need not go far. Haz-

litt will serve his turn ; and for that reason I can very often read Hazlitt with admiration when Lamb rather palls upon me. If Hazlitt has the weaknesses of a cockney, they take a very different form. He could hardly have been the ideal of any sect which did not enjoy frequent slaps in the face from the object of its worship. He has acquired, to an irritating degree, the temper characteristic of a narrow provincial sect. He has cherished and brooded over the antipathies with which he started, and, from time to time, has added new dislikes and taken up grudges against his old friends. He has not sufficient culture to understand fully the bearings of his own theories ; and quarrels with those who should be his allies. He has another characteristic which, to my mind, is less pardonable, He is not only egotistical, which one may forgive, but there is something rather ungentlemanlike about his egotism. There is a rather offensive tone of self-assertion, thickly masked as self-depreciation. I should be slow to say that he was envious, for that is one of the accusations most easily made and least capable of being proved, against any one who takes an independent view of contemporary celebrities ; but he has the tone of a man with a grievance ; and the grievances are the shocks which his vanity has received from a want of general appreciation. There is something petty in the spirit which takes the world into its confidence upon such matters ; and his want of reticence takes at times a more offensive form. He is one of the earliest "interviewers," and revenges himself upon men who have been more popular than himself by cutting portraits of them as they appeared to him. Altogether he is a man whom it is impossible to regard without a certain distrust ; and that, as I fancy, is the true reason for his want of popularity. No literary skill will make average readers take kindly to a man who does not attract by some amiable quality.

In fact, some explanation is needed, for otherwise we could hardly account for the comparative neglect of some of the ablest essays in the language. We may be very fine fellows now, but we can not write like Hazlitt, says a critic who is more likely than any one to falsify his own assertions. And when I take up one of Hazlitt's volumes of essays I am very much inclined at times to agree with the assertion. They are apt, it is true, to leave a rather unpleasant flavor upon the palate. There is a certain acidity, a rather petulant putting forward of little crotchets or personal dislikes, the arrogance belonging to all cliquishness is not softened into tacit assumption, but rather dashed in your face. But, putting this aside, the nervous vigor of the writing, the tone of strong conviction and passion which vibrates through his phrases, the genuine enthusiasm with

which he celebrates the books and pictures which he really loves ; the intense enjoyment of the beauties which he really comprehends, has in it something inspiring and contagious. There is, at any rate, nothing finicking or affected ; if he is crotchety, he really believes in his crotchets ; if he deals in paradoxes, it is not that he wishes to exhibit his skill, or to insinuate a claim to originality. but that he is a vehement and passionate believer in certain prejudices which have sunk into his mind or become ingrained in his nature. If every essayist is bound to be a dealer in commonplace or in the inverse commonplace which we call a paradox, Hazlitt succeeds in giving them an interest, by a new method. It is not that he is a man of ripened meditative wisdom who has thought over them and tested them for himself ; nor a man of delicate sensibility from whose lips they come with the freshness of perfect simplicity ; nor a man of strong sense, who tears away the conventional illusions by which we work ourselves into complacency ; not a gentle humorist, who is playing with absurdities and appeals to us to share his enjoyable consciousness of his own nonsense ; it is simply that he is a man of marked idiosyncrasy whose feelings are so strong, though confined within narrow channels, that his utterances have always the emphatic ring of true passion. When he talks about one of his favorites, whether Rousseau or Mrs. Inchbald, he has not perhaps much to add to the established criticisms, but he speaks as one who knows the book by heart, who has pored over it like a lover, come to it again and again, relished the little touches which escape the hasty reader, and in writing about it is reviving the old passionate gush of admiration. He can not make such fine remarks as Lamb, and his judgments are still more personal and dependent upon the accidents of his early studies. But they stimulate still more strongly the illusion that one has only to turn to the original in order to enjoy a similar rapture. Lamb speaks as the epicure, and lets one know that one must be a man of taste to share his fine discrimination. But Hazlitt speaks of his old enjoyments as a traveler might speak of the gush of fresh water which saved him from dying of thirst in the wilderness. The delight seems so spontaneous and natural that we fancy—very erroneously for the most part—that the spring must be as refreshing to our lips as it was to his. We are ashamed after it when we are bored by the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

There is the same kind of charm in the non-critical essays. We share for the moment Hazlitt's enthusiasm for the Indian jugglers, or for Cavanagh, the fives-player, whom he celebrates with an enthusiasm astonishing in pre-athletic days, and which could hardly be rivaled by a

boyish idolater of Dr. Grace. We forget all our acquired prejudices to throw ourselves into the sport of the famous prize-fight between the gas-man and Bill Neate; and see no incongruity between the pleasure of seeing one side of Mr. Hickman's face dashed into "a red ruin" by a single blow and of taking a volume of Rousseau's sentimentalism in your pocket to solace the necessary hours of waiting.

It is the same, again, when Hazlitt comes to deal with the well-worn topics of commonplace essayists. He preaches upon threadbare texts, but they always have for him a strong personal interest. A commonplace maxim occurs to him, not to be calmly considered or to be ornamented with fresh illustrations, but as if it were incarnated in a flesh-and-blood representative, to be grappled, wrestled with, overthrown, and trampled under foot. He talks about the conduct of life to his son, and begins with the proper aphorisms about industry, civility, and so forth, but, as he warms to his work, he grows passionate and pours out his own prejudices with the energy of personal conviction. He talks about "effeminacy," about the "fear of death," about the "main chance," about "envy," about "egotism," about "success in life," about "depth and superficiality," and a dozen other equally unpromising subjects. We know too well what dreary and edifying meditations they would suggest to some popular essayists, and how prettily others might play with them. But nothing turns to platitude with Hazlitt; he is always idiosyncratic, racy, vigorous, and intensely eager, not so much to convince you, perhaps, as to get the better of you as presumably an antagonist. He does not address himself to the gentle reader of more popular writers, but to an imaginary opponent always ready to take up the gauntlet and to get the worst of it. Most people rather object to assuming that position, and to be pounded as if it were a matter of course that they were priggish adherents of some objectionable theory. But, if you can take him for the nonce on his own terms and enjoy conversation which courts contradiction, you may be sure of a good bout in the intellectual ring. And even his paradoxes are

more than mere wanton desire to dazzle. Read, for example, the characteristic essay upon "The Pleasure of Hating," with its perverse vindication of infidelity to our old friends and old books, and you feel that Hazlitt, though arguing himself for the moment into a conviction which he can not seriously hold, has really given utterance to a genuine sentiment which is more impressive than many a volume of average reflection. A more frequent contrast of general sentiment might, indeed, be agreeable. And yet, in spite of the undertone of rather sullen melancholy, we must be hard to please if we are not charmed with the occasional occurrence of such passages as these: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and flashing ridges, in one of those sequestered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by the rustic voices and the rolling choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, like an inhalation of rich distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

If the spirit of clique were invariably productive of good essay-writing, we should never be in danger of any deficiency in our supplies. But our modern cliques are so anxious to be cosmopolitan, and on a level with the last new utterance of the accepted prophet, that somehow their disquisitions seem to be wanting in individual flavor. Perhaps we have unknown prophets among us whose works will be valued by our grandchildren. But I will not now venture upon the dangerous ground of contemporary criticism.

Cornhill Magazine.

ARAB HUMOR.

III.—ABU NUWÂS.

I HAVE spoken so often of Abu Nuwâs, the court poet and jester of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, that it is but fair to introduce him personally to the reader, more especially as he is *facile princeps* of Arab humorists. I made my own acquaintance with him in Cairo, where I heard an Arab story-teller reciting some of the legends which I am about to give in this chapter; which, moreover, I have since found in fuller form in Arabic manuscript works. The scene was a strange one, and made me realize more than almost anything else the life of the strange people to whom the tales refer, and taught me how true a picture they really present of Arab society under the caliphate.

Leaving the Ezbekiyeh and the new hotels and public buildings of modern Europeanized Cairo but a few minutes behind, I found myself in a narrow street lit only by a faint light which shone out of a low arched doorway; from within came a monotonous sound as of one reciting, interrupted by a periodical chorus of "Yâ Allah!" and occasionally by a peal of laughter. This last struck me as peculiar, for I had at first taken it to be an assembly of dervishes performing their *zikr* or services, and, feeling my curiosity piqued, I ventured to enter in. I found myself quite welcome, for the place was a small native coffee-shop, and, having called for a cup of the fragrant beverage and a *narghilé*, I sat down and contemplated the company. They consisted of solemn-looking Egyptians and Arabs, dark-visaged, with imposing turbans and long robes, and were listening intently to a story-teller who stood in their midst, signifying from time to time their appreciation of his efforts in the manner I have mentioned. The *raconteur* had just commenced the tale of "The Forfeits," which I shall tell later on, and as I subsequently learned was treating his audience to a cycle of anecdotes relating to Abu Nuwâs, from whom he jocularly claimed descent. His introduction was something after this wise:

"The ancient genealogic tree,
Of which I am the ripest fruit,
Bloomed ages since in Araby,
With father Adam at the root.

"Suleimán said (though what he meant
I must confess I can't conceive),
'If Adam knew I claimed descent
From him, he'd get divorced from Eve!'

"Mid many a name that I am most
Reluctantly compelled to pass,

One famous ancestor I boast—
The courtly wit, Abu Nuwâs.

"He flourished in that glorious time
Which modern poets have agreed
To speak of as 'The golden prime'
Of good King Haroun ar Rashid.

"Ah, Moslems! few such men as he
Are found in these degenerate times.
He drank as much as you or me,
And then his Arab poetry
Would almost match my matchless rhymes.

"His prudence and his wisdom clear
To prove, it need be only said,
That though the caliph held him dear,
And drank with him from year to year,
The poet never lost his head.

"Abu Nuwâs, say once a week,
Found Haroun in a murderous fit;
But thanks to what the Franks call 'cheek'
He usually got out of it.

"Here is his story, gleaned from books
That tell of many a doughty deed.
Yâ weled! * bring some fresh *chibouques*,
And fill our *finjâns* † while I read."

His full name was Abu 'Ali Al Hasan, the son of Hâni, and great-grandson of the celebrated poet El Hakamî. He was born at Basrah (Basora), in the year 758 of the Christian era, and when thirty years old removed to Bagdad, where he soon attracted the attention of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, with whom he became a great favorite, as much for the wit and brilliancy of his conversation as for the beauty and originality of his poetry. His family came originally from Yemen, and before entering the service of the caliph he was patronized by a certain Khalaf el Ahmar, who also claimed descent from a noble tribe of that country.

This patron offered him the choice of one out of four names of the ancient kings of Yemen, Zu Jeden, Zu Kelal, Zu Yezan, or Zu Nuwâs, and he chose the last, which means "the man with the side-curls," although, for Zu, his contemporaries substituted the more usual *Abu* ("father of"), a word which enters into the composition of nicknames at the present day.

His poetry, which deals chiefly with the themes of love and wine, contains much that is humorous, and sparkles with wit; but I propose to content myself for the present with recounting

* "Waiter!"

† Coffee-cups.

some of the humorous anecdotes which are recorded of him while he occupied the post of "boon-companion" to Alraschid. Extravagant as many of them may seem, they are probably for the most part authentic; and those which deal with the private life of the caliph and his relations with his wives and other members of his household agree singularly with the more serious records of his habits and temper.

Haroun Alraschid's favorite wife was his cousin Zobeide—the Lady Zobeide of the "Arabian Nights"—a strong-minded dame who appears to have kept her spouse more under control than one would expect from his imperious and irritable temper. The caliph was troubled with frequently recurring fits of melancholy or restlessness, and would, according to the nature of the attack, either wander about *incognito* through the streets of Bagdad in search of nightly adventures, or would sit moping all day alone in his palace. In one of the latter moods he once sent for that most cheery of boon-companions, Abu Nuwâs, who, taking in the circumstances at a glance, set himself immediately to the task of amusing his royal patron. "What ails the Prince of the Faithful," he began, "that he sits there in the dumps? I never saw a man in all my life who wronged himself as your Majesty does. Why do you not enjoy the delights of this world and the next, able as you are to gratify your slightest wish? And how, you may ask, can you anticipate the joys of the next world? I will tell you. By kindness to the poor and orphan; by pilgrimage to the holy house of Allah at Mecca, the mother of towns; by endowing mosques and seminaries of sound learning and religious education; by repairing the roads and sowing your charities broadcast around. And if you ask me of the joys of this transient life, I will tell you in what they consist. In delicious foods and heart-expanding wine; in the society of damsels tall and stately, or short and silver-limbed; of maidens blonde or rich brunette, from Medina and Hijaz and Room and far Irâk, with stature like the famed Samharî lance—modest, gentle, clever, and coaxing withal"—and so the artful scamp went on until the caliph had forgotten his melancholy and sent him off with a reward. But when the Lady Zobeide came in a short time afterward she found him dull as ever, and set herself to work to cheer him up. She not only succeeded in this, but cajoled him into telling her all that Abu Nuwâs had said, whereupon she asked angrily, "Did you not abuse him for holding such discourse with you?"

"Why should I abuse him," returned the caliph, "when he gave such good advice?"

At this the offended princess rose in high dudgeon, and, leaving the room, ordered her

servants to go to Abu Nuwâs's house, seize him, carry him outside, and "satisfy his appetite with beating."

Abu Nuwâs was seated in his own home delighted at having pleased the caliph, and making plans for spending the sum he had just received and getting more after it was gone, when Zobeide's slaves entered and fulfilled their mission so well, that Abu Nuwâs not only declared that he was quite satisfied, and would, indeed, rather not receive any more, but he was even unable to regain his apartments without the aid of the ladies of his harem, who tenderly carried him indoors. So severe was his punishment that he was obliged to keep his bed for some days, so that Alraschid, wondering at his non-appearance, sent Mesrour to fetch him into the presence. The poor poet was with difficulty induced to rise from his bed and obey the caliph's commands, but he at last consented to make a move, and ultimately found himself in the presence. Casting a glance around the reception-room, he noticed a door with a curtain hanging before it close by the imperial divan, and conjecturing shrewdly that the authoress of his misfortunes was behind it on the watch—particularly as the curtain moved in a suspicious manner—he determined this time to keep a strict guard upon his tongue.

Alraschid began the conversation, "How is it that I have not seen you for so long?"

"I have been ill, Commander of the Faithful, and laid upon a bed of pain."

"May no hurt ensue," said the caliph, kindly; "I have sent for you to repeat to me that amusing discourse of yours concerning women."

"Prince of the Faithful," replied Abu Nuwâs, "I remember it well. I told you how the Arabs derive the name of *dharrah*" (rival wife) "from *dharar*" (harm); "that he who takes two wives lives the rest of his life in grief and sorrow; that he who marries three his whole life is made wretched; and that whoso weddeth four is numbered with the dwellers in the tomb while yet he lives. I whispered also in your noble ear that he who contents himself with only one finds in her honor, glory, and renown."

"Why?" cried Alraschid. "May I quit my religion if I heard from you a word of the kind."

"Your memory is treacherous, Prince of the Faithful," replied Abu Nuwâs, humbly; "but I want to remind your Majesty now of something else, and that is that the proverb says, 'The Beni Makhzûm are the flower of the Koreish,'* and you have in your household your cousin, the

* The Koreish were a noble Arab tribe at Mecca from which the Prophet Mohammed sprung. The Beni Makhzûm, to whom Zobeide belonged, were a branch of the Koreish.

Lady Zobeide, the flower of flowers, and the joy of the beholders ; and, since I noticed from your discourse that you had turned a hankering eye on other damsels, I wished to warn you that such conduct was unseemly in your Highness."

"Curse you!" shouted Haroun; "would you make me out to be a liar?"

"Confound it!" retorted Abu Nuwâs, with a wink, "do you want to kill me this time, or would you have me spend another month on a sick-bed?"

On this a laugh was heard from behind the curtain, and Zobeide's voice was heard saying; "You have spoken the truth, Abu Nuwâs. It was only his own morbid imagination that made him talk as he did."

The wit made the best of his way home, and waited in fear and trembling lest he should get into trouble with the caliph this time, but to his great satisfaction he found a substantial present from the lady herself awaiting him, and an assurance that the caliph had forgiven him.

So delighted was he with the end of the affair, that he made a solemn promise never to satirize or annoy the princess again, and, strange to say, he kept his word.

The following anecdote also shows that the Lord of the World, as the caliph's courtiers loved to call him, could not emancipate himself entirely from human weakness in the matter of his wife.

Abu Nuwâs had once so much amused the caliph with his merry jests and clever sayings that Haroun bade him ask what boon he chose. Abu Nuwâs begged for an order empowering him to go about the country and take an ass from every man whom he might find afraid of his wife. The order was given, and after a short absence the commissioner returned with quite a large drove of asses, and was at once conducted into the caliph's presence.

"Now," said the latter, "tell me what adventures you have met with during your travels."

"Prince of the Faithful," was the reply, "I found many men who feared their wives, and took an ass from each in accordance with your order. But in a certain tribe I saw a woman so lovely that words fail to describe her:

"The gentle gazelle she resembles
In grace, and in coming not nigh,
In the soft neck that quivers and trembles,
In the lustrous dark gaze of her eye.

"Her stature erect is as handsome
And slim as the branch of a tree
—All the branches that are be a ransom
For one such as she:

"A lovely and lovable maiden,
Soft-bodied and luscious of mouth,

Who sways like a tree that is laden
With fruits of the south!
Who—"

"Stay!" said the caliph; "for Heaven's sake speak lower, or the queen will hear you!"

"Your Majesty should give me *two* asses," said Abu Nuwâs, sententiously, "for you can not disobey your own order, and you ought to give something more than your subjects."

Another story which points to the same conclusion is a great favorite with Arab writers, and, as it is one of the set which I heard my Cairo story-telling friend recite, I will paraphrase his words:

"I've studied all the learned works
Of Persians, Arabs, Greeks, and Turks,
I've gone into theology,
Koranic exegesis, jurisprudence,
Mathematics too,
And logic and astrology.

"There's scarce a book on any art
Or science I've not learned by heart,
Or taken at least a peep in it.
But that which fascinated me
The most of all was repartee—
I've dived extremely deep in it.

"I may say that the art is one
For which there in our line has run
A wonderful facility;
My ancestor, Abu Nuwâs,
Oft found it in an awkward pass
Of practical utility.

"One day as he with Haroun sat,
And talked away of this or that,
The conversation turned upon
The various sins that men commit
When in a mad or drunken fit,
A subject he was learned upon.

"Said he: 'Your Majesty is wrong—
I've argument both sound and strong
To prove the thing conclusively;
Excuse is very often worse
Than crime.' The caliph with a curse
(He argued so abusively),

"Said: 'Dare you disagree with me?
I say the thing can never be,
But, as you seem so sure of it,
I'll make you prove that you are right—
Or off your head shall go to-night!—
You're drunk, and that's the cure of it!'

"The caliph rose, and left the place;
The other, with a smiling face,
Just nodded at him pleasantly;
But Mesrour, always prone to scoff,
Said, 'We shall wag that head-piece off
Between us two, sir, presently.'

"That evening Ar Rashîd the Good
Was going home in pensive mood,
His temper an uncertain one;
For fair Zobeide gave her lord
Long lectures, and with drink on board
He often got a curtain one.

"But scarcely did his footsteps fall
Upon the pavement of the hall,
Lit dimly and religiously,
When some one on a sudden ran
Up to him, and at once began
To kiss him most prodigiously.

"The caliph felt a scrubby chin
That rasped and razed his tender skin,
Excessively annoying him,
And called for Mesrour and a light,
And shouted out in rage and fright,
That some one was destroying him.

"And when, responding to his call,
The eunuchs and the pages all
Came in a body rushing there,
Lo and behold! Abu Nuwâs,
With countenance as bold as brass,
Stood fearless and unblushing there.

"'You dog!' the wrathful caliph said,
'Before Mesrour strikes off your head,
Say what the deuce you mean by it.'
'*I thought it was your wife*,' replied
The wag; 'don't say I ever lied
Myself to try and screen by it!'

"'Why!' said, with his accustomed curse,
The caliph, 'your excuse is worse
Than is the fault committed, sir!'
'I'm glad your Highness owns I'm right;
You bade me prove to you to-night
The point you've just admitted, sir!'"

Haroun Alraschid had two sons—one by a Persian mother, and named Mamoun; the other was the son of the Lady Zobeide herself, and was the pride and hope of the Arabian, or conservative party, as opposed to the Persian radical faction: his name was Emin. These two young gentlemen regarded each other with jealous rivalry from their youth upward, and at their imperial father's death, immediately fell together by the ears, and in a short time Mamoun, to use an expressive transatlantic phrase, "gobbled" his weaker brother. Emin, who was of a frivolous disposition and rather stupid, devoted himself, like many noble Arabs, to the cultivation of poetry, and once, when quite a child, brought a copy of verses to his admiring mother, who sent for her now most dutiful servant, Abu Nuwâs, to hear the composition of the infant prodigy. Young Emin drew forth his scroll, cleared his throat so as to give proper emphasis to his *'ains* and *kâfs* (letters which resemble in sound respec-

tively a sheep's bleat and a stick being suddenly pulled out of the mud), and began:

'We who 'Abbâs for father own
Sit down on our ancestral throne:
Our foemen ruthlessly we slay
With cimeters and lances long. . . .'

"Stop, young sir!" cried Abu Nuwâs, "that rhyme won't do at all."

At this the little prince burst into tears of rage, and ordered the too critical poet off to prison. The guards looked to the princess for instruction, but she only clasped her insulted darling to her breast, and Abu Nuwâs was marched off to durance vile. When the caliph heard of this he was furious, and, sending for Abu Nuwâs and Emin, said to the latter:

"He would not have found fault with your poetry unless there had been some grave fault in it. Let me hear you recite something, that I may judge for myself."

Emin was only too glad to comply with the demand, and spoke his piece; whereupon Abu Nuwâs rose up, beckoned to his guards, and was leaving the room without a word.

"Where are you going, sirrah?" shouted the caliph.

"Back again to prison, sire!" was the reply.

Haroun Alraschid once went out to hunt, and Abu Nuwâs was of the party, but preferred staying in camp to sharing in the actual fatigues of the chase. An attendant named Farhât was in charge of the provisions, and to him the poet, feeling rather hungry in the course of the day, came in quest of something to eat. But Farhât refused to give anybody a morsel till the caliph came back.

"If you do not," said Abu Nuwâs, "I shall do something to annoy you."

But the caterer was obdurate, and the wag remained unfed.

Now, hunger is said to sharpen the wits, and certainly sharpens the temper; so, when Abu Nuwâs left the camp and endeavored to think out some trick by which he might revenge himself, it is not to be wondered at that his meditations presently took the form of a mischievous practical joke. Close at hand were a party of Arabs. Toward these he made his way, and, opening a conversation with his usual persuasive eloquence, offered to sell them a slave that he had—a fellow who was so impertinent and untruthful that he could make nothing of him in the city, although he had good capacities for work, and would no doubt do well in the desert with masters who, less weak-minded than himself, would stand no nonsense. He was prepared to sell him for a mere trifle—indeed, he should con-

sider one of the Arab's camels a fair, if not exorbitant, price. The bait took, and the purchase was completed.

"But there is one thing," said honest Abu Nuwâs, "of which I should warn you: the fellow is such a liar that I dare say he will declare that he is a free man and can't be sold. Now, there is only one answer to that—a sound thrashing—you understand me?"

They did understand him; and poor Farhât, in spite of his protestations and appeals for help, was soon led off in triumph by the Arabs with a rope round his neck.

At this juncture the caliph came up, and, an explanation ensuing, Abu Nuwâs was severely asked what he meant by such conduct. "What could have induced you to do such a thing?" said Alraschid.

"Hunger Prince of the Faithful," replied the other, and made a clean breast of the whole story, adding: "I told him I would do something to annoy him; ask him whether I have done so, for if not I will try again, as I always keep my word."

The caliph "laughed until he rolled over upon the nape of his neck," to quote the *ipsissima verba* of my authority, and distributed large sums of money to all the parties concerned. This was his invariable mode of showing appreciation either of a great military service or a witty repartee. Had he possessed the blessings of modern civilization, he might have done the thing much cheaper by distributing orders or silver medals.

His impudence and effrontery, which no fear of Mesroum and the beheading tray could repress, were Abu Nuwâs's most striking characteristics; but his wit was so ready, and his fun, if coarse, was so genial, that it always disarmed the stern and fickle caliph in the end.

On one occasion he was in personal attendance on Haroun, and, while he was handing a dish to his master, contrived to spill a little gravy on the royal robes. Haroun, furious at the other's carelessness, ordered him off to prison; whereupon Abu Nuwâs threw the whole contents of the dish over Alraschid's head; remarking as he did so, "Pray do not be offended, Commander of the Faithful, I do this out of consideration for your justice, so that you should have at least some excuse for punishing me." The caliph laughed, etc., etc.—the end of all these anecdotes is the same.

When he ventured to interfere with the more domestic arrangements of the palace, and mix himself up with the intrigues of the harem, his position was a much more ticklish one, for Haroun Alraschid would order the execution of all his friends and relations rather than risk a frown from a mistress, or the disturbance of his

hours of repose or amusement. Among others of his favorites was a girl named Khâlisa, who had taken a dislike to Abu Nuwâs, and the wit was consequently out of favor at court for a time. Hearing once that the caliph had made the young lady a present of a very valuable necklace, he wrote upon the door, at which he had in vain danced attendance, the following couplet:

"My verse is lost upon thy door
Like necklaces on Khâlisa."

When Khâlisa saw this she was in a frightful rage, and, suspecting the author, hurried to the caliph, told him what had happened, and declared that unless he had Abu Nuwâs beheaded at once she would commit suicide; at the same time she tore the necklace from her neck, threw it upon the ground with the remark that "if it was lost upon her she did not want it any more," and as a last resource "went into hysterics." Arab ladies of the caliphate were quite as prone to these little subterfuges as English ones at the present day, and I can assure my readers that I am only literally translating my original in these details.

Alraschid begged her to accompany him to the spot; and kindly assured her that if the verses were as she represented them, Abu Nuwâs should lose his head this time without fail. But the wily wag had been there beforehand, and with a touch of his finger had wiped away the curve of the letter '*ain*' (which means "eye"), and the lines now read:

"My verses shine upon thy door
Like necklaces on Khâlisa."

"Why," said the Commander of the Faithful, "that's a compliment."

"Yes," answered the lady, smiling in spite of herself, "I see how it is. The scamp has taken out the *eyes* of the verse, but it *looks* all the better for it."

And the caliph laughed at her words. Chorus as before.

Indeed, Abu Nuwâs was never at a loss for a resource when in a scrape, and the caliph was no match for him in a contest of wits, as witness the story of "The Forfeits," to which I have before alluded. This is so good that I must tell it in verse, again assuming for the nonce the character of the merry Cairo story-teller:

"In the name of that God who has not an associate or partner—of One

Who begets not and is not begotten—has neither a wife nor a son!

"And peace on Mohammed, his Prophet."—This sort of thing grows rather stale,

And we Mussulmans get too much of it. Light up! We'll pass on to the tale.

- "On a *musnud* of state was reclining the caliph, the mighty Haroun ;
His brow like the sun it was shining, his face it was like the full moon ;
- "And his courtiers around him were standing, like stars in an indigo sky,
And the *saki** the wine-cup was handing—for the monarch, though pious, was dry.
- "And the poets their works were reciting in Arabic numbers divine,
The hearts of all hearers delighting with verses like Afdhal's † or mine.
- "Then the caliph glared round the assembly, as a lion glares round on the herd,
And the knees of the courtiers grew trembly, and their hearts fluttered e'en as a bird ;
- "And cold drops were distilled from each forehead, and each tongue to its palate did cling,
For their fear of the caliph was horrid—he was such a passionate king !
- "At length, in a voice that with passion was shaking, it pleased him to speak :
'Does he know whom he treats in this fashion ? Did ye e'er behold aught like his cheek ?
- "'This poet, this jester, this chaffer, this pig's son, this bullock, this ass,
This black-hearted, black-visaged Kafir, this infidel, ABU NUWÂS !
- "'I bade him come hither to meet us, in this serious council of state ;
And this is the way he dares treat us. Ye dogs ! he is five minutes late !'
- "Then the heart of his Highness relented ; Rashîd was of changeable mood :
'Maybe he's been somehow prevented ; to get in a rage does no good.
- "'His jests, too, are always so pleasant, one somehow his impudence stands ;
Besides, poor Mesrour ‡ just at present has plenty of work on his hands.
- "'But although I can't perfectly tame him till he goes to the Nita' § to school,
At least I can thoroughly shame him, and make him appear like a fool !
- "'Slaves ! fetch me some eggs—not new laid—you can find some stale ones that will do.
Now execute quick what I bade you, or else I will execute you !'
- "They brought him the eggs in a charger all studded with many a pearl,
The same pattern—though just a bit larger—as that of Herodias's girl,
- "And the caliph took one egg, and hid it away in his cushion ; which done,
He bade them all do so. They did it ; and sat down awaiting the fun.
- "With an air that was saucy and braggish, with a step that was jaunty and spruce,
With a smile that was merry and waggish, with a mien that was reckless and loose,
- "With a 'How is your high disposition to-morrow, if God should so will ?'
With a 'Here, in our ancient position, your Majesty seeth us still !'
- "With a face all be-chalked and be-painted, with a bound through the portal doth pass
One with whom we're already acquainted, the world-renowned Abu Nuwâs !
- "'Right welcome ! Right welcome ! my brother,' his Majesty smilingly spake,
'We were just now in want of another, a nice game at forfeits to make.
- "'Whatever I do you must watch it, and each do precisely the same—
If I catch you chaps laughing you'll catch it ! sit still and attend to the game.
- "'If you do just as I do, precisely, a *dînr* apiece shall ye gain ;
If you don't, won't I give it you nicely !—Mesrour ! you stand by with the cane !'
- "He spake : and the smile on his features was mischievous, cunning, and grim,
And the courtiers, poor awe-stricken creatures, smiled feebly and gazed upon him.
- "'Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo !' representing the note of a jubilant hen,
The caliph uprises, presenting an egg to the sight of all men.
- "'Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo !' and the rabble are all at once up on their legs,
And with ornithological gabble display their mysterious eggs.
- "Then without in the least hesitating steps Abu Nuwâs before all,
'Cock-a-doodle doo doo !' imitating a rooster's hilarious call.
- "'Now I know why it is that you cackle,' said he, 'when you're trying to talk !
And you find me a hard one to tackle, because I am COCK OF THE WALK !'"

Abu Nuwâs had once, according to his habit, gone too far, and seriously offended the caliph by some impertinent answer. Jaafer, "the Barmecide," Haroun's vizier and inseparable companion, did his best to make peace, and, finding the monarch one day in a good humor while at the bath, induced him to send for the culprit. Jaafer good-naturedly met the wag before he went into his

* The butler.

† A celebrated poet.

‡ The headsman ; he was a negro.

§ A leathern bag, opening like a tray to receive the head and blood in decapitations.

master's presence, and warned him to make the most of this opportunity for reconciliation and to be upon his very best behavior. After prostrating himself on the ground, and suing for pardon, he took his seat immediately opposite the caliph, the "trough," or marble water-basin, being between them. Haroun was the first to speak:

"Abu Nuwâs," said he, "I used to think you a wit; what made you give such witless answers? Are you an ass?"

"Oh, no, Prince of the Faithful," was the reply, "there is a trough between the ass and me!"

The monarch could scarcely believe his own ears; but started up, and left the place without completing his bath. This time Abu Nuwâs's head was very insecurely attached to his neck, and even Jaafer's eloquent appeals on behalf of the graceless wag were for some time unavailing; nor was the latter's own ingenious explanation, that he meant nothing more than "that asses ate out of a trough, while he himself used a dish," of any use at all. All the concession which the prime minister could ultimately obtain was that the offender should be thrown into a pit where a very savage bear was kept, and left there for twenty-four hours. The order was executed, but as Abu Nuwâs had induced Jaafer to allow him to take a store of wine, provisions, and candles with him, he contrived to stave off the too pressing advances of his companion, and, when the caliph came to gaze upon the corpse of his peccant jester, he found him drunk, and playing upon a tambourine, and endeavoring to induce the beast to dance.

His peccadilloes, as might be expected, often made him acquainted with the inside of a prison, and it was his wont during these temporary periods of seclusion to solace himself with singing to the accompaniment of his lute. On one occasion, a fellow-prisoner regarded his performances with so much interest and emotion that the poet said to him:

"My brother, art thou a connoisseur in music, or haply a poet thyself? or art thou merely a lover separated from his love, that thou dost listen so mournfully, but feelingly withal?"

"Nothing of the kind," answered the unfortunate prisoner, "but you wagged your beard just like an old goat of mine at home."

On this Abu Nuwâs began to scream and thump upon the dungeon door, and behave in so mad and boisterous a manner that the jailer came to see what was amiss. Jaafer was sent for, and the poet brought before the caliph, to whom he related the incident.

"I do not mind," said he, "keeping company with your Majesty's bear, who, by-the-by, was so loath to part with me that he retained part of my garments in his teeth, as the servants hauled me

up; but to lodge with such a boor will be the death of me."

For another gross fault the caliph once ordered him to be mounted on an ass with his face to the tail, tricked out in the animal's trappings, and ridden round the town. To Jaafer, who met him and asked what had brought him to this plight, he answered:

"I have presented the caliph with my best verses, and his Highness has clad me in his own best clothes."

Abu Nuwâs does not appear to have been remarkable for courage, unlike most of the old Arab minstrels, who often combined the professions of the sword and the lyre.

It is told of him that he accompanied Haroun Alraschid in one of his numerous raids against the Byzantine emperor. But, when he found himself in action for the first time, he acted upon the proverb that "discretion is the better part of valor," put spurs to his horse, and rode off to a neighboring hillock whence he could watch the fight in safety. As evening came on the battle ended, the two armies returned to their respective camps, and Abu Nuwâs also sought his tent. The next morning there issued from the ranks of the enemy a doughty champion, who challenged the best man among the Moslems to single combat, and either killed or took prisoner every one who accepted his challenge. At length the caliph, who had been informed of Abu Nuwâs's cowardice on the previous day, ordered him to go forth and rid them of the Grecian warrior. The poor jester, in extreme terror, endeavored in vain to excuse himself, but obtained permission to enter the commissariat tent and make a good meal before he fought. Instead, however, of eating then and there, he packed up and took with him a good supply of edibles and a flask of wine, and rode out toward the fierce champion who had overcome the caliph's bravest soldiers. While still at a safe distance he cried out:

"O bravest of the warriors of the age! I have a proposition to make to thee, which will profit thee much."

"Out with it, then," said the other.

"First let me ask thee, hast thou a blood-feud against me?"

"No," said the Greek.

"Do I owe thee aught?" continued Abu Nuwâs.

"Surely not," said the Greek.

"Then what is the use of our fighting and killing each other? Let us come behind yonder hillock and breakfast off some capital roast fowls which I have brought with me. Then we will go back, each to his tent; you especially must require rest, and I am sure you have killed and taken captive knights enough for one day!"

Half amused, the champion consented, and, after an amicable meal together, they parted and rode off to their respective camps.

"Your Majesty bade me rid you of him," said he to the caliph in explanation, "and I have done so most effectually. Let the next guard when it turns out follow my example."

As might have been expected, and as a story I have already told shows, our hero was very lax in his observances of the duties of his religion.

Smitten, however, once with conscientious scruples, Abu Nuwâs determined upon making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and, presenting himself before Alraschid, said :

"Prince of the Faithful ! You know that I am a Moslem."

"I suppose so," said the caliph ; "what do you want ?"

"I wish to make the pilgrimage to Mecca."

"Well, the way is open to you."

"But I have not money enough to go," pleaded the poet.

"Then you are excused from the duty, by the canons of our holy law," said the caliph.

"Confound you !" said Abu Nuwâs, "I came a-begging, not to ask for a legal decision !"

A number of witty sayings are of course attributed to him, but a few will be sufficient to indicate their nature and the sort of thing which an Arab considers smart and amusing.

"I should like to see the devil face to face," said a very ugly man to him one day.

"Then look in a looking-glass," was the reply.

Again, seeing another ugly man praying in a mosque, he politely asked :

"Why do you grudge Gehenna such a face ?"

"When do you think you will die ?" asked an acquaintance one day, "because I should like to send a letter by you to my deceased father."

"Very sorry," said Abu Nuwâs ; "I shall not be passing his way ; I'm going up aloft !"

A very long-nosed man was quarreling with his wife, and reproached her, saying, "You know how good-natured I am, and how much I have put up with."

"Allah is witness that you speak the truth," said Abu Nuwâs, who was standing by, "or you would never have put up all these years with such a nose as that."

Once while seated in a friend's house an ominous noise was heard, and a crack appeared suddenly in one of the walls.

"What ails the house ?" asked Abu Nuwâs.

"It is but celebrating Allah's praises," replied his host.

"Then I am off," remarked the poet, "for it might proceed with its religious exercises and take to prostration next !"

The tales and jests related of Abu Nuwâs are indeed innumerable, but many of them turn on some verbal quibble, while more are scarcely in accordance with modern taste. They exhibit him as a clever and witty but unscrupulous rogue, with brilliant talents and an irrepressible tendency to mischief. He was just the man to please the "good Haroun Alraschid" in his cheerier moods, and no greater praise of his tact and ready wit can be written than the simple fact that he served such a master and yet died in his bed.

Temple Bar.

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD."

WHEN Hamlet told the tragedians of the city that they should suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he seemed to be affording them advice that was at once both sound and simple ; yet to effectively combine speech with movement or gesture so that they may "go hand in hand, not one before another," constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of histrionic art. What kind of action is suited to particular words ? How much or how little action is permissible ? What words are to be accompanied or illustrated by action, and what words may be left to run alone, as it were, and take care of themselves ? These are the questions the performer is required to answer for himself. Hamlet can but proffer counsel of a

general sort. The modesty of nature is not to be overstepped ; the actors are not to mouth their speeches, nor to saw the air too much with their hands ; in the very torrent, tempest, and even whirlwind of their passion, they are to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Yet they are not to be too tame ; their own discretion is to be their tutor ; the purpose and end of playing being to hold the mirror up to nature, etc. There is danger alike in overdoing and in coming tardy off ; in either case the unskillful may be made to laugh, but the judicious will be made to grieve, the "censure of which one" is in the allowance of the players to "overweigh a whole theatre of others."

It is probable that the judicious have been

more often made to grieve by overdoing and redundancy of action than by tameness and tardiness of histrionic method. In one of his letters Macready has narrated how his own early manner was marred by excess and exaggeration, and how he became sensible of his errors of this kind. His observation of actual life suggested misgivings; he noted how sparingly and therefore how effectively Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation; a line in Dante taught him the value and dignity of repose; and a theory took form in his mind, presently to obtain practical demonstration of its correctness when he saw Talma act, "whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study." Macready had been taught to imitate in gesture the action he might be relating, or "to figure out some idea of the images of his speech." A chapter in "Peregrine Pickle," descriptive of Quin's acting as Zanga in "The Revenge," convinced him of the absurdity of accompanying narration by elaborate gesticulation; he applied the criticism to himself in various situations which might have tempted him to like extravagance. Peregrine is supposed to complain of Quin's Zanga as out-Heroding Herod, especially in the scene of the Moor's relating to Isabella how Alonzo's jealousy had been inflamed by the discovery of a letter designedly placed in his path. It seemed to Peregrine that Mr. Quin's action intimately resembled the ridiculous grimacing of a monkey when he delivered Zanga's speech regarding the letter:

" . . . He took it up ;

But scarce was it unfolded to his sight

When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,

Started, and trembling dropped it on the ground."

In pronouncing the first two words the actor was said to stoop down and seem to take up something from the stage; he then mimicked the manner of unfolding a letter, and, arriving at the simile of an arrow piercing the eye, he darted his forefinger toward that organ. At the word "started" he recoiled with great violence, and, when he came to "trembling dropped it on the ground," he threw all his limbs into a tremulous emotion and shook the imaginary paper from his hand. The same system of minute gesticulation accompanied further portions of the speech. At the words—

"Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,

Disguised a sigh or two and puffed them from him ;

Then rubbed his brow and took it up again"—

the player's countenance assumed a wild stare, he sighed thrice most piteously as though he were on the point of suffocation, he scrubbed his forehead, and, bending his body, aped the

action of snatching an object from the floor. He continued :

"At first he looked as if he meant to read it ;

But, checked by rising fears, he crushed it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom."

Here the performer imitated the confusion and concern of Alonzo, seemed to cast his eyes upon something from which they were immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation; then, "shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose," he rammed it into his own bosom with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the act. Mr. Pickle in his character of dramatic critic concludes: "Were the player debarred the use of speech and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial, forced, unnatural, and antic than his superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments clothed in the most exquisite expression would appear unanimated and insipid; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage."

Convinced that his method was founded upon wrong principles, Macready describes the means he adopted to coerce his limbs to perfect stillness the while he exhibited "the wildest emotions of passion." He would lie on the floor or stand straight against a wall or tie bandages about his arms, and while so pinioned or restricted, he would recite the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; he would speak the most passionate bursts of rage "under the supposed constraint of whispering them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed," thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling. "I was obliged also," he writes, "to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression, which was the most difficult of all, to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, while intense passion should speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him."

Amateurs and young actors almost invariably incline to exaggeration; they permit themselves excess of movement and gesture; their discretion is insufficiently cultivated to be their tutor, and they overact strangely; they pace the stage wildly and incessantly, they rant, their arms and legs are employed with a sort of graceless and vehement diffuseness. As Mr. G. H. Lewes writes: "All but very great actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. . . . If actors will study fine models, they will learn that gestures to be effective must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage and not appear 'a guy' is one of the elementary difficulties of the art, and one which is rarely mastered." Voltaire preparing a young actress to appear in one of his tragedies, tied her hands to her sides with packthread, so as to check her tendency toward exuberance of gesticulation. Under this condition of compulsory immobility, she commenced to rehearse, and for some time she bore herself calmly enough; but at last, completely carried away by her feelings, she burst her bonds and flung up her arms. In some alarm at her seeming neglect of his instructions she began to apologize to the poet; he smilingly reassured her, however; the gesticulation was *then* admirable, because it was irrepressible.

Of the elder tragedians variety or abundance of gesture seems not to have been required. The great Mr. Betterton indulged in little movement upon the stage. He had short, fat arms, we are told, "which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and his waistcoat, while with his right he "prepared his speech." His actions were few but just. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; but an actor possessed of "a corpulent body and thick legs with large feet" could hardly be expected to dance. The comedians were allowed to be more mercurial; liveliness of manner and movement almost necessarily accompanied drollery of speech. But to the introduction of pantomimes was ascribed the employment of "a set of mechanical motions, the caricatures of gestures." Theophilus Cibber charged Garrick with a "pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence"; the very accusation Peregrine Pickle brought against Mr. Quin. Cibber credited himself with perception of the actor's merits when he condescended to pursue simple nature. "Yet," the critic continued, "I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his over-fondness for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitchings, jerkings of the body, sprawling of the fingers, slapping the breast

and pockets, etc." Garrick had been a diligent student of the pantomimical feats, the wonderful mimicry of Rich. "That Garrick," writes Cibber, "before his taste was mature should think the expressive dumb-show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue, is not surprising." Macklin's acrimonious account of Garrick's histrionic method ascribes to him excessive movement and gesticulation. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly pawing and hauling the characters about with whom he was concerned in the scene; and, where he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and the audience; and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene, which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention. When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character he spoke to and squeezed his hat, hung forward, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage, consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he acted with." This criticism must be accepted with some allowance for the spirit of detraction which largely animated the author.

It was said of the comedian Woodward that he was Harlequin in every part he played; his great pantomimic experience affected his every impersonation. He was reputed to be, after Rich, "the best teller of a story in dumb-show the English stage had ever seen." He acquired in this way an extraordinary habit of suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, of illustrating speech with gesture. If he was required to mention an undertaker, he flapped his hat, pursed his brow, clasped his hands, and with a burlesque solemnity strode across the stage before he spoke; he would mimic the wiping of a glass or the drawing of a cork at the word "waiter," and could not say "mercer" till he had measured off several yards of cloth on the flap of his coat. It is added, however, that he "did these things with such strength of imitation and of humor that, although it was flagrantly wrong, criticism itself could not forbear to laugh."

Goldsmith, observing that the English used very little gesture in ordinary conversation, found as a consequence that our players were stiff and formal of deportment, that their action sat uneasily upon them, and that they were obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian might discover proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he entered. But an Englishman could only take his models from the stage itself;

he could only imitate nature from an imitation of nature. "I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by traveling than those of the theatrical profession," wrote the Doctor. "The inhabitants of the Continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking and they are found in great abundance." It would be inexcusable in a comedian to add everything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he was entirely at liberty. In this way it was open to him to show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humor, and the exactness of his judgment. Goldsmith describes a French actor, while exhibiting an ungovernable rage as the hero of the comedy "*L'Avare*," betraying the avariciousness of Harpagon's disposition by stooping suddenly to pick up a pin and quilting it in the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. "Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies and extinguishes one; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it and privately crams it into his pocket." A representation of "*The Mock Doctor*" was also commended. "Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense which he would have thought Latin by those who do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together." If this should be thought dull in the recital, it is urged that "the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation," and that there hardly existed a character in comedy to which a player of real humor could not add strokes of vivacity such as would secure great applause. Instead of this, however, the fine gentlemen of the theatre were wont through a whole part to do nothing but strut and open their snuff-boxes; while the pretty fellows sat with their legs crossed, and the clowns pulled up their breeches. These proceedings, the critic concludes, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; "but to see them served up in every scene argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose."

Goldsmith accounted *Mademoiselle Clairon* the most perfect female figure he had ever seen upon the stage; not that nature had bestowed more personal beauty upon her than upon certain English actresses—there were many, indeed, who possessed as much "statuary grace," by which was meant "elegance unconnected with motion," as she did; but they all fell infinitely short of her when the soul came "to give expression to the

limb and animate every feature." Her entrance upon the scene was pronounced to be "excessively engaging." She did not come in glancing round and staring at the audience as though she was reckoning the receipts, or intended to see as well as to be seen. Her eyes were first fixed upon the other persons in the play, then gradually turned "with enchanting diffidence" upon the spectators. Her first words were delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm; "her hands and her tongue never set out together; the one prepared us for the other." She sometimes began with a mute, eloquent attitude; but she never advanced all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice." By a simple beginning she gave herself "the power of rising in the passion of the scene." As she proceeded, her every gesture, every look, acquired new violence, till at last transported she filled "the whole vehemence of the part and all the idea of the poet." Her hands were not alternately stretched out and then drawn in again "as with the singing women at Sadler's Wells," but employed with graceful variety; every moment they pleased with new and unexpected eloquence. And further, she did not flourish her hands while the upper part of her arm was motionless, nor had she the ridiculous appearance "as if her elbows were pinned to her hips."

Goldsmith particularly recommends "our rising actresses," of all the cautions to be given them, never to take notice of the audience upon any occasion whatsoever: he could not pardon a lady upon the stage who, when she attracted the admiration of the spectators, turned about to make them a low courtesy for their applause. "Such a figure no longer continues *Belvidera*, but at once drops into *Mrs. Cibber*." Let the audience applaud ever so loudly, their praises should pass, "except at the end of the epilogue," with seeming inattention. But the while the critic advised "skillful attention to gestures," he deprecated study of it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, would render their action formal, stiff, and affected. People seldom improved when they had no other model but themselves to copy from. And he records his remembrance of a notable actor "who made great use of his flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures ever seen." His apartment was hung round with looking-glasses, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; "and I will make bold to say he saw twenty very ugly fellows when he did so."

No doubt the harlequin of the present time, if a less valued and important personage than his exemplar, has preserved certain of the traditions of Rich's harlequin, while various of Rich's post-

ures and gestures which Garrick was said to have imported into stage dialogue may still linger in the theatre. The manners, even the mannerisms, of a popular actor become popular in their turn, and are imitated and adopted by his successors. The admired comedian Robert Wilks had, we are informed, a certain peculiar custom of pulling down his ruffles and rolling his stockings; assuredly a later generation of actors pulled down their ruffles and rolled their stockings precisely after Mr. Wilks's manner, just as there are players of to-day who retain the late Charles Mathews's lively habit of adjusting his side-locks, his cravat, and his wristbands, of putting on and off his gloves, etc.—resembling him in those respects, if in none other. Leigh Hunt writes of Lewis, the favorite comedian of eighty or ninety years since, that “he drew on his gloves like a gentleman, and then darted his fingers at the ribs of the character he was talking with in a way that carried with it whatever was suggestive and sparkling and amusing.” The stage has known since Lewis's time very much darting of fingers at the ribs of the characters. The elder Mathews's method of expressing the irritability of Sir Fretful Plagiary by taking furious pinches of snuff and by frequent buttoning and unbuttoning of his double-breasted coat is not yet lost to the theatre. Concerning Munden's variety and significance of grimace and gesture Leigh Hunt grows eloquent. The actor was said to make something out of nothing by his singular “intensity of contemplation.” He would play the part of a vagabond loiterer about inn-doors, would look at and for ten minutes together gradually approach from a distance a pot of ale on a table, the while he kept the house in roars of laughter by the intense idea which he dumbly conveyed of its contents and the not less intense manifestation of his cautious but inflexible resolution to drink it. Hunt further applauds Munden's personation of a credulous old antiquary upon whom a battered beaver has been imposed as “the hat of William Tell,” and records how the comedian reverently put the hat on his head, and then solemnly walked to and fro with such an excessive sense of the glory with which he was crowned and the weight of reflected heroism he sustained, elegantly halting now and then to assume the attitude of one drawing a bow, “that the spectators could hardly have been astonished had they seen his hair stand on end and carry the hat aloft with it.”

Stage gestures acquire, no doubt, a rather stereotyped character, and those who profess to teach acting are apt to inculcate very conventional forms of histrionic expression. The action that is to accompany the word is subject to many rules and limitations. Charles Dickens, who

wrote disrespectfully of the Théâtre Français as an establishment devoted to a dreary classicality —“a kind of tomb where you went as the Eastern people did in the stories to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations”—especially condemned the gestures employed even by its leading performers. “Between ourselves, even one's best friends there”—he was thinking of Regnier, perhaps—“are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the flat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a general small comedy piece,” he continues, “where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man—and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put his hat upon the other—which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce.”

It is clear that a certain forfeiture of dignity must result from too literal a system of illustrative gesture. Cibber's personation of Wolsey was much applauded, yet he was strongly censured for the vulgarity of the action with which he embellished the words—

“This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it.
Then out it goes.”

It seems that with his thumb and forefinger, or with his first and second fingers, he imitated the manner of extinguishing a candle by means of a pair of snuffers. Genest writes: “One must lament that Shakespeare should have used a metaphor so unworthy of him, but surely the actor should rather endeavor to sink the thing than to bring it peculiarly into notice”; and he proceeds to record that when Young played Wolsey he folded his arms the while he delivered the passage and slurred the metaphor completely, evincing in this respect better judgment than Kemble, who, although he did not, like Cibber, pretend to ply the snuffers, yet elevated and wrinkled his grand nose and assumed a disgusted expression, as though the departed candle had left behind it an unpleasant odor. Much discussion arose concerning Kemble's action as Hamlet when, denouncing the slanders he was reading, he tore the page from the book to demonstrate his bad opinion of the satirical rogue, the author; and Macready's waving aloft of a cambric handkerchief by way of expressing Hamlet's intention to be “idle” may almost be viewed as “the direful spring of woes unnumbered.” Edwin Forrest derided the proceeding, described it as a *pas de mouchoir*, even hissed it: and a feeling of enmi-

ty was engendered between the two tragedians which so spread and strengthened as to acquire almost the importance of a national conflict, and terminated in the great New York riot of 1849.

"Look you whether he has not turned his color and has tears in his eyes," remarks Polonius of the First Player and his recitation; and Hamlet also comments upon the wanned visage of the actor, the tears in his eyes, his distracted aspect, broken voice, etc. Tears do not rarely visit the eyes of the players, who are moved to sympathy by their own simulations and are able to force their souls so to their own conceits. It is not so much that they are convinced by the familiar Horatian counsel, *Si vis me flere*, etc.; a proneness to tears is rather a constitutional faculty or failing which players share with players, novel-readers, auditors of poetry, sermons, speeches, etc. But can the actor discharge the color from his countenance otherwise than prosaically by rubbing the rouge off? There is extant a description of Betterton's performance of Hamlet which describes the actor, although naturally of a ruddy and sanguine complexion, as turning pale as his own neckcloth instantly upon the appearance of the ghost. "His whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible, so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience that the blood seemed to curdle in their veins likewise," etc. An American critic has left a curious account of the "unique and inimitable method" of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and his extraordinary "control over the vital and involuntary functions." We are informed that the actor could "tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to the finger-tips while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. . . . The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell, and the whole throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment, in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling by an ashy paleness. To throw the blood into the face is a comparatively easy feat for a sanguine man by simply holding the breath; but for a man of pale complexion to speak passionate and thrilling words pending the suffusion is quite another thing. On the other hand, it must be observed that no amount of merely physical exertion or exercise of voice could bring color into that pale, proud, intellectual face. . . . In a word, he commanded his own pulses, as well as the pulses of his auditors, with most despotic ease."

From his early practice in pantomime Edmund Kean derived, no doubt, much of the ease and grace of attitude and gesture he displayed as a tragedian. Hazlitt specially commends the

actor's impressive and Titanesque postures, yet objects to the gesture he employed as Iago in the last scene of "Othello," when he malignantly pointed to the corpses of the Moor's victims. "It is not in the character of the part, which consists in the love of mischief, not as an end, but as a means. . . . Besides, it is not in the text of Shakespeare." When Kean as Richard, in his familiar colloquy with Buckingham, crossed his hands behind his back, certain critics held the action to be "too natural"; while his pugilistic gestures in the concluding scene, though censured by some, were much applauded by others. Hazlitt wrote of him: "He fought like one drunk with wounds, and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power." Dr. Doran has noted certain of the actor's "grand moments," when, at the close of his career, he appeared a pitiable sight: "Genius was not traceable in that bloated face; intellect was all but quenched in those once matchless eyes; . . . he moved only with difficulty, using his sword as a stick." Yet there arose a murmur of approbation at the pause and action of his extended arm when he said—as though consigning all the lowering clouds to the sea—"in the deep bosom of the ocean, *buried!*" The words, "The dogs bark at me as I halt by them," were so suited with action as to elicit a round of applause.

Mr. Gould's essays upon the histrionic genius of Junius Brutus Booth make frequent mention of the "manual eloquence," the appropriate "hand-play" of the tragedian, and his inventiveness in that respect. When as Shylock, replying to Salarino's question touching Antonio's flesh, "What's that good for?" he said, "To bait fish withal," he was wont, in his tamer moods, to employ "a gesture as if holding a fishing-rod." When as Cassius he said of Cæsar, "His coward lips did from their color fly," Booth illustrated the text by a momentary action, as though he were carrying a standard. "The movement was fine as giving edge to the sarcasm," but, the essayist admits, "pointed to a redundancy of action which sometimes appeared in this great actor's personations, marking the excess in him, however, of those high histrionic powers: keen feeling and shaping imagination." Further, Booth's Cassius was "signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality." After the murder of Cæsar, Booth "strode right across the dead body and out of the scene in silent and disdainful triumph." As Iago, when saying—

" . . . such a handkerchief

(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with"—

Booth, while pretending to lay his hand on his heart "to enforce asseveration," tucked away more securely in his doublet the very handkerchief which "with fiendish purpose he intended Cassio *should* wipe his beard with." When he exclaimed, "The Moor; I know his trumpet," he seemed to imitate the very sound of the instrument; "tossed it from his lips with the careless grace of an accomplished musician." When as Othello he declared, "I know not where is that *Promethean* heat," it was as though the adjective had but just occurred to him, and the passage was "accompanied by a wandering and questioning gesture." At the words, "It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near the earth than she was wont," etc., his gesture "seemed to figure the faith of the Chaldean and to bring the moon more near." He slew himself

by means of a dagger he had worn concealed in his turban.

The value of action as the ally of words will be very freely admitted by those who remember Mr. Irving as Philip, in the Laureate's tragedy of "Queen Mary," toying with his poniard, and with peculiar significance turning its point toward his interlocutor, the Count de Feria, at the words—

"And if you be not secret in this matter—
You understand me there, too?"

Feria answers, "Sir, I do." For the action was as intelligible as though the words had been spoken and sentence of death had been passed upon the count for his failure to be secret in the matter.

DUTTON COOK (*Belgravia Magazine*).

OVER-PRODUCTION.

THE question which it is proposed to discuss in this paper, namely, whether over-production is possible, may appear at first sight to savor of paradox. If there is one condition of modern industry which more than another makes itself apparent, it is surely the frequent production of commodities in excess of the demand for them. Using the term over-production to denote that more commodities are produced at a given time and place than can be taken off in the existing state of the market, the thing is constantly occurring. A familiar illustration is afforded by the recent state of the iron-trade of this country, when the demand fell off to such an extent that a large accumulation of manufactured iron took place, which could not be sold at a remunerative price; that is, at a price which covered the cost of production, including a reasonable return on the manufacturer's capital; and many of the iron-works were in consequence closed for a time, and large numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment. Another example of not uncommon occurrence which will at once occur to the recollection is that of a glut in the Manchester cotton-trade. These are special and isolated cases of over-production. They are temporary in character; the glut finally disappears, after causing more or less suffering, to be succeeded by an active demand for the goods in question. But, arising out of the frequency of such cases, there may often be noticed the prevalence of an uneasy apprehension, which finds utterance in a good deal that is said and written at

the present day, lest there may come a time of general over-production, when the world will produce more than it can consume; when there will be more workmen than there is work for them to do; and when the distress which is now occasional and exceptional will become the normal condition of the majority. The sentiment finds still more forcible utterance in the fear so often expressed that the commercial supremacy of England may pass over to some rival, and her prosperity suffer a decline in consequence. The assumption implied in these gloomy forecasts is obviously that there is some definite quantity of commodities, and no more, which the world can consume; and that if one country produces so much of this, there is only the balance left to be produced by the others. If America should become a great producing country—I am here speaking of manufactured goods, not of food or raw commodities—the demand for English goods, it is assumed, must fall off; hence the decline of English commerce and general decadence of the country are in store for us.

There are thus two cases to be considered—temporary over-production of a single commodity, or class of commodities; and general over-production as a final and permanent condition. And first, as regards the more simple case, the over-production of a single class of things, say Manchester piece-goods. In ordinary times the out-turn of these goods goes on increasing year by year in a geometrical ratio; the trade is ever expanding; then suddenly there comes a time

when the demand ceases to increase, or may even decline; and the result which ensues is said to be due to over-production. Now, unfortunately, there is no room for doubt about the reality of the suffering and distress in such cases; but what is the real cause which has brought it about? Some country or countries which have been regularly taking this increasing supply stop doing so, or take only a smaller quantity. There is said to be a falling off in the demand. But this is, of course, merely the technical way of expressing the fact; the demand has not really fallen off in the sense that the people of these countries would not be quite ready to go on taking the goods if they could get them. What has really happened is that they have not been able themselves to produce commodities which they might offer in exchange for our goods. For example, a famine occurs in India; the crops which would in ordinary course be exported from that country are not raised, or are all required for home consumption; hence the glut of goods at Manchester. But clearly what has happened is not over-production at Manchester, but under-production or non-production in India. The late war in Eastern Europe furnished another instance of the same sort. A considerable part of the population of that part of the world was diverted from its normal employment of producing exchangeable commodities to doing what, in an economical point of view, was worse than doing nothing—the work of destruction. One result was a glut in our markets. So with regard to the assumed over-production in the iron-trade. The people of the United States had for a time diverted an undue proportion of their available labor and capital from the production of food to the construction of railroads, which left them for a time with no stock of surplus exchangeable commodities, so that our manufactured iron could not be taken off at its usual rate. In all these cases it was the stoppage in production in some other part of the world which brought about the appearance of over-production here. This is no doubt well understood by those who have given attention to the subject; but it is very far from being a mere truism, especially when we come to consider the more general question of the prospects of the world as regards production in the future. People may have a clear view of each special and isolated case, who yet but dimly perceive what is to be the final solution of the general problem, or what are the conditions involved in it. Men will speak of the revival of trade, when it is depressed, as a thing to be confidently expected some day or other, just as in a season of bad weather they look for a change to fine, who yet in the same breath express their apprehension lest the time may come when trade will have

reached its limit, and will decline finally never again to revive, and when there will be everywhere a redundancy of workmen seeking for employment. I am not speaking here of fears lest any particular branch of industry should be extinguished—not through failure of demand, but through failure of the means of carrying it on; fears lest our supply of coal, for example, should be exhausted, when the industries dependent on it must perforce come to an end; but of the vague apprehension that the supply of labor will eventually overtake demand. Of the widespread existence of this feeling there is hardly room for doubt. It finds expression among other ways in the constantly heard complaint of the overcrowded state of all the professions and the difficulty of finding an opening for young men; an apprehension founded on the belief that we are approaching to a condition of general over-production—over-production of mental as well as material products.

How far is this fear of ultimate over-production justified? Even if, as will be conceded by those who take the most gloomy view of the case, the expansion of trade has so far been attended on the whole with an advancement of the material well-being of those engaged in it, although the social condition of the masses may still lag far behind the rate of progress that might be accomplished under a better distribution of the remuneration of the different kinds of labor, yet is it reasonable to expect that this improvement will continue, even at its present rate and with its attendant train of poverty and want, or will the condition of the majority become still less happy in the future? And in place of vague forecasts, hopeful or otherwise, is it possible to find any underlying principle by which to test the matter, or must we go on watching the variations in the markets as we do the changes in the weather, with as little insight into the causes of the one as of the other?

The proper answer to the question embodied in these fears about the world's future will, I believe, be found in the answer to another question, Where does all the wealth of the world come from? The reply may be made, It comes from saving. It is the surplus of production over consumption. No doubt that is one way of answering the question. If every one consumed as much as he produced, there could be no accumulation of anything. Savings are the origin of wealth. But whose savings? Or, to put the thing in another way, whence comes the wealth found among the different classes who enjoy it? The merchants, and manufacturers, and ship-owners, and traders, and the professional classes, who are constantly getting to be both more numerous and more prosperous—these are not the creators

of wealth, although a large part of the wealth created finds its way into their pockets. Whence comes the constantly increasing stock of wealth in which they share? Is there any limit to the increase of that stock? And, if so, when will it be attained? Or will the process of general enrichment now going on before our eyes continue indefinitely?

A valid answer to this question may, I venture to think, be found by means of an illustration. We might take the favorite one of a number of persons set down in an island by themselves, and cut off from the rest of the world, and work out the economical consequences, although on a different method from that which has hitherto been employed. But a still more appropriate illustration is afforded by an actually existing case—that of an Indian village community, which, at any rate until modern times, was practically almost as isolated and self-contained as the ideal settlement in a desert island. In the typical Indian village community perhaps ninety per cent. of the inhabitants are engaged in the production of food—in tilling the village lands, in the produce of which all share jointly. Only a very small minority is engaged in trade, which is represented by the leather-worker, who supplies the community with shoes, and the village smith, who repairs the plows; there is also the accountant to keep the records, the watchman to guard, and a priest to perform sacrifices; while the æsthetic element is represented by the village minstrel and dancing-girl. All these worthies are paid in kind by a share of the harvest reaped. The women grind the corn and weave the clothes from the home-grown cotton. The only non-productive classes are the old folks past work and the children. But, although the whole community are engaged in labor, the production of commodities is limited to replacing wear and tear; for as the surplus food raised goes to the king as rent, and is spent by him in feeding his useless retainers, there is in effect no accumulation of any sort; nothing goes out from the village and nothing comes into it—the condition of the community is a stagnant one. This is because, while the mass of the community find employment in the production of food and the raw material for clothing, the numbers so employed are far in excess of the requirements of the work. Now, this stagnant condition may be converted into one of progress, first, by improved agriculture, enabling more food to be produced from the village lands, and a surplus to become available for export in exchange for other things; or, secondly, the laborer's work may become more effective; the tillage may be carried on by a smaller number of hands, and a part of the community may be

set free for other occupations. Let us suppose that sixty out of the ninety persons heretofore employed on tillage are thus set free, and that, still taking their share of the village crops, they apply themselves to working for the comfort of the community—building better houses, making household utensils, furniture, and so on. As they get more skilled the variety of their employment is more extended; some work at one thing, some at another, till finally a state of society might be reached in which the sixty non-agriculturists were working each at a separate occupation, some of these being of a non-material nature, or, by a combination of efforts of a part of the number, commodities might be produced of a more elaborate kind, while the collective village property of all kinds and the means of enjoyment might be continually increasing.

Here, then, we have a civilized and progressive community. Now, what has rendered the change possible? Simply this, that, whereas before almost the whole of the community were engaged in raising the food required for their own sustenance, a part of them now suffice for this purpose, and set the remainder free for other pursuits—manufacture, art, literature, etc. In other words, those engaged in raising food produce a surplus of food after supplying their own wants, which surplus maintains the rest of the community who are engaged in other occupations, and constitutes the foundation upon which rests the production of all other commodities.

Now, what happens in this typical case of a village community holds true for all communities, and for the whole world. The existence, not only of manufacturers and merchants, but of all the professional classes, and those who live by furnishing amusement or instruction to others—their existence is possible only because that portion of the world's population which is engaged in the production of food produces more than it consumes. And, further, the profits and incomes of all these classes are not made in trade or business in the sense of being produced by these operations. In the case of the village community, if we suppose it to consist of one hundred persons, each member receives for his remuneration the one-hundredth part of the produce raised by the agricultural portion of the community, whatever be the nature of his occupation; and just so the ultimate source of the remuneration which all classes of society—however they may be employed—obtain for their labors is a share of the surplus food grown by that part of the world's population which is engaged in raising food. The nature of the remuneration may be disguised by the multiplicity of channels through which the wealth of the world is filtered before each man gets his share,

and by the still further complication that payments are deferred and earnings accumulated, and by the interposition of money as a representative of value; but this is the ultimate mode of payment in every case as truly as if all services were paid in kind; and just as the payment of the seventy non-agricultural members of the village community—whether their occupation be simple or complex, rude or refined—is the surplus food produced by the thirty agriculturists, so the surplus food produced by that part of the world's population which is engaged in agriculture is the measure of the profits and incomes of all other classes of society taken together.

If this view of the case be admitted to be the correct one, we are now in a position to find the proper answer to the question, Whether the condition of general over-production can ever be attained to? In the typical case brought forward by way of illustration, we have supposed that thirty per cent. of the population are engaged in the production of food, and that the other seventy per cent. are set free for employment in other occupations. Among these latter the division of employments may go on extending until every man is engaged on a separate one, or by a combination of efforts a considerable degree of manufacturing skill might be attained to, and the civilization and material comfort of the community might advance accordingly. But the advance is subject to this condition, that the number of people to be employed is strictly limited by the amount of food raised. The village lands, in their existing state of culture, are supposed to be capable of supporting only one hundred persons; and, if this number be exceeded, the manufacture of products conducive to comfort and enjoyment might increase, but there would not be enough food for everybody to eat. Whereas, before, each member of the community obtained the one-hundredth part of the produce of the land in return for his labor, he would now be entitled only to something less than this amount, which would be insufficient for his support. And if, instead of each person receiving a ratable share of the village produce, irrespective of his mode of employment, the distribution was left to be a matter of barter, which is the actual condition of society in general, then, while those whose productions were best suited to the tastes and wants of the community might succeed in obtaining more than a ratable share of the available food, others would obtain still less; the things which these last produced would not find a market. The result would be an apparent over-production of commodities, but in reality a deficiency of food.

Here, then, we approach to a solution of the

problem. The conditions of modern society involve the need of provision for a constantly increasing population—that is, a constant increase of the supply of food. In the hypothetical case assumed, the population could only increase and everybody have still enough to eat, either by the village obtaining more land, which alternative is excluded by the hypothesis, or by improved agriculture furnishing more food from the same extent of land. In the case of the whole world the result is obtained partly in this way, but in a far larger degree by the opening up of new countries and bringing new soils under cultivation; although it may be observed that using the term, improvement in agriculture, in its widest sense—to include improvements in the means of bringing agricultural produce to market—this opening up of new lands is really one form of improved agriculture. At any rate, the result is the same whether an acre is made to produce as much as two acres did before, or whether a fresh acre which was before beyond reach be brought under cultivation. Now, the analogy here suggested of the village community, or the self-contained island community, holds good, as I conceive, to the fullest extent for society in general; the process here described as taking place in a limited community is precisely what is taking place over the whole world. The progressive development in the production of all other things than food, including non-material as well as material productions, is due to the division of employments, the combination of efforts, and improvements in labor-saving appliances which result from the better organization of industry; but it is not the production of wealth in the strict sense. Whereas in an earlier stage of civilization ten men were employed in making a commodity which can now be made by one man, the remaining nine being set free to do other things—herein lies the secret of the increase of commodities and the advance of material civilization. The result is, that things which were scarce now become common, and that new things are invented and brought into use; but the value of the aggregate productions of the community, using the word in the widest sense, and whether those productions be few or many, rude or refined, is in every state of society the food of the persons engaged in producing them, which again is the surplus food raised by the cultivators of the soil. This is the important fact to bear in mind, that the earnings of all classes of society—the so-called productive classes as well as the non-productive; the wages of the sailor, and the income of the ship-owner, and the profits of the merchant; the money turned over by the manufacturer who works up the raw material, and the wages of the artisans employed by him; the profits retained by the tradesmen

or distributing agents; the incomes of the professional classes, who get their living out of the savings of the rest of the community, the doctors, and lawyers, and schoolmasters, and authors, and artists; all the earnings—transmitted from one to the other in the form of representative counters—which find their way into the pockets of these people, are not made in business in the sense of being produced there. The production took place at an earlier stage; the subsequent operations are merely of the transfer of wealth previously created, the surplus food, namely, produced by that section of the community which is engaged in agriculture. And just as in the hypothetical village community of one hundred persons each man's remuneration would be the one-hundredth part of the produce of the village-land, whether he was engaged in grinding corn or writing a tragedy, so the equation between the surplus food produced in the world and all other commodities taken together remains unaffected by the greater or less complexity of the organization of society, or the advance of refinement and mechanical skill. The surplus food produced by that part of the world's population which is engaged in agriculture, and which it exchanges for other things, is the measure of the value of all the other commodities—material and non-material—produced by all the other classes of society taken together. This is the ultimate source of all wealth, not saving merely, but saving of food. It is this surplus which the rest of the world enjoy, struggling for among themselves, and obtaining in very unequal proportions; but the so-called profits of that portion of the community are simply cases of the transfer of wealth previously created by another class, just as much as the so-called profits made on the Stock Exchange are not profits in the real sense of the term, but merely a transfer of property from one man's pocket to another.

One important qualification must here be noted, which will no doubt have been already anticipated by the reader. Man is not sustained by food alone; he needs also to be clothed and warmed and protected from the weather. All the food which a man produces after he has fed himself is therefore strictly not surplus; he must apply a part to satisfy his other needs by exchanging it for raiment and fuel and means of shelter. Further, the implements for agriculture have to be provided. If these are made by the agriculturists themselves, they have so much less time for their proper occupation, and less food will be raised in consequence. If, as is more likely to be the case, these things are made for them by another class of the community, then the food consumed by the latter must be placed in the same category as the food consumed by

the tillers of the soil themselves. It is therefore only the available surplus of food, after all these wants are provided for, which constitutes the effective surplus. If the supply of surplus food over and above what the agriculturists themselves consume is no more than sufficient to feed the classes engaged in ministering to their wants, then the condition of the community will be non-progressive, as was that of the hypothetical village community, which grows only enough surplus food to supply the small section of their numbers—village artisans and servants, watchman, priest, etc.—engaged wholly in ministering to the wants of the remainder. It is only when the surplus food raised is sufficient to maintain other members of the community who produce more commodities than are required by the tillers of the soil for actual subsistence, and are able to exchange these commodities among each other, that the progressive stage of civilization is reached.

The term "food," therefore, used here for the sake of brevity, must be taken to include whatever is necessary for sustenance. Returning now to the main point at issue, and reserving for future notice another important qualification, which will probably have been suggested by what has just been said, we are now in a position to see distinctly the conditions under which over-production may occur. The problem evidently turns on the equilibrium necessary to be maintained between the increase of population and the increase in the supply of food. So long as the production of food goes on increasing—that is, so long as new soils continue to be brought under cultivation, and old soils to be rendered more productive—the population engaged in the production of all other things may go on increasing too. If exact equilibrium between the two things is maintained, the condition of society will be in effect the same as that of a stationary population, and there can be no over-production. On the contrary, by the development of labor-saving appliances, the production of commodities of all sorts may go on increasing indefinitely, the result being that the value of all other things measured in food will be reduced, and a larger share of them will on the average be available for everybody. The condition of the community will become more and more prosperous; every one will have enough to eat, and all other things will be cheaper and more abundant. By cheapness is meant, of course, that a larger quantity of them will exchange for the same amount of food, all question of money value or price being foreign to the point, as money prices depend merely on the less or greater abundance of the precious metals. But if this equilibrium between food-supply and increase of population is not maintained, then over-production will occur, or rather

the result will take the apparent form of over-production, although what would really occur is a deficiency of food. This might be disguised under the complexity of modern civilization. In the struggle for the available supply of food, the more industrious and intelligent, and those who displayed most intelligence in administering to the wants and desires of mankind, would get a sufficiency; the less fortunate and active would be the first sufferers; and the phenomena most prominently apparent would be the production of commodities which could be soonest dispensed with by mankind—in short, over-production and the increase of pauperism, disguising what had really happened, a deficiency of food. But, subject to the condition that the population engaged on the production of other things does not increase faster than the supply of surplus food, the notion that there can be such a thing as over-production, or that there can be more things produced than the demand can be found for, is from the nature of the case untenable. The wants of man are illimitable, and can never be fully satisfied. The only thing of which there can be over-production is man himself. There may be too many men in the world; there can not be too many things produced by man.

A pertinent illustration bearing on this subject is afforded by the enormous class of persons, now non-productive and withdrawn from useful labor, serving in the collective armies of Europe. Suppose these armies to be disbanded, and the men composing them return to civil life. The probable effect, it may be said, would be a glut in the labor-market; and so there might be in one sense, and as a temporary condition, before new occupations were found for these men. But clearly the community would not really be the poorer, because, while the supply of food would remain undiminished, its consumption would not be increased by the transfer of the soldiers to civil employment; and as soon as new fields of labor were discovered everybody would be better off than before; there would be as much to eat, and people would be better housed and clothed and more fully supplied with comforts and amusements. Still further, if, as would probably happen, a part of the available labor thus set free were to transfer itself to new countries, and engage in farming, there would be a sudden change in the ratio of the supply of food to population, with a corresponding stimulus to all other industries. There would be room for population to increase without a reduction in the food-values of other products—a result which, strange though it may appear when the thing is stated nakedly, is the true test of material prosperity. Thus it might well happen that all classes of English society, as well as the people of other countries,

might enjoy a sudden accession of prosperity from the disbandment or reduction of the gigantic armies of Europe.

These considerations serve to show that an overstocked labor-market is an impossibility as a permanent condition, except so far as it arises from the population being in excess of the available food-supply. When men compete with one another, it is not in the production of commodities, which can never be in excess of the demand, but for the available supply of surplus food for which these goods are offered in exchange. These considerations also serve to explain the enormous benefit conferred on society by emigration. It is not merely that labor is diverted from an old country to a new; it is because emigration almost always means the transfer of labor from the production of other things to the production of food, thereby disturbing in a favorable sense the equilibrium between the relative proportions of the two classes of workers into which the world's population is divided, that it gives such a stimulus to all other industries. The additional surplus food created by emigration increases the aggregate wealth available for the rest of the community. Had America not been discovered, the population of Europe would probably have long ago overtaken the means of subsistence, and the struggle for the available supply of food, which is always going on in a greater or less degree, would have become vastly intensified, taking the apparent form of over-production of other commodities. The peopling of the great unoccupied territories of the Western World has averted this calamity. There are marked indications at the present time that the production of food in North America is now about to undergo a rapid and enormous expansion, far exceeding for the time what is required for the normal increase of the world's population. If this forecast be correct, we are on the eve of a sudden access of general prosperity, which, although not without its incidental evils, among others the depression of the English agricultural interests until the conditions of English agriculture are modified and become adapted to the new state of things, may have the effect of raising in a marked degree the general standard of well-being of the whole of Europe. It would seem, indeed, that we are about to witness the beginning of a great economical revolution, of a kind almost wholly beneficial to mankind, when the rapid extension of the cultivation of new soils on an enormous scale will stimulate in a degree never before witnessed the demand for all other kinds of production, and will put off the time of general over-production of the only possible kind—an over-production of men—into the indefinite future.

This examination into the conditions which

underlie production leads us, then, to a satisfactory conclusion. If, indeed, it were possible that a time might come, when production of other things than food would be in excess of the demand to satisfy wants; if there were some definite amount of trade which the nations of the earth were scrambling for, so that what was gained by one was lost by another; if the struggle for existence was to become ever, keener—then, indeed, one might despair of the future of the human race. Happily, this is not so. Subject to the condition that there should be food enough for all, the increased production of other things than food by one class or one nation renders possible increased production by all other classes and nations. There is no limit to the capacity of mankind for consumption, and therefore to the demand for productions, using the word in the widest sense. But mankind may fall short of food. And a deficiency of food would have occurred long ere this but for the continued improvements effected in the mode of transporting it from place to place by sea and land; while the danger that food might still run short—at one time a very real and pressing one—has now been staved off indefinitely by the productive power of North America.

But, although general over-production is impossible, the occurrence of cases of partial over-production—that is, of the production of some particular commodity in excess of the demand for it at the particular time or place—must still be the normal condition. The tendency of modern trade for particular industries to collect round special centers makes such cases also the more readily apparent, although, of course, the evil is not intensified on this account. The distress caused by a depression in the cotton-trade would be just as great were the mills scattered over the United Kingdom as if they were all collected at Manchester. But the conditions of modern trade, with its keen competition and the magnitude of the efforts applied to single operations, serve to aggravate the evil. The desire to take advantage of a rising market almost always results in a glut, to be followed by a period of depression, succeeded in turn by another period of excessive activity. The equilibrium between demand and supply is constantly in course of derangement. And the production of a commodity is often continued for a time after a change of fashion or taste has put an end to the demand. The remedy for the distress occasioned in this way, by the glut of labor in particular occupations, is generally stated to be the competition for labor among different trades, which should keep them at one general level of supply—the workmen are supposed to be always ready to take their labor to the rising market.

This, however, is merely a tendency, which in practice is counteracted by other causes, the most powerful arising from an inherent condition of modern industry. The combination of efforts for particular objects, which is its cardinal principle, involves also an extreme division of employments. The man who spends his life in handling one particular machine can not turn quickly to another business; he must stick to his trade, although his children may be set to a new one, because he is not fit for any other. These people are always liable to be the victims of over-productions.

But, in the majority of cases when over-production appears to occur, what has really happened is the non-production of the usual supply of food. One country grows food, and another supplies it with manufactured goods in exchange for its surplus food. If, owing to war or famine there is no surplus food, then the manufactured goods can not be taken off. The two countries stand in exactly the same position toward each other as the agricultural and non-agricultural members of our hypothetical village community. So stands Manchester toward India; so stands England toward the agricultural communities of the world. The case is complicated in appearance because Manchester does not supply only India with piece goods, but other countries as well; and further that the payment does not always come direct. India may export rice or opium to China, and China pay for it by sending tea to America, and America pay for the tea by sending bacon and wheat to England; but in this case it is still in effect the surplus produce of India which is exchanged for the Manchester goods; and, if there is no surplus produce, those goods can not be taken off. Just in proportion, then, as trade becomes cosmopolitan, and one country supplies its manufactures to the whole world instead of to one country only, will the liability to this form of over-production be abated.

A few words may be added in conclusion to clear up a point which has purposely been kept in reserve. It has been already explained that the term food, as used here, must be taken to include the clothing and other provision necessary to support life; but a further qualification is needed to complete this statement of the case, the nature of which will probably have been anticipated by the reader. In laying down the general proposition which it has been the object of this paper to establish, that the productive classes may be divided into two categories—the producers of food, and the producers of all other things; and that the fund which pays for the latter is the surplus food raised by the first class—the question at once arises, What food is her-

meant? Admitting the proposition to be true of corn and meat—the necessities of life—does it hold good for the luxuries of diet? Do hot-house fruits and delicate wines, for example, come under the category of food, or should they be included under the head of other products, paid for from the savings of those engaged in simpler forms of cultivation? Here the analogy of a self-contained community will again come in to help us. Let us first suppose, as before, that out of a community of one hundred persons only thirty are engaged on the tillage of land, and that they produce a sufficiency of the simplest forms of food, say wheat or rice, to keep themselves and the other seventy in health. Suppose now that the tastes of the community lead them to desire a change of diet, say to meat and cheese, involving that a portion of the land which heretofore has been growing rice or wheat shall be appropriated to pasture. Then, so far as the meat or milk now produced supplies the place of the wheat or rice heretofore grown, the economic position is not affected; but if the new diet, although more agreeable, is insufficient in quantity, the deficiency must be made good; and, there being no more land available, this can be accomplished only by rendering the existing land more productive, involving the application of more labor to the soil. A portion of the seventy persons heretofore engaged in the production of other things than food must transfer their labor to agriculture. There is still, therefore, enough food for all, and of a more agreeable kind; but there is a smaller production of other commodities. For a stationary population, therefore, the economic position is unaffected by the change. But, then, no population is stationary; and the same additional labor applied to the simpler but more productive form of agriculture would have increased the supply of food, which is the normal want in the actual state of the world with its increasing population. The condition involved is seen still more plainly if we assume that a part of the land is given up to the production of delicate fruits and wines, which tickle the palate, but are not a substitute for plainer food. In the production of champagne, for example, which requires a long time and continued attention to bring to perfection, the men engaged in the manufacture are fed from the surplus food

of the agriculturist, just as much as the men engaged in writing books or painting pictures. In this respect the growth of champagne or the rearing of pheasants stands economically on the same ground as the production of any other commodities which are not food. The effect is neither better nor worse. But in so far as the production of richer foods, by taking up a portion of the available land, displaces a larger amount of simpler food which might otherwise have been grown upon it, it disturbs the equilibrium between the production of food and that of other things on the maintenance of which depends the prosperity of mankind, and serves to intensify that struggle for the available food-supply which is always going on. Of all luxury, luxury in food is from this point of view the most baneful.

Of course this is not the only side of the question. The simplest food will not suffice to maintain a community in mental and physical health, and to produce the highest form of efforts. A people who live on rice will usually be found unfit to do anything better than grow rice. Monotony in food, as in other things, begets dullness. For all classes there must be something in life to look forward to if men are not to become soured; and, constituted as we are at present, the pleasures of the table must continue to form an important element among the pleasures available for man. But if the use of luxurious food be defensible on these grounds, absolute waste of food, at any rate, produces the ill effect pointed out, without any compensating advantage. The diner at every gluttonous city feast contributes his quota to the already existing distress in some other part of the community. So does the guest of a charity dinner. The money he subscribes to the charity is merely a transfer of wealth which leaves the world neither richer nor poorer; the dinner he eats or leaves increases the poverty of his neighbors.

It may be said, perhaps, that even waste has its uses; the spectacle of luxury enjoyed by others may give a stimulus to labor and invention. But the speculations suggested by this vein of argument carry us far beyond the scope of the present contribution to the discussion of a great subject.

GEORGE CHESNEY (*Fortnightly Review*).

MR. CIMABUE BROWN ON THE DEFENSIVE.

OH, yes; I have the courage of my opinions, and I am not ashamed to come forward and defend them under my own name. Don't for a moment suppose that I am the least little bit afraid of Mr. Du Maurier. It is quite true that he has cut me up most unmercifully in "Punch," that he has desecrated the sanctity of private life by representing my drawing-room in public caricatures, and that he has held up the dress and personal attractions of Mrs. Cimabue Brown herself to general ridicule in his amusing sketches. But I am not at all angry with him: I really feel, on the contrary, quite grateful for his attentions. Not that I am anxious for notoriety, nobody less so; and I confess I *did* feel a little awkward just at first when everybody used to say to me every Wednesday regularly, "Well, Cimabue, my boy, I see Du Maurier has another slash at you this morning"; but now I have quite lived down all those little personal weaknesses. I have not achieved greatness, it has been thrust upon me; but I accept it quietly, with that dignified reserve which becomes a man of culture.

The fact is, you know—and I wonder people haven't seen it long ago—Mr. Du Maurier isn't really making fun of me at all: he is helping me in a roundabout way to spread my theories. Why does he love so much to represent my Japanese fans, my Oriental blue, my pomegranate dado? Do you suppose for a moment it is because he is genuinely anxious to laugh at such things? Not a bit of it. He sympathizes secretly with all my tastes, he is just as fond of good furniture and pretty things as I am, and he makes caricatures of me and my belongings because these are the subjects which he loves best to draw—and very natural of him, too. If it were his *métier* to exhibit interiors at the Academy, he would paint my little breakfast-room alcove, with Mrs. Cimabue Brown as a Florentine lady of the fifteenth century: as it's his *métier* to make us all laugh in "Punch" instead, he draws the self-same alcove, with Mrs. Cimabue Brown in her natural character—that's all. It isn't ill-natured satire, and I don't object to it. It serves to interest thousands of people, who would never otherwise have heard of the *Æsthetic Revolution of the Nineteenth Century*, in all my aims and projects. His pictures are propædæutic, as Prigsby says: Prigsby, you know, is the celebrated Oxford æsthetic don who collects hawthorn-pattern porcelain, and supplies us all with good Greek words, which are warranted

to be the purest Attic. If Mr. Du Maurier dared, he would laugh with us; but, as he doesn't dare, he laughs against us: and it comes to very much the same thing in the long-run.

I say thus much by way of preface, because I know you will be astonished to find me describing myself by my true name. You will say: "Why does he call himself Cimabue Brown? If he wants to defend the æsthetics, why doesn't he take some other name, instead of avowing himself by one which has been made ridiculous to all of us in the pages of our great national censor, Mr. Punch?" Why, my dear sir (or madam), don't you know that caricature is in its very nature exaggeration, and that neither I nor any other "æsthete" am one-twentieth part as ridiculous as Mr. Du Maurier makes us out to be? Do you really suppose that any one of us talks the marvelous jargon that Mr. Gilbert puts into our mouths in "Patience"; or that we really dress our wives in such ridiculous costumes, or worship lilies, or dedicate our days to the study of the intense? All that is just the playful nonsense of our satirists, who are as a rule our intimate friends, and to a great extent our imitators too. Therefore, in spite of all the fun which has been poked at me in "Punch" and elsewhere, I prefer to come forward under my own Christian and surname, and to brave the ridicule which will be sure to greet me when I attempt to make myself known *in propria persona*.

I venture to say that I am a typical and representative "æsthete." I was æsthetic from the very beginning. I invested in drawings by Mr. Rossetti when Mr. Rossetti's name was only known to a small clique of esoteric admirers. I bought Mr. Morris's earliest wall-papers; I led the way in introducing high dados; I collected old Japanese while all the rest of the world was still bowing down in awful idolatry to the hideous deities of Sèvres and Dresden. At last, people generally began to be more or less of my way of thinking. Society slowly came round, to start with; then the middle classes attempted feebly to æsthetize their Philistia; and now even seaside lodgings are trying to put on some faint semblance of decent decoration. Our principles triumphed; but with the triumph there came, of course, a little friendly chaff as well. It all means no more than that. The fun in "Punch" and at the theatres is really an indirect tribute to our victory. Nobody publishes caricatures of the highly respectable member for East Loamshire,

or of the amiably somnolent representative of King's Peddington: those obscure and well-meaning gentlemen may slumber in peace upon the back benches of the Opposition without fearing the potent pencil of Mr. Tenniel. But when a man rises to be a prime minister or a chancellor of the exchequer he may be sure that no cartoon will spare the peculiarities of his personal appearance, and that Mr. Pellegrini will duly immortalize the cut of his waistcoat and the special twist of his left whisker in a delightful sketch for "Vanity Fair." It is just the same with ourselves. I take Mr. Du Maurier's friendly sallies much as Mr. Gladstone doubtless takes his counterfeit presentment in the hands of the weekly caricaturists. When the first mention of my name appeared in "Punch," I blushed a little, it is true; but I said to my wife at once, "Linda, my dear, the revolution is accomplished, and the era of culture has at last set in."

However, I fancy I hear you saying: "This is not the real Cimabue Brown at all, but only an audacious and transparent pretender. He hasn't got the style of the original in any way. He says nothing about the utter, or the intense, or the ineffable; he doesn't even allude to the Renaissance; but he talks plain, straightforward English, just like you and me." My dear sir (or madam, once more), what else would you expect? Don't you see that you are taking your idea of me from the caricature, and then blaming the original because you don't find it so ridiculous as the acknowledged exaggeration? It is as though you expected to see Socrates in real life actually engaged in shoeing fleas, because Aristophanes chaffed him about that impossible occupation; or as though you declined to admit the identity of a peer because he wasn't wearing his coronet round his chimney-pot hat, as he always does in Mr. Tenniel's cartoons. Believe me, you will no more find me in my own home practicing all the absurdities which my genial critic pretends to observe in my conduct, than you will find Conne-mara wholly peopled with heavy-jawed comic Irishmen, or Paris entirely overrun with shoulder-shrugging Mossoos of the conventional English stage pattern.

Having thus, I hope, got rid of my supposed characteristics, and put myself forward in my own genuine personality, let me endeavor a little more fully to explain the real good which I hope and trust I am doing in the world. I believe I really represent the æsthetic revolution; and I hold that, in spite of "Patience" and "Punch," and all the rest of it, the æsthetic revolution is an accomplished fact. It is here, there, and everywhere, *en evidence* before our eyes. I can't walk from my club up St. James's Street without seeing it staring at me from every shop-window

in London. I can't go into a friend's house without observing it in every room, from the entrance-hall to the attics. I can't travel about the country without noticing how it pervades every village in England. I can't go to the theatre without finding it put bodily upon the stage. I can't buy a comic paper without running up against it in nonsensical misrepresentation. Say what you like of it, there it is, an unmistakable fact, growing like Jonah's gourd before our very eyes, and spreading so wide that it overshadows all the land with its sunflowers and its pomegranate-blossoms. And I say to myself all the time, with some complacency I acknowledge, "All this is the work of our set."

Fifty years ago, art in England was practically all but unknown. People generally understood that it had something to do with the National Gallery and the Royal Academy; and that it was very expensive; and that, in order to know anything about it, you must be born to the inheritance of an ancestral picture-gallery, and must travel abroad to Rome and Florence. As to the possibility of its having any connection, then or ever, with their own every-day lives, they would as soon have speculated on the possibility of every English child talking classical Latin, and every agricultural laborer spending his spare cash on the purchase of Elzevirs or Bodonis. Art meant pictures and statues; and pictures and statues were *spécialités* for the same class which could afford to keep French cooks, and thoroughbred race-horses, and domestic chaplains, and a score of game-keepers. For themselves, they were perfectly content to live in ugly houses, with ugly carpets, ugly wall-papers, and ugly furniture; while the interests of literature, science, and art were sufficiently considered in three moldy-looking illustrated books on the drawing-room table, a few coarse lithographs hung upon the wall, and a squeaky piano in the corner, with an arsenic-green satin lining behind the cheap veneered fretwork which overhung the key-board cover.

It was in those hopeless and hideous days that I and my fellow-workers grew up. As young men we began to feel that this was not all quite right. We were not born to the inheritance of picture-galleries, nor were we dukes or Manchester manufacturers, that we should buy old masters, and give commissions to sculptors for preserving our own amiable features in marble busts. Most of us were decidedly far from rich; we belonged to the professional middle classes, almost without exception. I myself, as you doubtless know, began life as a Government clerk, on a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. Prigsby was a fellow of St. Catherine's College, Oxford; Macmurdo, the author of those charm-

ing essays on the "Early Flemish Painters," was art critic for the "Hebdomadal Investigator"; Partington, who took at last to designing furniture, was a student at the Academy; and my dear friend Mawkins was, and is, a solicitor in Chancery Lane. We couldn't indulge in collecting pictures; we couldn't even in those days (when we were yet young and struggling) go to Rome or Florence; but we had an idea that something might be done to make English home-life a little more beautiful, a little more cultivated, and a little more refined than it used to be. We didn't see why the dukes and the country gentlemen should claim to have a monopoly of taste and culture. We determined to set to work ourselves, and to make our own homes at least as pretty and as refined as we could. Some people say we were selfish in our aims, mere cultivated voluptuaries who elevated our own personal pleasures into our one standard of action. That, I think, is a mistake. To be sure, we began our reforms at home; but then, we began them at home in the hope that our example might induce the rest of the world to follow us. We were silent preachers for years, and at last our unspoken sermons began to produce their effect upon other people.

At last the revolution came, and we felt that we had borne our part in it. I don't want you to misunderstand me: I don't for a moment suppose we did it all single-handed. Ever since the first great Exhibition—the Hyde Park Crystal Palace, I mean—we have watched a gradual struggling of the public mind upward toward some faint conception of terrestrial beauty. At first it struggled very blindly, and went worshipping all kinds of odd knobby "Gothic" chairs, and absurd Indian or quasi-mediæval monstrosities. Still, it was beginning to shake itself awake, in a queer, sleepy, half-unconscious fashion. But plenty of good people kept prodding it up on every side, and helped to rouse it from its lethargy of contented ugliness. The prince himself (though he *was* a German) did something: the Schools of Art and all the South Kensington business did more. They were symptomatic of reviving life—they showed that people were getting dimly conscious of a screw loose somewhere. Then Mr. Ruskin, too, undoubtedly helped us on greatly. I don't agree by any means with all that Mr. Ruskin says—between you and me, I consider him just a trifle confused and flighty—but he did certainly set before people the supreme necessity of having decent jugs, and pots, and pans, and pipkins; and he spoke a good word in season for the pre-Raphaelites, in the days when pre-Raphaelitism was regarded as something half-way between Bedlam and heresy. Finally Mr. Morris came, and from the advent of Mr. Morris I date the year One of the Revolution.

Undeniably, he was the great prime agent in the movement. Mr. Ruskin had only preached, but our poet-artist practiced. He didn't *talk* to people about good papers, and carpets, and chairs, and sofas; he *made* them for us. Hundreds of human beings who haven't a spark of the inventive faculty in their heads have taste enough to admire such things when they are put before them; and, what Mr. Morris designed or recommended, they could buy. That, I take it, was the main step in the great æsthetic reformation of modern England.

Still, we of the Hampstead clique did something. We stood to Mr. Morris in the same relation in which a wooden dummy wearing the celebrated sixteen-shilling trousers or the famous three-guinea suit of dittos stands to Messrs. Moses & Son or to Mr. Kino. We illustrated the new style. We displayed the æsthetic papers upon our walls; we laid the æsthetic carpets upon our floors; we stuck the Japanese fans and the Oriental blue over our mantel-pieces. People came to see us, and said these things were very pretty; they went away, and bought others like them. Above all, we bore the ridicule and the odium of setting a new fashion. Many of our friends laughed at us: some of them caricatured us: all of them misunderstood our motives. They said we wanted to gain notoriety, or that we were going mad, or that our only object was social advancement. But we didn't care for that: we decorated our houses with what we thought pretty things; we dressed our wives and children in what we thought pretty colors; and we felt sure that the world at large would come round at last to our views, as you now see it practically has.

Of course, after everybody has taken really to decorating their houses just as Macmurdo had been advising them to do for twenty years, and after everybody has taken to copying Mrs. Cimbue Brown's dresses, even so as to put plates of them in the "Gazette des Dames," there naturally arises an outcry that we, the leaders of the movement, are, after all, a very ridiculous and overwrought set of mere æsthetic prigs and posers. That is the necessary result of notoriety. Mawkins always meets this accusation in a sort of half-hearted, palliating fashion. He says that every great revolution is accompanied by some extravagances and excesses: that the Reformation had its Anabaptists and its Iconoclasts; that the Puritan movement had its fifth-monarchy men and its naked prophets. Whenever people feel and think a great deal about any given subject, there are sure to be some, he believes, whose zeal will outrun their discretion, and who will make a good cause look ridiculous by their extravagances. "Don't consider the few *outré*

enthusiasts," he says, "but consider the immense change for the better actually wrought in unpretending ways among ten thousand English households." I for my part, however, don't care to be apologetic. I *won't* apologize, so don't expect it. I boldly deny the whole accusation. I say there are *no* such æsthetes as those angular-elbowed, green-complexioned, intense young ladies and gentlemen whom popular satire represents as typical of our set. I defy you to point me out one single specimen in real life. I, Cimabue Brown, am probably at this moment the best ridiculed and most laughed-at man in all England; and yet I am not ashamed of myself. I ask you to look at us as we really are, not as you see us caricatured in Mr. Du Maurier's clever sketches or Mr. Gilbert's comic operas. Come to one of my wife's Wednesday evening At Homes, and you will see, I can promise you, all the most æsthetic people in London assembled together. I acknowledge that you will find a sunflower decoration in the hall; and very pretty it is too, for my friend Partington took as much pains with that dado as he ever took with anything he has designed. I acknowledge also that you will find old china plates put up against the wall, and Venetian glass in the cabinet, and some good Persian tiles around the fireplace, and a pretty Indian rug on the floor. I allow that you will find the girls dressed for the most part in pleasant neutral tints, not in crude and staring reds, greens, and yellows; and that you will hear more conversation about Italian pictures and Mr. Lang's last ballade than about the latest fluctuations of the Stock Exchange or about two private person's irresponsible opinions on the hundred and twentieth clause of the Irish Land Bill. But if you see anybody posing in mediæval attitudes after Fra Angelico, or attempting to assume an expression of earnest ideality after Sandro Botticelli, or talking the burlesque jargon about subtle influences and utter intensity after Mr. Du Maurier, why, then I promise you to forfeit five hundred pounds down without a murmur for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Incurable Idiots. And I will use my first nomination as a benefactor to insure that person's immediate admission within the walls of the institution.

If you turn from fancy to fact, the real thing that we have accomplished is this: we have obtained the general recognition of culture as a distinct aim in English life. Even those people who laugh at us most have really adopted our principles and imitated our practice. There is hardly a middle-class house in England where our wall-papers and our *cretonnes* have not penetrated. The mantel-pieces which used once to be covered with blue and gold vases and ormolu clocks are

now decorated with olive-green Vallauris pottery and quaintly pretty Satsuma teapots. The girls who used once to work Berlin-wool tapestry with square mosaic pictures of ladies and lapdogs and monstrous realistic roses, now work with crewels in really beautiful decorative patterns drawn to conventionalized designs. Our women universally dress in subdued and delicate colors; even our children play with toy books made lovely for them by Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane. Some of the attempts that people make at the beautiful are still doubtless painful and ridiculous enough; but, at any rate, they make the attempt, instead of remaining as of old in a blissful and contented state of utter Philistine ugliness. To know a little about art, about poetry, about the emotional side of life altogether, has become an object and a desire with thousands and thousands of people who never felt it so before. And that result has been brought about in large part, I confidently assert, by us, the despised and much-ridiculed "æsthetes." In the proud consciousness of having played my part in a great and beneficent revolution—a revolution which has made home-life happier, brighter, purer, nobler, and in a word higher, for hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen—I can afford, I feel, to laugh lightly at the little passing jokes and not unkindly caricatures of my good friends at the theatres and in the comic papers. After all, as I said before, in making fun of me they are really playing my game, and helping indirectly to familiarize the world with those objects and methods which seem to me most beautiful and most desirable.

There are a few other more serious objections, however, sometimes urged against the great contemporary æsthetic movement typified by my unworthy personality, about which objections I should like to say a few words in passing, now that I have got you fairly button-holed in a corner by yourself. The first of them—a very common one—is that we "æsthetes" are sworn enemies to color. There never was a greater mistake on this earth. We revel in color; we perfectly roll in it; we live in the midst of green, and blue, and scarlet, and purple, all our days. Nobody who has once seen the interior of a really good modern æsthetic house could ever afterward seriously commit such a ridiculous blunder as to say that it was "dingy," or "gloomy," or "faded-looking," as a thousand unthinking critics assert unhesitatingly every day. I think I can see the origin of this absurd misconception: it arises from looking at things piecemeal, instead of taking them in their harmonious final combination. Young ladies and gentlemen, walking down Oxford Street, glance into the windows of a famous red-brick shop near the lower end of Orchard

Street, and see there some ebony cabinets, some Persian blue and white pottery, some delicate neutral tints of carpet, some yards of dark-green velvet with an inexpressibly faint undertone of peacock-blue. They contrast these sober shades with the staring reds, and blues, and yellows in the carpets, wall-papers, satin-covered chairs, and other noisy upholsteries in various adjacent windows of the old-fashioned sort; and they come to the conclusion that æsthetic people hate color. They forget that these things are but the ground tones of the whole finished picture, and that in a fully furnished æsthetic house they would find them so interspersed with pictures, pottery, flowers, decorations, and the dresses of women and children, that the entire effect would be one of peculiarly rich, deep, and harmonious coloring.

As a matter of fact, it is the Philistine house which eschews color. There white—dead, cold, pale, cheerless white—forms the background and key-note of the total decorative effect. The ceiling is white all over. The wall-paper is white, with a few patches of regularly-disposed gold ornamentation in geometrical squares. The mantel-piece is of white marble. The carpet has a white ground sprinkled with red and blue roses. The cheap chromo-lithographs which do duty for fine art have broad white margins; and there is no deeper coloring to balance and neutralize this chilly general tone. The place of honor over the hearth is filled by a great gilt mirror, which reflects the white ceiling. The chairs and sofas are covered in pale-blue satin. The vases are in whitish glass. The ornaments are Parian statuettes, alabaster boxes, and white-spar knick-knacks. There is hardly a bit of color in the whole room; and whatever there is consists of crude masses of unmitigated blue, red, and yellow, isolated in great harsh patches amid the prevailing sea of inhospitable white. The place seems contrived on purpose to repel one by its utter unhomeliness.

Now, just contrast such a room as this with my little drawing-room in the small house at Hampstead. Our ceiling is covered with a pretty continuous distempered design; our walls are broken into a high decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath, and a small upper piecing above with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue. Our floor is polished at the sides, and has two or three different rugs placed about between the chairs and tables. So every bit of the framework of the room is simply full of color—subdued, pleasant, restful color for the most part, I allow, with unobtrusive patterns which do not solicit or fatigue the eye, but still most unmistakable color, as different as possible from the poverty-stricken white of utter Philistia.

Then we have a few pictures hung upon the upper piecing; a few decorative plates fastened against the wall; a cabinet with Venetian glass and good old Chinese porcelain above the dark-red mantel-piece; and a hearth set above with green and blue Persian tiles. We have chairs and sofas covered with pretty tapestry; we have a few crewel-work anti-macassars (which I myself detest, but endure for Mrs. Cimabue Brown's sake); we have flowers in abundance; and on reception-nights we have the dresses and faces of women enlivening the whole scene. If you were to drop in at one of our Wednesday evenings, I'm quite sure you would say you never saw so much color crowded into a single room in all your life before. Only, the color is not dispersed about indiscriminately in great solitary patches; it is harmonized and subdued and combined into a single decorative chromatic effect.

When I say I know you would think so, I am not speaking quite at random, but am generalizing soberly from my past experience. A great many casual acquaintances of mine, who have never been to my house, but have met me at friends' dinners, or at our office (the Secretary of State for Scotland's), have said to me: "Well, Mr. Brown, we're quite sure we shouldn't like your style of furnishing; we've heard it's so very severe and æsthetic." But, whenever I've asked them just to drop in and see it, they've almost invariably gone away, not only charmed, but with a fixed determination to furnish their own houses in the same fashion. I don't say they've all of them admired my Simone Memmi (a Saint Catherine with an expression of incomparable spirituality that very few except my intimate friends thoroughly appreciate); I won't even pretend that they always liked my Filippino Lippi, my four best teacups, or indeed several of my treasures in detail. Some of them have gone so far as to criticise severely Partington's door-panels in the breakfast-room, or to object to that exquisite peacock-feather border on the *portière* in my study. But every one of them without exception has praised heartily and sincerely the general effect. I don't expect people who can only see stiff wooden figures in a Giotto or coarse splashes of lampblack in a Dürer, to sympathize at once with my Memmi—that sort of thing only comes with study, and involves familiarity with the development of art—but I do expect them to like the look of my house as a whole, and I find I am almost invariably right in my expectation.

I'll give you just one instance. There's Theophilus Jenkins, of our office—my colleague as head clerk in the other department—whom I have known ever since we got our appointments together twenty years ago, but whom I happened somehow never to have taken home to dinner,

because he's a man of such very different tastes and habits from myself. Well, after "Punch" began to make such fun of me, Jenkins, who's a conventional frock-coat-and-tall-hat sort of person, said to me one day: "Brown, my dear fellow, there's an awful lot of talk about you and your notions in the papers. What's it all about, I wonder?" So I said to him, "Well, Jenkins, if you'll come and dine with me on Saturday next, I dare say you'll be able to judge for yourself." At first Jenkins didn't quite like it; said he was no critic, that he was sure my taste was quite above his head, and that he should offend me by his dullness and want of appreciation. However, I insisted upon his coming, and he came. As soon as he got inside my doors, he gazed about him just as if he was bewildered; and then he began to say in a low voice: "Oh, how beautiful! how very beautiful! how very, very beautiful!" and so he went on, *crescendo*, as if he couldn't recover himself, for five minutes. The fact was, he had never seen anything pretty in his life before, and it quite took away his breath at first. After he had cooled down a little, he asked leave to look at every separate object in detail, just as if the house had been a museum, and with most of them he was delighted. He didn't care for the Memmi, of course—he said it looked too like an old sign-board; and he didn't care for the Oriental blue—he said it reminded him of a common ginger-jar; nor did he care for the decorative storks, which he naïvely remarked were not exactly lifelike in their attitudes. But, as for the *tout ensemble*, he cordially praised it; and when he was going away he asked leave from my wife to bring Mrs. Theophilus Jenkins to see the whole thing at an early opportunity, that she might gather a few hints for her own drawing-room. Now, that, you know, from a typical Philistine, dwelling in the Gath and Askelon of Clapham, I call a very conclusive proof of genuine conversion.

There is a second objection, however, even more ridiculous than the first, which I often see urged by ill-informed writers in the daily papers. They complain that what they call æsthetic furniture is hard, uncomfortable, and knobby; that you can't sit on the chairs without twisting your back; that you can't lie on the sofas without dislocating your neck; and that you can't move across the room without imminent danger of upsetting an afternoon tea-table. They say all the furniture is designed to look artistic and graceful, but not to suit the comfort and convenience of the user. In short, they accuse us of sacrificing everything to external appearances.

How such an incomprehensibly topsy-turvy notion of our proceedings ever got about, I confess is to me as inscrutable as the ways of Provi-

dence generally are. I consider it simply and solely the exact reverse of the truth. It is in Philistia that the chairs are stiff and straight-backed, that the sofas are hard and uncongenial to the human vertebral column, that the open space in rooms is encumbered with little flimsy tables which topple over incontinently on the slightest provocation. Where these captious critics got their idea of æsthetic furniture I can not imagine—certainly not from the little house at Hampstead; for neither Mrs. Cimabue Brown nor I would ever admit anything of the sort into the place. Our easy-chairs are all large, low, and well stuffed, with sloping backs exactly adapted to the natural poise of the human body; most of them are covered in pleasant neutral shades of dark velvet or tapestry, and exactly designed to meet the comfort of those who wish to read, to work, or to converse. They are placed at convenient angles as regards the light, both by day and night; they stand neither too near nor too far from the fireplace; and they are agreeably varied in size, shape, and position, to suit the varying requirements of mankind or womankind, of grown-up people or of children—for we always love to see our children in the same room with ourselves. Our occasional chairs are low, pleasantly shaped, and with curved backs to take the natural contour of the shoulders. Our sofas are the perfection of ease for lazy people who want to lounge—my wife declares, indeed, that they encourage lounging a great deal too much, and that she will condemn me to a Philistine arm-chair, specially purchased in Tottenham Court Road, if I persist in reading my "Bimonthly Review" there after dinner. And, finally, our tables are all stoutly and firmly planted on good, solid wooden legs, so that it takes a real effort to make them topple over.

I am thus particular in describing the nature of my own furniture, because I have seen most personal and mistaken statements made about it in the public prints, where my name has actually been mentioned in full. I have seen it said that my chairs and sofas were insufferably stiff and uncomfortable, and that my guests had often to complain of permanent distortions contracted by them in the effort to accommodate their osseous substructures to my Procrustean couches. Nothing could be more absurd. I suppose I ought to know what my own furniture is like better than these anonymous critics; and I venture to say that the strictures in question were certainly never written by any person who had ever attended one of my wife's At Homes, even for a single evening. The class of people who visit at the little house at Hampstead do not care to retail tittle-tattle about the private affairs of fami-

lies as if they were writers in those well-known society journals, the "Weekly Eavesdropper" and the "Pimlico Scorpion."

Yet I fancy I can form some vague notion how so false an opinion has ever gained ground. It is based, I believe, in part upon the so-called Gothic furniture, once so largely recommended by Eastlake. Now, I believe Eastlake did a great deal of good in his own day; but I must admit that his Gothic chairs were decidedly knobby and angular. Perhaps some vague memory of these past phases in the nascent æsthetic movement may still linger in the minds of my critics and censors. But I believe the error is far more due to certain stiff, square abominations, sold by certain West End upholsterers under the absurdly incongruous misnomer of Early English furniture. Early English in this acceptance appears to mean such a style as might, if persisted in, finally produce the well-known Anglo-Saxon attitudes to be found in certain mediæval tapestries. But that any recognized leader among the "æsthetes"—myself, for example, or Prigsby, or Partington—has ever given any countenance whatsoever to these prodigious and flimsy shams, I emphatically deny. If people will go to Mr. Zachariah Moss, of Euston Road, or to Messrs. Shoddy, Shum & Co., of Mile End, for their artistic upholstery, and will take whatever cheap and nasty goods those enterprising tradesmen choose to palm off upon them as "the new æsthetic style," or "the Early English drawing-room suite," why then they must not lay the blame of their failures upon me and Prigsby. But, if they will come to us for advice and assistance, they will find that the true "æsthete" values comfort and convenience above everything.

Last of all, there is an argument which many of my friends are fond of bringing up against me, and which Scrymgeour, of the "Weekly Bystander," never fails to air in every number. Whenever Scrymgeour meets me at the club, he says: "I tell you what it is, Brown, this thing isn't going to last. It's all very well as a passing fashion, but it won't wear. Just you mark my words, my dear fellow—it won't wear. Did you ever know any one fad or fancy last for ever? It's just like Euphuism and Della Cruscanism—it will die out and be forgotten. Once upon a time fashionable people used to play croquet; then they took to playing badminton; now they play lawn tennis. Just so, once upon a time fashionable people used to be Evangelicals and go to missionary meetings, then they took to being Anglicans, and went to matins; now they're beginning to be æsthetic, and going to afternoon teas with Mrs. Brown at Hampstead. Depend upon it, the one fad will pass away like the oth-

ers. Why, the women are beginning to wear red and blue dresses again already."

Now, all that sounds very plausible, and in a certain sense it's perfectly true. So far as this æsthetic movement is a mere fashion (as I allow it is with many people), it's a fashion that will pass away like every other. But as to the notion of a great artistic awakening like this really dying out altogether, why, it's simply absurd. People who talk like that don't know what the æsthetic movement means. They think it is something connected with sage-green dresses, and sea-green complexions, and my wife's afternoon teas. But, I tell you it is something a great deal deeper than that. In all great upheavals, there is much at which it is very easy for cheap satirists to laugh; but there is more in them, for all that, than the mere externals that the satirists seize upon. I have no doubt, when the Greek sculptors in the age of Phidias began to model their statues from the living form, there were plenty of Scrymgeours at Athens who said this new style was all very well in its way, but they had no hesitation in saying people would go back before long to the fine old archaic stiffness of the Ægina marbles.

Well, it will be just the same, I believe, with this modern æsthetic movement. I tell you, it isn't such a skin-deep thing as superficial critics would have you believe; it's a real genuine artistic revolution, whose effects will last long after Maudle, and Postlethwaite, and Prigsby, and Partington, and your humble servant have been dead and forgotten for ages. I don't say there will be no changes of artistic fashion hereafter; on the contrary, there will be thousands. Why, we "æsthetes" change oftener than anybody else, because we are always striving after improvement, and because our efforts are as yet for the most part purely tentative. But the great effect will remain in spite of all changes. The "Gothic" revival has passed away; but it has culminated in the æsthetic revival. The æsthetic revival itself will pass away, so far as mere accidentals are concerned; but the change which it has accomplished in all our artistic ideas will be permanent. We may get new patterns for wall-papers to replace Mr. Morris's, but we shall never return to the old crudities of ten years since. Scrymgeour says the ladies are going back to the old reds and blues already; but he is wrong: the reds and blues of the reaction, even, are such colors as we never knew before the year One of the Æsthetic Revolution. They have a tinge of art in them to which we never were accustomed till Mr. Morris taught us to admire it.

There, then, you have my defense. I began half in joke: I end three quarters in earnest. The principles which have been associated with

the modest name of Cimabue Brown are principles which will go on living in spite of the ridicule of Mr. Punch, perhaps even to some extent by the aid of that ridicule. I told you at the beginning that I was not ashamed to avow myself by my own name: I will add now that I am proud to have performed my little part in attun-

ing the lives of some thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen to a higher, a sweeter, and a lovelier key. And, if any of you care to drop in any Wednesday evening at the small house at Hampstead, I'm sure Mrs. Cimabue Brown will be only too delighted to make your acquaintance.

Belgravia Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE BORROW.

I.

LOOKING back on my own experience, which is comparatively recent, though he was a friend of my family before he wrote "Lavengro," few men have ever made so deep an impression on me as George Borrow. His tall, broad figure, his stately bearing, his fine brown eyes, so bright yet soft, his thick white hair, his oval, beardless face, his loud rich voice and bold heroic air were such as to impress the most indifferent of lookers-on. Added to this there was something not easily forgotten in the manner in which he would unexpectedly come to our gates, singing some gypsy song, and as suddenly depart. His conversation, too, was unlike that of any other man; whether he told a long story or only commented on some ordinary topic, he was always quaint, often humorous. I was once much amused at hearing him say to my little brother, whom he called the Antelope: "Do you know how to fight a man bigger than yourself? Accept his challenge, and tell him to take off his coat, and while he is doing it knock him down and then run for your life!" His individuality was so strong and is so fully manifested in his works that this alone would establish his claim to being remembered as men become more and more alike through the influences of civilization. George Borrow, whimsical and eccentric as he appeared, was always honest, and presented a stern front to humbug and cant, but what he admired most of all things was pluck. He was a choice companion on a walk, whether across-country or in the slums of Houndsditch. His enthusiasm for nature was peculiar; he could draw more poetry from a wide-spreading marsh with its straggling rushes than from the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture. But more attractive to him still was an old wayside inn. The Bald-Faced Stag in Roehampton Valley was one of his favorite resting-places. He would go in there, call for a pot of ale, and begin to dilate on Jerry Abershaw and his deeds per-

formed in the neighborhood, and would expatiate on his hanging in irons on the gallows not far off. Meantime, he would drink the beer and insist on your drinking it too, making faces at it the while and calling it "swipes." Though he loved old Burton and '37 port, he would drink whatever he came across upon the road, as if, out of perversity, to insist on his iron constitution bearing whatever work he chose to impose upon it. As another example, one day in March we were walking through Richmond Park in a bitter easterly wind, and came to the Fen Ponds, which had ice on them. Borrow stripped and jumped into the water, diving for a long distance and re-appearing at a far-off spot. He was then seventy years of age.

Men of real worth had no greater admirer than George Borrow, while men of pretension, who sought him for the opportunity of displaying their own merits, found him impenetrable and often rude. He had a great facility of acquiring a sufficient knowledge of languages to make himself fully understood in the countries where they were spoken; but he never professed to be a linguist, and he heartily despised those who boasted of their ten or a dozen languages, as in the instance of the late Dr. D. Borrow, who was the son, as is well known, of a recruiting-officer who reached the rank of captain, but it is doubtful whether his father commenced his military career with a commission.

Borrow's adventures abroad pretty well came to a conclusion with his marriage. After this, the only excursion he made, so far as I know, was into Albania, through which country he rode on horseback alone, at a time when a native would take another's life to rob him of a ducat. Borrow was fortunate in his publishers; and among all the friends whom he attached to himself in life there were none whom he loved and respected so much as the elder Mr. Murray and his son, the present eminent publisher. He had many pleasant anecdotes to tell of the late Mr. Murray. One of these I remember, in which he

related how that gentleman would double his fist and exclaim: "I want to meet with good writers, but there are none to be had; I want a man who can write like Ecclesiastes!"

The property on which Borrow lived at Oulton, which consists of a good farm and farmhouse, belonged to his wife's family, a part interest in which fell to her; but the large sums of money that his early books produced him enabled him to purchase the remainder, and it was there that he wrote the greater number of his works. His home consisted of a pleasant cottage with a lawn sloping down to Lake Lothing, a fine sheet of water stretching to Lowestoft, three miles off, and was flanked by a pine-wood with a paddock in the rear for his "good horse, Sidi Habismilk." His mother lodged in the farmhouse, which was near at hand; and so important is the maternal blood in its influence that a word or two about her is not out of place. She was a lady of striking figure and very graceful manners, perhaps more serious than vivacious, though, if report be true, she was of French origin, and in early life an actress. But the subject of his family was one on which Borrow never touched. He would allude to Borrowdale as the country whence they came, and then would make mysterious allusions to his father's pugilistic triumphs. But this is certain, that he has not left a single relation behind him.

When he was in St. Petersburg he occupied himself with translating poetry from thirty languages and dialects, some specimens of which appeared there in a volume called "Targum." Of this I may speak on some other occasion, having a copy of this rare book, which, after he became famous, the Russian Government was desirous of procuring for the Imperial Library, and sent an envoy to England for the purpose. But the envoy was refused what he sought, and told that, as the book was not worth notice when the author's name was obscure and they had the opportunity of obtaining it themselves, they should not have it now. Borrow has left behind him a vast pile of similar translations, which his publishers did not encourage him to bring out, and his impression was that this was owing to Lockhart's influence, who, wishing to monopolize the field of Spanish ballads, insinuated that Borrow was no poet.

It was at Oulton that the author of the "Bible in Spain" spent his happiest days. The *ménage* in his Suffolk home was conducted with great simplicity, but he always had for his friends a bottle or two of wine of rare vintage, and no man was more hearty than he over the glass. He passed his mornings in his summer-house, writing on small scraps of paper, and these he handed to his wife, who copied them on fools-

cap. It was in this way and in this retreat that the manuscript of "Lavengro" as well as of the "Bible in Spain" was prepared—the place of which he says, "And I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place and thought and wrote until I had finished 'The Bible in Spain.'"

In this out-door studio, hung behind the door, were a soldier's coat and a sword which belonged to his father; these were household gods on which he would often gaze while composing. He read very little, and had few books except old ones in foreign tongues, and a Hebrew Bible which he studied through life. Part of his day he gave to exercise, taking very long walks or rides, making friends with odd people on the road. He used to say that the common folk talked Danish for some seventeen miles inland. Sir Morton Peto was one of his neighbors; he was the owner of Somerleyton Hall, which he had bought of Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne (the S. G. O. of the "Times"). Peto had boasted that he had made more money by the gravel he had taken out of Borrow's land, through which the railway passed, than he paid for the purchase. Borrow often met the great contractor in his walks, and on one of these occasions Sir Morton said to him, "You never come and see me!" and Borrow, who had heard of his boast, greeted the invitation thus: "I call on you! Do you think I don't read my Shakespeare? Do you think I don't know all about those highwaymen Bardolph and Peto?" Borrow was a very nervous man, and, like many who are so, when he had anything strong to say he did so in a menacing voice.

One of his delights was to show his friends the brasses in Oulton Church, one of which bears an effigy of Sir John Fastolf, a redoubtable knight whom he held to be the much be-liebed original of Falstaff in Shakespeare. Borrow always gave the gypsies leave to encamp on his land; one of my family was staying with him when a party of these nomads was there. After dinner it was proposed to go out and see the gypsies. Borrow was received with great respect; after talking with these people for some time, he began to intone to them a song, written by him in Romany, which recounted all their tricks and evil deeds. The gypsies soon became excited; then they began to kick their property about, such as barrels and tin cans; then the men began to fight, and the women to part them; an uproar of shouts and recriminations set in, and the quarrel became so serious that it was thought prudent to quit the scene. Borrow was very fond of walking over to Yarmouth, where every one knew him, and would bathe there in the sea even in the

severest weather. During the Lowestoft season he often received distinguished visitors. Among these were Baron Alderson and his daughter, the present Marchioness of Salisbury. At this time he was in his prime, and his reputation stood so high that every word which fell from his lips was repeated to others, while many ridiculous stories were circulated of his being of gypsy blood. He was extremely courteous when visiting the county families, though, if he met a "lion" at any of their houses, such a one might easily incur the risk of a rebuff. A distinguished novelist who was staying in one of the great houses met Borrow there, and, rubbing his hands, said to him, "Have you read my — in 'Punch' this week?" and got for answer, "'Punch'! it's a thing I never look at!" On a similar occasion a lady who sat by him at dinner said, "Oh, Mr. Borrow, I have been reading your books"; and his answer was, "Pray, what books, madam? Do you mean my account-books? I am at a loss to know where you could have got a sight of them." And a celebrated authoress to whom he was introduced said: "I am so pleased to meet you, Mr. Borrow. May I send you my 'Lives'?" and he replied: "For God's sake don't, madam; I shouldn't know where to put them or what to do with them." These unsocial replies indicate the proud man which he was. The fact is, he would only talk of his works to intimate friends, and when he went into company it was as a gentleman, not because he was an author.

Comparing what I have heard of him in former times with what I have seen, I think his brusqueness must have softened a good deal with years and have given way to a more quiet humor. At one time he felt almost resentment against the public when they refused to receive his fictions as actual truth; he fretted a good deal at finding that his works were less sought after as time went on. On one of us saying that his appendix to the "Romany Rye" was the strongest piece of invective since Swift, he said in a mocking manner: "Yes, I meant it to be; and what do you think the effect of it was? No one took the least notice of it!"

At the time I am speaking of, he was living in Hereford Square, where he saw such literary friends as he cared to associate with. It was here that he lost his wife, who was a most devoted and faithful partner, and seemed to have the power of taking all his cares off his hands. In return, his devotion to her was unbounded, and his loss of her was irreparable. His step-daughter had married, and he, after lingering a year or two in London, went back to Oulton alone.

If Borrow's works are forgotten in England, they are not neglected in America, which is a

sort of posterity. The English language has become so perfect now, and there are so many who can wield it, and there will be so many more, that every age will insist on producing its own literature. But there are things in Borrow which are as much deserving the attention of any age as in any of his predecessors. When people grow tired of neglecting such writers as he for the sake of their own often inane productions, the works of George Borrow will be read again.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

II.

I HAVE just been reading those charming reminiscences of George Borrow which appeared in the "Athenæum" of August 13th. I have been reading them, I may add, under the happiest conditions for enjoying them—amid the self-same heather and bracken where I have so often listened to Lavengro's quaint talk of all the wondrous things he saw and heard in his wondrous life. So graphically has Mr. Hake depicted him that, as I walked and read his paper, I seemed to hear the fine East-Anglian accent of the well-remembered voice—I seemed to see the mighty figure, strengthened by the years rather than stricken by them, striding along between the whin-bushes or through the quags, now stooping over the water to pluck the wild mint he loved, whose lilac-colored blossoms perfumed the air as he crushed them, now stopping to watch the water-wagtail by the ponds as he descanted upon the powers of that enchanted bird—powers, like many human endowments, more glorious than pleasant, if it is sober truth, as Borrow would gravely tell, that the gypsy lad who knocks a water-wagtail on the head with a stone gains for a bride a "ladye from a far countrie," and dazzles with his good luck all the other black-eyed young urchins of the dingle.

Though my own intimacy with Borrow did not begin till he was considerably advanced in years, and ended on his finally quitting London for Oulton, there were circumstances in our intercourse—circumstances, I mean, connected partly with temperament and partly with mutual experience—which make me doubt whether any one understood him better than I did, or broke more thoroughly through that exclusiveness of temper which isolated him from all but a few. However, be this as it may, no one at least realized more fully than I how lovable was his nature, with all his angularities—how simple and courageous, how manly and noble. His shyness, his apparent coldness, his crotchety obstinacy, repelled people, and consequently those who at any time during his life really understood him

must have been very few. How was it, then, that such a man wandered about over Europe and fraternized so completely with a race so suspicious and intractable as the gypsies? A natural enough question, which I have often been asked, and this is my reply:

Those who know the gypsies will understand me when I say that this suspicious and wary race of wanderers—suspicious and wary from an instinct transmitted through ages of dire persecutions from the Children of the Roof—will readily fraternize with a blunt, single-minded, and shy eccentric like Borrow, while perhaps the skillful man of the world may find all his tact and *savoir faire* useless and, indeed, in the way. And the reason of this is not far to seek, perhaps. What a gypsy most dislikes is the feeling that his "gorgio" interlocutor is thinking about him; for, alas! to be the object of "gorgio" thoughts—has it not been a most dangerous and mischievous honor to every gypsy since first his mysterious race was driven to accept the grudging hospitality of the Western world? A gypsy hates to be watched, and knows at once when he is being watched; for in tremulous delicacy of apprehension his organization is far beyond that of an Englishman, or, indeed, of any member of any of the thick-fingered races of Europe. One of the results of this excessive delicacy is that a gypsy can always tell to a surety whether a "gorgio" companion is thinking about him, or whether the "gorgio's" thoughts are really and genuinely occupied with the fishing-rod, the net, the gin, the gun, or whatsoever may be the common source of interest that has drawn them together. Now, George Borrow, after the first one or two awkward interviews were well over, would lapse into a kind of unconscious ruminating bluntness, a pronounced and angular self-dependence, which might well disarm the suspiciousness of the most wary gypsy, from the simple fact that it was genuine. Hence, as I say, among the few who understood Borrow, his gypsy friends very likely stood first—outside, of course, his family circle. And surely this is an honor to Borrow; for the gypsies, notwithstanding certain undeniable obliquities in matters of morals and *cuisine*, are the only people left in the island who are still free from British vulgarity (perhaps because they are not British). It is no less an honor to them, for while he lived the island did not contain a nobler English gentleman than him they called the "Romany Rye." Borrow's descriptions of gypsy life are, no doubt, too deeply charged with the rich lights shed from his own personality to entirely satisfy a more matter-of-fact observer, and I am not going to say that he is anything like so photographic as Mr. Groome, for instance, or so trustworthy. But, then, it should never be for-

gotten that Borrow was, before everything else, a poet. If this statement should be challenged by "the present time," let me tell the present time that by poet I do not mean merely a man who is skilled in writing lyrics and sonnets and that kind of thing, but primarily a man who has the poetic gift of seeing through "the shows of things" and knowing where he is—the gift of drinking deeply of the waters of life and of feeling grateful to Nature for so sweet a draught; a man who, while acutely feeling the ineffable pathos of human life, can also feel how sweet a thing it is to live, having so great and rich a queen as Nature for his mother, and for companions any number of such amusing creatures as men and women. In this sense I can not but set Borrow, with his love of nature and his love of adventure, very high among poets—as high, perhaps, as I place another dweller in tents, Sylvester Boswell himself, "the well-known and popalated gypsy of Codling Gap," who, like Borrow, is famous for "his great knowledge in grammaring one of the ancientist langes on record," and whose touching preference of a gypsy tent to a roof, "on the account of health, sweetness of the air, and for enjoying the pleasure of Nature's life," is expressed with a poetical feeling such as Chaucer might have known had he not, as a court poet, been too genteel. "Enjoying the pleasure of Nature's life!" That is what Borrow did; and how few there are that understand it!

The self-consciousness which in the presence of man produces that kind of shyness which was Borrow's characteristic left him at once when he was with Nature alone or in the company of an intimate friend. At her, no man's gaze was more frank and childlike than his. Hence the charm of his books. No man's writing can take you into the country as Borrow's can: it makes you feel the sunshine, see the meadows, smell the flowers, hear the skylark sing and the grasshopper chirrup. Who else can do it? I know of none. And as to personal intercourse with him, if I were asked what was the chief delight of this, I should say that it was the delight of bracingness. A walking-tour with a self-conscious lover of the picturesque—an "interviewer" of Nature with a note-book—worrying you to admire *him* for admiring Nature so much, is one of those occasional calamities of life which a gentleman and a Christian must sometimes heroically bear, but the very thought of which will paralyze with fear the sturdiest Nature-worshiper, whom no crevasse nor avalanche nor treacherous mist can appall. But a walk and talk with Borrow as he strode through the bracken on an autumn morning had the exhilarating effect upon his companion of a draught of

the brightest mountain air. And this was the result not, assuredly, of any exuberance of animal spirits (Borrow, indeed, was subject to fits of serious depression), but rather of a feeling he induced that, between himself and all nature, from the clouds floating lazily over head to the scented heather, crisp and purple, under foot, there was an entire fitness and harmony—a sort of mutual understanding, indeed. There was, I say, something bracing in the very look of this silvery-haired giant as he strode along with a kind of easy, sloping movement, like that of a St. Bernard dog (the most deceptive of all movements as regards pace), his beardless face (quite matchless for symmetrical beauty) beaded with the healthy perspiration-drops of strong exercise, and glowing and rosy in the sun.

As a vigorous old man, Borrow never had an equal, I think. There has been much talk of late of the vigor of Shelley's friend, E. J. Trelawney. I knew that splendid old corsair, and admired his agility of limb and of brain; but at seventy Borrow could have walked off with Trelawney under his arm. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford Square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Fen Ponds with a northeast wind cutting across the icy water like a razor, run about the grass afterward like a boy to shake off some of the water-drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eyes good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford Square, getting home late at night. And if the *physique* of the man was bracing, his conversation, unless he happened to be suffering from one of his occasional fits of depression, was still more so. Its freshness, raciness, and eccentric whim no pen could describe. There is a kind of humor the delight of which is that, while you smile at the pictures it draws, you smile quite as much or more to think that there is a mind so whimsical, crotchety, and odd as to draw them. This was the humor of Borrow. His command of facial expression—though he seemed to exercise it almost involuntarily and unconsciously—had, no doubt, much to do with this charm. Once, when he was talking to me about the men of Charles Lamb's day—the "London Magazine" set—I asked him what kind of a man was the notorious and infamous Griffiths Wainewright. In a moment Borrow's face changed: his mouth broke into a Carker-like smile, his eyes became elongated to an expression that was at once fawning and sinister, as he said: "Wainewright! He used to sit in an arm-chair close to the fire and *smile* all

the evening like *this*." He made me see Wainewright and hear his voice as plainly as though I had seen him and heard him in the publishers' parlor. His vocabulary, rich in picturesque words of the high-road and dingle, his quaint, countrified phrases, might also have added to the effect of this kind of eccentric humor. "A duncie book—of course it's duncie—it's only duncie books that sell nowadays," he would shout when some new "immortal poem" or "greatest work of the age" was mentioned. Mr. Tennyson, I fear, was the representative duncie poet of the time; but that was because nothing could ever make Borrow realize the fact that Mr. Tennyson was not the latest juvenile representative of a "duncie" age; for, although, according to Mr. Leland, the author of "Sordello" is (as is natural, perhaps) the only bard known in the gypsy tent, it is doubtful whether even his name was more than a name to Borrow; indeed, I think that people who had no knowledge of Rómany, Welsh, and Armenian, were all more or less "duncie." As a trap to catch the "foaming vipers," his critics, he in "Lavengro" purposely misspelled certain Armenian and Welsh words, just to have the triumph of saying in another volume that they who had attacked him on so many points had failed to discover that he had wrongly given "zhats" as the nominative of the Armenian noun for bread, while everybody in England, especially every critic, ought to know that "zhats" is the accusative form.

I will try, however, to give the reader an idea of the whim of Borrow's conversation, by giving it in something like a dramatic form. Let the reader suppose himself on a summer's evening at that delightful old roadside inn, the Bald-Faced Stag, in the Roehampton Valley, near Richmond Park, where are sitting, over a "cup" (to use Borrow's word) of foaming ale, "Lavengro" himself, one of his oldest friends, and a new acquaintance, a certain student of things in general, lately introduced to Borrow, and nearly, but not quite, admitted behind the hedge of Borrow's shyness, as may be seen by the initiated from a certain rather constrained, half-resentful expression on his face. Jerry Abershaw's sword (the chief trophy of mine host) has been introduced, and Borrow's old friend has been craftily endeavoring to turn the conversation upon that ever-fresh and fruitful topic, but in vain. Suddenly the song of a nightingale, perched on a tree not far off, rings pleasantly through the open window, and fills the room with a new atmosphere of poetry and romance. "That nightingale has as fine a voice," says Borrow, "as though he were born and bred in the eastern counties." Borrow is proud of being an East-Anglian, of which the student has already been made aware,

and which he now turns to good account in the important business he has set himself, of melting Lavengro's frost and being admitted a member of the Open-Air Club. "Ah!" says the wily student, "I know the eastern counties; no nightingales like those, especially Norfolk nightingales." Borrow's face begins to slightly brighten, but still he does not direct his attention to the stranger, who proceeds to remark that, although the southern counties are so much warmer than Norfolk, some of them, such as Cornwall and Devon, are without nightingales. Borrow's face begins to get brighter still, and he looks out of the window with a smile, as though he were being suddenly carried back to the green lanes of his beloved Norfolk. "From which well-known fact of ornithology," continues the student, "I am driven to infer that in their choice of habitat nightingales are guided not so much by considerations of latitude as of good taste." Borrow's anger is evidently melting away. The talk runs still upon nightingales, and the student mentions the attempt to settle them in Scotland once made by Sir John Sinclair, who introduced nightingales' eggs from England into robins' nests in Scotland, in the hope that the young nightingales, after enjoying a Scotch summer, would return to the place of their birth, after the custom of English nightingales. "And did they return?" says Borrow, with as much interest as if the honor of his country were involved in the question. "Return to Scotland?" says the student, quietly; "the entire animal kingdom are agreed, you know, in never returning to Scotland. Besides, the nightingales' eggs in question were laid in Norfolk." Conquered at last, Borrow extends the hand of brotherhood to the impudent student (whose own private opinion, no doubt, is that Norfolk is more successful in producing Nelsons than nightingales), and proceeds without more ado to tell how "poor Jerry Abershaw," on being captured by the Bow Street runners, had left his good sword behind him as a memento of highway glories soon to be ended on the gallows-tree. (By-the-by, I wonder where that sword is now? It was bought by Mr. Adolphus Levy, of Alton Lodge, at the closing of the Bald-Faced Stag.)

From Jerry Abershaw Borrow gets upon other equally interesting topics, such as the decadence of beer and pugilism, and the nobility of the now neglected British bruiser, as exemplified especially in the case of the noble Pearce, who lost his life through rushing up a staircase and rescuing a woman from a burning house after having on a previous occasion rescued another woman by blacking the eyes of six gamekeepers, who had been set upon her by some noble lord or another. Then, while the ale sparkles

with a richer color as the evening lights grow deeper, the talk gets naturally upon "lords" in general, gentility, nonsense, and "hoity-toityism" as the canker at the heart of modern civilization.

BORROW could look at Nature without thinking of himself—a rare gift, for Nature, as I have said, has been disappointed in man. Her great desire from the first has been to grow an organism so conscious that it can turn round and look at her with intelligent eyes. She has done so at last, but the consciousness is so high as to be self-conscious, and man can not for egotism look at his mother after all. Borrow was a great exception. Thoreau's self-consciousness showed itself in presence of Nature, Borrow's in presence of man. The very basis of Borrow's nature was reverence. His unswerving belief in the beneficence of God was most beautiful, most touching. In his life Borrow had suffered much: a temperament such as his must needs suffer much—so shy it was, so proud, and yet yearning for a close sympathy such as no creature and only solitary communing with Nature can give. Under any circumstances, I say, Borrow would have known how sharp and cruel are the flints along the road—how tender are a poet's feet; but *his* road at one time was rough indeed; not when he was with his gypsy friends (for a tent is freer than a roof, according to the grammarian of Codling Gap, and roast hedgehog is the daintiest of viands), but when he was toiling in London, his fine gifts unrecognized and useless—that was when Borrow passed through the fire. Yet every sorrow and every disaster of his life he traced to the kindly hand of a benevolent and wise Father, who sometimes will use a whip of scorpions, but only to chastise into a right and happy course the children he loves. Apart from the instinctive rectitude of his nature, it was with Borrow a deep-rooted conviction that sin never goes, and never can go, unpunished. His doctrine, indeed, was something like the Buddhist doctrine of Karma—it was based on an instinctive apprehension of the sacredness of "law" in the most universal acceptance of that word. Sylvester Boswell's definition of a free man, in that fine, self-respective certificate of his, as one who is "free from all cares or fears of law that may come against him," is, indeed, the gospel of every true Nature-worshiper. The moment Thoreau spurned the legal tax-gatherer the law locked the Nature-worshiper in jail. To enjoy Nature the soul *must* be free—free not only from tax-gatherers, but from sin; for every wrongful act awakes, out of the mysterious bosom of Nature herself, its own peculiar serpent, having its own peculiar stare, but always hungry and bloody-fanged, which follows the delinquent's feet whith-

ersoever they go, gliding through the dewy grass on the brightest morning, dodging round the trees on the calmest eve, wriggling across the brook where the wrong-doer would fain linger on the stepping-stones to soothe his soul with the sight of the happy minnows shooting between the water-weeds—following him everywhere, in short, till at last, in sheer desperation, he must needs stop and turn, and bare his breast to the fangs; when, having yielded up to the thing its fill of atoning blood, Nature breaks into her old smile again, and he goes on his way in peace.

All this Borrow understood better than any man I have ever met. Yet even into his doctrine of Providence Borrow imported such an element of whim that it was impossible to listen to him sometimes without a smile. For instance, having arrived at the conclusion that a certain lieutenant had been cruelly ill used by genteel magnets high in office, Borrow discovered that since that iniquity Providence had frowned on the British arms, and went on to trace the disastrous blunder of Balaklava to this cause. Again, having decided that Sir Walter Scott's worship of gentility and Jacobitism had been the main cause of the revival of flunkysm and Popery in England, Borrow saw in the dreadful monetary disasters which overclouded Scott's last days the hand of God, whose plan was to deprive him of the worldly position Scott worshiped at the very moment when his literary fame (which he misprized) was dazzling the world.

And now as to the gypsy wanderings. As I have said, no man has been more entirely misunderstood than Borrow. That a man who certainly did (as Mr. Groome says) look like a "colossal clergyman" should have joined the gypsies, that he should have wandered over England and Europe, content often to have the grass for his bed and the sky for his hostry-roof, has astonished very much (and I believe scandalized very much) this age. My explanation of the matter is this: Among the myriads of children born into a world of brick and mortar there appears now and then one who is meant for better things—one who exhibits unmistakable signs that he inherits the blood of those remote children of the open air who, according to the old Sabæan notion, on the plains of Asia lived with Nature, loved Nature, and were loved by her, and from whom all men are descended. George Borrow was one of those who show the olden strain. Now, for such a man, born in a country like England, where the modern fanaticism of house-worship has reached a condition which can only be called maniacal, what is there left but to try for a time the gypsy's tent? On the Continent house-worship is strong enough in all conscience; but in France, in Spain, in Italy,

even in Germany, people do think of something beyond the house. But here, where there are no romantic crimes, to get a genteel house, to keep (or "run") a genteel house, or to pretend to keep (or "run") a genteel house, is the great first cause of almost every British delinquency, from envy and malignant slander up to forgery, robbery, and murder. And yet it is a fact, as Borrow discovered (when a mere lad in a solicitor's office), that to men in health the house need not, and should not, be the all-absorbing consideration, but should be quite secondary to considerations of honesty and sweet air, pure water, clean linen, good manners, freedom to migrate at will, and, above all, freedom from "all cares or fears of law" that may come against a man in the shape of debts, duns, and tax-gatherers.

Against this folly of softening our bodies by "snuggness" and degrading our souls by "flunkysm," Borrow's early life was a protest. He saw that, if it were really unwholesome for man to be shone upon by the sun, blown upon by the winds, and rained upon by the rain, like all the other animals, man would never have existed at all, for sun and wind and rain have produced him and everything that lives. He saw that, for the cultivation of health, honesty, and good behavior, every man born in the temperate zone ought, unless King Circumstance says "No," to spend in the open air eight or nine hours at least out of the twenty-four, and ought to court rather than to shun Nature's sweet shower-bath the rain, unless, of course, his chest is weak.

The evanescence of literary fame is strikingly illustrated by recalling at this moment my first sight of Borrow. I could not have been much more than a boy, for I and a friend had gone down to Yarmouth in March to enjoy the luxury of bathing in a Yarmouth sea, and it is certainly a "good while"—to use Borrow's phrase—since I considered *that* a luxury suitable to March. On the morning after our arrival, having walked some distance out of Yarmouth, we threw down our clothes and towels upon the sand some few yards from another heap of clothes, which indicated, to our surprise, that we were not, after all, the only people in Yarmouth who could bathe in a biting wind; and soon we perceived, ducking in an immense billow that came curving and curling toward the shore, such a pair of shoulders as I had not seen for a long time, crowned by a head white and glistening as burnished silver. (Borrow's hair was white, I believe, when he was quite a young man.) When the wave had broken upon the sand, there was the bather wallowing on the top of the water like a polar bear disporting in an Arctic sun. In swimming Borrow clawed the water like a dog. I had plunged into the surf and got very close to the

swimmer, whom I perceived to be a man of almost gigantic proportions, when suddenly an instinct told me that it was Lavengro himself, who lived thereabout, and the feeling that it was he so entirely stopped the action of my heart that I sank for a moment like a stone, soon to rise again, however, in a glow of pleasure and excitement; so august a presence was Lavengro's then! I ought to say, however, that Borrow was at that time my hero. From my childhood I had taken the deepest interest in proscribed races such as the Cagots, but especially in the persecuted children of Roma. I had read accounts of whole families being executed in past times for no other crime than that of their being born gypsies, and tears, childish and yet bitter, had I shed over their woes. Now, Borrow was the recognized champion of the gypsies—the friend and companion, indeed, of the proscribed and persecuted races of the world. Nor was this all: I saw in him more of the true Nature instinct than in any other writer—or so, at least, I imagined. To walk out from a snug house at Rydal Mount for the purpose of making poetical sketches for publication seemed to me a very different thing from having no home but a tent in a dingle, or rather from Borrow's fashion of making all Nature your home. Although I would have given worlds to go up and speak to him as he was tossing his clothes upon his back, I could not do it. Morning after morning did I see him undress, wallow in the sea, come out again, give me a somewhat sour look, dress, and then stride away inland at a tremendous pace, but never could I speak to him; and many years passed before I saw him again. He was then half forgotten.

For an introduction to him at last I was indebted to Dr. Gordon Hake, the poet, who had known Borrow for many years, and whose friendship Borrow cherished above most things—as is usual, indeed, with the friends of Dr. Hake. This was done with some difficulty, for, in calling at Roehampton for a walk through Richmond Park and about the Common, Borrow's first question was always, "Are you alone?" and no persuasion could induce him to stay unless it could be satisfactorily shown that he would not be "pestered by strangers." On a certain morning, however, he called, and, suddenly coming upon me, there was no retreating, and we were introduced. He tried to be as civil as possible, but evidently he was much annoyed. Yet there was something in the very tone of his voice that drew my heart to him, for to me he was the Lavengro of my boyhood still. My own shyness had been long before fingered off by the rough handling of the world, but his retained all the bloom of youth, and a terrible barrier it was, yet

I attacked it manfully. I knew that Borrow had read but little except in his own out-of-the-way directions; but then unfortunately, like all specialists, he considered that in these his own special directions lay all the knowledge that was of any value. Accordingly, what appeared to Borrow as the most striking characteristic of the present age was its ignorance. Unfortunately, too, I knew that for strangers to talk of his own published books or of gypsies appeared to him to be "prying," though there I should have been quite at home. I knew, however, that in the obscure English pamphlet literature of the last century, recording the sayings and doing of eccentric people and strange adventurers, Borrow was very learned, and I too chanced to be far from ignorant in that direction. I touched on Bamfylde Moore Carew, but without effect. Borrow evidently considered that every properly educated man was familiar with the story of Bamfylde Moore Carew in its every detail. Then I touched upon beer, the British bruiser, "gentility-nonsense," the "trumpety great"; then upon etymology, traced hoity-toityism to *toit*, a roof—but only to have my shallow philology dismissed with a withering smile. I tried other subjects in the same direction, but with small success, till in a lucky moment I bethought myself of Ambrose Gwinett. There is a very scarce eighteenth-century pamphlet narrating the story of Ambrose Gwinett, the man who, after having been hanged and gibbeted for murdering a traveler with whom he had shared a double-bedded room at a seaside inn, revived in the night, escaped from the gibbet-irons, went to sea as a common sailor, and afterward met on a British man-of-war the very man he had been hanged for murdering. The truth was, that Gwinett's supposed victim, having been attacked on the night in question by a violent bleeding at the nose, had risen and left the house for a few minutes' walk in the sea-breeze, when the press-gang captured him and bore him off to sea, where he had been in service ever since. The story is true, and the pamphlet, Borrow afterward told me (I know not on what authority), was written by Goldsmith from Gwinett's dictation for a platter of cow-heel.

To the bewilderment of Dr. Hake, I introduced the subject of Ambrose Gwinett in the same manner as I might have introduced the story of "Achilles's wrath," and appealed to Dr. Hake (who, of course, had never heard of the book or the man) as to whether a certain incident in the pamphlet had gained or lost by the dramatist who, at one of the minor theatres, had many years ago dramatized the story. Borrow was caught at last. "What?" said he, "you know that pamphlet about Ambrose Gwinett?"

"Know it?" said I, in a hurt tone, as though he had asked me if I knew "Macbeth"; "of course I know Ambrose Gwinett, Mr. Borrow, don't you?" "And you know the play?" said he. "Of course I do, Mr. Borrow," I said, in a tone that was now a little angry at such an insinuation of crass ignorance. "Why," said he, "it's years and years since it was acted; I never was much of a theatre man, but I did go to see *that*." "Well, I should rather think you *did*, Mr. Borrow," said I. "But," said he, staring hard at me, "*you*—you were not born!" "And I was not born," said I, "when the 'Agamemnon' was produced, and yet one reads the 'Agamemnon,' Mr. Borrow. I have read the drama of 'Ambrose Gwinett.' I have it bound in morocco, with some more of Douglas Jerrold's early transpontine plays, and some Æschylean dramas by Mr. Fitzball. I will lend it to you, Mr. Borrow, if you like." He was completely conquered. "Hake!" he cried, in a loud voice, regardless of my presence, "Hake! your friend knows everything." Then he murmured to himself: "Wonderful man! Knows Ambrose Gwinett!"

It is such delightful reminiscences as these that will cause me to have, as long as I live, a very warm place in my heart for the memory of George Borrow.

From that time I used to see Borrow often at Roehampton, sometimes at Putney, and sometimes, but not often, in London. I could have seen much more of him than I did had not the whirlpool of London, into which I plunged for a time, borne me away from this most original of men; and this is what I so greatly lament now: for of Borrow it may be said, as it was said of a greater man still, that "after Nature made *him* she forthwith broke the mold." The last time I ever saw him was shortly before he left London to live in the country. It was, I remember

well, on Waterloo Bridge, where I had stopped to gaze at a sunset of singular and striking splendor, whose gorgeous clouds and ruddy mists were reeling and boiling over the West-End. Borrow came up and stood leaning over the parapet, entranced by the sight, as well he might be. Like most people born in flat districts, he had a passion for sunsets. Turner could not have painted that one, I think, and certainly my pen could not describe it; for the London smoke was flushed by the sinking sun and had lost its dunness, and, reddening every moment as it rose above the roofs, steeples, and towers, it went curling round the sinking sun in a rosy vapor, leaving, however, just a segment of a golden rim, which gleamed as dazzlingly as in the thinnest and clearest air—a peculiar effect which struck Borrow deeply. I never saw such a sunset before or since, not even on Waterloo Bridge; and from its association with "the last of Borrow" I shall never forget it.

A TALK ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

We talked of "Children of the Open Air"

Who once in Orient valleys lived aloof,

Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof

Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair,

Till, on a day, across the mystic bar

Of moonrise, came the "Children of the Roof,"

Who find no balm 'neath Evening's rosiest roof,
Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.

We looked o'er London where men wither and choke,

Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,

And lore of woods and wild wind-prophecies—

Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke:

And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke

Leave never a meadow outside Paradise.

THEODORE WATTS.

The Athenæum (London).

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE FIRST.

I HAVE been traveling without intermission all night and the greater part of a day between Berlin and the Russian frontier, Verballen; and I hope to proceed "without let or hindrance" to my destination, the university town of Dorpat. It is the month of August, and blazing hot. I am in a third-class carriage, full of trading Israelites, and the air is heavy with garlic. Moreover, I have been forming part of an interesting tableau for the last six hours with one of the

chosen race, who has been falling asleep at intervals and letting his oily head slip on to my shoulder; which you may be sure I do not bear patiently. The combined result of all is, that I am hot, dusty, weary, headachy, thirsty, and cross.

I am only eighteen, and trying my wings for the first time, and need scarcely add that I am a governess; for what English mother's child would be journeying alone toward the land of barbarians but one of my profession? Not that I would draw upon the reader's pity; for I have been

very jolly and hopeful, and much amused nearly all the way; but really things have been a good deal against me those six hours. The train seems to crawl along; and the engine belches forth great volumes of stifling smoke, and makes more noise than a score of English engines. But we stop at last, and this is Verballen! I am out of the train in a trice, and surge upon the platform amid a sea of tearing, struggling, excited people, each screaming at the top of his or her voice in a different language, and frantically dragging luggage about. I am carried hither and thither, powerless, at the mercy of this human tempest, until I drift at last into a large square hall, which is station, custom-house, money-exchange, refreshment, and other minor offices all in one.

I sight my boxes with their brand-new covers, and rush upon them breathless and relieved. Piles of luggage stand about, waiting to be examined by the custom-house officers, among which a number of wild, disheveled females run riot. The men are quieter; they hold out their keys to the officers, and get served first. It is amazing the number of officials that are required for so simple a matter. There are numbers examining the boxes, numbers looking on, and numbers at a table in the center of the hall, inclosed by counters, where passports are examined. I sit down on the top of the biggest of my boxes, and wait; my turn may come some time. Not that I feel calm. I am almost blinded with excitement, feeling sure the train will move on without me in the end; but, as I can not speak Russ, I resign myself to wait until such time as I shall fall under some one's notice.

I watch my Jewish friend—he who has slept so peacefully on my shoulder—engaged in a haggling contest with officials. They splutter and hiss and scream at each other over some wares; but the Jew, of course, is worsted, and pays out some dirty paper rubles, one at a time, while his voice declines from a scream into a whine. I sit and watch from my perch with uneasy interest, taking in other scenes of like description with eyes which smart with being opened too wide, until the hubbub has almost subsided, and people are scolding their mouths with coffee and tea. Then, there being no one else, I am at length taken into consideration.

I give up my keys with trembling fingers, turn red and white and red again, and feel painfully conscious that I am looking as if I had quantities of smuggled goods concealed. Half a dozen officials have seized upon my boxes, and are tearing the strings off the covers. One, whose business it is to look on, asks me something in Russ, as the lids are raised. I look at him cringingly, feeling that I am looking more like

a culprit than ever, and mournfully shake my head. The men are beginning to search; but on a sign from their superior, the lids are slammed, and I am once more in possession of my keys.

What next? I look around bewildered; but find myself unceremoniously pushed to the counter, where a Russian hand, white and bejeweled, is held out for my passport. I keep this precious talisman in a little leather bag attached to my belt; and after much nervous fumbling at the steel clasp, which is stiff and obstinate, it is produced. Then a period of awful suspense. I watch my passport travel round the table from hand to hand; then a consultation takes place over it, and—it is laid aside! I see one passport after another signed and returned to its owner, and the owner dash off to the refreshments, but mine still lies unheeded. Now I am absolutely the last at the counter, and my breath comes short and fast. What are they going to do with it and me? An official approaches me—evidently the chief—and puts a question. I shake my head dejectedly in token of my inability to understand; and at this moment his arm is touched by a clerk in uniform, who holds my passport out, and explains something. The lump in my throat, which has been gradually swelling, now almost chokes me as I watch the two faces. The handsomest and kindest—for it is both a handsome and a pleasant face—is turned to me again, and this time its owner addresses me in good English.

"I am sorry, madam, to have detained you; but it would appear that there is some omission in your pass. You have not had it signed in Berlin?"

"No; they never told me; I did not know"—with a tearful quiver in my voice.

"Ah, it is a pity. This will occasion you a little delay; the pass must be returned to the German frontier."

"But what am I to do? Shall I not be able to go on with this train?" I ask, in gasps.

Alas! the two doors leading out to the platform are being unlocked, and already passengers are streaming forth to resume their seats. Burning tears rush to my eyes and obliterate my vision; I dash them away impatiently, so intent am I on reading the thoughtful, sympathetic face before me.

"I regret it much," he continues; "but you can not even stay at Verballen, where I should have had pleasure in waiting on you, but must return again to Edkunen."

My cup of woe is full. I lean heavily against the counter, in despair, and give myself up to dumb misery. My friend—for such he now is—lifts a leaf of the counter which divides us, and passes through to my side.

"No, no; do not be so distressed," he says soothingly. "It is nothing, I assure you—nothing at all—a mere form. You will have everything done for you; I will give special charge. You will be conducted to Edkunen, and escorted to an hotel which is comfortable, by this gentleman" (here I uncover one red and swollen eye, and behold another Russian official standing at respectful distance, cap in hand, waiting to "take me up"); "and to-morrow, at three o'clock, he will come for you again, to conduct you back. It is nothing at all, I assure you."

He says a great deal more which is very kind; and through it all I hear the engine shriek and puff away toward Plescow, leaving me behind.

When a hardship is inevitable, it becomes easier to bear; my tears already begin to stream less copiously, and at length cease altogether; and I look—still with deep dejection—away out of the window at the bright sky.

"But I am sure you have not eaten for many hours," says my friend at length; "you will take some refreshment before you set out on your little journey."

I shake my head. (To talk of eating to me!) But he leads the way to a small table, and orders two cups of tea and some cakes.

"Now, this warm tea will make you feel equal to anything; not that you have anything to trouble you," he hastily adds. "It is a mere form—a little tedious, perhaps, but nothing."

I have seated myself on the edge of a chair, and watch his busy fingers with sidelong glances. He is peeling a lemon which was served with the tea, and drops a piece of the rind into my cup.

I take up my spoon and turn it over, as I say timidly, "I can not take tea with lemon-rind in it."

"Ah, it is delightful! Try it; you will see how well it accords with the tea."

I sip a little with my teaspoon; and really it is not bad. The tea is excellent, and the flavoring, though strange to my palate, is by no means unpleasant.

He observes this at once, and smiles, well pleased. "Did not I tell you?" he exclaims.

I find, when I begin to eat, that I am indeed faint with hunger, for I have fasted many hours. True, I had sandwiches in my bag; but how was one to think of eating while breathing an atmosphere rank with garlic, and with a Jew asleep on one's shoulder? So I eat slowly and mournfully, at first under protest, one cake and even two, while my friend chats away with his melodious voice. And after the tea and cakes, I too find my tongue, and tell him, in reply to his polite, delicately worded questions, much about myself.

For some time past, my guard has stood waiting at the door leading to the platform, and toward it we now move.

"My boxes?" I suddenly recollect.

"They will be taken every care of until to-morrow."

And we proceed; and I am handed with my "escort" into an empty train—a whole long train all to ourselves!

"*Au revoir*, to-morrow," says my Russian friend gayly, with a graceful wave of the hand.

I nod, and even smile a wan smile—yes, I have arrived at that—and we creak and labor out of the station.

I record it here with pleasure—the gentleman who was courteous and kind to an English girl in distress was a Russian official! A man of cultivation and refinement, he used his power well. Alas! that in a country swarming with officials, I should have to add that he was the only civil one I ever came in contact with.

TROUBLE THE SECOND.

I MAKE myself as small as I can in the corner of the carriage, and my escort is in the other. The situation is awkward, and I feel embarrassed. Here I am in charge of a sort of policeman, and yet a person to whom I am indebted, who has kindly undertaken to do all he can for my comfort, and to save me all possible trouble. I should like to address a few civil words to him, but can not speak his language. He is looking straight before him, and seems, like myself, to be aware of the awkwardness of the moment. Suddenly, he turns his gray eyes on me—eyes, sleepy and languid, with an undercurrent of cunning—and addresses me in German, feeling his way by the question, "Fräulein is English?"

"Ja," I answer.

"But she speaks German?"

"A little," I again answer.

"Fräulein," he continues, "is much troubled to have to sit waiting in Edkunen for her pass; it is tedious for Fräulein. But I will do all; she need not be distressed. I know a good hotel; I will conduct Fräulein there; she has nothing to do but to wait, and all will be well."

I thank my companion cordially. It is a relief to be able to speak to him; for what is more embarrassing than to find one's self *tête-à-tête* with a stranger whose language one does not speak? "How kind and helpful Russian officials are!" I think, and already begin to regard this one in the light of a friend. But we are at Edkunen, which is only a few minutes' journey; and we alight upon the deserted platform and proceed to the hotel. It is close to the station, in what seems to be the only street—if it may be called

such—in the town. It is interminably long and straight, is planted with rows of young poplars, and the houses at the high, and, as it would appear, the German and respectable end, are clean, painted houses of wood, each standing in a little garden of its own. The hotel does not in any way differ from a private house, and looks cheerful and bright. "After all," I think, "it is not so bad; and to-morrow will soon be here. Just twenty-four hours." My escort leaves me at the door with a military salute. I am met by a pleasant, plump, little German girl, with a complexion of dazzling red and white, who shows me my room, and I am alone.

After I have examined the German beauties on the walls, and gazed out of the window, until the opposite house in its trim angularity, the straight poplar-trees, and the sandy sidewalks have ceased to be novelties, the silence and tameness of my surroundings become intolerably oppressive, so I sally forth into the stillest, brightest evening. I wander up "the street," and see more wooden houses, more poplars, and more sand, with here and there a man or woman, who stare at me curiously. Only toward the termination the scene gradually changes. The trees cease; the sand takes a dingier hue, which, as I proceed, deepens into dirty gray; and the houses become smaller, and lean their weather-stained shoulders one against another. I soon find that I am in a colony of Jews. My sudden appearance among them brings them out like a swarm of bees. It is Friday evening, and they are all unclean to a man. They will have to wash for the "Shabbat," and what would be the use of wasting soap? I pass tumble-down sheds or booths, giving forth scents that are not odoriferous; but I am buoyed up by the hope of a glimpse of the green country beyond. My hopes prove futile; for when the last little crazy hovel is passed, I find myself before a tract of sand, a veritable desert, with scarcely a blade of green grass to relieve its dreariness; so I turn suddenly on the band of little barefooted heathens who are following at my heels, and retrace my steps. I remark that the old women among the chosen people look like veritable hags, with their nut-cracker faces and yellow, wrinkled skins; and that the children almost all bear a striking resemblance to those two angels at the foot of Raphael's "*Madonna della Sixtine*," with their curly heads and bright, glorious eyes. It is still fair daylight as I turn into my room, and I know not how the long-drawn hours get away until the hotel-keeper's daughter puts her blonde head into the door and asks if I require supper.

I jump at the suggestion, and order coffee and eggs. Supper over, I go back to my seat on the window-niche till the daylight at last begins

to wane, and I can see the indistinct outline of the stars; and now it is bedtime!

Next morning I have the same dreary waiting till one o'clock, when I have called for and paid my bill, which I am relieved to find so trifling, and at a little past two am waiting at the station. The train does not arrive any sooner for my precipitation; it is a quarter of an hour overdue, when it comes puffing and panting up to the platform as if out of breath. There is my escort with a paper in his hand. I rush to meet him, and grasp the precious document. When we are seated in the carriage he remarks, "*Fräulein* has a trifle to pay."

I get out my purse with alacrity, and ask, "How much?"

"Only four rubles," is the modest reply.

It does flash through my mind that nine shillings, or thereabout, is a large sum to pay for so small a matter as getting a passport signed; but I make no comment. I find, however, that excepting a few silver coins I have no change, my total funds consisting of a note of twenty-five rubles. I explain. He is all complacency. "*Fräulein* can change at *Verballen*; there is no hurry."

Alighted on the platform at *Verballen*, my escort keeps close to me; but I think not of him, but of my Russian friend of yesterday. In vain do I scan each face of the uniformed group at the table in the center; he is nowhere among them; his chair is filled by another.

I am one of the first served to-day; my passport is glanced over, signed, and returned to me without comment; and I turn to a "*Punch-and-Judy*" box, wherein is a money-changer—a fact which he proclaims in several languages on a board above his head. He is a man of forbidding countenance—dark, sallow, gloomy-looking, with a morose, rolling eye. I hand him my note in fear and trembling, and ask, in German, to have it changed. He takes it from me, scrutinizes it, raises his eyes, and looks sternly and steadily at me—I feel that I am looking as if I had stolen it—and asks, "How much do you want for this?"

"It is a note of twenty-five rubles," I say, clearing my throat, and trying to make myself heard.

He looks at me again, and smiles—a smile such as I could fancy Macbeth to have worn when he did a murder—and threw the note down. "That is not worth twenty-five rubles [*scoffingly*]; it is torn!"

I literally quake in my shoes. This is all the money I have left to take me to *Dorpat*. What if I should run short! The idea is too appalling to be dwelt on, and my voice is a feeble, quivering treble as I inquire, "What is it worth?"

There is a lurid shade comes over his face and a light into his eyes as he deliberates a moment. It can not be knowledge of the world, born of observation, for I am just a fledgling, so it must be instinct which whispers, "This man is going to rob you!"

"I will give you eighteen rubles for it—more than it is worth," he adds, with assumed carelessness. He takes it up again as he speaks, but his eyes avoid my anxious ones.

It would be too little to take me to my journey's end, I fearfully think. Despair gives me courage; and before the man is aware I have snatched the note from his greedy gripe, and turn breathlessly away. I dart across the hall to a lady who is standing at the counter. "Do you speak German?" I ask.

"Yes; I am a German. Why?"

"Will you tell me the value of this note?" I hold it out to her as I speak.

"Twenty-five rubles," she at once replies.

"But it is torn—the man says it is torn, and only worth eighteen!" I exclaim, between hope and dread.

"What man? Where is he?" she asks, indignantly.

"There!"—I point across the hall to the culprit, who is sullenly eying us from his box—"the money-changer."

"He is telling you a lie; the number of the note is intact, and it is worth its full value."

At this moment an official calls my informant's attention to her passport, and she is at once absorbed in her own affairs.

Where my escort has been all this time, I know not; but he is now at my elbow. "Has Fräulein got change?" he mildly inquires.

"No; I can not get it," I reply, desperately, holding the note in my hand.

"Give it to me; I will get it for you."

In a moment he has snatched the note from my fingers and is gone. It happens like a lightning flash; and I stand staring blankly at the door through which he has disappeared. The first bell is ringing, and the passengers are rushing on to the platform. I try to persuade myself that it is all right. I go over to the door and wait, cheating myself with a forced calm: It will be all right; he will return presently with the change; he dare not but return. One after another passes out; the refreshment-tables are deserted; but still my gallant escort comes not. The second bell rings. My heart beats louder with every brazen stroke. The bell is rung three times with intervals of five minutes, so there is just five minutes left to get my ticket. I begin to feel rather giddy. A little matter would make me either laugh or cry immoderately; but I wait motionless and utter no sound; and still he comes

not. The third bell is ringing! It is too late! Somehow, a mist—not tears, for my eyes are dry and burning, but something which debars vision—rises before my eyes as I creep slowly, very slowly, as if dragging a heavy weight after me, to a bench against the wall, sit down, and draw my feet in under me. I make no appeal to any one; I do nothing, and think nothing. I sit still, a gray bundle of dejection. I had once read a story, called "The Iron Shroud," of a man who was shut up in an iron cell, with walls which ever, from day to day, closed in upon him, till at the last, when he could no longer stand upright, a bell was heard, and at each knell the ceiling descended lower and lower, till the victim knew and felt no more. I seem to know how that man felt as I listen to that other bell clanging forth my fate!

It has ceased, when a man rushes into the hall, looks wildly around, and discovers me. It is my escort! I spring to my feet, and rush upon him like a torrent.

"Quick, quick!" he cries. "Here is your *billet*, and here your change. The train is moving!"

Everybody's head is out of the windows as we storm on to the platform; and I am lifted, pushed, buffeted into the slowly moving train.

I come to myself with a handful of paper, and an old gentleman—certainly a German pastor—looking curiously at me over his horn spectacles. When I have got back my breath, and am a little more composed, I smooth out my notes, and wonder what my ticket has cost. There are only ten rubles left! I look across at the pastor, and, encouraged by his benign expression of face, I inquire the fare between Verballen and Plescow. I am told seven rubles. I count my change over again, and then I see how it is: my escort has kept eight rubles for his share, instead of four.

I tell my story to the pastor, and learn from him what it costs to cross the lake (Lake Peipus) to Dorpat. The sum he names is small, and I sigh a sigh of relief. I am saved!

As I jolt and rumble along—for Russian trains do jolt and rumble—and look down on the steaming marsh-land with its stunted shrubs, or up to the sun-bathed tops of the venerable pines, into whose shadow we ever and anon creep, I feel grateful—yes, humbly grateful—to my escort for his consideration in only having kept eight rubles!

TROUBLE THE THIRD.

BESIDES the German pastor, there are with me, in the carriage, his wife and a German spinster; and we three become very friendly over the recital of my calamities. Many are the tales of

fraudulent officials, of bribery and chicanery, which pass from mouth to mouth. The time passes so quickly and pleasantly, that I am surprised when we slacken speed, and my fellow-passengers collect their belongings. The pastor and his wife do not proceed to Dorpat; but the spinster, as she informs me, is going there to visit friends; so we unprotected females determine to keep together. We take a considerable time to gather up our scattered effects; for the spinster has handboxes, several baskets and bundles, which I hand to her out of the carriage. I wonder how she managed before she met me, for we are both laden breast-high as we enter the station-house. Here we are seen by the pastor, who is drinking tea at the refreshment-counter. He leaves his cup, and comes hastily toward us. "Ladies, I would advise you to hasten, or you will lose your chance of seats in the omnibus which runs between the station and the boat. If you do not succeed in catching it, I fear you can not get on to Dorpat to-day; the boat waits for no one."

The spinster at once drops several parcels, and loses the immediate possession of her mental faculties. "Where?—Which?—What?" she gasps.

The pastor has picked up the scattered parcels, and strides to the door. "This way!" he says. "You may catch it yet. They have carried your luggage through; it will be outside."

There stand our boxes, and also the omnibus, but crammed full of sweltering mortals; some standing with stooping heads, some sitting, huddled together, but all triumphant.

"I must go with this 'bus!" screams the spinster, frantically, and rushing to the step.

The conductor waves her off. "Can not—too late—no room!" he cries. The driver cracks his whip, and the omnibus moves away in a cloud of choking white dust. The spinster looks wildly after it, and runs a few steps; then a bundle falls, and she is herself again, and relinquishes the pursuit. I stand looking on stonily, with a feeling almost of indifference. I am beginning to be hardened to misfortune and inured to waiting. My cheeks burn a little, but it is the heat of the sun.

The pastor speaks cheerily. "Well, it is a pity you have lost it; but you must just make the best of it. You will get on to Dorpat on Monday. It only means a couple of nights at an hotel."

"All Sunday! To spend all Sunday in a place like Plescow!" exclaims the spinster. "And the expense too! Oh, to live in such a country!" She says a great deal more; and I agree to everything, but think of my ten rubles with considerable misgiving. The pastor, mean-

while, is looking about for a drosky for us, and is grumbling at the bad management which provides such scanty means of locomotion to travelers. There is, at present, not one to be obtained, and the railway-station is more than a mile from the town. Other passengers come from their tea-drinking and look anxiously down the long, straight road; but they are inhabitants of Plescow, and seem to know what to expect. They saunter back into the waiting-room, or pile up their effects outside the station, to be in readiness.

"I should recommend you to have a cup of tea or coffee," remarks the pastor. "You have no hurry; and must just wait until some of those lazy dogs turn up with their droskies. They will come in shoals when they see the omnibus enter the town."

So we take his advice, and take our time over it, till we hear the sound of wheels on the gravel outside. The spinster of course becomes frantic again, for fear we may lose this chance also, and rushes to the door, followed, more sedately, by the pastor and myself.

"Do not excite yourself, my dear lady," he says; "there will be plenty of them, no fear."

And sure enough, there they come in long file, driving furiously to outstrip each other, as they gesticulate and shout to their little rough, hardy horses. They are principally Jews, so haggling prevails for some minutes. Our share of it is kindly undertaken by the pastor; and at last we are mounted on two high-wheeled shaky vehicles, the spinster in the front, smothered in her *Handgepäck* (hand-luggage), to which she clings feverishly; and I—well, how that enterprising Jew driver managed to get to Plescow with my big box on his narrow perch beside him, will remain a mystery to me through life. I only know that extreme agitation prevents me from feeling that the skin is being slowly grated off my shins by the edge of my small box, which is wedged against them, and that we do eventually draw up before the door of the principal hotel, and that it—the big box—did *not* fall with a crash to the ground and burst, scattering my wardrobe to the four winds.

The hotel, kept by one Meyer, is over a baker's shop. We are shown into a large bare room, with yellow painted floor, and two high, shadowless windows looking on to the street. A narrow strip of the room is partitioned off by a screen, behind which are two very small, musty-looking beds, two slop-basins and milk-jugs, which I afterward discover to be intended for ablutionary purposes, and two chairs. An atmosphere of stale tobacco-smoke prevails, and the general effect is depressing. The spinster thinks otherwise; she observes on the size and airiness of

the room, becomes quite chirpy and cheery over her toilet, and washes her face energetically in one of the slop-basins, which teaches me its use. After a time, I grow restless, and propose a walk about the town.

"Oh, my dear *Mädchen*," she replies, "who would think of walking in Plescow! There is nothing to see here."

"But," I entreat, "I would like to go; it is all new to me."

But she is not to be persuaded; so I go alone. She is right. Plescow possesses few beauties; yet the novelty of everything pleases me. I wander down the principal street, and stare up at the whitewashed square houses, and into the small, scantily furnished shop-windows, where I see nothing worth looking at. But a Russian priest who passes me, with his long, waving hair, ample silk gown, and high cap, excites my interest. I stop in front of a Russian church, with light-green roof and white walls, and wonder who was the architect. The massive, clumsy tower leans all to one side. The door is open, and I peep in. A gendarme, who is standing by, invites me by a sign to enter, and I do so. Here, at least, is attraction. I can scarcely see at first for the blaze of tinsel and color; and long I gaze at the weird, brown faces of saints, which look out at me from their dazzling gilt haloes and gorgeous draperies. In front of me are golden folding-doors, closely shut; and a trellis through which I catch glimpses of greater splendor. Above me is a pale-blue dome, studded with large gilt stars. It is all so strange and fantastic, that it is only when the woman who has been dusting the church touches my arm and says something, pointing to the door, that I awake to the fact that it is getting late, and she wants to lock up. So I go back to the hotel, still awed by what I have seen, and burst upon the spinster with many questions and exclamations.

Then we have supper, which is not bad. The bread is excellent, and made up into fanciful shapes, which please my youthful imagination. But my enjoyment is marred by the dense vapors of the apartment. Matters have not improved during my absence; tobacco has been coming up through the floor in clouds, and is still doing so. And oh, my readers, have you any knowledge of the properties of "Karria Yaak"? Have you ever received one whiff of it into your nostrils? If you have not, you can not sympathize, nor can I describe. It is a thing to be smelled, not described. There is, moreover, a scraping of fiddles, a shuffling of feet, and a confused din below, which grows and increases as the hours wear on. The waiter invites "*Fräulein*"—meaning me—with a smile to join the ball, which he

informs us is going on down-stairs in the *salon*. The spinster throws up her hands; but she need be under no apprehension. "*Fräulein*" feels no disposition to join the rabble rout, who would seem to dance with noxious tobacco-pipes in their mouths. At what appears to me an unreasonably early hour, the spinster proposes retiring to rest; and, as she complains of fatigue and a desire to sleep, I have no alternative but to lay my unwilling head upon my dirty pillow, after first spreading a clean handkerchief over its sullied purity. Our candles are snuffed out; but, alas, "*jocund day*" does not "stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-top." I wish she did! In vain I toss and turn, making the wooden bedstead creak and groan dismally. The spinster snores—happy spinster! The fiddles squeak; the tobacco-smoke rises around me; the din increases. I feel deeply melancholy. I can not describe the miseries of that night and that bed. Before I have fallen asleep, I am glad to desert it—for, to my horror, I find it is being invaded! Putting on my clothes, I resolve to sit up—much to the annoyance of the spinster, who has not apparently the objections to a populated bed that I have. To have her night's rest disturbed in this way is hard. She is sure there is no vermin; it is all my own imagination. A strange thing that *she* is unmolested. She hopes I do not intend burning a light all night?

"No," I sorrowfully reply; "I will sit in the dark, and be quite still."

I draw a chair to the table, blow out the candle, spread out my arms before me, and rest my aching head upon them. The leaden minutes creep on, and I listen in semi-stupefaction to the din below; then, I believe, from sheer exhaustion I fall into a doze, and dream many uncomfortable things, out of which I start at intervals. Suddenly, whether sleeping or waking, I become conscious of a renewed sensation. I raise my head, and my blood curdles. Something is slowly crawling over the back of my hand! I forget the spinster's anger. I lose all self-command, and, shaking my hand wildly, I utter a scream of horror. I hear the complaining voice of the spinster again; but I am desperate. I grope for and grasp the match-box, strike a light, and look fearfully around me. There the thing is—and another, and another on the table and floor! The room is swarming with black beetles from the bakery down-stairs!

Now, if there is a living thing I abhor, it is a cockroach. I love mice, and could make pets of spiders; but at sight of a bloated, crawling cockroach my flesh quivers. And here are thousands! I shake myself convulsively and groan.

"I think, *Fräulein*, you might show some lit-

tle consideration for others," I hear the spinster say in a deeply injured tone.

"It's no use—I can not bear it," I cry. "This is worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta. I would rather be in a vault with dead bodies all night" (borrowing the idea from the unparalleled sufferings of Sindbad the sailor), "or—or anything horrible, than be in this place!"

The spinster raves on, wobbling her nightcap-frills at me; but I heed her not. I can bear no more, and lift up my voice and weep. After this, I obstinately refuse to put out the candle—the light scares away my foes—and retire to the far window-niche, gather myself together with my feet up, and wait, like a veritable Patience on a monument, for the dawn. I watch the flutter of her pearly skirts over the opposite chimneys, and catch her first rosy blush with fresh amaze at her mysterious beauty. The fiddles have stopped at last, the doors have ceased to slam, and a Sabbath calm reigns within and without. My weary head falls back, and I slumber sweetly in the face of the rising sun.

The spinster is stirring when I awake. Confused and dazzled with the full light, it is some moments before I can collect my scattered wits; but such is the elasticity of youth that, after wetting my hands and face in my slop-basin, and laughing at the wry face which the crazy-looking glass reflects back to me, I feel as fresh as a daisy and ready for anything. I have a burning desire to go to the service in the Russian church; but herein I meet with opposition. The spinster is scandalized at the suggestion; and after breakfast, I am walking sedately, with the spinster at my side, to the Lutheran church. I find it a dreary business. The slow, drawn-out hymns, so unlike our more lively church music, seem to me to savor of funereal music. Of the long sermon, I understand nothing; and I am glad when we can go forth once more into the bright sunlight.

At dinner, the waiter informs us that the band will play to-day in the Tivoli Garden. My heart gives a bound; but my English prejudice quickly repels the contemplation of such wickedness. To my surprise, however, when I have

settled down at the window some time later to watch the people pass, the spinster herself suggests a walk in that direction; and, I blush to acknowledge it, I respond forthwith. So we go; and I hear a Russian provincial military band, to which I listen with bated breath as I try to follow the wraith of a tune which now and again struggles through the din of the big drum, to be speedily smothered by rebellious instruments. Yet withal, I enjoy myself under the lime-trees of that Tivoli Garden, though it looks more like a poor, neglected demesne than a pleasure-ground. Flowers there are none, and the grass is trampled and patchy; but there are the officers with trailing swords; there are Russians, Poles, Letts, and Esthonians in their characteristic dresses. I could sit and watch till darkness fell; but the spinster has had enough of dissipation, and in an hour or two we turn our steps hotelward.

Another night with the cockroaches; but I am prepared, and that is half the battle. I persistently decline to go to bed, and refuse to be a single instant without a light. The spinster may grumble; in all other matters I knock under, but here I am firm. I again mount the window-niche, in which spot alone I feel safe; and with a rug for my pillow, I doze and start and slip into painful attitudes, until my last night in Plescow is of the past. I am up with the lark in the morning, and am ready to start for the boat, hours too soon. When at last our luggage is packed and ready to be borne away, and our bill is paid, which is moderate beyond all expectation—the one relieving feature of the Plescow hotels—the spinster shows the practical greatness of her German nature: she opens the jaws of a carpet-bag and deliberately empties the contents of the sugar-basin into it; then she possesses herself of the candle-ends, and drops them also in among the sugar-lumps. "It would be a shame to leave them," she explains. "We have paid for them. Will you take the half?"

I decline, with thanks.

In another hour we are actually in the boat, Plescow is left behind, and we are on our way to Dorpat; my fare is paid, and I am the happy possessor of half a ruble!

Chambers's Journal.

ELECTRICITY AS A FACTOR IN HAPPINESS.

PERHAPS the most marked feature of the hour, outside politics, is the anxious and hopeful attention paid to applications of electricity. Investigation and experiment have been going on for years, hundreds of minds have given themselves to the subject; in one department, telegraphy, great results have been achieved and great fortunes made; but this explosion of interest in the matter is new. The world, as sometimes occurs to it, is on intellectual tiptoe. The terminology of the science is novel and unusually abominable, the difficulty of showing experiments is considerable, and the reporters constantly misunderstand alike what they hear and what they see; but the interest of the public overcomes every obstacle. At the meeting of the British Association, nothing attracted like electricity, the papers even republishing long discourses which, for most of their readers, might as well have been written in Greek; while no telegrams are read so eagerly as the excessively crass ones in which the wonderful show of electric appliances now going on in Paris is so dully described. The special correspondents are shown everything, and not only understand nothing, but seem to lose their control of their art, and can not even describe. The interest is the more noteworthy because it is the interest of expectation, rather than the interest of assured faith. The electric *savants*, unlike most men of science, are doing their thinking aloud, performing experiments in public, talking to each other across continents and in the ears of half mankind, showing instruments which they confess are imperfect, exhibiting processes which are acknowledged to be merely tentative, securing patents which are defended as only "precautionary," and in many instances letting drop hints as to the methods by which they are inquiring, and the results they barely hope to obtain, which on other subjects would arouse in their hearers a sense of angry tedium. The public, however, is tireless upon electricity. It has one big fact to go upon, the electric telegraph—the one thing, perhaps, which Friar Bacon, if he could come back for a week, and talk to the luminaries of science, would admit to surpass his reveries—and in spite of the doubts of the scientific, who are excited, too, and see their way to many things, but do not yet see their way to a lot of electric force cheap, the public persists in believing that steam is played out, and that the world is about to have a greater, less cumbrous, and more universally applicable force placed at its disposal. Thousands who know no more what

an "Ohm" is than they know what Arius taught are the happier for that belief, and hold it fixedly. The world may be wrong, as it was wrong when it fell into a similar condition of excitement about Montgolfier's balloon. There was the balloon, and it did go up, and better balloons were made, and have been going up ever since from dancing platforms, and besieged cities, and battle-fields, and all manner of places; but the world is not flying, for all that, national boundaries have not disappeared, and there are custom-houses still existing. The world, however, this time does not think itself wrong; the scientific men, though not quite certain—being worried in their minds, as we said, as to where that cheap lot of force is to come from, unless they can previously accomplish the task of controlling Niagara, or passing the Atlantic tide through a stopcock, or utilizing the earth's rotation—are inclined to agree with the world; and the mechanics point, with a sort of awed laugh, half-triumph, half-puzzlement, to what has already been done.

That is really very surprising in its suggestiveness. No electric appliance not intended for the transmission of messages is as yet perfect, or rather, we should say, complete; but still the first idea of impossibility has, in many departments of work, been finally removed, and that is a great step. Electricity—we shall want a shorter word very soon, O philologists! and a better one, "amberishness" being a stupid description, and the proper one, if you knew it, would be "Indra"—can already be made to do many things, though it does them all imperfectly, expensively, or with a certain uneasy hesitation, as if some Demiurgus did not quite know whether he was justified in giving such power as that to such a race as man, and every now and then held his hand. Man may—and man will, if ten more years are given him—use his new slave upon his favorite work, the only work he permanently and always admires, that of killing his brothers wholesale; and Demiurgus may be worried about that. Still, electric work is done, and work greater than ringing angry little hotel-bells. There is, to begin with, always the telegraph, which does take messages across the Atlantic ahead of time. Then, though the big electric lights flicker and go out unexpectedly, and the little lights are not as bright as they should be, and all the lights are more or less disagreeable in color, and nobody will give you the least dependable hint about cost, and everybody tells a different story about the distance at which the

force begins to tire and slacken, there is certainly light—light, if you will pay the money, almost limitless in quantity, and in practice able to go all the distance from the generator that is wanted. And, slowly, slowly, but quite visibly, the obstacles to the use of that light pass away. Subdivision, the old difficulty, considered insuperable, has been mastered; a measuring instrument for the light consumed has been invented; yesterday, some weeks ago, the color of light that human eyes find easiest was secured; to-day—this very week—the flicker has been conquered by an application of Faure's accumulator; and to-morrow, perhaps, the easiest, cheapest, and handiest generator of the force will be shown to a Parisian audience, anxious chiefly to know if with electricity substituted for gas, theatres will not light up very well indeed. There is light, and, moreover, movable light, which seemed impossible. On Monday, while the British Association were discussing the use of the light in mines, and lamenting the chance of explosion at the point where the wire enters the lamp, Mr. Swan produced a lamp which, by the aid of Faure's secondary battery, dispenses with the wire. It will only burn six hours, but it can be carried about, and refilled at will from the wire connected with the central generator. That lamp next year will burn twenty-four hours, and then we have a lamp universally useful for domestic purposes. Again, though no great feat of hauling, or heaving, or pushing has yet been performed by electricity, we know the force can be made to push and haul and heave. A man has driven about Paris in an electric tricycle; a girl has sewed a shirt with a sewing-machine moved by the same power; a bit of rock has been attacked by an electric borer; a toy boat runs about in a lake, driven by electricity; and, best of all, Messrs. Siemens are now carrying passengers in a "tram," which has no other motor than the electric "fluid," or modification of motion, or whatever it ought to be called. It is not only probable, but certain, that many of the difficulties now impeding the application of the force to heavy work will be dissolved, under the pressure of the brain-power now applied to them from every corner of the civilized world; and quite possible that in a year or two a cheap method of generating electricity will be applied—not discovered, for we know already that falling water, in governable masses, is what is wanted—and that the storage of the force will not only be a credible, but an easily accomplished, process. That is not supposing more than has occurred in the application of electricity to message-sending, and that accomplished, and cost reduced, as science always reduces it, we should have from the new agent

at least two things—a light full, permanent, and cheap, to be used wherever wanted, in the street, workshop, and house, as in the mine; and a motor, manageable, tireless, light, and as effective for small work in the hands of the individual as for great work in the hands of a mighty company. That which will drive a railway-train will drive a girl's sewing-machine or a boy's mechanical horse; that which will urge a rock-borer will help to carve a sixpenny bloodstone seal. Indra chained can be made to perform all tasks that can be performed by unintelligent force.

And these things gained, what will be the addition to human happiness? It is always necessary to ask that question, for, as a rule, the grand prizes of human intelligence, the additions to human knowledge of which we are so proud, have added little to the happiness of the millions who, and not the few rich, constitute man. The growth of wisdom, especially of political wisdom, has probably, by abolishing slavery and diminishing terror, whether proceeding from kings, or armed enemies, or domestic criminals, done more to increase the happiness of the race than all that science, usually so called, has ever achieved. Freedom from oppression has secured more for Englishmen, measured directly in happiness, than steam, just as security from robbers has done more for their wealth than the electric telegraph. It would be difficult, indeed, to prove that any great scientific discovery—except the lucifer-match, which made light and heat, as it were, portable; chloroform, which extinguished some forms of pain; and vaccination—has ever done very much to reduce the mighty sum of human misery. There would seem, however, if all hopes be justified—even excluding these hopes raised in a somewhat dim way by Dr. Siemens's strange experiments with plants, experiments which somehow raise in minds not usually fanciful a sort of sympathy with plants, as if they must suffer, instead of benefiting, as they appear to do, from the sleeplessness to which he condemns them—to be good omens for man in electricity. Light in the bowels of the earth, permanent, pellucid, and safe, must indefinitely diminish the terror and the toil of those who work there, even if it does, as we fear it will, protract the hours of labor; and miners of all kinds are many, and we want more from inside the world. Bright light, indeed, if it can but be carried about, must relieve man at least of the terror of darkness; and terror, not pain, is for humanity—which is in the aggregate timid, but healthy—the master-evil. Then it would seem probable that in electricity we have a motor which will do what steam has not done, add to the strength and freedom of the individual; and that must be a gain. The

instinct of luxury is rarely wrong when it is permanent, and the desire of the rich for horses and carriages must, if realized by the poor, increase their happiness. Rushing about is not happiness, but freedom of locomotion is an element in it, and in the electric tricycle there is a probability of that for all healthy men. The power of working a machine which will do almost all labor must be, one would think, to man a gain almost equivalent to increased health, or a doubled strength of muscle. The peasant may have no more land, but the electric plow will do his spade-work as well in less time and with less expenditure of vital energy—for of all classes, it

is not plowmen who live longest, as, in the idyllic theory, it should be, but gamekeepers and clergymen—and the additional force gained in agriculture will be gained also in every department of human labor, the weaver guiding without stooping an electric loom, while the shoemaker orders the fluid to perfect his stitches. Electricity is force without the limitations which make cumbersome steam comparatively so useless; and if anything can make man happier, except more resignation, it must be an increase of force granted to every one for the battle with the blind powers of earth, which yield only to compulsion his food and drink.

The Spectator.

BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.

CONSIDERING the pitch at which brigandage has arrived in the East, and the number of cases that have lately occurred of Europeans and others being captured and kept in captivity until some fabulous amount has been paid as a ransom, I feel sure that a short account of the daily life and mode of existence of these outlaws can not fail to be interesting. The following facts are gathered from the experiences of a late captive, at the paying of whose ransom I chanced to be present:

There is no doubt that brigandage will have a tendency rather to increase than to subside, as long as Turkey remains in its present unsettled condition; and little else can be expected when one finds nearly everybody, be he pasha, priest, or peasant, either from fear or pecuniary motives, in league with the bands whose headquarters are nearest their respective homesteads; and one can not shut one's eyes to the fact that bribery and corruption compose the system on which is based the government of a country which, if properly looked after, might be one of the finest in the world.

To begin with, one must know that there are two distinct classes of these men who earn their livelihood by pillage, robbery, and, if necessary, murder: viz., the brigand proper, of whose career I shall chiefly speak, and who very often, notwithstanding his bad reputation, possesses one or two good qualities, among which may be mentioned his strong sense of honor as regards keeping his word after giving it; and an inferior kind of robber who is called by a Greek word signifying "sheep-stealer," and who lives by committing petty larcenies, or intimidating, perhaps killing, poor villagers and small land-owners, but has neither the pluck nor the organization to

make any grand *coup*, such as carrying off a European or some wealthy merchant. To show in what contempt this latter class is held, I may state that no greater insult can be offered to the brigand proper than that of applying to him the epithet of sheep-stealer (*κλεπτόβαλος*).

As soon as the spring is sufficiently advanced to allow the mountains to be traversed without too much discomfort from cold, several bands are formed, consisting of Albanians, Greeks, and Armenians, varying in numbers from twenty to forty, the majority of whom are soldiers, well drilled, and accustomed to hard work and long marches, who have deserted from the armies of their respective countries, and determined to pursue a more exciting and lucrative calling. A chief is selected by vote, a Greek generally being chosen, and one who has been at the trade before; also two or three captains, according to the number of the band, who assist in organizing the recruits, the chief always having complete control over the movements of the band, and settling any disputes that may arise among its members. The next thing to do is to take the necessary oaths, each man swearing not to desert, betray his fellows, or ever assist in any way in a prisoner's escape, the last oath being that, should they be attacked, the captive, if they have one at the time, must not be recaptured alive. This finishes the preliminaries, and the work of cruelty, bloodshed, and pillage commences thence, and lasts until the winter snows leave the mountain-sides no longer habitable, when they disperse and enjoy themselves on their ill-gotten gains till the following spring comes round.

The dress worn by the brigands is much the same as that of Albanian peasants, consisting of a short sleeveless jacket, coarse gaiters and shoes,

the national fez, and a very short *fustanella* or petticoat, the latter being made of very coarse material, instead of white calico, and soaked in oil, so as to keep the insects, or at all events a certain percentage of them, from annoying the wearer, as they wear the same one for month after month; and living day and night in the bushes, some precautions seem necessary, and the only course pursued is to take off the *fustanella* about once a week, and shake it over a fire, the heat causing the lice and other insects to drop out. This is the extent of their ablutions, if such a term may be applied, sometimes for weeks. Across their chests they carry a cartridge-belt, and round their waists a girdle containing a revolver, knife, and in fact all their worldly possessions; while by their sides hang their yataghans or curved swords, with which they behead their captives when not ransomed. The rifles vary in kind, but are all very good; I think the Winchester repeating rifle seemed to be the favorite, although a great number are armed with the weapons in use in their own armies at the time they took French leave. It is perfectly astonishing what good marksmen they are, and how ammunition is obtained is a mystery to the uninitiated; but I know for a fact that within the last few weeks a brigand chief ordered and received eight thousand rounds of ball-cartridge, of different descriptions, in the middle of the mountains, miles away from any town.

It is unnecessary to detail their plan of attack when determined to carry off a captive, as they all resemble each other, and several accounts have appeared in the papers of those which have most recently occurred. It is a great mistake to think that brigands ill-treat their captives during negotiations; it is just the reverse: all share and share alike, the preference being always given to the prisoner when it comes to the last loaf of bread or the last glass of wine. At the same time it can hardly be called an enviable experience to pass night after night in fair weather and foul with no bed but the mountain-side, and no shelter but the canopy of heaven. The routine of one day is so much like that of another during the wandering in the mountains, that a description of one twenty-four hours will, I think, be sufficient. Soon after dark the whole party start, the prisoner having his arms tied loosely behind him by a single piece of small rope, leaving the end trailing behind. This, I may here mention, is simply used as a sign of captivity, and not as a precaution against an attempt to escape, two of the band being sentry over the captive at a time, the remainder dispersing slightly so as to have due notice of any danger that might be close by. After traveling several miles, through

valleys and over mountains, a halt is made about sunrise in some well-wooded and secluded spot; the prisoner is then left in charge of three or four men, and the remainder, excepting of course the chief, proceed with their various duties, some lighting a fire, others preparing the morning meal, which generally consists of bread, coffee, and perhaps a bit of lamb or goat, and another party go off to get their next day's food from accomplices and spies who have been warned two or three days previously where to bring the provisions. So suspicious are they of treachery that no member of the band is allowed to eat any food brought by a spy until the bearer has tasted it to see if it contains poison. The way in which the fire is lighted is well worthy of notice. Having collected some dry sticks, not large in circumference, and about eighteen inches in length, a square heap is built by laying them across each other at right angles, and at the same time leaving lots of air-space in the center. The top stick is then lighted, and the fire burns downward; by this means a very hot but perfectly smokeless fire is obtained, which of course prevents their locality being discovered from the smoke. When all is prepared, breakfast is heartily welcome after the night's journey, but no one thinks of partaking of any food until a short prayer has been said by the chief and all have crossed themselves three times. I have omitted to mention that every band of brigands has a tame ram which is used to lead any sheep they steal from out-of-the-way villages, thus saving one man having the trouble of doing duty as shepherd. During meals every topic is discussed, no distinction being made between captor and captive, nor restriction placed on the latter as long as he does not broach the all-important subject of his own release. On that subject they are perfectly reticent; and one never knows from the day of one's captivity till within a few hours of one's release how negotiations are proceeding, nor how one's chances of life and death fluctuate according to the temper of the brigands and the communications brought by the spies.

During the first week or so after taking a prisoner the camp is moved every night; but, as soon as a safe distance is reached and it is known that there are no troops in pursuit, four or five days are often spent in the same spot. On weekdays, as soon as breakfast is finished, all the arms are cleaned, knives and yataghans sharpened, and a sheep or goat killed and skinned for the mid-day meal, which generally takes place about eleven o'clock. It is curious to watch the process of cooking the sheep. As soon as the skin is removed, a small portion of the intestines is taken and placed over the eyes and face of the animal, being secured behind the ears by a small piece

of stick. This, as well as one or two other internal portions, is looked upon as a great delicacy, and always reserved for the chief. No portion of the sheep or goat is thrown away, every particle being eaten after being roasted slowly over the camp-fire, by being placed horizontally on a long stick and slowly turned round by him whose duty for the day includes cook. Wine takes the place of coffee, but in other respects there is little difference between the mid-day and morning meals.

The first thing to be done, as soon as the appetite is satisfied, is to take the shoulder-blade of the animal just devoured and examine the marks on the flat portion of it. Should there be a small hole, it represents the grave of the prisoner, and signifies that the ransom will not be paid; if there appear small lines running in the direction of the leg bone, it denotes that everything will go satisfactorily and the money be paid; but, should the lines run at right angles, then pursuit and perhaps capture will be the result of their enterprise. This, among many others, is one of the superstitions in which the brigands put most implicit faith, and by which they profess to be able to discover any news in regard to their success or failure about which they have any doubt.

The afternoon passes much the same as the morning, each taking his turn at preparing food, keeping guard over the captive, and any other little duties that may be required, the remainder sleeping and smoking cigarettes alternately until dinner-time comes round. After their evening meal, all sit round the fire, some playing cards; but the majority seem to find most pleasure in recounting to their captive the most atrocious and brutal deeds of which they have been guilty—the greater the barbarity the more welcome the opportunity of bragging about it. Before repeating one or two of their confessions, I must not omit to say that, although cards are allowed, no gambling, not even of the mildest description, is permitted. It may also appear strange that these ruffians took the most vivid interest in hearing all about the telephone, phonograph, and other new inventions. A late captive informed me that, by giving lectures on different subjects nearly every night for six weeks, he had quite educated his "hosts," and considered the "Turkish School Board" ought to give him some compensation. N. B.—It has not done so as yet.

On Sundays, prayers are repeated and psalms chanted during the forenoon; the routine after the mid-day meal being to hang up several sheepskins and practice cutting them in two with their yataghans. This is done, as they calmly acknowledge, to keep their hands in, as, should it become necessary to behead the prisoner, the man to whose lot it falls to deliver the blow is

looked down upon if he does not perform his duty neatly, i. e., sever the head from the body with one cut.

The system of espionage employed is simply perfect; every movement of troops for miles round is known almost as soon as it takes place, and the state of the negotiations being carried on for the captive's release is immediately and almost daily communicated to the chief. Should any news be sent by the officials, the usual plan is to send word to the town from which he is coming to say by what road he is to go; then, suddenly, at some unexpected spot, a brigand appears from behind a wall or some other hiding-place, receives his information, and returns; the place of rendezvous being generally four or five hours' ride from the camp, so that no clew should be given as to their whereabouts. It is a law among the bands that no member shall accept a present from a captive; and it is also the custom, on the release of a prisoner, for the chief to make him a present of fifty pounds or so. At the same time, should he have a watch or any other article for which the robbers have a desire, it is bought and paid for, the last ceremony being the taking off of the rope which has bound the prisoner's arms ever since his capture, which once more proclaims him a free man.

To show how little regard is shown to the Turkish authorities, I may here mention that, during my last fortnight at Salonica, a well-known merchant showed me a letter he had just received, the contents of which were to the effect that, unless one thousand pounds were sent at once to a place about three hours' journey distant, all his property, consisting of two houses and a lot of timber, would be immediately burned. This interesting but disagreeable communication was not signed by hand, but had a large seal at the bottom, like an official document, on which was printed in Greek "Captain Kakuni." I need hardly say that troops were dispatched in place of the money, but, alas! with the usual result. On another occasion, and within four or five days of the above-mentioned event, I went to the Turkish theatre to see an Armenian company perform a comedy, and passed a very pleasant evening in the box belonging to the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces. On meeting him the following day, he inquired if I knew who was at the theatre with us the previous evening. I replied in the negative; whereupon he produced a small note, in which was expressed the writer's appreciation of the performance, and congratulating his Excellency on the state of his health; but judge of my surprise when I saw the signature "Captain Niko," the chief of the band of brigands who last year captured Colonel Synge! Of course by that time he was probably miles

away; but it appears he had donned European costume for the occasion, and quite made an impression with his gloves and small silver-mounted cane. I only know of one decisive step having been taken to suppress brigandage, and that took place a week after the release of Mr. Suter. Salyk Pasha, in command of the troops at Salonica, heard there was a band of brigands in the neighborhood, and immediately took steps to discover their whereabouts, which he succeeded in doing. Troops were at once dispatched to surround the band, and an engagement took place so near the town that the shots could be distinctly heard. The soldiers having previously received orders that they might loot any men they killed gave a greater impetus to the whole proceeding; and before dark, out of a band of thirty brigands, twenty-three heads were brought in to the Pasha, and the remaining seven taken prisoners. One sergeant shot five himself, and took two hundred pounds from one man, but he was unfortunately wounded in the affray. However, on his arrival at the military hospital he was promoted to lieutenant on the spot, and every hope is entertained of his speedy recovery. I only regret I was unable to see the head of the rich brigand, so as to discover if it were one of those who received the ransom for Mr. Suter, to the handing over of which I was a witness.

In conclusion, I think that the old motto "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*" should have due weight with any Englishmen who are purposing to visit the interior of Turkey either on business or pleasure; and I think nothing will give greater emphasis to the advice it contains than giving an idea of the outrageous brutality of those into whose hands they would probably fall, as gathered from the stories told round the camp-fire to pass the time over the after-dinner wine in the mountains.

On one occasion the chief of a band succeeded in capturing a young Armenian whom he suspected of having given information to the authorities as to the whereabouts of his band;

whereupon he sent a message to his mother, who lived in a village near, telling her that if she wished to see her son alive she must come at once to a certain spot. Fearing to disobey, the poor woman hurried to the place named, where she met the brigand chief, who immediately said, "I have sent for you to show you the way I treat traitors"; and, drawing his yataghan, he cut the wretched man into four quarters before his mother's eyes, adding, as he wiped the blood off his weapon, "Now I am going to the top of that hill. Before sunset you will tell all the inhabitants of your village that they are to come out and see what I have done; should you not obey—and, mind, I shall be watching—I shall come and burn the whole village." Of course, there was no choice but to carry out orders, and come and see the ghastly spectacle.

Another instance, of the effects of which I was also a witness, was that of a villager in the town of Teronda, who, when the village was attacked by brigands, gave up all his property but a small silver cross which he stoutly refused to part with. Whereupon he was stripped, rubbed over with petroleum-oil, and then a match applied. It so happened that this did not prove fatal, but the state of agony of the poor man some days afterward was something piteous to see.

I think these few stories will suffice to show the character of the Greek brigand; and, although as many more and even worse could be repeated, I will only add one which is rather amusing. A band, having captured a Turkish priest, used, when in want of a small amount of amusement, to make him climb up to the top of a tree, and there continue shouting out, "calling the people to prayer," as is their custom from the minarets of the mosques at sunrise; the only difference being that, whereas the real ceremony occupies only a few minutes, this wretched priest had to continue until he was unable to speak from hoarseness and want of breath.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITHIN a period of seventeen years two Presidents of the United States have fallen by the hands of assassins. The full significance of the fact will be more completely realized when it is remembered that, during the fourteen hundred years that have elapsed since the foundation of the French kingdom under Clovis, but two of her sovereigns have fallen by assassination, and that in England, from the time of Egbert, who was the first to bear the title of King of England (in 827), to the present, but one case of unmistakable, open assassination has occurred. Edward the Martyr was stabbed in the back while drinking a cup of mead on horseback. William Rufus, it will be remembered, was pierced by an arrow while hunting in the forest, but it is uncertain whether the arrow was discharged accidentally or intentionally. Even if we give the worst interpretation to the death of the latter, we have but two cases of assassination in a period of some thousand and fifty years. Others of the English sovereigns, however, fell by violence. Edward II and Richard II were secretly murdered after being deposed. Henry VI died in the Tower after the accession of Edward IV, but in what manner is not known. Young Edward V was smothered in the Tower by order of Richard III, before, however, his reign fairly began. This record is bloody enough, and to it should be added, perhaps, the instance of Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury and Premier, who was shot down in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812; but we find only four monarchs perishing from unlawful violence in more than a thousand years of English history, and two rightful rulers in the short period of seventeen years in our own history struck down by assassins! When it is remembered that English and French history covers many periods of great disorder, that there were numerous wars, rebellions, and contentions for the crown, and that the age of political violence is now commonly supposed to have gone by, the contrast between the two records is startling, and full of matter for reflection.

This contrast is rendered more surprising from the fact that both France and England have frequently suffered from the despotic rule of their sovereigns, from which there was no relief but by the death of the despots, while with us our chief magistrate can not, if he would, be despotic, has little power of any kind, and in a very short period must cease to exercise the limited sway which the Constitution reposes in him. In one case there are many reasons why an assassin might be supposed to have good reasons for acting, in the other there are absolutely none. All the conditions with us naturally exclude assassination as a likely crime, while abroad in times past all the conditions were of a kind to excite assassination. When Mary was burning and hanging Protestant heretics, a sudden blow from an

infuriated zealot would have been perfectly natural, and would find even to-day many apologists. When Cromwell was persecuting Churchmen, and standing between the rightful heir and the throne in the estimation of so many thousands, it is fairly surprising that the pistol was not summoned to promptly remove the supposed usurper. Perhaps it will be said that rulers in those times were more guarded and consequently less accessible than with us. To this it can be said that whoever had diligently searched for an opportunity would have found one. Jacques Clément succeeded in reaching the presence of Henri III, and Ravallac forced himself to the side of Henri IV; and other men equally determined would have encountered no serious obstacle to their purpose. Last month we made some remarks about the current mania for the pistol, and asserted our belief that this had something to do in prompting Guiteau to shoot down the President; but in former turbulent periods the people were more used to weapons than now, and very much more familiar with the idea of violent death. Killing by war, by the executioner, by roadside violence, or in turbulent contests, was a daily matter, and cutthroats were as common as thieves are now. In fact, there is no period in the past in which all the conditions for an act of the kind did not exist; there were partisan hatreds, oppressed classes and greatly wronged individuals, ambitious aspirants, embittered enemies, the spirit of turbulence, great personal ends to be served, and other provocatives to action. Judging by our own recent history, the wonder is that assassination has not been the peculiar and common rather than the exceptional fate of kings or other arbitrary rulers.

The reader must see that, viewed from the point of history the fate of Lincoln and Garfield is simply astounding. Judging by comparisons and conditions their deaths by the violent hand is about the last thing in the world that should have occurred. This is more notably the case with Garfield than with Lincoln, of course, as in the latter's case a bitter war had just ended, and fierce hatreds abounded; but, compared with the violence of passions in many historic periods, and all that defeated partisans then suffered, these features of Lincoln's murder weigh but little.

Looked at thus historically, assassination in our age and in this republic is wholly anomalous. It is inexplicable by any obvious logic or train of reasoning, for it is in contradiction to every apparent tendency, to every traceable condition. How is it, then, that our people have been twice plunged in grief by this great crime, this anachronism of blood? We ask this question, but we do not know that we can answer it. We have presented the problem in this form as a view of the case that intensifies the crime, and one likely to awaken a closer philosophical study

of its significances. There is, we fear, but one direction in which we need look. We must search for the causes of the crime in undercurrents of national character not yet perhaps fully known, in certain growths of recklessness and self-will, in a popular disposition to political fermentation and exaggeration, in the revival of an inclination to settle disputes by personal force, in the subtle influence of lawlessness on our borders, in the passions excited in certain large groups by a widespread literature of blood, and doubtless in other tendencies which the thoughtful will be able to discover. Anomalous as these assassinations may seem, they have scarcely come upon us without sufficient philosophical reason, for all things are distinct products of antecedent causes, and hence it behooves us to study the problem well, and discover if we can all the significance that lies hidden in it.

ONE of the most passionate desires that animate the hearts of men is fame. It is possible that the love of power may be more widespread and intense than the thirst for fame, but with men of imagination, at least, no passion transcends their desire for the good-will of their fellow-men. But how strangely and unexpectedly it often comes! Our martyred President, whom we have lately so reverently and tearfully laid in the grave, could never in his wildest dreams have imagined the measure of the fame he was destined to win, or the means which would prove most effective in carrying his name with words of admiration and sympathy to the uttermost places of the earth. That a poor, unknown, struggling boy should reach a place so exalted, and come to his death under circumstances so remarkable, that not only fifty millions of people in his own land should unite without a shade of difference in expressions of passionate grief at his fate, but that in foreign lands an almost equal sympathy should be manifested; that a queen should painfully watch the vicissitudes of his sick-bed, utter at his death words of earnest condolence, and cause flowers to be placed on his coffin; that the court of a great empire should go into mourning at his demise; that emperors, kings, and potentates of all kinds should declare their grief, and parliaments, assemblies, municipal corporations, and various bodies stop in their busy doings to express their earnest sorrow; that in the churches of foreign lands memorial services should be given, and bells toll at his parting hour; that as far as civilization extends his name should be on every tongue, accompanied with expressions of affection and sympathy—that he should win a fame so immense, so immeasurable as this could never have been imagined, for it outdoes all experience, it goes beyond the boldest conceptions of the possible. The world was more startled at the death of Lincoln, and the intensity of feeling was great, but there was not that unanimity of sympathy for his fate that has been manifested for Garfield's, for the reason that with our President just dead no political passions complicated the subject. Garfield died

with the whole world as mourners, with one universal outburst of sorrow, and this never occurred before, we may safely say, in the history of the world.

But the greatness of the fame thus attained is not more remarkable than the circumstance that made it possible. Passionately as Garfield may have loved fame, the last thing that would have occurred to him is the fact that the best way to achieve fame is to perish by the hand of an assassin. Thoroughly as every American must be gratified by the intense sympathy awakened the world over, the philosopher can but speculate on the perversity of things by which an accident accomplishes so much more than services. Let us admit, in passing, that it was not wholly a death by violence that enlisted the sympathies of the world for Garfield, but the heroic fortitude with which he endured his long sufferings; but with this conceded it still remains evident that calamity is more powerful in stirring public affection than even devotion to that public's welfare. A life of duty well performed and services beneficently rendered could never have won the measure of esteem that the world hastened to render to our dead President. People feel rather than think; their emotions take possession of them; and they often render a passionate and generous devotion to a suffering hero while remaining indifferent to the merely intellectual services of persons whose lives and energies have been wholly devoted to them. There must be something dramatic in one's career ere the passions and sympathies of the multitude can be fully aroused. Sometimes this public response rewards brilliant successes, and sometimes, as in Garfield's case, it is awakened by misfortune. How many times has it been said that the people are enlisted solely by means of great achievements—that the world is prostrate before success! And yet we have just seen it more united in its sympathy for misfortune and in its admiration for heroic fortitude, than it has ever been for brilliant triumphs of any kind. It must be remembered, however, that misfortune makes no enemies. The wisest President that imagination could conceive of would be sure to excite opposition and enmity in some quarters; there would be factions that would deny his wisdom and even question his probity; but a hero dying by mischance silences factions, subdues enemies, and even touches the hearts of the wicked as well as the good. The conclusion, then, that is forced upon us is, that nothing conduces so much to fame as some great misfortune, especially if attended by dramatic circumstances—that the most strenuous exertion, the profoundest devotion, the most brilliant attainments, and the highest character, are less in the world's eyes than some direful mischance. Of course, this mischance must befall a worthy subject; not misfortune even in the most dramatic form can enlist popular sympathy for a man without acknowledged virtues; but given a leader with a good reputation, and all that is necessary to make him a popular hero is a martyrdom of some kind. We do not quarrel with this phase of human nature. It is excellent to see

the human heart touched, to discover the universal oneness of human affection, and every American must feel his heart thrill at the testimonials of sympathy that every people hastened to offer us in our great national sorrow. The wide expression of foreign feeling was, indeed, a great surprise to everybody, and, although we have paused a moment to consider the causes that produced so profound a manifestation of sympathy, it must not therefore be assumed that we are insensible to it, or recognize in it anything that is not wholly gratifying to our national pride.

RUIN and *ruins* are two words that off-hand may convey a similar meaning, but very great is the difference between them. England, for instance, is a country of many ruins, but ruin is less frequently observable there than in almost any country of the world. Ruins in that land are guarded and preserved; they are highly valued as historic mementoes, and every pains taken to keep them intact. Once, it is true, they represented ruin in its worst form; but now they are simply valued records of ancient combat and destruction. The wounds are healed, the suffering is long past, and they remain like the scars of a hero, as admired testimonials of strange and stirring events long since enacted. Ruins of this character do not, with a few exceptions, exist in this country; but, unfortunately, we have another class of ruins, ruins that are simply examples of dilapidation, without historic reminiscences or weird beauty, and which too often tell a story of recent ruin. Our country is considered a new country; our friends in Europe speak of it in this way, and we use the term ourselves whenever we want to excuse a deficiency of some kind. But for a new country there is with us an immense deal of the worn-out, the abandoned, the dilapidated, and the decayed. Apart from those treasured historic ruins which we have mentioned, one sees in England very few neglected structures. Everything there is kept in trim order, is guarded against decay, and has a prosperous, well-kept air. There is no dilapidation or slovenly neglect; one does not encounter mills and factories and farmhouses left to go to wreck, as he does so frequently with us. There are not nearly so many structures abandoned, so many signs of bad ventures, so many instances of change of fortune as with us. One can find in a day in the vicinity of New York more old, abandoned, or half-ruined buildings than he could in England in a month. Old mansions there are well preserved, and bear their marks of age gracefully; here half the old mansions are tumbling down upon their occupants. Looking

at the country in this way—that is, apart from purely historic records—this land of ours is old and England is young. Here, and not there, decay abounds; here one finds in every direction things left to go to wreck; here conspicuously are conditions that look like decrepitude and old age; here are ruins that really mean ruin.

All this is not pleasant to hear nor pleasant to say. But, if it is true, we must not shrink from it because it is unpleasant, but rather inquire as to the cause. It can not be said that the dilapidation to which we refer is due to a general decline of prosperity, but, then, it would scarcely exist if prosperity were altogether the rule. We are actively building new cities and extending old cities in the face of the facts we have pointed out, and it is possible that one reason of the evil lies in our restless abandonment of old fields of endeavor for new ones that are more promising. We are not well settled in our purposes, nor forced to concentrate our efforts within a narrow field, nor induced by the uncertainty of new ventures to follow up in preference those we have begun, nor much held to old paths by tradition or association, so that there are always seductive chances offering that divert our enterprise and draw off our resources. These facts may have something to do with the conditions we have described. But, doubtless, there are other reasons, especially so far as regards our residences. Old mansions and homesteads are not valued with us to the extent they are in England; they are not retained in our families so long, and there is not an equal interest in their preservation. The sons all wander from the family roof-tree; the daughters marry and go to the cities; and by-and-by the old homestead begins to go into decay, eventually to be abandoned altogether or transferred to some other use. The great inducements that the West holds out have always been an injury to the Atlantic States; they have drawn off our capital and population; they have made it comparatively unprofitable to thoroughly cultivate land and follow many pursuits here; and hence they are the causes of many a neglected farm or an unroofed and tumbling homestead on our highways. Perhaps when we become an older country we shall put on a better seeming of youth. There will come in time a surplus wealth, which will delight in restoring the old places, which will reconstruct the mansions, replace the fences, set abandoned mills in operation, and give to all the land that air of neatness and finish that characterizes old England. This is greatly desirable. But, meanwhile, the fact remains that young America is apparently more ragged and out-elbows, more battered and worn, than old but lusty England.

Notes for Readers.

IT can not be denied that a generation is growing up which knows not Emerson—that is, knows him not in the intimate and familiar manner of those who drank in his first utterances, and who accepted his voice as that of a prophet and divinely accredited leader of thinking men. To all such, and to many more who will be glad to refresh their memories without too much expenditure of effort, Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey's little book on "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet" (Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series"), will render a very valuable and much-needed service. In the compass of but little more than three hundred small pages, Mr. Guernsey has managed to give a satisfactory sketch of the main facts and incidents of Emerson's life, to convey a tolerably vivid idea of his personality, to measure his work as essayist, lecturer, and poet, and to indicate the leading features of his philosophy. More important than all, as regards the general interest of the volume, he has garnered such a sheaf of Emerson's best thoughts, and of the finest and most discriminating things that have been said about him, as has not hitherto been attempted, and as could hardly be surpassed in a work of such moderate dimensions. For such a task, indeed, Mr. Guernsey seems to be peculiarly well qualified, both by competence of knowledge, and by the attitude of his mind. With a warm admiration for Emerson, and entire faith in the sincerity and worth of his teaching, he is not blind to the difficulties which confront those who would accept Emerson as a guide in the practical conduct of life; and, by bringing out the inconsistencies and contradictions in which Emerson often involves himself, puts the devotee on his guard against the illusions of enthusiasm. Considering the frankness with which Emerson himself repudiates any claim to logical consistency, we are inclined to think that too much is made of these occasional (and often only apparent) contradictions; but it is always instructive to compare utterances which are given forth upon the same topic but in different states of feeling, and, as used by Mr. Guernsey, they subserve the good purpose of reminding us that, in spite of the dogmatic precision of his pronouncements, much that Emerson says is to be taken *cum grano salis*.

Of Emerson's philosophy as a whole, Mr. Guernsey remarks that it is in its main aspects most essentially practical. "Using the word in a good sense, it is wholly a 'this world' philosophy. Of the future life, as future, he takes little account. He finds the universe thus and so. Nature is what it is; man is what he is. All are but parts of one mighty whole; and it is man's place to know nature and to put himself into harmony with it. In his view, the life that now is, and each day of it, is a part of the eternal *now*; not merely a preparation for some unknown future. Youth exists for itself, manhood for itself, age for itself. There never will

be a day longer than the one which is now passing; there will never be a moment more full of duty and obligation than the one in which we are drawing our present breath. To be at this moment, and at all future moments, what he ought to be, that is, in other words, to live in perpetual harmony with the immutable laws of nature—laws which are, because they could not be otherwise, being the outgrowth of the inmost being of the Divine Mind—this, in our view, is not only the central core but the sum and substance of Emerson's entire philosophy, no matter in what varying forms it may clothe itself, or how it may be tinged with hues reflected from Buddha or Plato, from Swedenborg or Confucius, from Zoroaster or Jesus." Of Emerson's right to be ranked among true poets, he thinks it indisputable. "Most likely his audience at any one time will be comparatively small. In a single half-generation the platitudes of a Tupper found more admirers than Emerson will have found for ages. But be his auditors many or few, they will surely be 'fit.' If voters were to be weighed, not counted, his would be a heavy vote. And, in the long result, it will be weight, not numbers, which will decide the final issue."

Though his work is in the main expository and interpretative, Mr. Guernsey now and then diverges into comments and reflections which have a wider significance than the thought which may happen to serve as a starting-point; and these are to be ranked among the most striking and eloquent passages in the volume. Here, for example, is one in which he balances the respective claims of the past and the present, and suggests considerations which are surely worth keeping in mind: "The trouble with most earnest men, when they compare the present with the past, is, that they overlook the immensity of the past; they put ages at one beam of the scale and years at the other. The good in the one scale is but dust when weighed against that in the other. Half unconsciously, they overlook the fact that the good of the past is the net sum and residue of all that countless generations have achieved; while the good in the other scale is just that which has been achieved by the men of a single generation. And still again, the folly of past generations, their manifold stupidities and unbeliefs, have all gone the way to dusty death; they offend us no more, and we only know that they ever existed when we grope amid the dead ashes in their sepulchres; while, on the other hand, the follies and stupidities of our own day confront us at every turn; like the frogs of Egypt they come up into our bedchambers and our kneading-troughs; like the locusts, they seem to be devouring every green thing. But the frogs die, the locusts are driven away; and Nature retains no token that they ever were. To the widest observation all evil is transient and perishable; the good only survives, and is immortal. To the thinking

man of no age has his own generation seemed an heroic one. Most turn to the far past for the golden age; some look for it in the far or near future; few in the immediate present. But if there be an all-wise, an all-good, an all-powerful Creator and Ruler of the universe, then it follows as a matter of certainty that the course of things must be ever tending toward the better, not toward the worse. Rather than believe otherwise, I would be an atheist. If we read history with open eyes, we shall see that such is the case. The world does move, and moves in the right direction. Doubtless there are periods when the movement seems checked, or even apparently reversed. Trace the Mississippi from its sources downward, and here and there it seems to the voyager that its course is checked or reversed, and that the current is flowing back to its fountains. But all the while the waters are circling around some obstacle which they will in the end either elude or sweep away. Could one mount high enough, and with sure vision survey the whole course, all these petty divergences would vanish from the view, and he would perceive that the whole mighty flood is all the while moving onward to the ocean."

THE brief and compendious treatise on "The Sun," which Professor C. A. Young has contributed to the "International Scientific Series" (Appletons), is a model of what such a book should be, and will probably prove to be one of the most acceptable of the many useful works contained in the series to which it belongs. It is designed, he says, "neither for scientific readers as such, nor, on the other hand, for the masses, but for that large class in the community who, without being themselves engaged in scientific pursuits, yet have sufficient education and intelligence to be interested in scientific subjects when presented in an untechnical manner; who desire, and are perfectly competent, not only to know the results obtained, but to understand the principles and methods on which they depend, without caring to master all the details of the investigation." Some portions of the exposition can only be comprehended fully by those who are familiar with the higher mathematics; but even here the general result and implications of the reasoning are not difficult to make out, and, in general, there is an admirable clearness, simplicity, and lucidity of expression. In scope, the treatise aims to present a convenient summary of all that is known and believed about the sun, particular care being taken to keep distinct the line between the certain and the conjectural. The chapters deal successively with the sun's relation to life and activity upon the earth; the distance and dimensions of the sun; the methods and apparatus for studying the surface of the sun; the spectroscopic and the solar spectrum; sun-spots and the solar surface; the periodicity of sun-spots, their effects upon the earth, and theories as to their cause and nature; the chromosphere and the prominences; the corona; the sun's light and heat; and the constitution of the sun. The special value of the book for students lies in the fact that it is not a stale repetition of familiar

facts and threadbare illustrations, but is based throughout upon the latest discoveries and investigations, and represents adequately, so far as it can be done in so brief a treatise, the present state of astronomical science. For the general reader its interest is greatly enhanced by the clearness and precision of the author's style, which rises at times to a strain of lofty and majestic eloquence befitting the magnificence of the theme.

Particularly impressive are the facts and examples by which Professor Young endeavors to convey to the reader some idea of the prodigious forces and activities with which the student of the sun is confronted. Speaking of the outflow of solar heat, he says: "The quantity of heat emitted is enough to melt a shell of ice ten inches thick over the whole surface of the sun every second of time: this is equivalent to the consumption of a layer of the best anthracite coal nearly four inches thick every single second." In regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, he says: "Though the distance can easily be stated in figures, it is not possible to give any real idea of a space so enormous; it is quite beyond our power of conception. If one were to try to walk such a distance, supposing that he could walk four miles an hour, and keep it up for ten hours every day, it would take sixty-eight and a half years to make a single million of miles, and more than sixty-three hundred years to traverse the whole. If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran sixty miles an hour, day and night without a stop, would require over one hundred and seventy-five years. Sensation, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Professor Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, since, according to the experiments of Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about one hundred feet per second, or sixteen hundred and thirty-seven miles a day, and would need more than one hundred and fifty years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about fourteen years if it could be transmitted through celestial space; and a cannon-ball in about nine, if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun. If the earth could be suddenly stopped in her orbit, and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the center in about four months." As to the attraction between the sun and earth: "It amounts to thirty-six hundred quadrillion of tons—in figures, 36 followed by seventeen ciphers. . . . We may imagine gravitation to cease, and to be replaced by a material bond of some sort, holding the earth to the sun and keeping her in her orbit. If, now, we suppose this connection to consist of a web of steel wires, each as large as the heaviest telegraph-wires used (No. 4), then to replace the sun's attraction these wires would have to cover the whole sun—

ward hemisphere of our globe about as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn. It would require *nine* to each square inch." There are many other facts and illustrations as striking as these, and the chapters on the corona and on the solar prominences are fine examples of descriptive writing.

It is difficult to fix the precise date at which M. Edmondo de Amicis's "Spain and the Spaniards" (Putnams) was written; but we conjecture that it was written before either the "Constantinople" or the "Holland," and it certainly antedates the "Studies of Paris." It exhibits, indeed, all the characteristics of an early work. Most of M. de Amicis's distinctive qualities are found in it, it is true—his surprising opulence of language and vivacity of style, his wonderful power of vivid and picturesque description, his aptitude for picking up stray bits of interesting knowledge, his frank willingness to amuse and be amused, and his *naïve* habit of self-revelations; but there are obvious a crudeness and immaturity of manner and a deficiency in the art of arrangement and selection which are not observable in his other works, and which seem to mark his tentative or experimental stage. A portion of the difference, no doubt, is due to the relative unskillfulness of the translation, which is very much inferior to that of either the "Constantinople" or the "Holland"; but, while this would account for the inferior charm of the style, it hardly explains the chapters that read like the stale itineraries which every trained journalist easily manufactures for his newspaper. In spite of its defects, however, there are passages in the book which for picturesque vigor and animation equal anything that the author has ever written. Among these is the description of a bull-fight at Madrid. As to the morality of these spectacles, the author, curiously enough, declines to express any decided opinion; yet his account of a cock-fight is one of the most revolting things of the kind in literature, and no words seem intense enough to express his abhorrence of its barbarity. One topic upon which he is inexhaustibly eloquent is the beauty of the Spanish women, and some of the little descriptive episodes will be apt to send the reader's blood tingling through his veins. His descriptions of pictures, statues, architecture, theatres, processions, and displays, are nearly always remarkably good; and altogether, summoning up in retrospect the meritorious features of the book, we are inclined to retract our strictures, and to commend it warmly to the attention of all intelligent readers.

THOUGH possessing none of that grace and vivacity of style which imparts a charm of their own to M. de Amicis's books of travel, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., usually manages to secure novelty of topic and freshness of material. His aim, as he himself says, has always been "to write only of the less-frequented and consequently the less-known countries, whether or not they offered the most romantic opportunities for picturesque description"; and in the case of his new volume on "Norsk, Lapp, and Finn" (Put-

nams), as he remarks, not only are the places and peoples he describes but little known, but the novelty also of customs and manners leaves him no excuse for being dull. The travels whose principal incidents are here recorded embrace a journey through Denmark and a stay of considerable length in Copenhagen; visits to Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, and other important places in Norway; a coasting voyage to "Farthest Thule" and "A Day at the North Cape"; a tour through Lapland, affording him an opportunity to see both the Sea-Lapps and the Mountain-Lapps; a journey partly by water and partly by land through Sweden to Upsala and Stockholm; and a final excursion to the Grand Duchy of Finland. No previous writer who has attempted to convey his impressions of the High North has seen so much of the country; and, as Mr. Vincent is a trained observer and a practiced writer, he has produced a book which is as valuable as it is interesting. His endeavor has been "to present not only the latest but also the most authentic information obtainable, together with such statistics, facts, and details as seemed necessary to furnish a clear idea of the intellectual, industrial, and commercial conditions of these countries, always bearing in mind that Man is vastly more important than Nature." One of the principal objects of his visit, as he explains, was to study the Lapps as they are in their own homes and at their every-day labors and occasional recreations, and the chapters in which he describes that curious people are the most entertaining in the volume.

OF the special chapters in Mr. Sully's book on "Illusions" (which was noticed in the preceding number of the "Journal"), those on "Dreams" and on the "Illusions of Memory" are the most popularly interesting, but throughout the work many novel facts and amusing anecdotes are used to illustrate special points in his exposition. For example, in illustrating the nature of dream-intelligence, he tells how he once "performed a respectable intellectual feat when asleep." He put together the riddle, "What might a wooden ship say when her side was stove in? Tremendous (Tree-mend-us)!" In another dream he imagined himself at Cambridge, among a lot of undergraduates, and saw a coach drive up with six horses. "Three undergraduates got out of the coach. I asked them why they had so many horses, and they said, 'Because of the luggage.' I then said, 'The luggage is much more than the undergraduates. Can you tell me how to express this in mathematical symbols? This is the way: if x is the weight of an undergraduate, then $x + x^a$ represents the weight of an undergraduate and his luggage together.'" Among the facts with which he shows how sensation is sometimes overpowered by mental imagery or suggestion—thus producing an "illusion of perception"—is one which may be placed beside Mr. Lockyer's discovery concerning the height of mountains in the landscape-pictures of the National Gallery: "It is found that the degree of luminosity or brightness of a pictorial representation differs in general enor-

mously from that of the actual objects. Thus, according to the calculations of Helmholtz, a picture representing a Bedouin's white raiment in blinding sunshine, will, when seen in a fairly lit gallery, have a degree of luminosity reaching only to about one thirtieth of that of the actual object. On the other hand, a painting, representing marble ruins illuminated by moonlight, will, under the same conditions of illumination, have a luminosity amounting to as much as from ten to twenty thousand times that of the object. Yet the spectator does not notice these stupendous discrepancies. The representation, in spite of its vast difference, at once carries the mind on to the actuality, and the spectator may even appear to himself, in moments of complete absorption, to be looking at the actual scene." In exemplifying illusions of memory, he touches upon that supposed recollection of pre-natal events which forms the subject of Wordsworth's noble "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and makes the following interesting suggestion: "May it not happen that, by the law of hereditary transmission, which is now being applied to mental as well as bodily phenomena, ancestral experiences will now and then reflect themselves in our mental life, and so give rise to apparently personal recollections? No one can say that this is not so. When the infant first steadies his eyes on a human face, it may, for aught we know, experience a feeling akin to that described above, when through a survival of dream-fancy we take some new scene to be already familiar. At the age when new emotions rapidly develop themselves, when our hearts are full of wild romantic aspirations, do there not seem to blend with the eager passion of the time deep resonances of a vast mysterious past, and may not this feeling be a sort of reminiscence of pre-natal, that is, ancestral, experience?" The book is full of such facts, anecdotes, and suggestions, and is noticeably free from those technicalities of language which so often repel and bewilder the non-scientific reader.

WHETHER Mr. Henry P. Johnston's volume on "The Yorktown Campaign and the Surrender of Cornwallis" (Harpers) is to be regarded as an expansion of his recent article in "Harper's Magazine," or the article was merely a *rechauffé* of the book, it may be said that they are both characterized by the same qualities of perspicuity and exactness, and that the book will probably be accepted as among the permanently valuable results of the Yorktown Centennial celebration. The story of the surrender has been frequently told, and its significance as marking the real close of the American Revolution has been fully appreciated by historians; but it has never been made the subject of a literature as the battle of Bunker Hill has, for example, or the campaign on Long Island, and Mr. Johnston's is almost the first monograph in which complete justice is done to the entire campaign, of which the surrender was merely the culminating phase. In preparing it, while availing himself unreservedly of all that has been done by previous writers, Mr.

Johnston has based his work largely upon new and hitherto unpublished materials, so that it possesses a freshness and value that could not be ascribed to a mere compilation. He remarks in his preface that the quite recent publication of Washington's manuscript journal, covering the operations of 1781, would alone furnish a temptation to restudy that period; but in addition to this he has been fortunate enough to secure a number of unpublished letters of Lafayette, the letters and journals of several French officers, scattered manuscript letters of American officers who served in the campaign, and a number of official documents that have long been accumulating dust in the archives of the Department of State at Washington. With the aid of these and such materials as were already in print, he has constructed a remarkably interesting narrative, which, with its ample equipment of maps and illustrations, will furnish a worthy and appropriate memento of an anniversary, to the right comprehension of which it will so largely contribute.

MUCH more interesting than its title would suggest at first glance is "Domestic Folk-Lore," by the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M. A. (Cassell's Popular Library). Embracing in its signification the traditions, proverbial sayings, superstitions, and customs of the people, "Folk-Lore" has become an important branch of antiquarian research, and probably there is no department of *quasi*-historical investigation which carries us nearer to that original fountain-head whence modern nations have drawn their ideas, sentiments, and beliefs. The special aim which Mr. Dyer keeps in view in the present volume is to show that "superstition, in one form or another, dwells beneath the surface of most human hearts," and that this rule applies even to the daily routine of domestic life. Birth and infancy, childhood, love and courtship, marriage, death and burial, each has its own folk-lore; and there is a series of chapters containing many curious facts and interesting anecdotes about superstitions connected with the human body, articles of dress, the table, furniture, the household, popular divinations, and common ailments. Around every stage of human life and every incident of human experience, a variety of customs and superstitions have woven themselves, most of which, apart from their antiquarian value, as having been bequeathed to us from a far-off past, are interesting in so far as they illustrate those old-world notions and quaint beliefs which marked the social and domestic life of our forefathers. The more striking and characteristic of these Mr. Dyer has brought together in his little book, and the result is both amusing and instructive.

THE reader who takes up Mr. De Forest's "The Bloody Chasm" will discover before he opens the volume that the story is not one "of guns, and drums, and wounds," notwithstanding the threatening nature of the title. The binder has stamped upon the cover the figure of Cupid dropping flowers into a chasm, in which lies a sword, and from which project

several bayonets. Love is filling the chasm and burying the implements of war with its graceful emblems of peace. The binder had read the story, and the design prefigures the consummation to which it leads, but it does not give token of the many bitter passions that sway the characters of the story before the flowers begin to fall and fill up the chasm. The story opens in Charleston just after the close of the war, and has for its hero a colonel of the Federal army, and for its heroine the last survivor of one of the great Charleston families. We shall not forestall the reader's interest in the book by relating the plot. It turns, as he rightly supposes, upon the antagonisms of the two sections of country then so rife. It portrays the intense bitterness which animated the hearts of Southern women, depicts the sufferings that befell them in the general destitution that followed the war, and brings into sharp contrast the virtues and the errors of the class. The story is very ingenious, and although one important incident, upon which all the action of the latter half of the story turns, is scarcely credible, still the reader is disposed to accept it on account of the fresh and dramatic situations that follow it. One great quality of the story is its eminent readableness. It is simply impossible for any one who gets fairly started not to finish it. The action is always rapid, the descriptions terse and to the point, the dialogues crisp and dramatic, and every instant almost the aspect of the story changes. It consists of a well-defined, dramatic plot, rather than a collection of portraits, but there does not lack some good character-painting. The hero is not very distinct, but the heroine has the warm Southern blood and the impulsive passions of her class. The old negress, Aunt Chloe, is capitally drawn, and many of her sayings are likely to pass into the vernacular. There is an old Confederate, General Hilton, who is a perfect study; and a couple of happily touched female characters who afford the reader no little amusement. The novel is really a very good one.

THOSE of our readers who have seen the announcement of a volume entitled "Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations," will understand why any expression of opinion in these pages in regard to the work would be improper, but we may be permitted, perhaps, to copy here the kindly comments of our contemporary, "The Literary World," of Boston:

"The Mr. 'Bachelor' Bluff of the thoughtful but sly and penetrating essays which compose this volume is in reality Mr. O. B. Bunce himself, the somewhat spare and undemonstrative editor of 'Appletons' Journal';

but to the imagination, as here depicted, he is a portly gentleman of perhaps sixty, with a scantily silvered head, a generous brow and chin to suit, bright eyes, a mouth indicative of positive opinions, and a free and open manner of expressing them. Bachelor Bluff has read, traveled, and observed; has something to say on almost all topics of the time, and says it in a way worthy of attention. If he is slightly oracular, that is what we expect of well-informed gentlemen of his age; and it must be confessed that his confidence in himself begets confidence in his listeners. He is a good talker, and finds plenty of interlocutors. With Young Carriway, who has a weakness for sentiment, and Mr. Auger, a grave doctor of laws, he converses characteristically on domestic bliss. With a poet—who, his disguise thrown off, is no less a person than Mr. Edgar Fawcett—he disputes as to the true theory of poetry. With a 'dreamer,' who is carried away by the fancies of modern art, he contests for the true ideal of a house which shall be a home. With the insinuating Miranda he assumes a judicial tone on the subject of feminine tact. With another lady he discusses the privileges of women. To a politician on the train he unfolds his political notions. In the laboratory, with a believer in 'infinitesimal doses,' he amuses himself by some curious arithmetical calculations as to the value of homeopathic dilutions. In the art-gallery, solitary and alone as befits the place, he muses on the work of the painter and sculptor in its elements and effects. On a yacht, of a moonlit evening, with the sentimental Miranda again and her sympathetic companion Oscar, he prescribes a cure for melancholy. And so on, concerning 'Morals in Literature and Nudity in Art,' on 'Dress,' on 'Holidays,' on the 'Country,' on 'Modern Fiction,' and on a few minor topics falling within the same general circle.

"The reader will see at once what manner of volume he has before him, and, when he is told that Mr. Bluff does most of the talking, as he should do, he will be prepared to be amused, instructed, contradicted, and set to thinking by turns. He will find himself in company of a very entertaining and profitable conversationist who thinks for himself—and what is more edifying and delightful than conversation with such a man, who is not always of your mind?—and he will be led through a succession of living topics of more or less practical interest, always approached in a serious and earnest mood, and handled with a certain contravention of existing opinions and a subtle penetration of joints and marrow which will kindle his attention at the outset, and keep his interest alive to the end. He may recognize some passages that he has met with before in the editorial pages of 'Appletons' Journal,' but will find them often touched up afresh, and accompanied with much that is new. He will be enriched with new ideas, some of which are striking; will be gratified with pleasing and ennobling sentiments, and supplied with many new keys to the mysteries of life, and with new helps to the doing of duty; and, if he take Mr. Bluff's philosophy to heart, will be a sunnier and more sensible man for it.

"We wish there were more Bachelor Bluffs in the world, and that they did more of the talking."

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RICHES.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

Adam to Lambert.

DEAR FRIEND: I have been here in my native place since yesterday. How everything has changed! Not that I am surprised to find that rascal Bungert's nose shining with a brighter glow, or to see that round-cheeked little Gundula has grown into a pretty girl—that is all natural enough, and was inevitable—no, I am only amazed to see how the hand of man—for what are ten years, Lambert?—has made a stirring, busy world out of the deepest of woodland solitudes. The place is transformed!—changed so that I can never find it again—never find again what it used to be to me, Lambert.

A bit of my life hung upon it! From it, as a child, I struck out the roots of my being—extending them very far—and bound myself fast to noble Mother Earth.

You would smile if you could see how I sit here on a little detached plot of heather, about which forgotten flowers still linger as reminders of old times; how I sit and mourn, as the Jews once mourned upon the ruins of Jerusalem.

"Ruins!" you would say; "you are dreaming! Ruins here, where everything glistens with newness; where even nature appears like a neatly ordered room!"

You are right—I am dreaming; and it's true that dreaming is out of place here. Restless saw-mills toil on, screeching as they work; chimneys after chimney fills the neighborhood with smoke; darkness fills the air; loathsome odors; clouds that do not come from heaven. Are there not enough in preparation for us? Must we also shamefully becloud the trifle of free air that our northern Nature possesses? Truly, it is a horribly harsh and discordant sound that

pervades this region!—discordant even for less sensitive nerves than mine. It drives *me* nearly wild. Must all the voices of Nature be overcried by it? If this devilish machinery is to have the last word, then let men, too, be made different from what we are! Lambert, I feel like one who has been robbed of what he held dearest. It was my child's paradise: what has been destroyed here belonged to me; for I had taken possession of this fair region with my very soul, with all my thoughts. Barbarians of the New Era! are there not barren places enough on earth where you could have built your old bone-mills, your paper-mills, rag-mills, and the rest; your breweries, distilleries, dye-houses? The place is sickened and poisoned with them! Need you have chosen this holiest temple of Nature—these sacred beech-groves, these gentle slopes, crowned with green, between which the merry brooks run like children at play?

All that can be called *spirit*—take the word as you will—all that I should call "good spirits," have abandoned this cursed place; it has been entered in the great arithmetical problem of life, in which nowadays the cipher plays so great a rôle! My cousin Laurence carries his fat paunch proudly; the creator of a world could not be prouder than he is of his factory. What would he say if he knew that I spoke of missing something—here, where everything smells of money, tastes of money, is valued in money, swelling with wealth?—that I spoke of anything having been destroyed—here, where his strong purposes lift themselves to heaven like the very sign-posts of order! With him *I* count as the troglodyte—the barbarian. His beliefs and my beliefs are at perpetual war. My creed has a real reverence for some old tree; *his* shudders, if the nut-wood that is in it goes unused. Mine delights in flowery meadows, in the scattered bloom of the

shrubbery; his tears up everything that is not of immediate use. Every corner is fenced in, squeezed out, till the most insignificant sparrow could not find a grain of corn left free to him. It is incredible, the number of places where one is not allowed to go—not allowed to stand; if it could be done, sun, moon, stars—yes, even the bit of sky under which we breathe—all would be rented, for money!

In spite of it all, I can not help having a certain respect for this new era—for this great iron fist—which has brought such an empire into being, and sustains it. Only—it is not *my* empire. When I see our hands side by side, Lambert, I have to laugh; it is really a phenomenon in natural history—two utterly different species—and they are to be united!

Poor little Gundula! What sin have you committed, that you are treated thus?

Those few thalers, that my father advanced to hers, may cost her dear. If the good child only had the least dislike for me, I could not do it. It is for my mother's sake. My poor mother, who has borne so much for me, shall never want again if I can help it.

I am acting in this matter quite after my own heart; and yet it often seems to me as though the most extraordinary things arose to give it another result. I can never *live* here, as I understand *living*. It may be healthful for me; but thus far I feel ill—sick for my old circle, for companions who think like me. We went on in one path—happy, untroubled, speaking the same language—toward the same halcyon country. Woe is me, that I have been permitted to live thus far with truly congenial souls! It is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man.

Lambert to Adam.

Old friend, I expected your Jeremiad. You have not wandered beneath the palms without being punished for it! But, as soon as you acclimatize yourself a little, you can erect again the grove you had here—only that in the new one you will have a trifle better eating. I have always looked upon poesy as a bad trade, and haven't concealed that opinion from you; yet in spite of it we have remained good friends from childhood up. Why shouldn't it be the same with Cousin Laurence? You Sunday-children of humanity need a strong lining, like us, for your light summer raiment. But, apart from all that, is there anything more poetic than when happiness looks out upon one from such kindly maiden's eyes? Marry the good girl that loves you—even because she is wont to hear you spoken of as her destined husband: habit is a strong ally. You despise money; good, despise

it; but artists must first *have* it, in order to despise it. Believe me, money is a thoroughly poetic thing, if you only call it "*gold*." Who doesn't love it—only under different names—power, honor, position—in short, all those things which appear desirable in this walk through the dust that they call "Life"? Even the dog sees whether one has it, and, yelping, snaps at the beggar's rags. We have experienced it ourselves—a torn coat, a shabby hat, and one's dignity as a man is as good as gone.

Ah! I wish I could scatter it with full hands! How I would despise it then! Why should I have this taste for a cultured luxury, for refined enjoyment, that is wanting in so many rich men?

You are an enviable fellow, Adam! Only the other day I saw your little gold-fish, with her great, surprised-looking eyes—blue eyes, full of a heavenly lack of wisdom. For simplicity is a rare thing in this era of over-clever women, who never let a man get a little well-earned rest for his brain, in his dressing-gown and slippers. Why do you hesitate? Though the spring of your verses comes from Parnassus itself, it will not bring grains of gold with it. Who has time or inclination to read verses now? You would need to put the stock-market report into rhyme.

You are frightened, my dear fellow, because you are just beginning to see that one must come out of his child's paradise. But, first, what is *necessary*—and then pleasure will come back again.

Adam to Lambert.

You are right—the necessary first! My mother must be provided for. She can only stay here in case of my marriage—here, where she has everything that her feeble condition demands. I shudder when I think of the days in which she suffered from real want; you only half shared this experience with me, for there are miseries that one does not speak of.

I wrote till my fingers were sore. I was willing to lower, to degrade my art, in order to turn it into current coin—but one might as well try to make himself a new nose. I never hit upon what pleased or satisfied this age—whose child I am, nevertheless. With all my work, with all my wakeful nights, with all the strength, power, fertility, that I felt within me, I could not succeed in comfortably providing for that one poor life!

That was a bitter time for me, Lambert. I began to despise my art. My world seemed suddenly to dissolve in mist—the world in which I lived, and which seemed to me as real and as justifiable as yours to you. The ground beneath my feet began to tremble; I looked askance and enviously at the work of men whose hands often filled themselves with gold by a stroke of the

pen. "Money," I cried, as I heard them cry around me—"money is the chief end, the criterion of all things, the time and purpose of life." It pursued me like a brain-fever.

Just then came Cousin Laurence, and rescued me. His fortune was on the increase. He took my mother to his home; and the final solution of the matter was to be my marriage with Gundelchen. I was satisfied with it all—I felt nothing then but that for the moment I was free. Free! I remember the day yet. Nature was in its freshest youth. I went out through the gate, and lay down upon the grass; above me the blue sky, to which I once more looked up with free eyes.

How happily we roamed through the world then, as though it belonged to us! Tell me, Lambert, did we really ever want for anything? It's so easy to live when one is young and strong! Why could it not remain so? Why must life always bring forward problems that tear our very hearts, and that we can not answer?

I delayed my decision from day to day. Cousin Laurence is kindness itself—he treats me like a sick person, in whose case a well man can not understand why he has not an appetite for good food. He loves me entirely and completely, with the whole strength of his healthful heart. But I, Lambert, am like one who is secretly hiding a treasure. In my heart there is a hoarding-place that I can not open to him—I *can not*—either to him or to Gundula, much as I may try; and in that close-locked chamber lie my best powers. Am I not false to them, Lambert? Do I not take what is true and give what is not true in return?

I often ask my cousin, "Are you not giving me your child too carelessly?" Then he laughs in his sonorous voice, and answers: "My dear boy, what are you going to do with her, then? A good son always makes a good husband. I have chosen you especially for my little Gundula, for where there is honey comes many a fly. The child is not adverse to it; the devil himself must needs interfere if the plan does not succeed. You have no other attachment?" "None but art," I reply. "Well, we are not jealous of the Muse—neither Gundula nor I. Write as many billets-doux as you like to that apocryphal personage. I can't see the importance of your ink-spatterings, nor can you that of my machines; but in one thing we are in accord—esteem for one another, just as we are." He is right, Lambert; I respect this energetic nature from the bottom of my heart.

Lambert to Adam.

Cousin Laurence is the shrewder of the two! Live and let live. How comfortable he makes it

for you, yet how cautiously he reserves his own domain at the same time! Truly, it's only in combination that you two make up a complete man. You, with your fastidious taste, want some one to dig your truffles for you; and it's all the better if he does it gracefully and *con amore*. Ah! I should know how to prize such a father-in-law! Make an existence for yourself, such as it is the fashion for great artists to lead in these days. How cheerfully and brightly art bears luxury and wealth in these times of ours! Make your Muse a convenient lodging-place on earth—you can't do more, for there are too many disagreeable things in the world that can't be cured in any way whatever. Alas for ideals that must make our daily bread for us! They run till their feet are sore, and yet accomplish nothing. It is pitiable, how they go about with their treasures of thought, exposed to every blast of criticism, every gust of fashion. What seems precious beyond words to-day is good for nothing to-morrow: one lives quickly nowadays. Save yourself from it; and think yourself happy to come out of difficulties with a true and simple child, like your Gundelchen, beside you.

Adam to Lambert.

Simple! What is simple in the world in these days, Lambert? To me Gundula seems decidedly complicated—we understand scarcely one time in seven.

You call her simple! Heavens! in contrast with her I might rather be called so myself. Her costume, her coiffure, even—all are enigmas. A wonderful structure, in which I can truly hardly discover her little person—never discover, indeed, what is art and what nature. Her little head is full of all the worldly wisdom that you miss in me. Perhaps you don't know that she has been at a boarding-school? What is there that girls don't learn there? When her friends from town collect at her house for a coffee-party, you should hear the twittering—like a nest of young birds. An owl couldn't sit among them more shyly and embarrassed than I. I don't know how to put in one fitting word out of the whole store of my thoughts. If I am alone with her, she too is silent; and we two, who have so little to say to one another, must solve the great problem of life.

Cousin Laurence says: "Be glad when your wife can keep quiet in your presence; I wish mine had understood the art." But I detest all that is dead, that is dumb; for me, everything must speak, even shrub and forest. A watch that stops, a bird that doesn't sing, a human being that doesn't talk to me, make me sad. Am I on the right path? Am I a sleep-walker, whom they are calling here and there, and who, waked out of his dream, sees an abyss at his feet?

Why do my little earnings discourage me, as I see them losing themselves in this great stream of gains? Why am I ashamed of them? Are they not the fruit of my labor? Is not every man in his true place who feels that he is offering his shoulder to lighten the common burden of life? And am not I doing that? Is not a word which falls as a fructifying seed into the soul often of more use than all this busy striving? And yet it confuses my vision, draws it downward toward the earth. What a real, tangible thing this profit is! Have I been living in error? Does the center of gravity of our being lie in this manual labor, in this all-subduing materialism?

Lambert to Adam.

Let it lie where it may—every man accepts it according to his own ideas. I am not surprised that Miss Gundula is silent in reply to such questions. How can you expect an echo, except in answer to your own voice? Besides, you have always said, "Poets expect their answer from the world." Were you to speak with tongues of fire, who, in this every-day life of ours, could understand such stuff? It would be nonsense to many besides that innocent child. Once more is Cousin Laurence right: far better would it be, in the daily business of life, if there were less talking.

Why can you, moreover, not be comfortably happy? Why all these scruples. Suppose yourself to live in the land of your dreams, without care, without labor. Nothing else will be demanded of you. Could you the live-long day lie idly beside verdant slopes, it would give you new vigor. Why this sudden longing for a burden to sustain? Enjoy life, for that, too, is an art.

Adam to Lambert.

Enjoy! What can I enjoy here in this desolate place—this prosaic industry, under which human beings toil, chafe, and consume themselves until they are no more than machines or beasts of burden? My land of dreams is far from this splendid misery, where want and degradation, side by side with superfluity, look with hungry, envious eyes upon the favored ones. I call to mind one day: we were three of us in a place overgrown with ivy, and half concealed from view. We had been walking beneath a summer sun, and the moist, luxuriant verdure was a sight doubly welcome. In a kind of enchantment we threw ourselves upon the ground; here and there through the foliage we caught glimpses of cooling streams—blossoms, leaves, all filled with sunshine and moisture. Countless insects, seeking enjoyment and fanning the sultry air with glistening wings, hovered around us, all in the fullest happiness of innocent life. There,

in the midst of this ecstasy of living things, there fell upon me something of this same irresponsible Eden-like joy—every creature rich in happiness, lovingly cared for; and I slept as a child sleeps, at once near earth and God. Here, in my cousin's home I could not rest, could not remain inactive. I am a stranger here—a stranger! of no use, and capable of doing nothing.

II.

THE room appropriated to Adam's mother was in the most retired part of the house. One thing, however, had found an entrance there—selfishness. Bodily infirmity, unless transfigured by a light from beyond this earth, is peculiarly a victim to it. The highest consideration of which the sufferer is capable is his own physical well-being. And who can blame him? Suffering can not be measured. From his point of view every one in health is happy.

Why did the devoted son hesitate to make his cousin's house his own? To her, the price demanded, his marriage with a beautiful, wealthy maiden, did not appear unreasonably high. Besides, in no better way could Cousin Laurence pay the debt which he had in former years, though against her will, incurred with her husband. She had loved Adam's father, but never approved of him; his son was like him to a hair. She regarded them both as visionaries, to whom others must show the right way through the world. Her work, in consequence, was the rolling stone of Sisyphus. Money, in such hands, vanishes as sand through a child's fingers. To no one could they refuse anything; therefore, when Cousin Laurence came, a vigorous though poor young man, asking a loan, Adam's father gave him all that he had. Had it remained in his own keeping, it would have flown like chaff; here it fell upon good soil. From the tiny seed springs the lofty tree, from a small beginning often arises a great fortune. Adam idolized this father—to him he seemed the ideal of all that was glorious; had a golden halo suddenly encircled his head, the child would not have been surprised. He took him with him in many a long walk through wood and field, showed to him Nature's thousand wonders in the light of poetry; or, tired with walking, they sat down in a verdant solitude, and the child listened devoutly, when the father would repeat with glowing eloquence verses from the old masters, whose tones seemed to him music, while unconsciously their beauty sank into his soul and unfolded its buds, like heaven's own light. From the poverty of their small dwelling they trod these green halls as though belonging to a palace. If he had oftentimes longed for the toys of wealthy children, here he thought himself richer than they

all. On other evenings the father would read aloud, surrounded by spectators. He remembered one particular evening—above them the many-leaved lindens in whose fragrant blossoms dizzy bees were humming. The glowing sun was sinking to rest behind the wood, but it seemed to him that its light lingered long upon his father's face. How he loved that father! How he rejoiced when the applauding voices of the listeners shouted around him! A king he seemed to the child. In such a world of enchantment he would fain live. In comparison all else seemed poor, mean, and unreal. And now he was to end his days in Cousin Laurence's factory!

In strange confusion his duties lay before him. Which was the greatest? Could he refuse his mother the aid which she asked of him?

Her daily question was: "How do you progress with Gundula? You act as though you thought I had so much time before me that I could afford to wait for this last joy."

He kissed her pale hand. "If it had depended on me alone to procure it for you, it would long ago have been yours."

"It does not depend upon the child," said she, bitterly; "she is only waiting for you."

"The child," he repeated, "knows not what she is doing. I do know it, and I can not feel myself worthy of her."

"Ah! that is strange," said she; "sometimes you think yourself superior to the whole world, and now you say you are not good enough for such a little maid. These are nothing but your dreams, Adam, the webs of your brain."

"Dreams, mother, often come to the soul from heaven."

"But are not sufficiently durable for earth, my son. Give me the right to remain here; it is not the least of my trials that I am sheltered here, an invalid, and dependent on their kindness. For long years I have hoped for relief. Shall I also perish miserably, like your poor father?"

Then came to Adam's mind the day on which his dear father had died. All around was poverty, but at that moment appeared a most glorious background to those poor surroundings. He saw the dying man lie before him, in the majesty of a noble death. Could any one die more gloriously—as a star extinguished in heaven's azure? Long, long remained the splendor of that departure in his soul.

"Would that I could live and die like him!" said the youth; "and that I need not like a beggar reach forth my hand for wealth which is not mine."

"The old story," said the mother; "and I must be set aside for your far-fetched ideas."

"No!" cried he. "I will do as you wish, will sacrifice my inmost being, and in your happiness seek mine."

III.

Adam to Lambert.

ALL is over—I have pledged my word. The good, loving child! I must ever be her debtor, for with what can love be bought if not with love? Can a man have so little power over his own soul that he can not inspire it with a feeling which he must and will have?

As I have said, it would indeed be strange if two well-disposed people who want to love each other could not succeed in doing so.

Once, Lambert, I had a vision of a marriage of souls—its crown, a crown of stars. We, I fear, must be content with artificial flowers. Well! what is that which the world calls happiness? Even in the midst of my deepest sorrow I have had glimpses of it—and now?

Oh! of all things in the world the greatest ingrate is the heart! If it can not have exactly what it wants and in the way it wants it, it turns angrily away and will have naught; should it on that account pine away, it can not take the water of life called love from any and every one.

The affair came off in the garden—for they have gardens here, Lambert—such gardens as though not the dear God, but the confectioner, had made them;—all so splendid, according to their fashion, so mean according to mine. Gilt fences, pale green, ornamented with silver balls in which the world appears topsy-turvy. Shade-trees are banished, all as bare as a shaved poodle. Trees are more in their place in the saw-mill. Like a snake panting for water, I shrank from the burning rays of the sun. A sort of temple as they call it, not to insult the gods, received us under its shelter.

We took our seats here, as in a bird-cage. That is what the people here call fresh air. Above us the glistening balls, toward which the sun shot fiery rays; before us the yellow gravel, along which an enormous snail crept. To what destiny was it tending? To what was I? Which of us best knew? I confined to it my philosophic reflections, and thought, "If it reaches that flower, or that grass, I will speak." But it turned about suddenly and moved off in another direction. In spite of this bad omen I took heart, and told all to Gundula as plainly and as truly as I could.

She was working on a piece of embroidery—a golden pheasant, which comes to my mind whenever I think of that moment. Coolly she let me have my say out, then looked up and laughed in my face. You know that suits her—she laughs like a child; but laughter is not al-

ways apropos in life : I never know a man truly until I have seen him weep.

"Well committed to memory," said she, and she again laughed. I felt cut, for all had indeed been prepared and put together beforehand. "You should at least have put it into verse," she continued, merrily, "though certainly I am not a fit subject for poetry. Why should we imagine such nonsense? We will marry, like good children who do as their parents bid them; and it is not so bad, after all. You take me for your 'mother's sake, and I—" (she paused, the blood mounted to her face), "because I like you, Adam."

Then we kissed each other. As I looked up—you will laugh, Lambert, but it put me out of humor—I saw our distorted image in the balls; it is somewhat awry, in point of fact. As to disposition we suit each other passably. When she looks at me so kindly through her childlike blue eyes, a feeling of blissful warmth transfuses my stubborn heart. If I could but take her with me away from this barbarous luxury, away from this civilization which is no civilization—could we but live together in some quiet corner near Nature, where I could have a garden of herbs all to myself! What most keeps us apart is the weight of this property, which seems to me only a burden, banishing in the tumult of its activity all the gentle spirits whose slave I fain would be.

Lambert to Adam.

I wish you joy for the misfortune of having to marry a charming maiden, and I hope that the burden of wealth will be the heaviest that it will ever be your lot to bear. Pardon me, if there should appear on the surface of this letter something which, bitter as gall, eats at *my* heart. You speak of wealth as he that is sated of food; I am, however, among the hungry ones. You will not insult me by taking this for a begging letter. Seldom does he respect the feelings of poverty who has not Want sitting by his own hearth. Old friend, from my standpoint your sorrows seem like childish follies. They are a luxury in which your soul may permit itself to indulge, as though one could not with gold help poetry as well as all else to beautify every relation, even that of love. Want is prosaic, need is barbarous; a misfortune which becomes a pitiful, degrading misery. Could you but see me! It would be laughable, were it not, for him who has it to endure, a fit subject for crying, to see how I twist and turn in order to give to my shabby existence a respectable appearance. If only I might pitch in to win with my own muscle my right to a position in this civilized world, which asks but for gold! Hitherto I have dealt only moral blows, but they hit their man, and

can likewise annihilate you. This is a relentless age, an age of spiritual warfare, when every one makes for himself a place with his own elbow. Why should I not do the same? The power of doing harm is all that I have at my service, and shall I let it lie idle?

Enough—I am meddling with your trade, although no one could certainly call what I write by the name of poetry. But I have gained this advantage, that I have partly succeeded in throwing off the poison engendered in the soul by this dog's life of mine.

Adam to Lambert.

We are, and we always will be, egotists! Before we look about us, we stand confronting our own selves, buried in ourselves, occupied alone with our own destinies.

Poor friend! What I have to offer you can in no wise wound you. We are in as great need of you as you of us. In everything that you have ever attempted you have acquired skill. You are especially versed in manufactures, and only circumstances have forced you away from this life. Here a place is open. Come! Help us! From here you will easily work your way up. You will do us likewise a great favor, for people with an inventive head like yours are scarce; that you know yourself. In a short time my wedding will take place, and I know no more welcome guest than yourself.

IV.

EVERYWHERE in the spacious manufactory preparations were going on for the wedding. Business connections came together from all quarters. Relatives besides Adam and his mother there were none.

Cousin Laurence, who had come hither a young man with five thalers in his pocket, had no knowledge of his own relations—cut off, estranged from his family, as though he had never had any. No tender memory of father or mother ever came to his mind. Early accustomed to rely upon himself, he felt forcibly his own position, gained after a desperate struggle with circumstances. His friends were men of the same caliber, full of the consciousness of the strength which lay in them. With them he talked freely of things which he communicated to none else. Adam learned to know him to be a many-sided man, and discovered in him a warmth of heart which he had never suspected. These friends of his formed a phalanx through which he could not penetrate; do what he might, he remained ever on the outside—he, a being of an entirely different species, brought up under another sky, diverse from them as the Caucasian and the Ethiopian. No bridge to span the

chasm between their souls—no intercourse. He understood not their language, he could not reckon with their figures. Gundula, too, seemed every day farther and farther from him; her young girl friends, acquaintances formed at boarding-school, seemed to absorb all her interest. Mysteries, whisperings, laughing, without end, Adam saw her display herself to them in a very different character from that in which she had appeared to him. There was a joyous reality in these young spirits, a childlike demeanor which he in vain endeavored to approach. For the first time in his life he thought himself old. A kind of soul-weariness overcame him, a kind of relaxing of the muscles of laughter. He was like a deaf man who can not understand the jest at which every one else is almost convulsed with laughing. He wrote to his friend:

"A change is taking place in me. I would be like others here, and I seek to suit myself to them when I can. My opinion is here the opinion of no one: were we to interchange ideas, there would be a new Babel. But one must accommodate himself to the climate of the country in which he is to live. These people look down upon me, because in life he who takes hold of it practically has always for the time being the advantage, and he enjoys this advantage for a while; the question, however, is, for how long?"

"Now here, now there, I make a blunder. Gundula laughs at me. She may do so—it does not detract from my dignity, which I seek in other things—but the rest shall not. An uncomfortable feeling lies, like a leaden sky, over all. One thing I can not endure, this isolation of soul, this state of solitude in which I live. I need the fullest sympathy of those around me; if it were only a dog, I could not live unless I were in a certain *rapprochement* with him. I will break through the wall which surrounds me; why should I not make myself happy after their fashion? I am determined to be happy. Every day I labor in the factory with old Bungert, and learn book-keeping. I will awake, for really it appears to me that I must have been in a dream."

Lambert to Adam.

Now I see that you really are in need of my help. I will come. You lost to art! ridiculous! The sacred fire of your soul would not avail to boil the thinnest soup of common life. Leave that to others, my dear friend. You can become a very passable poet, but a most miserable manufacturer. Do not be vain enough to think that every career is open to you. Every one has his own path, and from entangling these various paths arises the greatest unhappiness. First

make sure of Miss Gundula, then all will be well; then you can set off with her upon a journey to your much-praised country. Cousin Laurence and I will keep house charmingly. Man is a born rebel: be Fate to him never so kind, he finds a way to ruin the game.

V.

THE wedding-day was at hand. Gundula, amid the cheers of her young companions, had tried on piece after piece of finery. Entirely absorbed in the silken pennons which hung, so to speak, as a curtain before her destiny, she took no note of her betrothed until she observed that Adam's interest in these externals was as far short of its due measure as hers exceeded it. For him there were needed preparations of a very different nature.

She accosted him: "But, Adam, you have nothing—nothing at all, in which you can be married."

"Nothing?" repeated he, astonished. "I must have a plenty of things."

"Nothing new," she continued; "all your things are old, and out of fashion. On a day like that one must put on a new man."

"I did not know that that consisted in one's coat."

"I confess," she continued, somewhat pettishly, "that your exterior goes for nothing with you. A man who travels all over the world with a single change of linen, and a hair-brush in his pocket, can not have many ideas on the subject. But something is demanded of us by the people, and they have a right to demand it. My wedding-dress is of the heaviest silk, and a half-yard longer than that of Lisa, who works in the sugar-refinery. If it were necessary, it could stand alone at the altar."

"You do not expect that of my coat, do you?"

"We do not understand each other," said she, angrily. "When I am in fun you think I am in earnest, and when I am in earnest you are the one to jest."

Thereupon she came to an agreement with him in regard to the important matter in question, and began to console him after this fashion:

"You will soon get accustomed to style when we are in our beautifully furnished villa. I, too, before I went to boarding-school, took up a notion that I would rather drink out of a mug in the kitchen than from a goblet of glass in the parlor. But you will soon get over that."

The house was festally arrayed, hung all over on the outside, by the workmen, with wreaths of evergreen. Within were long tables lavishly spread. Upon the lawn were large tables for the people. Cousin Laurence had a generous

soul. If anything pleased him he wished a like pleasure to others, and tried as far as in him lay to procure it for them. To Adam he was most liberal. But one condition was annexed to all this: the manufactory must never be sold; as a token of his might, it must descend from child to grandchild.

Amid all the arrangements and the clauses added to make it binding, the wedding-day approached before the contract was completed. Cousin Laurence looked with a smile of compassion upon all Adam's artistic architectural designs. "For my sake," he cried, "if you want to make a house fit for a monkey, fix it up according to the present style. You will never get me inside of that heathenish building; I go for the old, respectable, square house, made for use, without any such trumpery."

Lambert was to arrive in the forenoon. Adam went out to meet him as far as the open heath. His favorite little retreat lay forgotten, by the edge of the wood. Foaming torrents leaped from rock to rock, loosening piece after piece of ground in their destructive course, and precipitating them down the declivity. Now they would disappear from view with their burden of blossoms; then, arrested in their progress, they would form little islands upon which, as if in defiance, tall weeds rebelliously shot up, binding their roots protectingly around them. Even the cleft willow sent forth shoots of tender green, witnesses of still-remaining vitality. Greedily they stretched themselves out, drinking in the light and air, growing, spreading themselves, entirely useless, but enjoying the splendor so bountifully lavished.

Adam lay buried in weeds, his gaze, as usual, turned toward the blue sky—no longer free. Tomorrow would be the day. He had let it steal upon him almost unconsciously, dreamer that he was, and now a bolt shot into his soul, almost terrifying him. There was no retreat. He lay there almost stunned with a sense of guilt from which he could not divest himself. Oh, that he were dead!

Meanwhile, approached Lambert under the burning noonday sun, his pack in his hand, dusty, weary, and depressed in spirit. The pedestrian upon a country road, covered with dust, and overcome with the heat, plays no very elevated part. Sulky he thought: "If I were rich a welcome of a very different sort would await me; everything depends upon that." With envious eyes he looked around on the flourishing manufacturing village, one of the most important settlements made by Cousin Laurence, situated on an eminence, like a citadel of the new era. In long rows stood the houses of the operatives, without the slightest individuality about any one of them to denote whether its occupant were

Hans or Conrad. It gave to the whole region the monotonous expression which Adam abhorred.

"If I were only in his place," would Lambert often sigh, "I would soon learn to create for myself many pleasant things out of this great place. Such work, I flatter myself, brings its own recompense, as surely as the blade the ear, and no one can persuade me out of the belief that for pay you can get any work done, even the most idealistic. If gold would only come in quantities sufficient to make a halo out of it! Now," said he, throwing down his bundle on the grass close to his friend, upon whom he had come without being noticed, "here is the poor parasite who comes humbly to receive alms from your abundance, the crumbs from the rich man's table."

"Let us forget that tiresome question of money, Lambert," said Adam, greeting him heartily. "It comes like a demon intruding itself into our purest thoughts. The helping hand of a friend is of more use, and no one will turn away from that when he stumbles. Besides, here the advantage is on your side. We stand in need of you."

"So much the better," answered Lambert. "I will see to it that you profit by this. You always take hold of a thing with a will, but not invariably by the right end."

"There is no right end as far as I am concerned," said Adam; "the best thing I could do would be to let go altogether. Of what use is gold to me? I do not need it."

Lambert laughed aloud.

"Do not be angry with me, but that is really barbarous. That sovereign contempt for money can be felt by none but the aborigines of the forest. Your estates must be situated in the moon."

"Not exactly," said Adam, smiling in his turn; "but they are in a different planet from yours. I despise all luxury, all elegance with its gilded discomfort; its furniture of satin, ladies' trains, white cravats, and fashionable novelties, are an abomination to me. My soul, amid all these, is starving; must it always go empty? Can all this satisfy it? It is as real as the body, for it I require life and wealth. But let us go, Cousin Laurence is expecting you."

Upon the road they met a rider driving in hot haste. As he approached, Adam recognized through the thick clouds of dust in which he was enveloped a servant belonging to the factory. Filled with fright, he called to him. Breathlessly the man told him that there had been an accident, caused by the explosion of a boiler belonging to the machinery. He was going for the surgeon; there were many injured—

how many it was not yet known; fortunately, it had happened at about noon, and many of the workmen were away. Adam and his friend hastened to the factory. Women and children were standing in crowds before the houses, crying and lamenting in their senseless fashion. The air was filled with groans. The confusion was doubly terrible, doubly sad beneath this still, clear summer sky, in this usually quiet, orderly spot. Closely pressed together a dark mass surrounded the men at the entrance of the factory, threateningly looking on. Every new arrival of a wounded man was met with a menace. "It does not matter about us," they said, "whether it is one more or less. But if we are cripples we will make them support us, for our limbs are all that we have. They shall pay dear for them. At such a time of trial the masters might at least be present," and they looked resentfully at Adam and Lambert as they pushed their way through their midst. It was incredible to them both that Cousin Laurence should not be present. To their repeated questions they received no answer. Suddenly the muttering crowd ceased its murmurs. A sudden sensation pervaded the defiant mass of humanity; reverently a way was opened. All recognize the majesty of sorrow. Cousin Laurence was, indeed, at his post. They brought him out burned, maimed, like the others—living—but a cripple. "Well," said a voice close beside him, "it had better be he than one of us—he is rich," but no one assented.

Deprived of sense, the great man lay prostrate, as falls the forest oak with all its foliage. The physician gave them hope of saving his life, but only as the shadow of its former self.

To whom does not life appear the highest of all possessions, as it is about to take its flight? It is not until after bitter griefs that one learns that it can be otherwise, and that even this noble gift can be converted by the weak hand of man into a sorrowful burden.

VI.

ADAM felt an emotion of joy when the physician gave his verdict. At his request, with the aid of friends, Lambert took the management of the factory. As a general he went to work, never lenient, but always just. The men, appeased and pacified in that their master had shared the fate of his people, silently obeyed him. It cut Adam to the heart as he saw one young creature after another carried by him, worse than dead. Upon the battle-field his sensations had been very different.

They bore Cousin Laurence upon a bier to his house. Gundelchen stood trembling by the door, but did not go in; she fled in horror whenever she even thought of blood and wounds.

Her companions, too, were stunned, and could not speak a word. The guests departed as soon as possible. Every one suddenly bethought himself that he was wanted at home. These men held not much counsel together. Who can be efficient when misfortune falls suddenly, like a stroke of lightning, upon our heads? Half out of his mind, as though his little destiny were the destruction of a world, the stricken one endures; no one reckons his loss according to his own measure of it, and there remains to him nothing but to suffer alone, until he returns to the common, every-day life, and sees that he was not the world.

The hitherto noisy household was now still as the grave. The half-finished garlands swung helplessly in the air, the usually prim order of the establishment was subdued by the tyrant sickness.

Gundula sat, terrified, amid all her preparations, like one suddenly reduced to poverty.

"It seems as if nothing were of any value," she sobbed; "and yet it all cost an immense amount of money. Everything will get out of fashion; who knows how puffs will be arranged when I get married?"

Her entire appearance underwent a change in the clouded atmosphere of the house. The artistic arrangement of her hair vanished, her tresses hung limp and disheveled about her face, a careless indifference succeeded to her former air of *hauteur*. At the sight of this, Adam experienced a sentiment of pity approaching to love; he drew her to himself, began to be uneasy if she were not present, and often beguiled her to her father's couch, which he seldom left.

She could not bear to remain in the darkened chamber. Like a bird caught in a snare, she would sit beside the only crack through which the light could penetrate, and impatiently await the moment when she could, with decency, leave the room. Often she would entreat him: "Come out and take a walk with me; here it is impossible to breathe. Out-of-doors the flowers are in bloom and smell so sweet! Papa takes no notice of anything, and does not even thank you for cooping yourself up with him. No one can enjoy life in that way."

But he would stay in the dark room, and she would go out alone. She would stand in the garden, chat with this one and that one, interchange words and smiles, especially with Lambert, as he came home from the factory; she was tired to death of trouble.

VII.

WEEKS and months flew by. Work went on at the factory as though nothing had happened, and coined money by thousands and

thousands. Its poor victims suffered and died, were forgotten, or crawled about like half-dead flies, and yet people were all eagerness to get their places. Adam lived only in his care for his cousin. Absorbed in this one thought, he no longer felt the severe struggle which had been going on in his soul during the last few weeks. Every thought of self had died out. His art was set aside, melted away into clouds, like a dream in comparison with this solemn reality whose sovereignty over that of the body was absolute—sorrow, its purple robe—suffering, its crown. For some time the mind of the sick man was beclouded. The physician feared a permanent softening of the brain, but now Cousin Laurence again began to put his thoughts into words. All that he said bore some relation to the factory. Adam endeavored to quiet him by telling him of Lambert's presence. He persisted in seeing him, received him with suspicion, and declared that he would manage everything himself. But, when Lambert came with his accounts and calculations, his poor mind again began to wander, and a violent outbreak, which renewed their old anxiety for his life, put an end to the matter. Unceasingly he would cry out that he was master at the factory, and that no one had any control there but himself. They pacified him as well as they could, and Lambert continued to manage the business, which, in his hands, became more and more prosperous. At last came the day when Cousin Laurence began to move about on crutches—his body restored to health, but his mind overclouded. It remained a mixture of consciousness and confusion, from which you could make out nothing. You could never be certain where one stopped and the other began. At times he was under the control of violent outbursts of rage—had he not been physically helpless he would have been dangerous. Every one was kind to him, but kept out of his way. It made Gundula's heart beat to hear his lame step approach her in the passage. She would enter her room and hastily bolt the door, for she had not the patient endurance of love to abide him in her presence.

But worst of all was it when he began to drag himself about in the factory. It was a pitiable sight to hear him threaten, give orders, countermand those orders, and entangle himself in his own plans. The invariable winding up of his speeches was, that he was still master here, and would show them that he was so while breath was in his body. Lambert entirely lost patience with him.

"You gray-headed old fool," he would often mutter behind him, "you master here! Your possessions are falling from your grasp like too heavy toys from the hands of children."

Adam endeavored to quiet him, but he would not listen to him. "If he is out of his mind," he would answer, "why not pronounce him so? Must people in possession of their senses guide themselves by the humors of an irresponsible person? Who is master here? Certainly, not he. You are. Conclude your marriage, and put an end to this insufferable state of affairs."

"My marriage would change nothing. As matters stand, I would never feel myself master here."

"Lunatics ought to be taken into custody," muttered Lambert to himself; "but unhappily there are here more than one. The precious Gundelchen is the only sensible person here, with her something can be done; I will go to her and try to soothe her grief, for I know it is insupportable to her."

He succeeded beyond his expectations. Once more, smiling and rosy-checked, she resumed the interrupted tea-parties with her friends. Adam rejoiced as one rejoices when a flower which seemed ready to perish raises its head; but not from him had gone forth the ray of brightness which brought to her the new life. A strange, sad feeling stole over him as he felt this. He had become really fond of her; it had not been in vain that he had gone hand in hand with her over a part of life's journey, however short it might have been. Now, he stood again alone, and all the restless spirits awoke within his bosom. Restlessly he wandered for miles trying to regain his composure, but he did not succeed. As, before the storm, an ominous sigh goes through all nature, his thoughts tumultuously surged within his soul. Had he had time to write it would not have helped him. He was like a man in a burning desert whose tongue cleaves to his mouth, and who can not speak. One afternoon he wandered through the wood as far as the seashore. There arose a settlement composed partly of fishermen's huts, partly of handsome country-seats, half in the wild luxuriance of nature, half trim and decorated with all the devices of art, like the birds of passage who had established themselves there, a watering-place on a small scale. Forests of oak skirted the shore; here and there between the gaps could be seen glimpses of the yellow plain, with blue thistle-flowers and blasted blades of grass. He sought out the most barren, most retired spot, and laid himself down on the burning sand. The sea, still feeling the influence of the storm just over, dashed itself threateningly against the shore. Surging billows, in some places dark from the overhanging clouds, in others shining with opalescent luster in the light, shook their drops in spray in his very face. They did good to his thirsty soul. He watched

them as they crept up close to him, and gazed wistfully after them as they rolled away from the shore. How beautiful it all was—how rich! How was it that his lot, the vast estate which awaited him, and which others would have considered as riches, seemed so poor to him in comparison with this wealth of nature?

He lay there until star after star peered through the clear blue sky, small at first, scarcely visible, then beaming, sparkling in exceeding splendor. Over the dark forest arose the moon's slender sickle. Why did he feel himself estranged from this beautiful nature, outside of all this peace, rest, and dream-life, as though he had been driven from fairy-land into bare, blank reality? Suddenly, as though the magician Night had been gifted with voice, arose the sound of a violin, now joyous, now plaintive, in its tones. The sound came from the pure air, and yet it seemed quite near, close to every ear and every heart, inspiring for the people of this world, and yet not of the world.

Adam listened attentively: this voice called him; that was his mother-tongue, which he understood, for which he had longed, as one longs for a voice from home in a strange land. As he listened, gone were all the confusing sounds which had been disturbing him. The harmony revived his soul. He followed the music as though it had been the call of a long-lost love. He found the player upon the veranda of the inn, a poor old man, and beside him a maiden of perhaps thirteen years, scantily appareled, like himself. His thin, white hair fluttered in the breeze; the lights threw a quivering brightness over the pair, and a halo around them against the darkness, while the magic tones of his violin rose to heaven. As the last note died away he was greeted by a murmur of applause, loud and prolonged, like the roar of the sea. Adam stood in the midst of the crowd, as close as possible. After a long time his heart swelled within him. The fragrant elder-blossoms, the shining stars, the sounds of applause, all intoxicated him. He would have liked to cry out: "I belong to you! Nothing else in the world concerns me."

"Like the swan, this must be his last song," said a voice near him—"old, blind, as he is, and his right hand already paralyzed; such people can not forget their gypsy life. At another time he might have coined gold out of his talent."

Adam looked about him angrily; near him stood Lambert, disturbed, excited, with a red mark on his cheek, as though from a recent blow.

"I was looking for you," said he, "and they directed me here. Awake! This sort of thing is not now for you. You will at last, and even now, be compelled to look to your own affairs.

Your cousin has treated me like a dog, but I do not love the hand that smites me. For your sake it is a pity that he does not lose the little sense that he has left. Decide! You take the reins into your own hands, and I will continue to serve you. But, if you will not be master here, then I will go. Such treatment can not be atoned for by a few pleasant words. I am not yet so poor that I must creep in the dust."

Adam took a seat beside him in a thicket of elder-bushes, whose blossoms wafted their odors around him like sweet memories. Friends and admirers were entertaining the violin-player at the table; here and there, far and near, resounded enthusiastic expressions of applause.

"Resolve now! Sell the factory," said Lambert.

"How can I sell what is not mine?"

"It will be yours as soon as you are married. A child can see that the old man is not competent to manage things, and you are not in a position to carry on so extensive a business."

"I have given my word never to sell it," said Adam.

"Such promises avail nothing in law, and usually are good for nothing except on the day that they are made. Nowadays one gets over many a thing as though it had never been said, changes his mind and intentions like a glove, with the help of that Argonaut called Progress."

"If you choose, bend before this idol," said Adam. "I stand fast, and will not move."

"As if you could! You will be hurried along—if not by your own destiny, by that of those belonging to you."

"You are right," groaned Adam. "Nothing is more certain in this world of confusion, which undermines the ground from beneath the feet of all of us. No one can say with certainty, 'This I will do, that I will not.' If you leave us, I must help my cousin as well as I can to carry on the business. I can, at least, interpose myself between him and that rogue Bungert, who takes the very marrow from the life of those poor workmen. Enough! I must take my fate upon me."

"Many a one has said that, and has perished; a keen blast blows in the murmurs of these laborers. Do not take upon yourself the duties of a reformer. That is one of the most impractical of poets' dreams. One must take things as they are, and draw all the profit that one can from the place where he may be. Do not venture with the banner of ideality into the throng of this world's children, into the struggle for existence. The one devours the other as surely as the fish does the worm; it only depends upon whose mouth happens to be the largest. Keep away from them, Adam; they demand from you

wares of another sort from the spiritual gifts you have to offer, and they will run up with you an account which you will have to pay with your heart's blood!"

They parted in coolness, each sticking to his purpose. "To-morrow morning, early," said Lambert, "I shake off the dust from my feet, and I do not envy you your situation. It is the worst thing in the world to have money, and not know how to use it."

VIII.

ADAM could not make up his mind to go home immediately. He drew near to the table beside which sat the violin-player. The board seemed almost deserted, for the greater number of the guests belonged to the neighboring city, and the evening railway-train permitted no longer time to their enthusiasm. After an absence of many years, the old musician was once more at his native place, having buried his wife in the south, and returned home with his little daughter, who looked as though she needed a milder climate. Once he had insisted that he was at home anywhere, if he had his violin, but now, in his old age, the well-known places of his childhood, as though with spirit-hands, took possession of his soul, drew him back with enticing images of memory, until the past became to him more real than the present.

Adam recognized in the old man a favorite friend of his father, a member of his holy round-table. Those glorious evenings were once more present to his memory—he, a child, listening in the corner, half asleep, half intoxicated with joy. The blind man started at the sound of his voice, named his father's name, and a new light shone in his countenance.

"It is his son," they said to him.

"His own son," he said in a tone of satisfaction, while he passed his hands caressingly over the well-known features; "he must be like him."

It seemed to Adam that he had found, in this old man's love, a rich inheritance, which rested there like a hidden treasure, and of which he now took possession in his father's name.

"He is a poet, too," said one of the bystanders—"one of the invisible band who seek azure flowers."

"An apostate," laughingly exclaimed the second man; "an idolater, who marries presently the daughter of the rich manufacturer Laurence, and sells his soul to Mammon."

"As though gold did any harm," said another. "Everything must give way to us. It makes one a great man. Poets understand that as well as other people, and reconcile themselves to it. Art and science rule the world to-day, to-morrow, and for ever—the mind. Go to History.

Who are her heroes? Artists, all of them! Some of them, I confess, sculptors, as it were, who carve out the physiognomy of the age. Long life to intellect! That must perish which attempts to get along without this breath of inspiration!"

All assented gleefully, and Adam stood in the background with the old man and the child.

"They have spoken the truth," he said, with a troubled voice. "I am about to leave my own career and take charge of the factory. I can not do otherwise. An honorable, upright man, I think, is always in the right place." And he related to his old friend the condition in which he found himself. "Oh, that I could make wings for this dull body of toil," he concluded; "that it, too, poor, lowly labor, might find its ideal, freed from the pressure which materialism casts over it, to gain its own miserable end!"

"I fear you are not the man for that, Adam," answered the musician. "It is easy enough to the artist to build with fancy a bridge between heaven and earth, but no one has yet succeeded in doing so out of real bricks."

The little girl, meanwhile, had drawn close to her father, and put his cloak around him to protect him from the night air.

"How things are reversed in life!" said he. "Only a little while ago I took care of her, now she cares for me. It is not until one depends upon another that one knows what it is to belong to one's self. Earth and plants could not be bound closer together. Who gives? Who receives? It matters not.—Is not that so, Crescentia?"

The maiden embraced him passionately.

"If I were to argue as is now the custom in the world, the demon of gold would have got me too into his power," he continued. "Everybody has his weak side by which he can be attacked. My anxiety for my child was mine. I could not gain wealth for my Crescentia without humbling myself. Riches are not allotted to all, but I leave her something better, Adam; a name which brings many people together, all whom I have won by my art. Their family will be hers! There is so much talk about the glory of art; the love which it wins us gives a thousand-fold more; although poor in other respects, in that I am rich. Crescentia will have a rich inheritance."

"If I should lose you," cried the maiden, passionately, "I should have nothing! Now I am rich."

"Poor child!" said he, caressing her.

"Poor—why poor?" repeated she; "what do we lack? Do you not yourself say that I have gold in my throat?"

Thereupon she hummed a melodious cadence,

which one would think must have awakened the nightingale in his leafy bower.

The musician bowed approvingly, took his violin to accompany her, and there sounded over the silent plain a strain to which the rhythmic surging of the billows played the bass. Adam was in another sphere, loosed from all the cares of the world; it was not until the last note died away that he came back to earth. The maiden led her father into the house, where he took an affectionate leave of his friend's son. She extended her hand to Adam, a bright light overspreading her pale countenance.

"Who dares call us poor and unhappy?" said she, proudly.

He continued to sit beside the sea; to him it sang with siren-voice. Might he not, perhaps, sell the factory, and fly with Gundula from that busy, anxious life? Away from there she would soon understand the mysteries of his soul; when they should be alone, would the love which, like a tender seed, was in them both, spread itself forth in life and beauty. He pictured it all to himself in glowing colors. Why should he take upon himself the responsibilities of another's shattered life, if he had the right, as Lambert had said, to create a glorious career for himself? Could he not be happy?

IX.

RESTLESSLY he paced up and down the beach; the waves splashed against the shore in the mysterious darkness; nowhere was light to be seen; the very ships looked, through the mist, like phantom-ships; above were the stars, unchanging and unchanged.

He had been accustomed to spend the night amid the ruins of an old castle in a little inn, which had been built there, like a swallow's nest among the rocks. Is stood on a rocky height, amid green slopes overlooking the sea. As he was about to make the ascent he spied an old man, like a vision in gray, sitting on a boat turned bottom upward, and recognized in him the keeper of the little inn.

"What are you doing here, Josias, out in the mist, in the darkness?" said Adam, regarding him with astonishment.

"I am waiting to die," said the old man, looking vacantly at him.

"Death comes soon enough unbidden, and you would do much better to wait for him up there in your own little room."

"My room!" he repeated. "My son, with his wife and children, lives there now. There is no room for me."

"They ought to be ashamed to drive you out-of-doors in this way."

"No, no," said the old man, looking at him

again with a somewhat perplexed expression, "they ought not; it is quite in the order of nature, and happened very quietly. I can no longer work, and am good for nothing, and they were obliged to feed me, and with a good grace, too; but I see that the undergrowth must spread out and have room, so—I wait for death."

Adam led the old man up the hill.

A young woman opened the door, behind her a little crying urchin, plainly just out of bed, who screamed and kept pulling her by her dress.

In a tone of reprimand she accosted the old man:

"You back here, father, and everything eaten up? I am always obliged to get a separate meal for you."

Then she gave him a push into the room.

"Shame on you, Barbara!" said Adam, who had known her from childhood. "You ought to have more respect for old age."

"What will you have?" answered she, blushing; "he is always troublesome, for ever in the way. We young people now manage the inn; he has been long enough at the head. Everybody has his day—we should be careful not to let ours slip. Soon we will be set aside by such as he," pointing to the little fellow hanging to her apron; "that is the way of the world."

"The principle of utility is a barbarous one," thought Adam, as he lay down to sleep. "By that rule, it would be better to kill the old. I will not sell the factory."

The next morning he passed by the inn on the hill. The sun shone and sparkled on the waves. A joyous company of the boys of the neighborhood were frolicking in the water; looking at them sat old Josias, stupidly gazing on the scene. No one seemed to notice him; no one spoke to him.

"A few more years," thought Adam, "and these lusty fellows will be as he is, and then there will be a change in their views as to the relation of the young to the old."

To-day the sea was motionless—clear blue, well-defined, having thrown off yesterday's mysterious veil. Such was the path before him in life. He found Gundula sitting on a bench in the garden.

"Gundula," said he, "I have something serious to say to you."

"Ah! don't begin in that way," said she, in a tone of despair; "everything is already as black as a dungeon. And now Lambert has gone, the only person with whom I could have a little fun."

"If you like, we will try once more to be happy, and have a feast—I mean, celebrate our wedding."

"Oh, yes!" cried she, throwing her arms about him, "let us make haste, and get away

from all this trouble. Take me away from the life I am now living—on one side your eternally complaining mother, on the other my scolding father; I can endure it no longer. Let us go away and take a look at the world. We can be young but once. The old people are well provided for. When we get old and troublesome it will be time enough to settle down."

"No, Gundula, I did not mean that; when I am married I must stay here and look after the factory. You know that your father can not, Bungert shall not; and to sell it is impossible."

She hung her head. "Lambert is right: you will never be reasonable on that subject."

"No," said he, "not as you mean."

He attempted to throw his whole energy into his new business, but where the inspiration is wanting the soul is shorn of half its strength. It was continually working against nature. Every tree that fell grieved him, every romantic spot which vanished to make room for his plans. Like a monster the factory swallowed up the woods, far and near. He could scarcely endure the sound of the falling trees or the creaking saw. The smell of the bone-dust really made him sick. From the beginning he recognized in Bungert an enemy. Cousin Laurence paid dearly enough for the privilege of maltreating him. There will necessarily be parasites surrounding the wealthy. One of them once said, "I am satisfied if I get the largest piece instead of him." There was soon a revolution. Adam struck at the wasp's nest, but he was of too merciful a nature to destroy it, for he would rather that poisonous insects should live, if he had to kill them himself.

The prosperity of the house was no more. The real owners, as is usual in such cases, suffered loss, while Bungert and his family appropriated all the gains. And Bungert did not stand alone in his desire to fill his own pockets at his master's expense. Then began a struggle to undermine all authority. The workmen grumbled; the tempest began to utter in advance its voice of thunder. In a little while all stopped work, went tumultuously up and down the country, destroyed the machinery, and committed a thousand acts of violence. It went against Adam's nature to set himself as a rock against the force of these surging waves.

Bungert sent for aid to the city. After a few days a new set of workmen replaced the old. The latter looked on in sullen wrath. A terrible state of destitution began to prevail. Sickness came. There arose quarrels between the two parties. It became daily more and more difficult to say which was in the right, for there was wrong on all sides.

Adam felt that the cords of avarice had been

too much strained. They must at some time break with a fearful sound. "Who can place his happiness," he thought, "in possessions which must be preserved by such means? In comparison, the encounters of the pugilist seem noble; this age is as coarse as that, only nowadays might is money. Money! And is not that a shadow in their hands, and does it likewise not vanish from their eager gaze when trust fails?"

X.

OFTEN in the evening, when all was dark and still, he would seek his favorite resort at the edge of the wood. To-night the moon was shining brightly; innumerable glow-worms came out in the warm summer air. A deer came fearlessly to drink from the clear stream. Adam enjoyed the peace around him. As he arose refreshed, strengthened, there was a rustling close beside him in the bushes, and a pitiful-looking man, intoxicated, as was almost always his condition, crept up to him like a toad over a bed of flowers. Now and then Adam had said a kind word to him out of pity; he had a heart for all sorrow, even when brought upon himself by the victim.

"What are you up to now, Kilian?" cried he to him. "Have you been again to the inn, while wife and children are starving?"

"My wife is dead!" he answered, setting his teeth; "my child will soon follow, and it is best so. If certain people have their way, we must all soon die out like vermin—that is, if we are not sharp! You will soon see what will happen. There is a band of us in the wood; all of them belong to your side, Herr Adam."

"I know nothing about sides," he replied, disgusted. "No honorable man would take sides with such as you."

"We do not ask you to do that; put on as many airs as you will. Of course, the leaders must not soil their fingers, but one of us must handle the dirty thing if we want to get rid of it."

"I do not understand you," said Adam, turning away from him. "Once more, take heed to yourself; I will take sides with no one."

As he returned he found everything in commotion, and his mother dying. He forgot the occurrence in the wood, and his meeting with the man passed from his mind.

The next day, however, the report ran like wildfire through the village that Bungert had been found dead in the wood, with his skull fractured.

Adam was obliged to leave his dying mother's bed and go to the inquest. He did not conceal his adventure with Kilian in the wood. He felt as though he had blood on his hands. The

entire community was at variance—innocent and guilty, a pitiable sight, a maze of want and crime.

Cousin Laurence had another attack caused by fright, and lay deprived of sense. The physician went from one patient to the other. Adam's mother suffered torture for a few days and died. He was not present at her death, and she had not asked for him. As he stood desolate and alone by her body, a veil seemed to fall from before his eyes. How near they had stood to each other, when he had carried her up and down in the little room, nursed her, procured this or that restorative for her!—and now? Cold and tearless he stood beside her bed.

"Poor mother, forgive," he cried; "I thought to do so much for you, and I have done nothing. I did not make you rich; I impoverished both you and myself. A bitter grief it is to stand beside your death-bed, which gives me once more my liberty. No, it does not restore my freedom, for a thousand ties bind me to a fate which I can not escape. I know not if Gundula loves me, but my heart craving love has drawn close to her in the sad times we have passed through together; she was the only thing which made me feel that I still lived."

At that moment the maiden stole timidly past the door; he drew her in in spite of her resistance.

"I am afraid," she said. "I can not bear the presence of the dead. Is there nothing for me in this world but horrors?"

But he would not let go his hold.

"Face to face with the dead, Gundula, we will have no secrets. Speak the truth—naught else. Do you love me?"

She trembled like an aspen, and was silent.

Before her was the face rigid in death, which now had solved the great mystery of life and death, and learned to distinguish the real from the unreal.

Sobbing, the maiden felt for Adam's hand.

"Why should I not love you?" said she; "all who see you feel kindly toward you. Ah! why did you not long ago take me to yourself? Then, when I was so miserable, so lonely, so much in need of comfort, my heart would have been like wax in the hand of any one who would take it. Why did you leave it to others?"

He understood her. "What is there between you and Lambert?" asked he, bitterly.

Then she drew from her pocket a package of often-read letters, untied with trembling finger the ribbon that bound them, and gave them to him.

He looked at one only; then he silently returned the package to her, threw himself on the couch beside the dead, and hid his face in his hands.

She stood trembling beside him. "Do not scorn me," she said; "you have no right to do so. For a long time I held out my love to you, but you would not take the trouble to reach forth your hand for it. As to the property, Lambert will easily come to an agreement with you."

"Go," said he, motioning her away, "leave me alone. I want nothing belonging to you; I know well enough that I have no right to it, and that nothing in this house is mine."

XI.

THAT very day Adam wrote to Lambert:

"The way is open—come. Bungert is dead; Cousin Laurence unconscious in his sick-room. You can pursue your purpose unmolested. I will not be in your way."

The next week came Lambert, for a little while depressed and shamefaced, but not for long.

"It is all your fault," he said to his friend. "I took what was no longer yours. Why should I not pick up the precious stone which lay despised by the roadside? Besides, you would never have understood here how to fashion your happiness according to your own taste."

With his own peculiar faculty for organizing, Lambert put to rights everything in the factory, solved the vexed questions of claims and demands, duties and prerogatives.

True, he was obliged to cut the gordian knot here and there, but he did it with so steady a hand that no one thought whether it could have been otherwise.

Once more a kind of happiness began to spring up for Cousin Laurence. Once more he was able to sit in the garden. When he saw Lambert a deep glow spread itself over his face; he must have recollected something of the painful scene which had separated them. With a look of terror he reached out his hand, like a child who wants to make friends—his passion yielding to his weakness. They tried to make him understand that Lambert wanted to be his son, and he and Gundula flattered the old man until he was satisfied with everything, particularly as through this alliance the welfare of the factory was secured—the factory, the only thing in which he still retained his interest, and some slight degree of sense.

Gundula visibly returned to life, took out her gayest dresses, had once more her little parties, and dancing to the music of an old spinet all out of tune. Lambert was the life of all; he knew exactly how to suit himself to Gundelchen's nature, treated her like a child, as she was, indeed, and as she would always be, even after she became a matron—one of those beings

that never mature, as there are buds that never become blossoms. For a long time people find it charming, but after a while they begin to perceive that something is lacking, and that it was not the right thing, after all. Her companions told her a thousand times that they did not understand how she could ever have preferred Adam, and after a while she wondered at it herself.

Adam hoped that he would leave her in peace and happiness, as he stood one morning upon the highway, as Lambert had once stood, with his pack in his hand. He would not wait for the wedding-day, though he knew by the composure of his mind that his own liking for Gundula had been only a fancy. All was only in appearance. This time had passed like a withering blast through his soul, awakening no buds of promise for the future. Poor and destitute, with a miserable feeling that he had there neither done nor received any good, he stood at this milestone of his life. "Why," thought he, "does man pawn the inmost life of his soul? Then Fate snatches from his hand the coin and says, 'Poor fool, you reckon without your host!'" A bright September sun had made its way through the clouds. As he stood upon the hill-top the gloomy feeling of depression vanished from his soul. Near him, around him, lay upon tree and shrub sparkling dew-drops brilliant as gems, and between the golden rays of sunlight shone the silver streams.

"All hail," he cried, in ecstasy, "ye shining witnesses of my wealth! Henceforth I will again fancy that I walk upon the clouds and upon the rainbow. Though Lambert thinks that I can not live on air, fresh air is an important article of food. Who knows how near we may be to my ideal age which is to overthrow completely the materialism of this! Such changes often come all of a sudden, like the spring-time. I am glad that my wings have not been clipped, and that I have them all ready to fly to meet that blissful time."

Joyously he took the path to the city, which now began to sparkle in the rays of the sun like a golden California.

"Poets," said he, "should live either in the noisiest crowd or in the deepest solitude. I think I have tried both."

XII.

FOR six long years the friends received no tidings of each other. Adam, like a bird let loose from a cage, availed himself of his restored freedom to go wherever spring was blooming. His income was sufficient for his needs. He much oftener imagined himself rich than poor. It had been some time since he had been on German soil. He wrote to Lambert :

"Here I am, and now I want to get some of your sunshine. I have been very successful, by means of the advantages of which I am possessed, in establishing myself comfortably in this charming spot; and truly to do so required not great wisdom. The things in which I take pleasure can, for the most part, either be had for nothing, or they can not be purchased at all. These are gifts directly from the hand of God. If he withdraws them for a season, I lie quietly, like the sea-shell at ebb-tide, and rejoice all the more when the tide again comes landward. From this place I have given to the world a book, of which, to speak after your fashion, I have good proofs that it is read. I laugh in my sleeve when I think how many burning words I have smuggled into it, words which are supposed to feed upon all sorts of flames, and which the present age fondly thought to have smothered with the wet blanket called judgment. Have you seen it anywhere? What do you think of it?"

Lambert to Adam.

What do I think of your book? That you have been exceedingly lucky to have made your flourish of trumpets amid circumstances so propitious; otherwise, instead of the halo which now surrounds you, you might easily have gotten a crown of thorns. But success is what stamps a thing. Now you are the hero of the day, and your friends may be proud of you. I, too, have some regard for art, though in my own way, and not yours. I always coveted the position of a Mæcenas. How far I have reached it you will see when you come. Gundelchen sends you her regards and says she has something to show you, our beautiful boy. I hope that he may be a poet. He will have money enough to make a pastime of his art, and, if he is as successful as you, it is no bad trade. Everything depends on luck. Come, we are impatient to see you!"

XIII.

AFTER a short time Adam was once more on the road leading to the factory. Proudly it stood as ever, overlooking the whole country; the same air of business around everything: it seemed only yesterday that he saw it last. To be sure, all the old trees were gone, and in their place was a miserable new growth. The little firs, with their fragrant young scions, seemed so full of a promise of a magnificent forest in the future, that a feeling of pleasure stole over Adam, in spite of himself.

"Thy beauty is indestructible, dear Earth," said he, throwing himself down on the grass, now in full flower and fragrance. "We are nothing but children, who think all beauty gone

from earth when they find their own little garden-plot destroyed." When he reached the top of the height, he stood still with astonishment. Again there had been a complete transformation in the place.

The sloping land, skillfully improved, formed green terraces, leading like steps up to a beautiful villa, which, like a fairy palace risen in a night, now lay before his eyes in a sea of light. Marble columns, with classic capitals, supported halls and balconies. A deep-green park formed the background. The sparkling water lay in some places in lakes, in others ascended in fountains, and then again ran meandering amid lovely flowers. Choice exotics with their luxuriant foliage were ranged along both sides of the broad steps leading to the house. It was a beautiful sight, well calculated to charm a mind such as Adam's. He stood with folded arms, and tried in vain to recall the landscape as it used to be, and wondered how all this could have been effected in so short a time, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and Lambert stood before him.

"Welcome!" said he. "Does this please you? You see, all this has been done with money; but you must know how to spend it. Would not any one take me for an artist? Others may do that work for me, so that I enjoy it."

"The highest enjoyment," answered Adam, "is action; but, in spite of all, are you so very happy, living here, amid all this beauty, to create which nature and art have entered into competition?"

"Wait till you see my picture-gallery, and listen to my musicians," continued Lambert, proudly. "Everything of the choicest, all mine, since I can buy it. You thought, did you, that I would be content to be a jaded draught-horse? No! One art I fully understand, the most delightful of all arts—that of enjoyment. What a pity it is that no one set of digestive organs, physical or mental, can appropriate all that can be bought, if one is rich!"

They passed through the park. The gardener showed them his favorites in the hot-house, saying that he took as much care of them as if they had been his children.

"He talks as though they belonged to him, the stuck-up fellow!" said Lambert, in a tone of dissatisfaction, as they went out.

"His fostering care has given him a title to them," answered Adam. "Besides, what does it matter to whom these lovely roses belong? I can look at them, and inhale their delicious fragrance as well as you."

"It is vexatious enough," said Lambert, "that a man can not keep his own property to himself."

They went up the marble steps into the house. The noble forms of the Greek gods, old friends of Adam, stood on both sides, and gave him friendly greeting, reminding him of the lofty groves of laurel, or the marble columns, among which they first revealed themselves to his rapt soul.

"And he thinks you belong to him!" cried he, inwardly—"you, whom he neither regards, knows, nor understands, and upon whom he hardly looks; whose beauty is to him as though it were not. Poor exiles, what can you do here? There are possessions which all can not grasp and hold; in such hands their gold is turned to dust."

Wherever Lambert led him among his ideal treasures, picture-galleries, libraries, and everywhere, Adam could not get rid of the idea that, although his friend could balance all with an equal weight of gold, not one single atom of it could truly be called his. The holy images of the gods, as the rays of sunlight fell upon them, seemed to think the same, and to laugh at the poverty in which they found themselves.

"Come in what costume you please to dinner," said Lambert. "Poets are generally barbarians as to their toilet, and we must wink at that. We have a few friends to dine. My wife has been dressing for the last hour. That is a real labor at the present day."

Adam stood, covered with dust from his journey, feeling very uncomfortable in this exquisitely elegant apartment. He went to the window, through which at that very moment a glorious sunset was visible, with its glowing waves, and green-gold clouds.

"O holy Nature," thought he, "to celebrate your feast a child in tatters is adorned enough; but, when men keep theirs, what an outlay is required for the wardrobe!"

Upon the lawn sat a nurse with a child. The little creature was rolling about amid the flowers and shrubs, entirely unmindful of its embroidered dress. Its golden curls became it far more than its costly apparel. Often it would throw itself with passionate affection upon the ugly old woman.

With peculiar emotion Adam recognized in the boy Gundula's child, and the grandchild of Cousin Laurence, whom he much resembled in his vigorous beauty. Gundula then joined the party; there was a struggle before she could get possession of the little fellow, who refused to be separated from his nurse. It was only by dint of the latter's entreaties that he permitted himself finally to be carried off.

Soon there was a gentle knock at Adam's door. He opened it, and Gundula stood before him with her golden-tressed boy in her arms.

She wore a dress in the very extreme of fashion, and wore it visibly, as though it did not belong to her. Then the interminable train would not accommodate itself to her movements. A deep glow overspread her face as she saw Adam standing confronting her. She had become a stranger to him.

"I wanted to show you my boy," said she; "later, when our guests arrive, there will be no chance—my golden treasure," and she tenderly kissed the child, who did not submit without resistance to her caresses. "But he is not mine any more," continued she. "The nursery is so far away, in the other wing of the house, for Lambert can not endure the sight of children. The nurse sees him much more than I do, only sometimes I will steal him away for a while." Thereupon she begged him as a great favor to clap his hands for Adam.

"That is the best thing that I have seen among all the beautiful sights of this place," said he.

"Is it not beautiful here?" cried she. "Have we not done wonders with the old rubbish? People come from a distance to see it, and yet it did not please my father. He could not endure the sight of these splendid halls, these shady avenues. They were always a thorn in his sight."

"It is not easy to transplant old trees, Gundula. You will not take him away from the factory."

"Do you not know that he is dead?" answered she, blushing a deep red.

"Dead!" cried Adam. "When? Why did not Lambert tell me or write to me?"

"I am surprised that he did not mention it," said she, hesitatingly. "It is just four weeks ago. He died very suddenly. We had arranged everything here so beautifully for him, and fitted up a chamber which would have suited a prince, but he would not stay here. No one could manage him, not even the attendant whom we were obliged to give him. He could outwit all of us, and he would steal off to the old place at least twenty times a day. The old house was torn down—"

"Torn down—Gundula!"

"The factory was sold," said she, turning to the little fellow, who had been carrying on a work of destruction with a shout of triumph among her curls. "We hoped by tearing down the old house to cut him off effectually from the past; but when we saw how he took it to heart we stopped."

"How could Lambert sell the factory?"

"It was a business matter," said she, evasively, "of which I understood nothing. Lambert would have had to stand a great deal from

papa—more, indeed, than he could have borne, and they were obliged to put him under the charge of a keeper. Heaven knows I wish that things could have been different. All this splendor, since that time, has given me no pleasure. For the child's sake I would be glad could we undo the past. You get wiser when you become a mother, and better, too," continued she, kissing the fat little hand of the child. "You understand your own parents better, and know better how to make them happy. They all, indeed, declared that papa was insane, when we sold the factory, and yet, I can not get rid of the feeling."

"Poor cousin!" cried Adam; "you believed the factory firmly established in your family, and now in the first generation it has gone! Perhaps, Gundula, your boy may have been born to take the place; he is the very picture of his grandfather. That chance you have now forfeited. Take heed! Who knows whether he will not call you to account for having sold the factory?"

"Speak not so!" cried she, terrified. "Often I too am afraid of it. I often think that he looks at me reproachfully with my father's eyes. Oh, I wish that he were still alive!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the house. Gundula arose hastily. "Our guests have arrived," said she. "*Au revoir*, at dinner."

"Permit me to stay here," answered Adam; "I can not yet see strangers; I am too much occupied in the thought of my cousin's death."

"I ought not to be going into company, either, when it is only four weeks," said she, apologetically; "but Lambert will not endure solitude."

Thereupon she gave the child to the nurse, and vanished with her rustling robes into the brilliantly lighted parlor. Adam remained alone in his room. He felt uneasy. The sound of gay voices came from below.

"Just four weeks dead," thought he, "and this active life, made for earth, put out, annihilated, so that scarcely a trace of it is seen. All its benefits forgotten; or, if they are remembered, only by way of reproach. All his toil, his self-denial, his industry, to procure this baleful gift of enjoyment, in which, in spite of all its beauty, lies something corrupting which kills soul and body!" His resolution was fixed. He would depart. He wrote these lines to Lambert:

"Pardon me that I steal away. You will not long miss me. It is best that we should not meet just now. I was under many obligations to my poor cousin. How far you have sinned against him I know not, and I will not constitute myself your judge!

XIV.

As he closed the door behind him, light clouds hung over the landscape; the golden light was gone from flower and leaf; in a dull, gray twilight lay the factory, and threw dark shadows over all the surrounding country. His cousin's old house, half destroyed, lay in ruins before him, a prey to the birds of night. One corner was covered with straw, as though some poor wanderer had sought shelter there; all the decorations of the garden gone, the silver balls lying on the ground, like playthings whose day is done. Before the door was his cousin's old dog. Dolefully the poor creature roused himself for a whimpering cry, as Adam approached. He showed his teeth and snarled, although he recognized him, for he no longer trusted even his friends. Behind him appeared another form belonging to the past, an old invalid servant of his cousin, who was allowed to live here as a pensioner.

"Is it you, young master?" cried the old man. "How often we have thought of you! Things would have turned out very differently had you remained. You would not know things here. It is enough to set one crazy. For this magnificence one could easily give up the factory and everything belonging to it."

"Who owns it now?" said Adam.

"It has passed already through three hands," said the old man; "there seems to be bad luck in it. One is constantly trying to cheat somebody, forgetting that in the end all are cheated. Only Herr Lambert—he understands how to lash them over the ears—he knows how to feather his own nest. What does it matter if other people are the losers? My poor old master! Before sickness made him so passionate, he was a good master. Look you! His death could have softened a heart of stone. They say, up yonder, that he did not understand what was going on. He understood well enough many things; a child can understand if any one wrenches his favorite plaything from his hand. I was with him at the last, and I know how things were. Our master could not stand it there among their mirrors and satin furniture. He was a plain man, and the dress that they wanted to put on him was as uncomfortable to him as a strait-jacket would have been. He entreated, he threatened, he even wept; it was pitiful to see him. He wanted to go home he said, again and again; he wanted to go home. When he could, he got out, and would walk all over the country, dirty and ragged. It was not pleasant to the wealthy gentleman to see his father-in-law wandering about like a vagabond. They locked him up, but that only increased the evil. A maniac can not be hidden.

They let him out, and began to pull down the house which was always in his thoughts, but it stood on firm foundations in his heart. He had sought the spot, and they could not blot that off the face of the earth. So they paused in their work of demolition, and fitted up a room for him, poor enough quarters for us two. For hours he would sit and lament in the old building, gaze at the torn carpets, put them together, talk as if he saw everything about him as it used to be, and as if he were master of the factory. He spoke with you, too, Herr Adam. It made one's heart bleed to hear him. Often the nurse would come with the little boy Laurence from the castle, to divert him. He loved the child, and would press it to his bosom, while pointing to the ruins, and saying, proudly: 'All is yours; I have gained it for you.' Once he would not let the boy go, and they were obliged to take him away by force. He never came again, and from that time our master was completely lost. But come, would you not like to see the place?"

Adam followed in silence. The old man went on ahead, with an unsteady, flickering light. Like ghosts the surrounding objects moved to and fro; yet it was not they, only the light. They stopped in the well-known room of Cousin Laurence.

"Here sat our poor master the last time," said he. "I myself helped him up here. Then he bade me leave him, as he would have no one near. It was thought perfectly safe to leave him, for who could have supposed that that poor worn body would have had so much strength? It was the strength of despair."

The servant opened the door, but the rusty bolt at first resisted his efforts. Adam looked down: where there had once been a staircase, one now looked down upon a yawning depth. There was a sullen, mournful sound of running water. With a tone of lament it beat against the still remaining posts.

"It is possible," said the old man, "that our old master was looking for the well-known staircase. It is possible! There are many at the castle who will not believe this, yet say— Suffice it to say that here he found or made an end to his misery, and every one can have his own opinion on the subject."

Filled with horror, Adam turned his back upon Cousin Laurence's house. The old dog howled after him, and the screech-owls answered each other in the moonlight.

He found a shelter in the inn at the ruined castle. The sea brought to him the first fresh breath of air.

"Every one travels his own way," thought he, "but very few ever reach the goal for which they aimed. Repulsed from the harbor often in

sight of land, everything falls away from us like shadows, ourselves scarcely more than shadows.

XV.

MORNING restored him to himself. He asked the young woman many questions as she brought him his breakfast. And he inquired particularly after the musician, who, indeed, was a child of the place.

She replied as Gundula had done: "Did you not know that he is dead? Half the world has heard that."

"I have been away for the last six years," answered Adam, "and that is a long time in the life of a man."

"Especially if he is old," she continued, "but he always was considered young; there was something in his nature so fresh, so bright. You see, we all would have liked to keep him with us. When he died it was as if a great tree had fallen, beneath whose shade many had loved to sit. All old people are not alike. Those who are of no use are always in the way. Upon this spot he died, with his gaze out upon the sea, as gently as a child falls asleep. It was a bitter grief to the maiden: she did not believe that he could die—we could not raise her from the ground—she would die too, she said, but we could not put her alive into his grave, and so she had to console herself with what remained to her. She had never lacked the comforts of life; he had too many friends for that. She has been educated to be a singer, and she requires only a little time to accommodate herself to her new life. She spends most of the time in the woods with my youngest child. Children and Mother Nature are the best comforters in such cases."

Adam turned aside into a little path. Finches, titmice, and all the merry little citizens of the wood went chirping along ahead as if to show him the way. Here and there the sparkling blue sea revealed itself in glimpses through the branches of the trees. Suddenly the wood opened, and before him lay, as it were, another ocean, whose waves had been fixed within bounds. Hill linked itself to hill; umbrageous beeches, dark-green firs, like sentinels on guard, surrounded the open space. Rays of sunshine like little elves, flitted in and out through the rustling foliage. By the many wreaths and flowers which covered it, he recognized the minstrel's grave, the last resting-place of him who had been so loved in life. Numbers of white and spotted butterflies fluttered, like spirits let loose, over it; golden rays of sunshine wove a magic network binding heaven to earth.

Upon the grass sat Crescentia, her head resting upon her hand, humming the stanza which Adam had heard by the sea—it sounded like a

question, but the answer was wanting, was silenced for ever. By her side, among the grass and flowers, gamboled merrily the joyous child. She did not check him, but she would not even smile in answer to his childish endeavors to divert her. She had the same sad, wan look as of old, and she was even now scarcely more than a child herself.

As Adam approached her she was startled; she recognized him, and endeavored to escape. Suddenly, however, she composed herself, stepped timidly up to him, gave him her hand, and asked:

"Do you remember what I used to say? Now I am, in reality, poor; then I had so much! However much you may have here, in a moment your hand is empty and you are a beggar. Does nothing, then, really belong to us—nothing in this poor world—have we no title to anything? The draught turns to poison on our thirsty lips. Sunshine around us, but we, with darkness in our eyes, can not see it. Speak not to me of comfort; I turn with aversion from it. Try not to destroy my grief. Grief is the only thing in indulging which I still fancy I have him."

Thereupon she seated herself on the grass, hid her face in her hands, took no notice of Adam nor of the child, and sobbed as though her heart would break. The child paused in its play, terrified by the might of her sorrow; the thought that something must be wrong passed through its little heart.

"Please be still," it whispered to her, kissing her; "people can hear you down there."

But she wept on and would not be comforted. Around her all was joy and life; close at hand the full ecstasy of nature, to her unattainable.

Adam silently took his seat upon the trunk of a tree, and enticed the child to his side. He crept up, soon became confidential, whispered to him, showed him all the little tricks of sport which he had learned from his departed friend, and had much to say about him, to all of which Adam gave an attentive ear and replied. Crescentia raised her head and listened. Then Adam began to recall the time when her father had been so near to his. She responded by recollections from the happy days of her childhood, until finally the dear face seemed to rise up before them, as full of life and reality as though he had stood beside them in the body.

The maiden ceased to weep; occasionally these remembrances from a happier time would bring a fleeting smile over her features. The very thought of him seemed to restore the sunshine which he had been wont, wherever he was, to scatter over life.

"Crescentia," said Adam, "do you not feel him nearer now than when you grieved?"

"I feel it," she answered.

And the child shouted with joy to see her once more glad.

"Where power and riches fail," continued Adam, "his spirit has still power to bestow happiness. He who has lived with him can never lose him."

"I understand you," said she, looking down and drawing the child to her; "but it is but the shadow of what was mine."

"Even such a shadow," cried he, "is often nearer, more real, more beneficent, than many an existence which in full life hovers around us, dumb as a phantom. I do not seek him in the grave—with us, in every pulsation of the heart,

in every thought, I will find him. Like him, we too, Crescentia, meet on the same path, apparently poor, really rich, destitute of worldly possessions, and yet holding in our firm grasp all that gives value to even this earth—greedily seeking the gold coined in the mint of the soul, be it in joy or grief, but upright in both."

The maiden nodded assent, smiling through her tears, and reached him her hand. As he turned to go he saw her stand, lit up by the sunlight, the child in her arms—an auspicious omen for the future.

MARIE VON OLFERS.

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE FOURTH.

IT is four months since that broiling August afternoon when I sat on the deck of the little steamer which runs between Plescow and Dorpat, watching the spinster sitting stolidly in the blaze of the sun behind a wall of miscellaneous belongings. I remember observing how the sun beat on the exterior of that carpet-bag of hers, and wondering whether the sugar and the candle-ends were amalgamating. I tell my friends now, as a prime joke, what then I regarded as a decidedly practical one: how we ran aground at the mouth of the Embach, almost within sight of our destination; how uproarious the spinster became, and what a wait we had for the turn of the tide to carry us over. But these are all things of the past, and I, too, am changed. I have grown, if not in grace, at least in experience. In my dealings with the Jew stall-keepers, I no longer give them what they ask for their wares, as I used to do in my innocent days, but have learned to haggle and bargain with tact and discretion, until I verily believe I procure my requirements at almost their legitimate value, though it is tough work.

Meanwhile, the scene, too, is changed. In place of dusty lime-trees, with drooping, listless leaves, and dazzling sunlight beating on the scorching, white pavement, is the still more dazzling snow. The sun still shines, but with a cold, chilly splendor—brightness without warmth. The trees are draped in a new foliage, which glitters and flashes like myriads of diamonds. It is a rare day! It is twenty degrees (Réaumur) in the shade, and the air quivers and sparkles with countless crystals. They seem to remain

stationary in mid-air, twinkling like tiny stars and yet my muff is covered with them. There is not one exactly like another, so manifold is their beauty. I hurry along with short-coming breath, for this kind of weather gives labor to the lungs, and on my arm I carry a small packet carefully sewed up in brown holland. My destination is the post-office.

Homo, like the monkey, is an imitative animal; and I am like the rest of my species. Everybody has been making Christmas-presents for relations and friends at the approach of this festive time; why should not I do likewise? Why should not I surprise my loved ones at home with some little gifts made with my own hands? Delighted with the idea, I have carried it into execution, and am now on my way to the post-office, with my thoughts away over the sea, in a gray, dingy, manufacturing town, where the sun is not shining clear and bright, as here, but struggling tearfully through smoke and fog; and yet, smoky, dirty, northern town, to be with thee even in thought is to be happy! The post-office is in the center of the town; and I am soon climbing the high stone steps, and push open the swing-door leading into the parcels expedition department. As I enter, a wave of heated air, laden with tobacco, leather, and the perspiration of many races, closes round about me, and almost stifles me. The office is crammed with people waiting their turn. There the Russian, the German, the Jew, the Lett, the Esthonian, are represented. They are packed like bees in a hive; and the stove, which covers half the side of one wall from floor to ceiling, is heated to splitting, as it always is. A dead silence prevails, except for the curt questions of the official, and the re-

plies of the fortunate individual who is being attended to. I take my stand ruefully at the outside of the crowd, and relieve myself of as many wraps as I can. Meanwhile, the swing-door behind me is in constant motion until I am hemmed in on all sides by fellow-sufferers of both sexes. I can see nothing but the backs of those in front of me, and the staring, white face of a clock which looks down on me from a corner. It affords me grim satisfaction to watch her spider fingers crawl from minute to minute with laggard pace, and feel that I am slowly nearing the goal; and oh, what comfort when the mass is parted, and one more makes for the door, and we surge on one step nearer! But the heat is insupportable, coming from the sharp, thin air into this thick, scorching atmosphere; and, long before I have reached the counter, I feel as if I must give it up and return whence I came with my business unaccomplished. My head is swimming, my senses dazed, and my feet aching with the prolonged stand. At length, when I can count those before me, I take courage, buoyed up with the hope of approaching release. Now the broad shoulders of the Lett who has been forming the last barrier between me and that mighty dispenser of favors, the post-office official, have sidled away, and I stand face to face with the official. I look up into his square-jawed, stolid face, with its bushy eyebrows, as I hand him my packet without a word. He receives it silently at first, and looks at it until gleams of malice shoot over his fleshy face.

"What is this?" he asks.

"It is for England," I reply. "I have put it on the address."

He stuffs it roughly back into my hand. "We do not accept such parcels," he says. "You must sew it in oil-cloth."

"But it is quite safe," I remonstrate.

He cuts me short with a wave of his hand. "It does not matter; such is the rule. Take it away and sew it in oil-cloth."

I still hesitate. All this waiting and suffering in vain—all to go over again. It is too bad.

He glares down upon me. "Now, then, make room, will you?"

I quail, and move away, and my place is filled by another. I look up at the clock, which seems to mock me as she points to twelve. I have been two long, weary hours in this place, and all for nothing! As I hurry homeward, I inwardly resolve that no power on earth shall induce me to sew my packet in oil-cloth and return to meet that official's leer on the morrow. No; I would rather throw the thing into the Embach—though I should have to make a hole in the ice to do it. But calmer thoughts come with the morrow, and

I am now retracing my steps to the post-office with a broken resolve in my heart, and a small packet neatly stitched in oil-cloth in my hand. But I am not the woman I was yesterday. My step is less elastic and swift; and, as I mount the stone steps and enter upon the scene of yesterday's humiliation, my spirits are chill and gloomy. I have a longer wait to-day than yesterday, for it is one day nearer Christmas, and, as the great feast-day approaches, the crowd at the post-office intensifies.

It is a long lane that has no turning; and behold me once more handing my packet over the counter with averted eyes, which fear to look defiance. The big, unclean hand closes upon it, and it is turned and twisted on all sides. "Ah, there is no flaw this time!" I exultantly think. At length he holds out that other fleshy hand, and I look up startled and inquiring.

"Your sealing-wax and seal!" he demands, while the gleams of malignity spread and deepen from the crow's-feet in the corner of his eyes.

"What?" I ask, confusedly.

"Your seal—your seal!" this time with brutal impatience.

"I—I have none," is my trembling rejoinder.

The parcel is thrust back into my hands. "It is no use coming here and troubling us with a packet like that; you ought to inform yourself of the regulations before you come here taking up people's time."

"What is the matter? I have sewed it in oil-cloth, and done everything!" I reply, desperately.

He turns from me insolently, and signs to the next comer to take my place.

This is more than human flesh and blood can bear in silence. I cast on my torturer a look which ought to have shriveled him up like a leaf in the fire. "What do you mean?" I say, choking with anger. "Are you going to send this packet away or not?"

He has pulled a ledger toward him, and is writing something in it, or pretending to do so. But I know he is listening, for the hateful gleams spread thicker over his face. Presently he holds out his hand for the next packet. I turn round toward the sea of heated faces behind me, and inquire of the person nearest me: "Is it possible that what that man says is true, and that after waiting here hours, for two days, I must again return home with my packet? It is a shame—a shame!"

It happens to be a gentleman whom I am addressing. I recognize him to be one of the German professors at the university. As I finish, he pushes his way to the counter. "Look you," he says, in a firm voice, "I would advise you to send off this lady's parcel." He takes it from my hand as he speaks. "You know as well

as I do that you can seal it with the government seal, if you choose."

There is no reply. The man is doggedly examining the packet which he holds. The professor waits a minute, his eyes fixed upon him. "Good!" he says at length. Then, turning to me, my champion continues in a clear voice, which may be heard all around: "I regret, young lady, that I can not compel this man to send off your packet; but I hope I shall be able to punish him; it will not be my fault if I don't." He returns me my unfortunate packet; and, as I take it, I can not help stealing a sidelong glance at my foe. His face is crimson. I thank my champion, and am going, this time with a resolve which shall not be broken; when, to my surprise, the huge hand is held out once more. I can scarcely believe my eyes.

"Give it here!" he growls, without raising his eyes.

I hand it back, silently, and exchange glances with the professor, who is smiling behind his hand. It is all the work of a minute: the government seal is stamped on the ends of the string with which my packet is tied; I pay an exorbitant sum for its transport to England, and my trouble is at an end—but not my story. Five years later, when I am back in that smoky English town where I love to be, I learn that my packet, for which I had so dearly paid, both in body and in hard cash, had arrived long after it was due, and that my rubles had found their way to the insatiable pockets of the Russian post-office official. The packet arrived at its destination—unpaid.

TROUBLE THE FIFTH.

LIKE Silas Wegg, I feel this morning as if I must e'en drop into poetry, in order to convey to the sober, English minds of my readers a faint idea of the great wonder of this Russian Spring, after the long, protracted sway of Winter. I have watched him creep scowling away to the hills, dragging after him his trailing skirts of rattling ice. And now Spring is splitting her sides with mirth. She has it all her own way now. I see her sit on the margin of the stirring woods, weaving the sunbeams into her streaming tresses. She gayly tosses in the sun the vernal tassels of her robe, while, like that wondrous maiden in the fairy tale, she scatters jewels over the ground at every lisp of her gracious lips. And the lark, her *Minnesinger*, is as mad as she. He showers his rapturous notes so full and fast that he is choking himself in his ecstasy. As I try to catch a glimpse of him up there in the dazzling void, I think of that emulous thrush who sang so long and so tenderly that he burst his little ambitious heart and fell dead. Take care of yourself, sweet heavenward messenger.

And I am off for a holiday! At this moment I am toiling up a steep hill in the rear of the diligence which runs between Dorpat and Riga. I am bound for a "station" midway between the two towns, where a carriage is to meet me and convey me to my destination, a pretty country estate in the interior of Livonia. I am in the humor to enjoy everything; even the clouds of dust in which we are enveloped are capital fun. A very little provocation would make me cut a caper in the faces of the solemn German baker who is trudging by my side and the two Russian priests at our backs. They keep at a lofty distance from us, handling their long, loose robes as women do their petticoats. They have their perfumed locks plaited, to preserve them from the dust. We have eight hours of it together; and seated cooped up in a stuffy diligence is not very amusing on a spring day. I make the best of it. I am delighted each time that we come to a hill, and there is an excuse to get out and walk. Oh, what I would give to sit on the box beside the driver; but decorum forbids! At mid-day, the sun beats fiercely—"it stings," as the Germans say—and all through the afternoon I have enough to do fanning myself with my straw hat, which I have taken off for the purpose, and wiping the dust and moisture from my heated face.

When we reach the place where my fellow-travelers and I part company, it is six o'clock, and the sun is sloping to the west. I spring to the ground like an India-rubber ball, and look round, like a second Cinderella, for my carriage. It must be in the rear of the building, for it certainly is not visible. The station-master appears on the scene.

"Is there a carriage come from Waimel?" I ask, eagerly.

I am answered in the negative. This is the first damper to my spirits. But I instantaneously rise above it. Of course not! How could I expect it to be waiting? What a goose I am! I might have remembered what a long way it had to come. I may have to wait half an hour, or even an hour. But what does it matter? Meanwhile, my luggage has been placed on the veranda, fresh horses have been put to the diligence, and I watch it drive away, leaving me behind. The station-master is gone to his own part of the building, quite away from the waiting-room, and I am alone.

What a dead stillness lies about the place! I wander a few steps from the door; but it is an unlovable spot. Nothing but sand, and a dreary, treeless tract of common, with here and there a tumble-down, smoke-stained cabin. They, too, look still and lifeless. Not a human being, nor as much as a dog, to be seen; nor is there the faintest curl of smoke rising from the roofs, to

break the motionless, dreary calm. The mist is beginning to rise in the hollows; I can feel its chill breath parting the warm, dry air which envelops me where I stand. I shiver, and retrace my steps to the office.

The waiting-room is like all such waiting-rooms here—a square, unsightly den, with bare, whitewashed walls; bare, beer-stained, deal table bare floor; bare, staring windows, two in number; two deal chairs and a settle. I look ruefully round as I enter. What shall I do with myself? How beguile the time till the carriage comes? I recollect that I have a few books in my box. I fish up the first I lay my hands upon, which proves to be a volume of Schiller; it will answer my purpose as well as another; so I draw a chair to the window, sit restlessly down, and open its pages at “The Robbers.”

I am just beginning to read, when the blaze of light on my book makes me look up. The sun is just dropping behind the distant fringe of firs: there is little of him left, save a tress or two of his yellow hair rippling along the horizon; but the rays of his departing glory shoot upward, and bathe the earth, the heavens, and the solitary station-house in a flood of golden light. Even the cheerless room in which I sit is for a moment metamorphosed. He takes me, too, into his good-night embrace. Now he is gone, and the gray shades of evening creep slowly on.

Surely the carriage can not be long now? My heart aches with the sense of loneliness. If a bird would sing, or even a dog bark, it would be relief. What is that? A stir in the *vorhaus* or entrance-room. It is not a human foot-fall; it is a dragging, shuffling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. I do not like it. I half rise to my feet, with my eyes fixed on the half-open door, when the door is pushed open, and I fall back into my seat paralyzed with terror. What I see is a man—but a man raving mad, with the foam clinging to his beard! He creeps slowly nearer, with arms outstretched; and his nails are long and sharp, like an eagle's talons. His hair, like the mane of a wild beast, is matted and lusterless; and he is clad in a coarse serge gown, held together at the waist by a piece of knotted rope. He drags himself nearer—nearer, and gurgling noises proceed from his throat as he approaches me. I feel his scorching breath upon my cheek, and can not stir. He bends over me, and puts a claw upon my shoulder. The spell is broken. With a sudden bound—so sudden that he is taken unawares—I am away, under his arm, and have gained the door. I slam it behind me. I fly, with feet that scarcely touch the ground, across the vestibule, through another door, into a passage, and find myself at length in a bedroom. Through the confusion of

all my mental faculties, I am led by a vague idea of seeking the inhabited part of the building and the aid of fellow-men; but the room I have fled to is deserted. Yet it is a refuge, and I dare not leave it to seek a safer. The door is between me and my terrible pursuer. For a wonder, it is furnished with a bolt. I draw it, and fall upon the available furniture, all panting and giddy, and pile it too against the door. Then my quivering, enervated body gives way, and I sink upon the floor.

I hear the shuffling feet in the passage, the heavy breathing, and the awful gurgle in the throat; I hear him rubbing his body against the door like a savage beast in the woods. Then the dragging footsteps retire. I lay my head down on the bare deal boards, and I suppose I must have fainted, for I know no more, until I seem to waken out of a sleep, confused and dismayed. It is pitch dark, and my hands and feet are numb with cold. I sit up, and recollection rushes upon me. I listen fearfully. All is still. I know I am safe, and that the coast is clear; but I dare not for my life issue forth to seek assistance. Meanwhile, my mind is tortured by surmises. Is the carriage waiting for me? Have they sought me, and, not finding me, returned without me? This thought makes my bitter tears flow. I am utterly helpless and desolate; it is dark, and I am shivering with cold; and oh, how perfectly miserable I am! I weep, until I begin to wonder where all the tears come from. At last, I hear the sound of footsteps in the passage; they stop at the door, and some one knocks.

“Who is there?” I ask, in a snuffy, suffocated voice, which sounds as if it belonged to some one else, as I scramble to my feet and begin to drag away the furniture.

“It is Mina,” is the reply, in the soft Esthonian tongue. “Does *Präuli* [miss] want anything?”

“Oh, wait, wait, dear Mina!” I cry, breaking my nails over the removal of the toilet-table. I feel as if this unknown Esthonian maid is a much-loved sister, or an angel from heaven, so overjoyed am I to hear a human voice. When I succeed in getting the door open, I astonish her by falling into her arms and shedding more tears on her shoulder. She can not understand me; it would be strange if she could; but she is a good, tender-hearted soul, and tries her best to soothe me. She leads me along the passage; and, opening a door at the end, I stand in the cheerful blaze of the kitchen fire. Oh, how comforting it is, after all those terrible hours of fear, darkness, cold, and loneliness, to sit in the full blaze and spread out my numb fingers to the warmth! The cook—the only other inmate of the kitchen—is

stooping over an immense pan, preparing milk-soup for supper. She looks round at me—I am a strange apparition, no doubt—with wide eyes of amaze.

"Has the carriage come to take me away?" is my first question.

"No; there has been no carriage," is the response.

"Then I must stay here," I said to myself, "at this awful place, all night"—and a fresh wave of distress washes over my already very sorrowful heart.

Mina comforts me. "I will make it all right for *Präuli*. She will have some nice warm soup, and go to bed; and to-morrow, when she wakens, the carriage will be there to take her away."

Then I tell her of my fright. The cook puts her hands on her hips, and listens too. They exchange glances of comprehension as I describe the appearance of the maniac; and when I have told all, Mina says: "Yes; that was mad Yahn. He lives on the waste with his brother, the *Perri Maes* [small farmer]. But he would not have harmed *Präuli*."

"Harmed me!" I exclaim. "He is mad, stark mad, and would have torn me in pieces, if I had not escaped from his clutches. It is a shame to let such people go at large."

"But where is he to go, poor demented man? He is one of God's creatures, as well as the best of us."

"Why do they not send him to the mad asylum? He would be taken care of there, and would not be allowed to go about terrifying people out of their wits."

But I can not make Mina understand what I mean by a lunatic asylum; she has never heard of such a place. I explain it to her, and tell her how our government takes care of mad people in my own country. But she shakes her head doubtfully. It is better to let the "unfortunates"—as she humanely calls them—roam at will in God's world; and she tells me how mad folks can see and converse with spirits, and how they understand the language of the animals.

But the soup is ready, and the lights—a pair of candles—to show me to the waiting-room.

"No, no," I entreat; "let me have my supper with you, Mina. I can not go back to that awful place."

So I sit down with those two Esthonian maids, and feel warmed and comforted, and eat a hearty supper after all my sufferings. I do not know whether the station-master and his wife know where I am, and what I am doing, but they never appear; and I am lighted to bed by the kindly Mina. When she leaves me, I bolt my door; and so weary am I, that the madman

does not even haunt my pillow, but I close my tired eyelids, and fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

TROUBLE THE SIXTH.

I AM up with—I had almost said the lark; but in the cause of truth, I must even descend to the level of the cocks and hens; for it is none other than a bevy of these unpoetical birds which have crowed and cackled me out of bed this morning. My bedroom-window looks into a back court, where the stables are, and I behold a carriage. "At last!" I say aloud, as I rush like a whirlwind through my toilet. As I am tying on my hat—for I must make quite ready to start—Mina knocks at my door.

"Come in," I sing, too much elated to modify my voice into sobriety.

"Ah, *Präuli* is clever; she is up and dressed!"

"Yes," I say, cutting her short; "and the carriage has come to take me away, Mina!"

"*Ei, ei, Präuli* (No, no, miss); that is the great gentry's carriage who are at breakfast in the waiting-room," she explains.

"Not the carriage from Waimel?" I exclaim, sinking wofully into a chair.

"It is early still. *Präuli* must not expect too soon. It is only five o'clock, and the journey from Waimel is six hours; she must not expect before ten."

There is reason in what Mina says; so I slowly untie my hat, and sigh as I mentally count the hours from five to ten. Five long hours, I think, before I need begin even to expect.

"I will serve *Präuli's* breakfast in the waiting-room," Mina says at the door; "the kitchen is full of men."

"I will wait until those people are gone," I reply, as I take my stand at the window and watch them change the horses. The lumbering family chariot clatters out of the court, looking for all the world like an ill-favored grasshopper on its high springs; and I listen until I hear the bell—without which the Russian coachman is loath to travel—ringing into the distance.

I take my solitary meal, solemnly and slowly; I stare vacantly out of the window; I go out and sit on my box in the veranda—but still no carriage.

A bell in the distance! I am in the middle of the road, shading my eyes with my hand. It is only a drosky, filled with students on their way to Dorpat. They are, as usual, noisy and idiotic; so I deem it best to retire to my bedroom until they are gone; but I leave the door ajar to listen. Of course, they order beer. They must be Russians and Germans, for they are mixing up the two languages.

"Mees M. Estwood!" I hear drawled out.

They are reading the address on my hand-bag. "An English mees.—I know her, Fritz; she has red hair and green spectacles."

"And they call her Meary!" cackles another.

"No; hold your tongues! I remember the lady perfectly; she is an ancient friend of my family, and I love her! True, she has only one eye; but she lost the other in a noble cause. It was scratched out while its owner was defending my honor against calumny." This witticism is received with a roar.

"Idiots! dolts!" I hiss between closed teeth, and shut my door with a bang. I hear another roar of laughter, in which I faintly join, for the eye-business amuses me. They too rattle away, leaving cigar-ash and beer-dregs behind them; and I return to my box-lid and my anxious watch.

It is twelve o'clock at noon, and still no carriage! I can no longer sit still, but pace the veranda from side to side as I have seen a hyena do its cage. What am I to do? My letter must have miscarried.

At this moment, the station-master—oh, wonder to relate!—condescends to seek me. "I fear there must be some mistake, madam, about the carriage from Waimel," he says. "Of course, you wrote?"

"Of course, I did. And told my friends that I would leave Dorpat by diligence yesterday morning."

"Ah! well, then, the letter must have miscarried, and it is no use waiting."

"But what shall I do?" I cry. "I had better write again."

"That would oblige you to send a messenger, and you would have to stay here another night. No; you had better travel post," he suggests.

Post! Why have I never thought of this? Of course, I will take a post-chaise. I must be demented not to have thought of it before. The station-master retires to give the orders and get his bill; and in a few minutes I have turned my back—oh, how thankfully!—on that most dreary of stations.

My readers, are you acquainted with that instrument of torture, a Russian post-chaise? If you are not, avoid it as you would a pestilence, if you value your bones. It is a short, wooden cart, higher at the back than the front; it jolts, and, where the roads are rough, jumps along on two high wheels. Your seat is a wisp of straw at the bottom, and your luggage forms a rasping support for your back behind. You can only sit with your legs stretched straight out before you, which position after the first hour is the rack. I have been in it an hour and more, and am holding my head with both hands, to prevent my brains jumbling together; for we are tearing up

a hill—we always tear up hills in Russia—in that most lovely part of Livonia called the "Livonian Switzerland." My driver has a wild, unkempt look—ferocious, I think—as he shouts to his horses with upraised hand; but I am too much occupied with the care of my brains to trouble much about his appearance at present. Thank Providence, we are at the top of the hill, and at walking pace, the horses steaming with the exertion, and I can look about me, even with the cramp in my limbs, and admire the scenery. It is impressively wild and solitary. To my right, a steep hill rises, clad in dark-green firs, interspersed with the graceful, feathery birch; to my left, a deep ravine, from which we are divided by a low wall. I can hear the water tumbling at its foot, though I can not see it for trees. There is not so much as a peasant's hut to remind me of human existence. We are alone with Nature.

As I gaze—oh, woe is me!—my thoughts, I know not why, revert to an awful tale. I had heard of a murder which occurred last winter on the Neva. A gentleman had left St. Petersburg for Cronstadt in a drosky, and was never afterward seen or heard of. It was presumed that the unfortunate man had been murdered by the driver, his pockets plundered, and his body thrust into one of the many holes in the ice. These things were of frequent occurrence. For several minutes, I see no more of the scenery. I am alone with this man. It could all be done in a few moments. No one would be any the wiser. He could murder me, throw my body over the wall, and take possession of my belongings. People would wonder for a time what had become of the English girl. My friends at Dorpat and Waimel would perhaps exchange letters on the subject, and lose themselves in surmises; but they would never suspect my fate. And my own people would wonder, blame, and fret; would think perhaps that I had forgotten them, while my bones rotted in a Russian ravine. I look up at my driver. He is a powerful man, broad-shouldered, with long tawny hair flowing in the wind. At this moment, in my present state of mind, even a back-view suggests any number of murders! But it has evidently not occurred to him yet what a chance is here; for he sits quietly on his box with slackened reins and listless mien. By degrees, however, as I am still alive and nothing is being done, I grow more calm; one can not be always in a panic; and I am inclined to laugh now at my foolish alarm. We have torn up more hills and walked along more levels, and I have almost dismissed the disagreeable subject from my mind, when the chaise suddenly stops.

The blood rushes to my heart. The driver is slowly descending. "Farewell, earth! Fare-

well, mother! You will never know the fate of your poor child." He has thrown the reins on to the horses' backs, and turns and looks me full in the face. I do not know how I look or what I do; but he looks away again, and begins slowly to unbutton his coat. He is feeling in his pockets. Seeking the wherewith to murder me! I think. Not yet. It is a flask of *vodka*. He will make himself mad drunk, and then!—He takes a long pull. My heart beats so violently that I seem to feel the chaise give a jerk at every throb. He returns the flask to his pocket, and fumbles again. I watch as one might watch an adversary who holds the muzzle of a pistol to one's forehead. He brings out something—I can not see distinctly from the over-straining of my eyes. It is—gracious powers!—a clasp-knife, and he clicks out a cruel, glittering blade. I cover my eyes, and try to say my prayers. I am distractedly entreating for "my daily bread," poor wretched, half-crazed soul; and I am still not murdered, and there is perfect silence. So I take a peep at him through my fingers. He is searching his pockets again. This time, for a whetstone, to make the work more sure! I think. But I still watch with a grim, despairing curiosity. He produces a strange-looking brown mass. What is it? I widen the breach between my fingers, and bring another eye to bear upon it. I can not make it out. He is again groping in a pocket; and at length brings up a short stick, and I recognize it in a moment, and feel more steady—the gay china bowl of a pipe! He adjusts it to the stem, and—hurrah! begins solemnly to shove down the brown mass into it with his pocket-knife. It is "karria yaak!" And he is not going to murder me.

He fills his pipe, good, honest fellow; lights it leisurely with a flint and steel, and, leaning his mighty shoulder against a tree, surveys the country, as he dreamily draws in the smoke of his be-

loved weed. How could I have supposed that placid, sheepish face to belong to a murderer? I positively blush for very shame at myself for my cowardly fancies.

But, now that this violent revulsion of feeling has come, an almost deadly languor overtakes me. I believe, if he wanted to murder me now, I should scarcely struggle; my arms are like weights of lead. The chaise may jump over stones and do its worst. When we are again in motion, I fall into a heavy doze, and only regain consciousness when we are rattling over the round paving-stones of the little town of Verro. In a few minutes we are driving into the quiet, grass-grown court of Waimel; and I am tumbling out of the straw at the bottom of the chaise, a jaded, dusty, creased, disheveled, hysterical bundle, into the arms of my friend.

"Why have you come upon us this way? Why did you not write, as was arranged, and we would have sent the carriage to meet you?" are the breathless questions which greet me.

"I did write!" I cry; "and I have been waiting at the office since yesterday afternoon."

"And we have never got your letter!"

An hour later, when we are seated, a merry party, round the tea-table, and I am relating the story of my adventures, a servant brings in the post-bag. The contents are turned out. There are business letters for the baron, the Dorpat and Riga Gazettes, and last of all, my retarded letter, which has cost me so much suffering.

My story is done, though I have not told you one half of the troubles I have gone through. But, before I take leave, I would give my readers a word of advice. If they love order, and would keep their heads cool and free from revolutionary principles, let them not make a lengthened stay in Russia!

Chambers's Journal.

SCHOOLS IN FLORENCE.

DURING a short stay in Florence I was glad to take advantage of an official permission, kindly given me by a member of the municipality, to visit the communal schools under his authority. The communal schools in Italy are analogous to our board-schools. Before the unity of Italy was established the municipality of Florence intrusted the elementary education of the province and city to a number of ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, who made themselves entirely responsible for it.

The schools they established were distinctly Church schools; they were a great improvement on the Jesuit schools which had existed previously.

When Italy was united a great change was made in the education of the people. The municipality itself undertook the control of the elementary education of the province, and opened numerous unsectarian schools for boys and girls; the Church schools were continued as mere private establishments, and command to this day

the confidence and support of a large number of persons. The supreme central authority in education is the Minister of Public Instruction; his jurisdiction extends throughout Italy and Sicily; he is assisted by a central body, whose powers are somewhat undefined and whose functions, among others, are to grant subsidies and appoint and transfer teachers throughout Italy. Each province has its local government inspector, appointed by the central board, who does not necessarily conduct examinations himself. There is also a municipal school council of six local members, presided over by the prefect of the province and a number of male and female municipal inspectors, who examine the schools and sometimes teach special subjects.

The schools are visited periodically by the authorities, and to judge by the entries in the register kept for the purpose the visitations are frequent. Women inspectors visit the girls' schools, and do their work efficiently.

There are about thirty communal schools in Florence; each is a school of only one department—that is, either for boys or for girls only; there are no communal infants' schools, and no mixed schools; the ages of the children range from six to fourteen.

Furnished with my letter and with a printed programme issued by the municipality to the teachers of Florence, containing a list of the subjects to be taught, the books to be used, a time-table, and a code of needlework, I paid my first visit to a girls' school in a central part of the town.

The simplicity of the whole machinery, as compared with the vastness and complication of our own, is very striking to any one coming straight from London board-schools.

Nothing brings out more strongly the fact that the principles of education and of its administration are seriously modified by a mere multiplication of the numbers to be educated. As regards instruction, number makes all the difference between individual and class teaching; as regards administration, between individual supervision of each school by persons locally associated with it and legislative administration of general principles by a central body.*

In Florence, the numbers are so small and the area covered by the work so compact that the central body of the municipality is practically the local body as well; the members can and do possess a complete knowledge of the history of each of the thirty schools under their care. In

London over three hundred schools must be controlled. As the area covered by the work equals some one hundred and fifty square miles, local knowledge and watchfulness over the history of each of the schools or departments are impossible. Besides this, large questions of principle spring out of the mass of details and demand attention, and new educational problems present themselves which are unknown in smaller administrations. No system can be maintained in this vast chaos until and unless these more general principles are periodically grappled with and readjusted to the educational needs of the time. The whole question is, in fact, shifted from the personal and the special to the abstract and general. The London School Board, with its daily increasing accumulation of detailed work, is in this respect in a transition state, in which the energy and industry of its members have not yet been vanquished by the immense pressure of business, but in which the course of time alone must bring about a change of method. It may be anticipated that a carefully chosen body of local managers will ultimately be called in to take a more responsible share of the local work in connection with the schools than they do now, and thus relieve the Board to a certain extent of work which is unsuited to it.

The system of free education in Florence is a further gain in simplicity, to say nothing of more important advantages involved in this principle. It involves an absence of the worry caused to teachers, parents, and children by numberless regulations and circulars, which endeavor but vainly to secure the full payment of fees without interfering with the regular attendance of the children. The scholars pay for their own books and materials; in any cases of poverty the parents can claim assistance from the municipality, and no difficulty is made in granting the necessary books to those who can not pay for them.

The obvious advantage of this system over ours is that the weekly temptation of sending a child home for the weekly fee is removed, payments for books are secured at much greater intervals than payment of fees, and there is no excuse placed in the hands of unwilling parents and irregular children for non-attendance. At the same time there are other objections to the plan of payment for books which render it impracticable in London.

It may be remarked in passing that the objection to free compulsory education, so often made, that it pauperizes the people, receives a flat denial in Florence. A permanent pauper or destitute class does not exist.

In 1859 a compulsory law was passed, but was subsequently thrown out. Every one was

* The number of schools in Florence and the number of children receiving education is about equal to the number in the Westminster division of London, and represents one thirty-seventh of the whole work of the London School Board.

unanimous in saying that active compulsion was little needed. The people "are only too anxious" to get their children educated and pushed on; they are generally hard-working people, and glad to get their children out of the way during working hours. They take an interest in their progress at school, and show the greatest pride in their success. The parents of many of the children scarcely know how to read and write, and look upon the modest educational achievements of their offspring as evidence of genius.

There exists no cumbrous machinery, similar to ours, of visitors and superintendents, of weekly meetings* for the purpose of investigating cases of neglect requiring a possible summons, or poverty requiring a remission of fees; of magistrates and police courts. If a parent is to blame, the usual course seems to be for the teacher to communicate direct to the municipality, when inquiry is made and the parent is censured. There are some families which are hopelessly improvident, they become professional beggars, and their children go about in rags; but the number is too small to form a class, and even in this mild form compulsion is not applied to them. All the schools I saw were, as regards the condition of the children, on a par with our better schools, where the fee is fourpence or three-pence; the children were well fed and clothed, and had a prosperous look.

I looked out everywhere for the poor children, and could not find them. I was at last directed by a teacher to a suburban school, which I visited, where the condition of the children was less prosperous; some of them even wore ragged clothes. I was struck with the significance of the fact that I was searching for the destitute school population, and could with difficulty find it. There is, in fact, no destitute population in Florence at all, as I have intimated. I was informed that the reason of this is that there are very extensive and well-organized charities in Florence which meet every case of want, and a model workhouse. I doubt very much whether charity, however well organized, ever achieved as much in preventing destitution as habits of industry and providence, and I am inclined to believe that the latter, far more than the former, is the cause of the prosperity of the lower classes in Florence.

All the schools I visited were carried on in vast buildings which had formerly been convents or monasteries; being the property of the town, they are now put to this more noble use—and, contrary to my expectations, they answer very well. When liberal funds are not forthcoming

from the Government, and school-buildings have to be erected, the first thing that suffers is the accommodation, which has to be cramped and unhealthily restricted to meet the necessity of economy. As regards Florence, financially ruined by expensive improvements, it is fortunate indeed that these large and airy buildings are available; the schools enjoy the advantage of a wealth of space which is truly enviable, even when compared to the generous scale adopted in London.

These convents have generally been built round large open court-yards, with long, covered-in passages, or open corridors, into which rows of class-rooms open. The class-rooms are always lofty, cheerful, and dry, lighted by large, wide windows. The size of the rooms varies very much; sometimes a teacher can take her full number (seventy) of pupils, but my impression is that the rooms generally hold thirty or forty. In the first school I saw there were ten teachers and two hundred and fifty children; this liberal staff was necessitated by structural conditions. None of these buildings had fire-places or heating apparatus of any kind; the winter was considered cold and wet, yet every class-room I entered (about fifty or sixty) had a window wide open, and I never found a room close or ill ventilated. It is a well-known characteristic of the Florentines of all classes that they live in cold houses, are not afraid of fresh air, and keep themselves warm by extra clothing. The teachers all carried muffs or *scaldini*—small earthenware pots full of hot embers—for warming the hands. The school premises were well provided with every convenience, and kept very clean; but the washing apparatus was quite insufficient.

Besides giving the ordinary instruction, the teachers are responsible for the registers of attendance and the progress and general conduct of the children; they must also watch their personal cleanliness and neatness.

The relations between teachers and children were satisfactory; discipline was maintained without difficulty. Corporal punishment, extra lessons as punishment, and harsh words, are forbidden.

The salaries vary from twenty-eight to forty-eight pounds per annum without residence; these figures speak for themselves. Though much has been done in Italy since 1859 for education, much remains to be done, and some very elementary principles have yet to be applied. It is impossible that even in Florence any person can live on the salary offered to teachers; they are all obliged to supplement it by private tuition. Ultimately the position is reversed—private teaching takes the primary and the school the secondary place; necessarily so, since the remuneration of the for-

* In 1879 eight hundred meetings of this kind were held in London.

mer depends on its excellence, and the latter is a fixed income.

A teacher, whose duties were exceptionally fatiguing and involved great physical exertion, told me that her health suffered from the inferior quality of the food to which her small salary obliged her to limit herself. There can be no doubt that any reforms or improvement in the education of the people of Italy must be preceded by a reform in the payment of the teachers.

The first school I saw was situated in an immense building in a central part of the town; it was formerly a convent. No less than four distinct schools, numerous offices, and a large church are now located under one roof. I ascended an interminable staircase, and found myself in a bright, sunny anteroom, hung round with cloaks, and hats, and baskets containing the children's dinners. Two female attendants sat sewing and gossiping. I looked down from the wide-open window into the busy street far below, which was stirring with life and color, the air filled with cheerful sounds, street cries of fruit- and flower-sellers, children playing, and soldiers marching past.

I could not help picturing to myself the possibility of some poor little nun imprisoned perhaps against her will in former times in these convent-walls, and looking down on the busy scene below with the natural longing of a healthy nature to escape from the dull routine and aimless duties of the convent, and to join in the real work of the world which lay at her feet.

Happy, indeed, is the change which now fills these rooms with bright, merry children, which prepares them for the ordinary duties of life, and leaves them free to follow the impulses of industry and energy which are so characteristic of the Florentines.

The attendant soon brought the head mistress. She was a highly intelligent woman of about fifty, with shrewd common-sense; her manners were easy and unassuming, her remarks full of that wonderful Italian sagacity which makes vulgarity and ignorance seem impossible; there was an undercurrent of *bon-homie* and humor which made her a very interesting companion during the two mornings that I spent in the school. She was much interested in the general development of education in Italy, and, like all Florentines, showed a keen appreciation of public questions and politics which surprised me. I remember noticing the earnest voice, and look of pain that passed over her face, when she alluded incidentally to the depreciated currency of the country. In many countries a woman in her position would not have understood what a depreciated currency meant; to

her it was a personal disgrace. Italian patriotism makes not only warm hearts, but also clear heads.

Each school is divided into two parts, called the Lower and Higher Sections: the former consists of one class, the latter has five; so that a child entering school at six years of age would have eight years in which to pass through the six classes or standards of the school.

The children are separated into classes according to the standard of attainment of each child; arbitrary standards of age are universally ignored; so that backward children of ten or twelve are found in the lowest classes, and *vice versa*.

No child can pass from a lower class to a higher except after examination at the end of the school year.

Infants under six are excluded from the communal schools; they can gain admission into the *Asili*, but these are intended to provide education (and free dinners) for a distinctly poorer class than that which fills the communal schools.

If a child of six enters school not knowing its letters, it would be expected at the end of the first year to know how to read words of more than one syllable from books printed with syllabic divisions. It begins with writing in copy-books, and dictations of short, easy sentences; it learns the first part of the catechism, with prayers and sacred history, also numeration, and addition and subtraction of sums of three figures. It learns the nomenclature of the principal parts of the human body, the days of the week, and the natural products of the country, from picture books. I saw no object-lessons given anywhere.

One of the teachers, with evident pride, pointed out to me several small children who have learned to read in one year. I remember a teacher in London who said that if she took eight or ten little girls together she could teach them to read words of one syllable in six weeks without difficulty.

The writing was a weak point everywhere; considering the natural aptitude of the Florentine people for all the arts which require manual dexterity, I am inclined to think that the method of teaching must be at fault; the copy-books used were of very poor quality.

In the second class the child continues the same subjects, and also learns prose or poetry by heart; this was always monotonous and sing-song. Grammar is commenced, and arithmetic carried on to multiplication of two figures.

In the third class composition is taken as a new subject, and arithmetic carried on to division. I heard some very young children in this class read a difficult passage exceedingly well;

their logical analysis was good, and some of the writing excellent.

In the fourth class grammar is entirely replaced by composition, simple geometrical definitions are added to arithmetic, and geography is taken as a new subject.

In the fifth class Italian history is taken as a new subject, arithmetic carried on to fractions. Two little girls of nine read and analyzed well. They had worked up through the lower classes of the school. Finally, in the sixth class the above subjects are continued and perfected.

There is no equivalent to our Fourth Schedule, which supplements the work of standards four, five, six.

Out of the ten subjects,* any two of which may be chosen and taught in England, none is attempted in Florence. The consequence is a certain baldness and monotony in the character of the work done. A question I often put, "What is the favorite study of the girls?" always received the same answer: "Arithmetic; they would rather have a problem in arithmetic than a story from history."

The boys preferred history to any other subject, and, according to the male teachers, did not succeed so well in arithmetic as the girls.

An immense step has certainly been made in education since 1859, when all schools were brought under Government control and girls were admitted to school.

It then became illegal for any one, private or public, to teach without a diploma of efficiency from the Government.

There is a very general feeling of self-congratulation at the results achieved, which is perhaps natural, but, I think, premature. The results as regards *instruction* or knowledge acquired are small, and wanting in completeness; they even show a certain slovenliness of method. Any quantitative comparison is difficult to obtain, and may be very misleading, but, estimated roughly, the results must equal about two thirds of the work done here.

Considering the previous conditions and the difficulties to be met, perhaps more could not have been achieved in the time. But if the efforts of the Government are continued, and improved methods further adopted, in the course of time there is no doubt that, owing to the superior intelligence of the children, results might be achieved which would far surpass anything that could be hoped for in England. The methods there are inferior to ours, but the material is better.

* English literature, mathematics, mechanics, animal physiology, Latin, French, German, physical geography, botany, domestic economy.

A very serious obstacle in the way of improvement is the frequent change of ministry; it is a great drawback, and seriously interferes with the continuity of educational progress in the country. If the children of the Florentine schools are behind those of our London board-schools in acquired knowledge, the case is reversed when we come to educational results as distinguished from mere instruction.

If the primary object of education is the cultivation of the thinking powers, then the children there start at a great natural advantage over the children here. While the Florentine teacher has merely to give instruction, and very simple mental and moral training, to the child who is in a fit condition to profit by it, the London teacher has not only to give the training, but also in many cases to create or awaken the mind and the moral nature that are to be trained.

At bottom the difference is one of national character and climate. The Florentine children are more intelligent and brighter (not sharper) than the London children. The thinking faculty is there and at work from the earliest years. The persevering stolidity of the London child is accompanied often by a precocious knowledge of evil which is not the most promising material to put into the hands of a teacher. There the children are already little human beings, and there is a certain relation between their intellectual condition and the civilization of the state they inhabit.

Here it is otherwise; many of our poorest children are little savages whose mental and moral state is out of all proportion to, and completely anomalous in, the life of civilization which locally surrounds them, but which actually intensifies their miserable state; and even our better-class children have not the clear, bright intelligence which a better climate seems to produce. The difference is clearly and sadly illustrated by the place which the question of corporal punishment occupies in the two countries. Let me describe what I saw.

The natural curiosity and interest which I felt in first entering a class-room of Florentine children were met by a look on the faces of the scholars so clear and unmistakable as to draw from me the exclamation—

"How happy these children look!"

I turned to the teachers, and saw the same gentle, unruffled look reflected in their faces. One of them replied:

"They are very good children."

Suspecting that such general equanimity could only be purchased by laxity of discipline in some form or other, I asked:

"Do you ever punish them?"

Her face became ominously grave as she an-

swered, "Oh, yes! sometimes we must." I expected a birch rod at least.

"How do you punish them?"

"I give them a bad mark."

I looked incredulous.

"It is felt to be a great disgrace," she added.

"What do you do if a child tells a lie, or steals?"

"I separate it from its companions, or keep it in for a few minutes, or perhaps I write to the parents."

"Do you never beat them?"

"Oh, never! the child would become perfectly unmanageable, and I should *lose all my influence in the school*, and discipline would be destroyed." The explanation which I received to this astounding statement was that it was the rule to make punishment *moral*, and that the disgrace of a bad mark had gained such a hold on the children and their parents that it was found sufficient.

I objected that Italians are notoriously high-spirited and fiery.

The teacher replied: "Corporal punishment would develop all the bad qualities of a child, and it would become perfectly uncontrollable and wild. It is never done."

One teacher boxed a child's ears, and received instant dismissal from the municipality, on the grounds that by this act she had forfeited her influence over the *other* children, and her power of controlling the school.

The impression I received in this school was confirmed by every fresh visit I paid to boys' and girls' schools in Florence. It was impossible not to ponder over so significant a fact. Besides the difference in the national character of Florentine and London children, there are two things to be taken into consideration. In the first place, the teachers and children are not ceaselessly worried by ever-recurring, and, I was almost going to add, ever-useless examinations. They have the one general examination at the end of the school year, which embraces every subject, and upon the results of which depends the work of each scholar during the ensuing year. Once it is over, children and teachers may forget examinations, and with free and happy minds think something of education, and of training of mind and character.

Our children have besides, (1), the Government examination; (2), School Board examination; (3), needlework; (4), Scripture; (5), drawing; (6), physiology; (7), drill; and so on, *ad nauseam*.

Under these circumstances, education is hurriedly relegated to the top shelf of a dusty cupboard, because one examiner is following quickly upon the heels of another.

The natural friction of school-life is intensified, teachers are worried and children are impatient—in these conditions the temper of a school is not calm, and constant outbreaks must occur.

But there is another difference. In Florence, I believe in North Italy generally, the children are kindly treated by their fathers and mothers, and when they go to school they only understand kind treatment; the teacher's course is clear enough; in refractory cases he has his moral influence to fall back upon, and he finds this fully sufficient.

In England the lowest class of parents beat and cuff their children at a very early age. By the time a child is old enough to go to school, its moral sense is dead, and the teacher has at the same time to maintain discipline and to reawaken the lost sense which may respond to his moral authority.

The task is difficult, but not so hard as at first sight appears, and it is certainly worth the sacrifice of time and patience. As regards the parents, the question, Where is reform to begin? is answered. We venture to think that it has begun in the only place possible. If the mothers and fathers are originally to blame, we must educate those who are one day to become mothers and fathers to a better state of things.

It is a gradual reform which can only be introduced in the school-room, and by the action of those whose responsibilities in this matter are undoubtedly grave.

Let it not be imagined that sudden or universal cessation of corporal punishment is advocated—any such action would be fatal.

The *ultimate end* to aim at is the abandonment of corporal punishment, but the means to it is not by a sudden change. This can only be brought about gradually; it has, happily, already commenced in some of our best schools. All honor to those teachers who can carry on this difficult task with success! It is, in fact, conceded by those who advocate very strenuously the necessity of corporal punishment, that in proportion as a teacher can educate his or her children and maintain discipline in his school without it, so is he morally superior; the better the teacher, the less he will require to fall back upon corporal punishment.

Every teacher, male or female, who receives a certificate from Government, has to pass an examination in gymnastics. Government holds annually a preparatory course during three summer months, which is advertised as the "Scuola Magistrale di Gymnastica Fiorentina." So strenuously is this regulation carried out, that even the nuns who teach in the convent-schools are obliged to come out of their seclusion to follow this course, and obtain a certificate after due ex-

amination. The Swedish exercises, which are now being used in the schools of the London School Board, have been introduced in a modified form; they are excellent, and very popular with the girls.

The code for needlework is exceedingly complicated, and almost useless for domestic purposes. So much is this the case that the communal schools might be properly called Industrial Schools for Teaching Needlework, where some general education is also given. In the junior classes, needlework occupies *nine and a half hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours and three quarters, arithmetic three hours and three quarters. In the senior classes, needlework occupies *ten hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours, arithmetic five hours. There are six classes: the children begin by knitting strips, plain socks, and crochet lace; in class three they begin hemming towels and handkerchiefs, marking, and making simple garments. In the fourth and fifth classes they make elaborate garments of every kind; and, finally, in the sixth they do fine white embroidery. The cutting-out is all done by the teachers; the one-thread system reigns supreme. For the enlightenment of those persons who are not initiated into the mysteries of the one-thread system, it may be explained shortly as follows:

If I am teaching a child to hem in the ordinary way, I turn down or fold the material, judging of the straightness and evenness of the folds by my eye. I commence to hem, judging of the regularity of the stitches again by my eye. I show the child how to make the stitch, and endeavor to train the child's eye to judge of her own work by making her glance over what she has done, and point out to me where are the irregularities and imperfections of her stitches. There is no rule of thumb here, but a gradual training of the hand, and of the eye to command the hand. If, on the other hand, I adopt the one-thread system, I turn down the fold, guided not by my eye, but by single threads of the *material* which I choose as my lines. These threads are more or less indistinct according to the quality and kind of material used, and always require a certain amount of painful tension and straining of the muscles of the eye to follow them. When I show the child how to do the stitch, I have to abandon all idea of training hand or eye; she has instead her rule of thumb, which is to take up with her needle merely the single threads which have been the guide in making the folds. The stitch is formed by bringing together these two threads.

If it is fatiguing to the sight to fold on this system, much more fatal is it to hem—to stitch

together for perhaps an hour at a time two single and almost invisible threads of some material. It is not easy to imagine an invention less calculated to benefit a single creature and more calculated to destroy the exquisitely delicate mechanism of the nerves and muscles of the eye.

When I asked what was the use of it, the invariable answer was, "*Précision.*" This "*précision*" is a necessary training for the fine white embroidery.

In some of our London schools, where embroidery is not permitted, this system is pursued, but it is entirely discouraged by the London School Board.*

Besides the thirty-four stitches which the English code requires, and which is in itself the complete art of plain needlework, the Italian code gives sixty-six different articles to be made, and each child has to master altogether sixty-eight different stitches.

In company with one of the inspectresses, a very amiable and eloquent cicerone, I visited one of the Scuole Leopoldine. There are six or eight of these schools in Florence. They were established and endowed by King Leopold X, for the purpose of providing girls with industrial training in needlework and silk-weaving.

Many marvelous things in the way of needlework are to be seen here, but none more marvelous than a framed picture of some saint. The foundation was white muslin, and the design was produced by means of stitching in human hair instead of black silk! The poor woman assured me that this work was *très pénible*. In one room an inferior quality of silk was being woven on looms, in another girls were winding silk by machinery. Down-stairs fifty little girls were learning how to make crochet lace, squares, and mysterious ingenuities of many kinds. Up-stairs about the same number of girls were doing very fine white embroidery all on frames, such as the nuns make in France. So purely mechanical had this art become, that when, in the hope of finding one educational feature in the school, I inquired whether the girls drew their own designs, the inspectress was much shocked, and replied that even she did not attempt it.

The embroidery was quite perfect of its kind, and quite useless. As the *raison d'être* of these five or six schools was to supply a means of livelihood to women, I was curious enough to know how far the end was achieved. A very fine and beautiful handkerchief was shown nearly finished. I asked, "How long has it taken you to do this?"

* These remarks apply equally to the two-thread system, the principle of which is the same.

"One year of constant work." "What will you get for it?" "Fifty lire." Less than two pounds for a year's work!

As a matter of fact, there is no general demand for highly-finished work in Italy, nor, in-

deed, in any country I have visited. It has become the luxury of the few rich ladies who will not wear any but the finest work, and who create a special but very limited demand for it.

F. HENRIETTA MULLER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE DECADENCE OF FRENCHWOMEN.

THE old idea that principles ought to be as permanent in politics as in morals, has no place in the theory of government by the people which is now spreading about Europe. The new democracy pretends to work for progress alone, and evidently feels, at the bottom of its heart, that progress and principles are incompatible. Principles, in its eyes, present the inconvenience of not adapting themselves to circumstances; they are, by their essence, rigid and uncompromising; they have no elasticity, no opportunism. Yet, so long as they continue to nominally exist, they must be externally respected, and must be taken into account as guides and counselors. Consequently, as they get into the way of radicalism, it has been found useful to deprive them of their character of invariability, and even, in many cases, to totally suppress them. It is true that the democrats have not invented this notion of the non-durability of principles—Pascal asserted, before their time, that "natural principles are nothing but habits"; but the more advanced politicians of the Continent have got a long way beyond that, and evidently feel that, in politics, principles have not even the value of habits. Like the Californian farmer who said, "No fellow can go on always believing the same thing; one wants a fresh religion from time to time"—so do the leaders of the new school assure us that political principles must change according to the wishes of the populace. They apply to the men of our generation (without knowing it, perhaps) the theory of La Bruyère, that "most women have no principles; they simply follow their hearts." They, too, follow their hearts, like women; they proclaim that the science of government should be independent of enthralling rules; that it should be purely tentative; that it should consist in experiment based on opportunity. In their eyes there is no longer any eternal truth at all. Policy, as they apply it, is an accident of the moment, an expedient of to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be to-morrow. Its former constancy is gone; it is a passing condition; it is a fancy, not a principle. Monarchy,

hereditary succession, religion, were in other days regarded as state principles. It is proposed to replace them now by popular will, universal suffrage, free-thought, and, above all, empiricism, which are thus far mere ideas, or, at the utmost, facts; though they, too, according to Pascal's argument of habit, may assume the form and name of principles hereafter if ever it should become the interest of a new despot to base a throne upon them. But they will never grow into principles of the ancient sort; for the old ones imitated the ways of nature and cherished uniformity of processes, because, like nature, they knew the resistless power of repetition; while the new ideas, on the contrary, are like the human nature from which they spring: they seek for newnesses and strangenesses, because they take them to be signs of freedom.

So the radical world—especially in certain countries of the Continent—has given up principles in politics; and, as it has abandoned the old principles, so also has it forsaken the old forces. To a certain extent the adoption of new forces was a necessity; for, as some of the old ones were nothing more than principles at work, it is manifest that they could not be retained in use when once the principles on which they rested were destroyed. In France, indeed—which is the country we are going to talk about, and which happens to be the land where the newest procedures of government are being essayed—no force whatever seems now to be accepted as a permanent auxiliary. We see there that nearly all the forces formerly utilized by governments have already been excluded from national action: and though some new ones have been taken on trial—to see, experimentally, what they will produce—it would be premature to suppose that any of them will necessarily last. Loyalty to the sovereign was a force; it has been swept away. Religious teaching was a force; it is being suppressed. The so-called governing classes were a force; they have been replaced by the *nouvelles couches*. Society was a force; it has been kicked away. Women were a force; they have been thrust aside. These and other impulses, many

of them knotted up with the history of France, many of them ancient mainsprings of the life of the nation, have been temporarily (perhaps, indeed, permanently) supplanted by fresh producers, especially by the great new agency—experiment.

Now it would be absurd to pretend that progress can always be realized without experiment; but it would be equally foolish to argue that no experiment is possible without entirely new forces. All knowledge, all philosophy, all science, have been built up on observation of, or on induction from, preëstablished facts; and no reason is conceivable why, in politics, old motors should not be utilized by new governments. Some, at all events, of the levers which have aided to raise France to greatness in one direction, could equally serve, under no matter what rule, to elevate her in another. But the present republic has, thus far, refused the assistance of any of the old forces. It sees adversaries in them all; it will have nothing to do, even experimentally, with any one of them: it labors, indeed, to uproot them integrally; or, if it can not eradicate them altogether, so to reduce and enfeeble them that they can no longer contribute, even indirectly or occultly, to national results. It has declared war against them all round—against the extinct governing classes as against “the ancient parties”—against society as against clericalism. It makes no distinction; it treats all the former springs of action as foes to be vanquished.

It is, however, just to acknowledge at once that in this the republic has been acting, to a certain extent, in legitimate self-defense. Let us remember that the present shape of government is not only accepted by the nation, but seems to be really desired by it; and that the time has passed for arguing that the republic is the result of accident, not of conviction, or for insisting that it has grown temporarily into existence solely for the want of something else to take its place. It may now be said with truth that France has ceased (for the moment, at least) to be monarchical, and that it sincerely wishes to keep the republic it has got. Consequently, no honest observer can presume to deny that the republic is entitled to claim the allegiance of the entire population, from top to bottom, as thoroughly and as absolutely as any of the dynasties which preceded it, and to extinguish all who refuse that allegiance. But, in the exercise of this right the republic should allow itself to be guided by circumstances, and that is precisely what it has not done. When it found, as it did find during its early struggles, that the old forces stood across its road, and tried, conjointly, to bar its way and upset it—when it observed that they all resisted it together, with equal aversion—it

not unnaturally, in its inexperience as a beginner, viewed them all with the same spiteful eye, and regarded them as one great group of antagonists, to be vanquished collectively and indivisibly. But though this general impression was comprehensible a few years ago, when the embryonic republic was fighting for life, it has ceased to be excusable now. In the consolidated position which the republic has attained, and which entails duties as well as rights, it commits both an injustice and an error in continuing, as it does still, to rank all bygone resistances together in one indiscriminating hate; for though the old forces have been accustomed to work together, and to feel sympathy for each other, it is manifest that they were composed of two totally distinct classes of elements, which might probably be separated without any excessive difficulty. The purely monarchical components must, of course, continue to be fought against, and, so far as they alone are concerned, the republic can not be blamed for its animosity; but the intellectual, the religious, and the social constituents present another character. They are in no way necessarily anti-republican; they are of all times and of all systems; they are national; they are French; they are inherent in the race, or, at all events, in large sections of the race; and no one can seriously urge that they can never be utilized in the future for the good of the republic, just as they have served in the past for the glory of the monarchy. Who can argue, for instance, that it is quite impossible to convert society to the republic? Who can assert that the gentlemen of France will never consent to serve the new system, or that their wives and daughters are so resolutely opposed to it that it is useless to attempt to win them to its flag? It would be folly to aver that the best of the women of France can never become republicans as sincerely as they were monarchists or imperialists. And yet the republic is so behaving toward them, that it is not only repelling them from itself, but—what is infinitely graver—is beginning to enfeeble their old-established national authority, to debilitate their action and their value in the land, and to lower the admirable position which they occupied before Europe. A distinctly marked commencement of decadence of Frenchwomen has set in under this republic. They are ceasing to be themselves; and it is time that the attention of the friends of France should be seriously directed to the situation in which they stand.

Let us first see what Frenchwomen have been; we shall then observe more easily what they are, and what they are in danger of becoming.

In no country and at no time have women exercised such power, or played such a part, as

they had gradually assumed in France during the last two centuries. The Frenchwoman had formed herself by degrees into an institution of a peculiar kind. Nothing like her was to be found elsewhere. She had invented, for her own use, a type of womanhood which was special to herself, and which no one else could appropriate. Her quickness, her inventiveness, and her imitableness, enabled her to perceive and seize all the means of action which could serve her; and she used these means with such dexterity, that, after a few generations of evolution and development, she reached the fullest consummation of intelligence and of charm which the world has yet seen. And she was not only remarkable for her individual capacities—it was not solely in her personal attributes that she shone; she was even more striking in her associated action, in the royalty which her corporation collectively exercised over her own country and over Europe. Her very name had grown to be a proverb and a power. There is no other example in history of the women of any single nation standing out in a class before the world as the universally accepted uncontested type of superiority in all that constitutes feminine brilliancy, in skill and taste, and wit and winningness. And there is no other instance of the women of a race acquiring and wielding a national influence, social, moral, intellectual, and therefore indirectly political, such as Frenchwomen exercised around them until a few years ago. The nation had accorded to them by degrees, and perhaps without quite perceiving what it was doing, a place in which their abilities and their influence mutually reacted upon and fortified each other. Their inborn potentialities were evolved into full work by their situation, and the situation in turn was aggrandized and vivified by the growth of the faculties which had created it. The interworking of these two causalities carried them to the triumphs which they achieved. But, of course, their victory varied with their means; it was, in each case, proportioned to their place and properties; and it was necessarily limited to the educated classes; for, by its nature, it was a fruit of graces, of refinements, of acquired delicate efficiencies which good teaching, good example, and good contact can alone bestow.

The woman of society—the “lady,” as she would be called in England, the *femme du monde*, as she is defined in France—held her empire by an accumulation of these bright capacities. Of beauty, as we narrowly understand it in England, she had but little; but she possessed so many other witcheries that her habitual want of features and complexion ceased to count against her. Expression redeemed the absence of prettiness, and the designation *jolie laide* was in-

vented for her in order to express her power of pleasing despite her ugliness. In this first view of her she at once assumed a standing-ground of her own; for she was the only woman in Europe who could win homage and admiration without good looks. She did much more, indeed; she led men (in absolute contradiction to our insular theory) to regard mere fairness of face as only one, and not the most important, of the many spells which a true woman should wield. Her bearing was all her own; she had no aristocracy, as we English understand it; but she had a something more gentle and more winning, less dominating, less impressive, less grandiose, but infinitely more persuasive, more sympathetic, more human—she had distinction, a distinction peculiar to herself, all brightness, symmetry, elegance, and finish. Her manner, again, was exclusively her own—its ease, its lightness, its gayety, its unaffectedness and naturalness were never caught by women of other races. Others had their merits too, but they were not those of Frenchwomen. Her eloquence, which was made up of an unconscious mingling of paradox and common-sense—her facility of talk, her thorough possession of her language, and her flow of amusingness—made every listener hang upon her lips with delight. The grace of her figure and of her hands and feet, the use she made of them, the adroitness with which she put in evidence every seduction which nature had bestowed upon her or art had created for her, threw around her a physical charm which was still further heightened by her dressing. And above and beyond all stood her feminineness, her thorough womanness, the greatest, the noblest, the sweetest of her allurements. These were the powers which the true *femme du monde* displayed; these were the sources of her sovereignty.

But, remarkable as were all these elements of her empire, the use she made of that empire was more striking still; for the elements, admirable as they were, had limits, while the empire was unlimited. In her drawing-room the Frenchwoman was a mistress of an exceptional kind: she was not merely chief of the house, she was, effectively, president of an assembly; she invented, regulated, and directed the movement of thought around her; she tilled the ideas of those who had any, and she furnished fancies to those who had none; her fireside was an oasis and a resting-place. The action so commenced indoors spread outside into the life of her friends; she made herself felt even in her absence; her arguments and her counsels were remembered and practically applied; her teaching fructified. In her place and her degree she stamped her mark on those she lived with, and, as a natural consequence, the organization of feeling, of sen-

timement, and of tendencies, in the center in which she moved, was, in reality, her product. French literature is full of biographies and monographs of women such as these; but numerous as are the books about them, they tell only of a few privileged exceptions. Tens of thousands of unknown good spirits have done their work in life, but have left no record of their passage; that work, however, has been none the less real, none the less national, none the less French. The men have not attempted to resist this absorption of action by the women; knowingly or unknowingly, by weakness or by will, they have accepted the pilotage which was offered them, and have allowed the women to become the real conductors of the moral life of the land, of its emotions, its pleasures, and even its ambitions and its objects.

Thus far we have spoken only of the qualities of the typical Frenchwoman. Let us see, now, what her faults were. In both cases we consider her in her public character alone; neither her private nature nor her home action concern us here.

Notwithstanding her extreme feminineness—perhaps, indeed, because of it—she was frivolous, vain, and ignorant. In other words, she attached undue importance to the surface of things; she was entirely convinced of her own efficacy; and she had scarcely any book-knowledge. Her frivolity, however, contained no falseness, and her vanity no snobbishness; while her want of reading was compensated by her special faculty of picking up information by contact. But her true demerit, from the wide point of view at which we are placing ourselves here, the great defect for which she offered no set-off, was the narrowness and pure Frenchness of her view on foreign questions. She was full of prejudice, of dogmatism, of foregone conclusions. Never was a temperament less cosmopolitan than hers; it was, indeed, so limitedly local, so circumscribedly national, that it is difficult to comprehend, when we first look at this particular aspect of her, how she ever managed to stretch her hold beyond her frontiers. The explanation is, that she influenced from a distance, by a magnetic transmission of herself, by the power of example and reputation, not by the immediate pressure of personal presence. Her success abroad was reflected, not direct; it was the recoil of her ascendancy at home. She achieved it in spite of her dislike of other races. And, curiously, this ungenerous littleness, though common to all classes, became more and more visible as the social scale rose higher. It reached the maximum of its development in the women of the set known as the Faubourg St.-Germain. Nowhere was there, in modern Europe, a group of persons more in-

tolerant and more illiberal, less reasoning and less impartial, than the "pure Faubourg," as a whole. Never were the high-class women of any land so unlike their equals elsewhere. The best-born of all the European races (except the French) have a feeling of instinctive sympathy for each other, as being of one great family, and as representing the same interest: they are all impelled, by the mutual consciousness of gentle blood, to meet without mistrust, on the common ground of social equivalence. But never have Frenchwomen felt that. Putting aside some few exceptions, the rule among them is, that they shun foreigners, show them little hospitality, and hold their opinions in contempt. The Faubourg St.-Germain, especially, which had concentrated itself into a fortified refuge of antique bigotries, admitted scarcely any stranger inside its walls. It is true that no stranger really wished to pass them, unless it were out of simple curiosity, to see what the once famous Faubourg looked like, for no one who was not born in it could find pleasure in such a social dungeon. Of course, there were, and are, within its precincts, certain corners which have become modernized. The names of the houses which, though still placed on the southern bank of the Seine, have adopted the habits and ideas of the northern side, will rise to the lips of every one acquainted with the society of Paris; but, taken as a whole, as a clan, as a sect, the Faubourg St.-Germain was, and is, the gloomiest of all the coteries in Europe. It was always a laboratory of fanaticism; but since 1830 it has voluntarily surrounded itself with unapproachable dreariness, and it has, if possible, carried further still its ancient shrinking from all that is not French.

Now, if this inhospitable disposition had been compensated by a highly developed national action—by warm, glowing, successful work at home—it would have been possible to argue, in defense of it, that it was, after all, only a more or less rational consequence of ardent patriotism. But as, for a long time past, the Faubourg St.-Germain has had no influence whatever in the country—as it is the section which, of all the categories that make up the sum of society, possesses the least hold over the nation, and has made the least effort to obtain any—its absence of sympathy with extraneous questions and persons can not be explained in that way, and must be referred to the true cause—a general dryness and selfishness, a manifest indifference to, and scorn for, all that is not "Faubourg." And yet, with all its actual feebleness and isolation, there was a period when this Faubourg was the one social power of France, when its women counted among the active life-springs of the nation, and when they established, almost unaided (for

scarcely any of their compatriots were in a position to help them then), the foundations of the influence which the Frenchwomen of following generations were destined to exercise. Faded as their situation now is, eclipsed and superseded as they are by other and newer vigors, it would be ungrateful and unfair to forget that they were once the only feminine puissance in the land, and that it was they who laid the foundations of the success in which it has ceased to please them to take a share. The tale of their former action is written in the chronicles of France; but they have withdrawn from the work they began, and the great modern middle class has assumed their place, and has learned to discharge their function.

That middle class, augmenting with the increase of wealth and the spread of education, seemed likely, if things went on as they were going, to become the true upper section of the community, the Faubourg order being eliminated by its own inherent incapacity, and by the process of crowding out to which it was being subjected. It was in this wide central body that the women used to exhibit all the highest characteristics of their race; it was in it that the most perfect examples of their type were found; and there was, in this branch of the nation, a special freshness and diversity which was proper to itself. In the old noble classes there existed traditions and models which were handed on by each generation to its children, and their shaping brought about a general similarity of product. Whereas, in the perpetually renewed ranks of the center, into which all sorts of unprepared elements were constantly surging up from below, a large proportion of the women had to create themselves, to discover their end, to invent their means. They were, consequently, more personal than the people above them; there was more *imprévu*, less fixed pattern, about them; they were, in many cases, the self-generated issue of their own intelligence: they were French of the French, made up of inherent faculties; a fruit of intrinsic idiosyncrasies developed by new surroundings; an outcome of inborn fitnesses. But, though this marked difference existed between the processes of manufacture of the women of the first and second grades, their social functions and their social action were identical (so long, that is, as the upper crust continued to do anything at all). They strove, alike, to sway the men around them, to mold French life, and to lift up France, by their example, and by the influence of that example on other countries.

The wives and daughters of the working strata did good too, but it was in another fashion and with another object. In this third gradation social issues had of course no place, but still the

laborer's wife presented many of the characteristics of the women above her. She had their gayety, their naturalness, their effusiveness; and she usually possessed, in a dormant state, the capabilities of the others, for, if her husband rose in the world, she almost always fitted herself to her new station, and took her place in it without inaptitude. This third group, however, notwithstanding its numbers, exercised no influence; it was worthy, self-denying, toiling, and affectionate, but it had neither the ambition nor the means to teach, to proselytize, or to rule. Its office was of another kind; it was of a purely home aspect. It was admirable within its limits, but it had nothing in common with the public dominance of the two other classes of Frenchwomen. There was nothing national or international about it, and we need therefore take no account of it here.

Such was, in rough outline, the general situation of the women of France down to the date of the German War. The second empire had neither weakened their hold nor damaged their natures. Nothing, indeed, is more unfair or more untrue than to pretend, either for party purposes or from an affectation of morality, that the reign of Napoleon III did any general or permanent harm to French character. A certain limited band indulged in a good deal of amusement and extravagance, but the nation, as a whole, was outside the movement: it looked on, laughed, and made money. The Frenchwoman came out of the imperial period just as she entered it—unhurt and unchanged, with the same merits and the same faults, with just as much capacity and simplicity as she had before, with no lessening of any of her powers. On the contrary, her influence over France and Europe was never greater than during the twenty years which preceded 1870. And it was not the noisy pressure of frivolous excitement—it was the sound superiority of intelligence, the supremacy of grace. And see how Europe testified to the truth of this; see what proof was given that the Frenchwoman never stood higher in foreign sympathy. When France was conquered, did her moral influence fall? Not for one moment, or in the faintest measure. France lost her political place, as a consequence of defeat, but held her own, intellectually, socially, and sentimentally, just as if nothing at all had happened. Why? Because the accumulated action of her women had done what her men could not effect—it had retained her friends. It was to the past work of her women that France was principally indebted for the position which, in her hour of trial, she occupied before the world; it was to them that, for the greater part, she owed the abiding sympathy of Europe. She was invaded, beaten, and hu-

miliated, yet still accepted and proclaimed by the surrounding nations as their guide, their light, their text and type in all that makes life graceful, spiritual, and attractive. Who will deny the truth of this? Who will assert that in her day of sorrow, when her men had failed her, France was not mainly held up, sustained, and kept in place by the merits of her women? Never was there, in the records of nations, a moment at which the services which women can render were more unequivocally or more grandly shown. In the sad days which followed the signature of peace, from 1871 to 1873, France was indeed well served by them; the store of goodwill, of respect, of admiration which they had piled up in Europe, poured itself out around the land in eager tenderness. In every corner of England and the Continent were friends of France, friends made for her in better days, chiefly by the efforts and the reputation of her women; friends who are still faithful to her, still attached to her, but whose fondness would not long survive if France ceased to be served and defended by her women.

Such was the situation ten years ago. Such was the position in which the republic found the women of the country it came to govern. They were powerful at home, honored abroad. They were a glory and an energy in the land. What has the republic done with them?

The reply is simple. Since 1871, and particularly since the third republic has been definitely established, the inland sovereignty of the Frenchwoman has begun to melt away, and her exterior credit to grow pale, the reason being that the republic has included her among the forces to be annulled, and has done its utmost to dismiss her from her rule, as if she were a mere monarch, and could be dethroned like ordinary kings. We shall soon see how.

The republic has introduced several new conditions into French life. By its essence and its mission—which are to democratize not only government, but character and rights as well—it has naturally brought about an antagonism of castes. By that antagonism it has upset the balance of social influences, and has altered the relations between classes. By its legislative enactments it has suppressed or modified a good many individual liberties. In each of these directions its action has been unmistakably pointed, not only against the “ancient parties,” but also, in reality and effect, against what used to be regarded as the higher categories of the population. At the same time, it would be unjust not to recognize that, in a good deal of all this, a professedly democratic *régime* could scarcely have acted otherwise, since its one purpose is to do everything for and by the people. Within certain

limits (which we need not attempt to determine, because in the particular case which we are considering the limits fix themselves), we fully acknowledge that the actual masters of France have both right and logic on their side. They are the majority; they have power; they have a programme, and no impartial spectator can blame them for carrying the political elements of that programme into execution. We will go further still—we will admit that the present system can not content itself with purely political results, and that, to be faithful to its creed, it must pursue certain social consequences as well. But, here arises the well-known difficulty. Directly a government touches the social organization of a people it is forced to pull down, for it is powerless to lift up. The unification of classes can only be obtained by dragging the top to the bottom; no motor yet discovered can raise the bottom to the top. The republicans may not really wish to destroy their upper classes; but, as a fact, they have begun to do so, and seem likely to be obliged to continue, whether they like it or not. They commenced by transferring the exercise of government from the particular section of the population which formerly possessed it, which was educated to it, and was accustomed to practice it, to another section which is new to it, and which has received no preparation for it. So far their operation was exclusively political. But, additionally, and at the same time, they attempted, with constantly increasing success, to suppress all national action and all national usefulness on the part of the dispossessed section, and to reduce it to a condition of practical nullity. They have now managed to exclude the former upper classes, almost entirely, from participation in the public life of France, from influence in the state or from a voice in its councils. Yet, even in this second stage of their proceedings, they can scarcely be said to have gone beyond the strict rights of political victory, and to have distinctly manifested a purpose of social subversion, for it was not to be expected that they would remain content until they had expelled the ousted classes from any share in the direction or the administration of the country. The new democratic reign had a right to seek that result, and could scarcely content itself with less: it was entitled, by the law of conquest, to choose not only its policy but its men, and to eliminate from public action all influences and persons which the majority regarded as hostile either to its principles or its objects.

Furthermore, the gentlemen of France, viewed collectively and omitting the exceptions, have done nothing whatever to ward off their own destruction—have made no attempt to hold their ground, to defend their position, or to retain their

credit. The mass of them sulk silently in their châteaux, say snarlingly that the country is going to the devil, and do not make the faintest effort to prevent it. The active, energetic life of an English landlord appears to be beyond their conception: the unceasing discharge of local business, the perpetual friendly contact between employer and employed, the claim to the inborn right of laboring for the public good, the privilege of rendering service, the frank acceptance of duties and responsibilities as a consequence of position, which stamp the tone and attitude of the gentlemen in every village in England, are all unknown to them. Never did a great class so tamely permit its place and power to be snatched away from it, or sit down under defeat with such astounding torpidity. It would almost seem as if these enemies of the republic desired to prove, by voluntarily supplying conclusive evidence of their incapacity as a mass, how wise the republic is to have relieved them of all further trouble. Passive sullenness is the distinguishing mark of their present conduct toward the republic: they sit in a corner and growl at what they call the *canaille*, but they do not make the faintest united effort to work up again to their lost status. They have evidently no perception of the fact that in our time rights have lost the faculty of surviving of their own accord; that they no longer endure when they are no longer merited; that, to keep them alive, they must be vigorously backed up by conduct and by energy; and that daily proof must be supplied by those who claim to exercise them, that they are still worthy to be intrusted with them. We know all this in England, and we act accordingly. It is not so in France: there, class rights are still regarded by a good many people as abstract possessions, involving no necessary work at all. Under such conditions, it is not strange that the republicans should both repudiate the aristocracy as a natural enemy, and scoff at it as a useless ally.

They have done this with an earnestness and completeness which leave but little space for hopes of reconciliation or arrangement. But yet they profess to open their arms to all who choose to join them, and they declare that it is the fault of the "ancient parties" alone if they remain outside. This, however, is not altogether true. Such few members of those parties as have changed their opinions and have gone over to the republic, have not been received with an enthusiasm calculated to tempt others to follow their example. And, additionally—with the exception of the army and navy, which are technical and hierarchical careers whence exclusion on political grounds is almost impossible—very few men of the old sort are now to be found in the

public pay. In all the branches of the civil service, which are prodigiously extensive and varied in France, the greater part of the former servants have been turned out. New-comers have claimed and have occupied all the places, of no matter what nature, that the government had to bestow. And the democratic spirit is excluding the well-born, more and more, from the elective bodies, from the departmental and communal councils, as from the Senate and the Chamber. If the aristocracy has shrunk from the republic, the republic has paid it back in its own coin with compound interest, and can not pretend that it has shown the faintest symptom of any desire to make friends. The breach is complete, for the present at least: on neither side is there a sign of any disposition to bridge it over.

Here, again, it must be said, in strict equity, that the republic remains within its *rôle* and within its rights. But it has simultaneously taken another step which carries it clearly beyond both. It has not only thrust aside the old governing classes, but it has also unmistakably given France to understand that it intends to go a long way further, and that it means to abolish, if it can, the power and influence of society as well. As the governing classes and society were composed, for a considerable part at least, of the same persons, it is to a certain extent comprehensible that the republic should not regard society as a friend; but that it should look at it—as it manifestly does—as worn out and obsolete, as necessarily reactionary and anti-republican, is to go far beyond what the facts of the situation justify. War is, however, implicitly declared against society—not by the Government, of course, or in any well-defined or official form, but by the democratic party as a mass, by the whole surging, aspiring multitude of the *nouvelles couches*. It was in the order of things that it should be so: nothing could prevent it; it was only a matter of date. It was one of the functions of a radical republic to smash society as a force. The smashing has begun. The blow dealt at the political position and influence of the aristocracy produced, as a natural consequence, an immediate and painful *contre-coup* on society. The damage done to the one was keenly felt as an injury by the other; the two were, for the moment, so intimately bound up together that neither of them could suffer alone; all detriment to either was common to both, for they had not had time since 1871 to detach themselves from each other. As society in France had rendered the weightiest services to the state; as it had always been one of the primary factors in the formation of opinion; as it had presided over the whole organization of the higher life of the nation; as it had largely aided, morally and

intellectually, to fashion France into what France was; as it had formed, by the multiplicity, the variety, and the extent of its operations, an empire within an empire—it had naturally become an active supporter of what was then the governing class, and was considered and consulted by it as a faithful friend and ally. And yet, though all this was true, though society was mainly represented, in its public action and in its contact with the state, by the upper strata, it must not be forgotten that, in reality, society spread far away into the nation, and that it included a much deeper and much wider mixture of general components than are usually contained in what is called society elsewhere. Since the Revolution there had been nothing exclusive about it; there was but one condition for forming part of it—that condition was personal fitness. Neither special position, nor certain determined occupations, nor even money, were indispensable for admission to it. If ever a society was truly national, truly catholic, truly generous and open-armed, it was certainly the society of France. It was generally cold to foreigners, but it was amply open to the entire home population, with the single obligation of contributing to the discharge of its functions. The Faubourg St.-Germain singly stood apart. With that lonely exception society in France has always been during the present century as profoundly democratic in its roots and origins as it was conservative in its tendencies and action. It set an example of liberty and accessibility long before the republics of 1848 or 1870 proclaimed the rights of the people. With such characteristics as these, it was not strange that it counted as one of the powers of France. Its uses were so evident, its services were so manifest, its value was so indisputable, that successive governments courted its goodwill and coöperation, and saw in it one of the most energetic, most all-pervading, and most thoroughly French of the forces at their disposal; they recognized that society lifted up France at home and made her loved and honored abroad.

It was reserved for this successful republic, for this triumphant democracy, to attack an authority which all preceding masters (including even Napoleon) had respected; an authority which had a very special claim to consideration from popular feeling, for it had not only exercised its sway by the most eminent and most winning of French qualities—by gayety, by inspiration, and by charm—but had set the first example of permanent emancipation from class prejudices. The attack is not yet violent—it is directed, thus far, against the outworks only; but the siege has commenced, and the investing troops are too bitter to be likely to abandon it.

They see in society a citadel to be dismantled, because it stands upon a height—a stronghold to be demolished, because its garrison is composed of picked soldiers—a keep to be blown down, because the flag which flies from it is a small token of superiority. Democracy is jealous of society, and when democracy is jealous it destroys.

But it will not destroy society alone. Another of the brightnesses of France will fall with it. French society and Frenchwomen are one, and when society is gone as a force, there will be an end of women as a charm. What society did in France, women did, for society is an operator to whose ends Frenchmen contribute almost nothing. Society there was what women made it: it was through it that they preached their bright message; it was through it that they shaped their country; it was through it that Europe learned to know the French. Society and women, in France, labored together, prevailed together, prospered together. And, to-day, they fall together. In the great general excommunication of the French upper classes is incorporated the consequent inevitable ostracism of women from the public power which they once possessed and so admirably employed; for, though society, as has just been said, is not composed of those classes alone, it is still so largely dependent on them for its form, its essence, and its being, that it is not possible to conceive the continuation of its existence as a power, if ever those classes are effectively barred out from its direction. It would, in such an event, fall helplessly to pieces; it would lose the unity which has hitherto distinguished it; it would break up into patches, atoms, and scraps; its vitality would abandon it; the most French of Frenchnesses would be undone; and Frenchwomen would lose their scepter.

Thus far we have endeavored only to summarize the situation in its main outlines—to present an approximate sketch of the past action and past uses of French society and Frenchwomen, and of the new conditions in which they find themselves at this moment. We will now approach more closely to the subject, and indicate the nature of the actual position, so as to determine the character and degree of the decadence which has already been induced. This brings us to the core of the question; hitherto we have only been working up to it by preparing the necessary elements of comparison between the present and the past, between what was and what is.

First of all, it will be prudent to recognize that a great many people in France (a majority, in all probability) would deny that there is any decadence at all, or even that any real change

has occurred in the public situation and power of either society or women. The republicans would naturally affirm, in the puritanical language so many of them affect, that, instead of weakening the position of their countrywomen, they have placed that position higher even than it was before, by surrounding it with an aureola of democratic virtues and patriotic purities. A large number of the women themselves, especially the less thoughtful of them, would learn with astonished and offended pride that their place is going from them. But other witnesses are at hand; other voices are making themselves heard. The protestations of many among the French, the testimony of independent observers, and the evidence of the facts, unite to prove the reality of the damage already done, and to shadow forth the threatenings of the future.

The best, the truest, the noblest of Frenchwomen—the women who are no longer young, but who know how to be old without regret—the women who remember and compare, whose knowledge of life enables them to gauge events, and whose position, character, and authority place their attestations above denial—these women are almost unanimous in declaring that, during the last few years, they and their sisters have palpably lost ground, both in public action and in personal capacity. And this is not the querulous complaint of worn-out eldership, of persons whose views have changed with years, and who think the past superior to the present because their own associations are connected with the past. No; it is the thoughtful, unbiased verdict of unwilling judges, whose sentence gains still further weight because it is in painful contradiction to their wishes and affections. And it is not in the more ancient ranks alone that these reluctant deponents are to be found. Many of the younger women, too, are testifying against themselves each day, and are impartially proclaiming that society is fading, and that they themselves are drooping and withering with it. Even the men are beginning to take some small part in the outcry which is swelling up against the damage inflicted by democracy on society and women; and though it is only the more observant of the French who, thus far, point to the coming danger—though it is only the minority which has yet perceived the impending downfall—the day is approaching fast when all eyes will be opened to it.

Next come the declarations of foreigners, of aliens who live in France. Their evidence can not be suspected, for they love France—so earnestly, indeed, that they cherish not only her merits but even her faults. They admire her greatnesses and her brightnesses, but they have sense enough and philosophy enough to recog-

nize that it is contrary to all the teachings of reality, to all the lessons of life, to seek for excellences alone, and that the wise man must accept defects as well for the sake of the qualities which correspond to them. These foreigners have no dislike to the republic; on the contrary, most of them are thoroughly convinced that it is the only government which is now possible in France. Furthermore, being true cosmopolitans, with no prejudices and with no preferences, they declare that the political *régime* of France is no concern of theirs, and that it is for the French alone to choose the shape of supervision under which it pleases them to place themselves. All they desire is to live in France and to attach themselves to her without reference to the momentary form of her constitution. Well, these strangers, of varied nationalities, possessing (many of them at least) old and intimate acquaintance with French society, and the accumulated world-wide experience necessary to view that society broadly and measure it fairly—these strangers assert, almost with one consent, that the Frenchwoman is passing away. They say that her luminousness, her instinct, her fancy, and her sentiment, have all diminished; that she manifestly takes less trouble to please and to play her part in life; that her aptitudes are no longer exercised or applied as they were in former days; that her type of mind is ceasing to be peculiar to herself, and that, as a consequence of these changes, her charm has sensibly diminished. They observe that all this has happened since 1871, and on behalf of Europe they raise their voices in protestation. They entreat the republic to take note that the Frenchwoman is being stifled, and they appeal for her preservation as one of the glories of France and one of the necessities of Europe. The world can not spare her. Other women than she had realized the curious mixture of transient attributes, of artificial capacities, of acquired graces, of faculties and faults, of brilliancies and vanities, the accumulation of which makes up that strangely composite and profoundly conventional product—the modern lady; but no other woman had ever achieved these ends as she had done, with such plenitude, such finish and such ease, with such dexterity and facility, with such un-failing adaptability to the ever-varying modifications called for by the unceasing evolution of usages and manners. And, above all, no other women had ever utilized their sway to the same degree in order to make themselves felt everywhere as a living, self-asserting force. The success of Frenchwomen in all this had been so thorough; they had gone so resolutely ahead of the men of their race; they had so fully seized the front place in their land—that the rest of the

world looked on with admiration, and came by degrees to regard them as a generic but uncopyable pattern, as a sort of collective property of the earth, which every other nation had an equal right to respect from afar, to extol, and to acclaim. The Frenchwoman, in the eyes of the world of travel, of experience, and of critical comparison, was one of the special outgrowths of our time. The whole earth, indeed, has unstintingly felt this; it will therefore be justified now in weeping over the demolition of this universal idol, and in calling upon the republic to restore it to its place upon the altars. If the Frenchwoman is to be annulled, it is not for France alone to mourn over her; all humanity will claim the melancholy right to cast flowers on her grave.

And now let us pass from the personal to the material side of the proofs, from the testimony of individuals to the evidence of facts. A lowering atmosphere of *ennui* has settled over France since the establishment of the republic. The sky, so clear, so bright before, so full of sunbeams and so radiant with light, is veiled by mists of tedium, by hovering hazes of distrust, and by the clouds of gathering storm. The composition of the air seems altered; those who breathe it feel as if it had veered round from sprightliness to heaviness; its vivifying freshness is gone. The entire social climate has undergone a change; its old peculiar characteristics are disappearing; new conditions are arising in their places. And these mutations have not been vague and undefined; they have not been limited to general appearances, to occasional symptoms, or to passing signs; on the contrary, they have produced themselves in the most distinct form, with unequivocal precision, and with a persistence and a permanence which leave, unhappily, no doubt of their reality. It is a glaring verity that, during the last few years, French society has lost a large part of its gayety and vivacity, of its demonstrativeness and naturalness. The wish for joy is manifestly growing weaker. The French, who were once so resolute in their hostility to sadness, appear to be beginning to accept it tacitly, like the English, as a natural element of life. And more than all—incredible as it may sound—they are, most certainly, becoming stupid. They used to be the most intelligent people upon earth—they overflowed with vitality and animation—they chattered and rejoiced all day; but now they are often dull and silent. And as they talk less and laugh less, so also do they seem to feel less; the rapid impressibility, the comprehensive emotionality, which were so eminently theirs, have apparently been blunted. And all this is particularly and especially true of the women; for as they were, in former days,

the completest models of French capacities, so are they, naturally, the first to suffer when those capacities begin to wane. It is they who have lost the most in this national decline, for it was they who had the most to lose. They, who were once so full of confidence and self-reliance, who were so buoyant, so enthusiastic, so optimist, and even so utopian; they, to whom life was a theatre in which they were the applauded actresses; they, who had no doubts and no hesitations about either their talent or their performance—seem now to have become timid, diffident, suspicious, and half paralyzed by despondency. There is, in their attitude as a class, the anxious, nervous look of a prisoner on trial. And this comparison is not strained, for they all well know that, in fact and truth, the republic is sitting in judgment on them, and that they will probably be condemned. The result of all this is that social intercourse is diminishing, for when people have a rope round their necks they do not care to be amused or to amuse others. Festivities of all kinds are few; many well-known houses have closed their doors and receive no more; and in the homes which are still open to visitors there is a sort of chilliness. Some of the highest placed and most intelligent women of the foreign colony in Paris are positively beginning to confess that they no longer care to know many French people, because most of them have become so dull. Social leadership is passing away into exotic hands. There are still a few great ladies who retain their former chieftainship; but they can be counted on the fingers, and the reality now is that the French have drawn back from their old active contact with each other, and have left the care of hospitality to strangers and to Jews. In the provinces the condition is worse still; for outside the capital there are no Spaniards, no Americans, and no Israelites to replace the absent natives. And, furthermore, as the spirit of clanship and of petty hostility to the Government is much more active in the country, as the good people there seem to consider it a duty to be lugubrious under the republic, there is really almost an end of any social intercourse at all beyond the limits of the department of the Seine. Taking the situation all round, it may be said, with truth, that there is no more society in France in the old great meaning of the word; and that, even in the restricted sense of more parties and dinners and dances, there is an enormous falling off. And as it is with society, so is it also with women. No more of them are being produced. The unceasing procession of fresh triumphphers and of new potentates, which was so remarkable a symptom of the healthy period of French society, has stopped altogether. Scarcely any of the young beginners of the last

ten years have made a name or taken a place. The conductors of amusement in its present reduced form are still a remaining few of the same ladies who directed it under the empire. The republic has been a barren spouse to France; it has engendered no women, just as it has brought forth no men. These things are as well known on the Boulevard as are the *cafés* and the lamp-posts. They are as certain as night after day; and terribly like night they are in their gloominess and sadness. They make up a group of facts to add to the statements of the witnesses, and facts and testimonies combine together to prove that the Frenchwoman is decaying.

And all this is the work of the republic. It is impossible to deny it. There were no signs of decline so long as there was a monarchy in France. The whole of the symptoms which we have just indicated have sprung up since the war. And furthermore, the republic has pursued, as we have seen, a line of conduct toward society and women which, in itself, explains the commencement of decadence of which we are the spectators, and leaves no space for doubt that the present political system is responsible for what is happening. But here, again, it would be unjust to lay the entire blame on the back of the republic, properly so called. A republic is a rougher institution than a sovereignty; it cares less for forms and manners; it has less sympathy for elegances and graces; the brightnesses and delicacies of feminine charm are not regarded by it as necessary ingredients of life. But yet, notwithstanding these inherent antagonisms, there is no fundamental reason at all why a moderate republic should not recognize the necessity and the policy of gaining the good-will of society, and of supporting and utilizing it as a national force. To do this, however, the republic must remain somewhat conservative, and that is precisely what the French Republic has ceased to be. Its ungainliness is increasing instead of diminishing; its innate disinclination to graceful things is augmenting, for the simple reason that it is becoming more and more essentially democratic. It is to its democratic rather than to its purely republican spirit that the gravity of the social situation is to be ascribed. The republic, as a separate abstract conception, is relatively innocent. It deprived the upper classes of power, but it does not necessarily follow, nor is it in any way proved, that if left to itself it would have gone beyond that point. Democracy, on the contrary, would stop nowhere. The attacks against society, so far as they have already gone, were the act of the republic in its young excitement; the situation in the present is also, consequently, its work; but the danger of the future promises to arise almost exclusively from democ-

racy, from the radical elements which are unceasingly gaining power, and from the certainty, based on experience, that they will use that power for destruction. The result produced already is marked enough, and sad enough: but the true seriousness of the case lies in the somber probabilities of the future; in the effects which will be produced on Frenchwomen by the growth of the revolutionary spirit—by the development of that "latent radicalism" of which the Duc de Broglie so prophetically spoke in 1877, during the stormy discussions which followed the 16th of May.

The mass of the nation is indifferent in the matter; it does not understand it; and it cares so little for anything whatever except money-making, that it gladly leaves the management of its affairs to any one who is kind enough to take the trouble off its hands. But still, if the mass had any opinion at all, that opinion would be against society; for the old popular conservatism is ebbing away, and the multitude has no favor now for anything which lies above it. It is becoming democratic in the country as in the towns, and will soon be ripe to follow the new leaders who are marching to the front, and to approve the measures which those leaders will apply. Society and women, as institutions, can look nowhere, with certainty, for reliable and effectual assistance. According to all the probabilities of the case, they both are doomed. Even the intensity of their Frenchness will not save them, for the longing for subversion takes precedence of patriotism in the democratic mind. Furthermore, if democracy permitted them to exist, it would not know how to utilize them. The republic, even in the relatively temperate form it has hitherto assumed, has proved how incompetent it is to employ, or even to comprehend, these delicate forces; and democracy is, necessarily, still more awkward in the matter, for its entire essence is opposed to the symmetries and refinements of which Frenchwomen are the type and the exponents. Yet the danger lies not in the coarseness or the clumsiness of radicalism, but in its hate—in that chafing abhorrence of everything that stands high, which is the distinguishing characteristic of democratic passion.

There is but one faint chance left. If the republic can resist democracy, and if it can open its eyes to its own and the national advantage, it may yet prevent the coming disappearance of Frenchwomen. It was urged, at the commencement of this article, that some of the old forces of France might advantageously be employed by the republic. Is it quite incapable to distinguish between the "ancient parties" and society at large, and to keep the latter at work, though it continues to discard the former? Is it quite un-

able to utilize women? It is, of course, free to reject the aid of both if it thinks that it can do without them; it is also free to refuse to protect them, if it thinks that France does not want them; and it is fully entitled to set society at defiance, and to laugh at its hostility. But in doing these things it will have the whole of Europe against it; and the certainty of the disapprobation of all its neighbors may, perhaps, count for something in its eyes. Thus far the Government has given no signs of its opinions or intentions in the matter. Perhaps it is waiting to let the current grow in force, and then to float on with it when it is sweeping all before it. Perhaps, when that time comes, it will say of its citizens, like Caussidière in 1848, "Of course, as I am their chief, I must follow them"; perhaps it will do nothing at all, and will leave independent radicalism to effect the overthrow by itself. But even mere inaction on the part of the Government would be as fatal as active hostility; for of all the dogmas which compose the creed of French life, not one is more universally adopted, more indisputably admitted, than the tenet that the Government is supreme master of everything, and that nothing can thrive if the Government is not with it. In the present state of things, the declared support of the state is indispensable for the maintenance of society as a force; and even that support would probably be insufficient now, for the double reason that it would be powerless against democracy, and that nobody would believe in its sincerity. Still, it is the sole remedy to try. Society will, of course, continue as a half-dried channel of intercourse—visits and parties will go on in an impoverished fashion; but that is not the meaning of society as we are considering it here. If the Government will not or can not protect it from its adversaries, the day will soon arrive when its national functions and its corporate qualities—its creativeness, its self-constitutiveness, and its representativeness—its dignity, its luster, and its repute—will all be exterminated by irresistible and relentless sweeping out from below. Society can only be saved by union between it and the republic. It is for the republican Government to hold out its hand: it is the conqueror, it is the master; it is in a position in which it can afford to be generous; it can lose nothing, but it can render a priceless service to France, and can merit the gratitude of Europe. If the Government refuses to do its best, then the decadence will march on with speed, and there will be nothing left but to recommend French society and Frenchwomen to the protecting care of the Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments, so that their memory and their relics may not be totally lost in the land in which they were once so great.

It would be a mistake to imagine that what is now passing is a superficial or momentary accident, which will settle itself straight again in a little time. According to the aspect of things, no such expectation can be entertained. The rupture of personal relations between society and the republic, if that were all, could probably be patched up in time, provided society frankly admitted that it can only be rescued by the republic, and provided the republic heartily recognized that it would do an irreparable damage to France if it allowed society to be destroyed. But the true danger is graver and far deeper; it is in the very nature of the democratic sentiment—in the inevitable process of demolition to which all upper things will be subjected, not only in France, but in every other country in which democracy will successively apply its action. The lighter Paris newspapers proclaim, sneeringly, that "*la République manque de femmes*," and laugh at it because no Frenchwoman of what was formerly called good society will consent to appear at the official receptions of its functionaries. That detail is, however, so infinitely small that it constitutes no test and supplies no argument. The question is not one of the absence or presence of particular women in certain houses, but of the general feeling and intention with which the republic, in its entity, contemplates the social institution which those women incarnate. It is not the action of the women which interests us—it is the action of the republic. The republic has now an opportunity of a special kind; it can astonish the world by being delicate and graceful. It can show, if it likes, that under its rule Frenchwomen can remain themselves, and that there is nothing in the theory or the practice of a republic which is in any way contrary to the development of elegance and charm. But, if it is to effect this, it must act with a tact and a skill of which it has hitherto displayed no sign. It must show sympathy for its vanquished foes, and must reawaken in them the sense of usefulness. It is in no way necessary that it should restore them to any share of political power; but it is indispensable that it should make them feel that they have still a duty to discharge and a function to perform, in the name and for the honor of their country. They should be told that France intrusts them—under the republic as under the monarchy—with the maintenance of some of her best traditions, with the conservation of her brightnesses and graces, with the guardianship of the qualities which have given to her the first place in social Europe. And they should be assured that, in the execution of the mission which is confided to them, the republic will resolutely protect them against all the attacks which may hereafter be directed against them.

Nothing of all this, however, is to be expected. Mention must be made of it because it forms part of the possible eventualities of the subject, but the probabilities are not in favor of its realization. They all lie, indeed, the other way, and betoken a constant aggravation of the estrangement between the republic and society. In such a strife, the vanquished are foredoomed. Democracy will stamp out its victims, and will give no thought to the damage done to France.

The French have not yet quite got to that, but they are fast drifting to it. The decadence of the Frenchwoman has not yet attained the form of a clearly marked decay of capacity. Thus far its symptoms are only a dispossession of place and power, with an accompanying cessation of the utilization of abilities. It is a deprivation, not a total loss; a torpor, not a death. The qualities of the Frenchwoman remain what they were, but they are ceasing to be active, and are becoming latent. Her potentialities are unproductive, her faculties are passive. She is in a state of lethargy, like the sleeping beauty in the

wood. So far, the harm done is not incurable; it is still quite possible to awake her, provided the republic will consent to play the part of Prince Charming. But if she remains too long in her present inaction, she will lose her power and unlearn her traditions; her arms will rust, and she will forget how to handle them. The present generation may be able, from habit and association, to preserve some portion of its ancient attributes; but its children will not inherit its endowments, because they will not have seen them in full work, and will not have learned either to value them or to apply them. Darwin tells us of some beetles in one of the Atlantic islands, whose ancestors flew there because they had wings, but who have no longer any wings themselves (though the marks of them remain), because, having left off using them—lest they should be blown from their sea-girt home into the waves—they have atrophied and disappeared. So will it be with Frenchwomen, when engaged in the *nouvelles couches*: their wings will leave them.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CIVILIZATION AND EQUALITY.

A FAMILIAR COLLOQUY.

BY the beginning of the London season Mrs. Hervey had returned from Cannes, and had been busy in Berkeley Square alike with fashion and with politics. Young Mr. Seacorts had been a constant frequenter of her house, which had been made all the more attractive by the presence of a beautiful niece; and, when not engaged in discoursing to this young lady, he had often recurred, with her aunt, to the subject of modern radicalism. Mrs. Hervey was the stanchest of stanch Tories, and had rarely about her even any moderate Liberals. What, then, was the surprise, one day at tea-time, of Seacorts, when he heard the name announced of an actual and avowed Radical! It was the name of Mr. Lovel—the accomplished, the genial Mr. Lovel, who had the gift of conversing with men of every opinion, and of yet retaining his own. He was full this afternoon of news of the Irish Land Bill—a matter that, to Mrs. Hervey, was of more than theoretical interest; as she had an Irish estate which she was told was of some beauty, and which she had vague thoughts of visiting. An animated conversation arose with regard to landlords. The views advanced were naturally

very different, but, though they might have made a political discord, they made a social harmony; and when Mr. Lovel at the end was pronounced to be a "dreadful Communist," so charming were the lips that bestowed the name on him that he received it with a bow, as though it had been a flower for his button-hole.

"To change the subject," said the niece, as he was rising to take his leave, "I should so like to show you my private little collection of china. Communist though you are, you are a collector, I know, yourself; and I have had one or two pieces given me which I really have a right to be proud of."

Seacorts begged that he might be allowed to come also; and the three went up-stairs to the young lady's sitting-room. There was much opening of the glass doors of cabinets, much taking down of vases, and cups and saucers, and much grave discussion as to marks and dates.

"There," said Miss Hervey, at last, "is the real gem of my collection. It was given to me on my last birthday by my great-uncle."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Lovel, with all

the air of a connoisseur; and then presently with a start, "Why, surely," he said, "I have seen this vase before. It was in the collection, was it not, of the Duc de —, which was sold at Christie's, some five or six years ago? To be sure it was. I remember the whole thing now; and it was knocked down at something over four hundred pounds. Beautiful!" he repeated. "I only wish, Miss Hervey, that it was mine."

"And if it was his," said Seacorts, "do you know what our friend would do with it? He would have it ground into fine powder, and make every man in the street swallow an equal pinch of it. That is the Radical's ideal of the right distribution of property."

Mr. Lovel laughed with his usual frank good-nature. "Yes, I know," said he, "that is what you Conservatives think of us; but you understand very little of what is really our aim and spirit. Mr. Seacorts and I, Miss Hervey, have had many and long discussions about this; and I have heard from your aunt the fame of what he said about our party at Cannes."

"I must admit," said Miss Hervey, "that for a Communist you are very kind and forbearing; but you know, Mr. Lovel, if we were to speak the real truth to you, though we do call you a Communist, we don't in our hearts even think that you are a Radical. We believe, with Mr. Seacorts, that radicalism is the religion of envy; and though numbers of people may no doubt envy *you*, you have certainly little temptation ever to envy *them*. I shall appeal to my aunt when we go back to the drawing-room; for I have heard so much from her about your charming villa at Twickenham, about your china, your engravings, and your collection of Roman pottery. Have you ever been there, Mr. Seacorts?"

"No," replied Seacorts, laughing. "I believe our friend is afraid to show it to me, and so he always asks me to dine with him when he knows I am engaged elsewhere."

"Will you dine to-night?" said Mr. Lovel. "My brougham is at the door; I will not ask you to dress, and I will drive you down immediately."

Seacorts smiled. "I have been engaged to dine out to-night for the last three weeks.—Didn't I tell you, Miss Hervey? That was always Mr. Lovel's way. However," he went on, "I have just received a telegram which announces the illness of the mother of my intended hostess. The dinner-party is put off; and if he does not repent of his proposal when he leaves, I am able to accept it. I am, at this moment, very much at Mr. Lovel's service."

"Then, in that case," said Mr. Lovel, "I fear it is high time for us to be moving. I am carrying off Mr. Seacorts," he said, at parting to Mrs.

Hervey, "to show him the den of a socialist and a conspirator. I know he expects that in every one of my Roman vases he will find an infernal machine hidden for blowing up the Lord Mayor or the Russian Emperor; and that the printing-press of the 'Freiheit' is now concealed in my wine-cellar. However, I don't despair of at least partly converting him, and of showing him that there is some difference between Bakunin and Mr. Gladstone."

"I believe," said Seacorts, when he and Mr. Lovel were in the brougham together, "that we really seem to you to consider Mr. Gladstone as a Nihilist. I am not saying this as a joke; though *Nihilist*, perhaps, was a wrong word to use. Let me say, rather, a communistic conspirator. You think that it is in that light that we look on your illustrious leader, and that we look on the Liberal party as a sinister and revolutionary conspiracy."

"Of course," said Mr. Lovel, "you are putting the matter too strongly. But upon my word, Seacorts, the fears of the Conservative party do seem to us to be even grotesque in their groundlessness. I hope you won't mind my plain speaking. I'm sure I shall not mind yours."

"I know you will not, and that is one of your chief charms. My dear Mr. Lovel, you are a delightful person to discuss a matter with, because you court plain speaking, and are never put out of temper by it."

"And why should I be? Upon my word I don't see the reason. Opposition of any kind gets upon the nerves of some people; but, if one's nerves are healthy, why should one be put out by it? Of course, I suppose the opposition to be really honest. Soldiers on opposite sides may fraternize after the battle is over; and, just as killing a man in battle is no murder, so calling him a fool in argument is no rudeness."

"Well," said Seacorts, "I'm not quite so sure about that."

"Of course," said Mr. Lovel, "there are ways and ways in which a man may be called a fool; and in argument, as well as out of it, it can, no doubt, be done offensively. But what I mean is this: the very fact that men belong to different schools of thought implies that on some point or points they think each other either fools or knaves. Now, I venture to say that neither you nor I think the other a knave; but we each, on some point or points, think the other a fool. Why should we mince the matter? There is really no offense in it. Used in this way, what do we mean by *fool*? We mean a man who, in our opinion, is incapable of seeing some truth. What to us means one thing, to him means quite another. He is afflicted, in our eyes, with an ob-

stinate intellectual blindness. The Protestant and the Catholic, the Liberal and the Conservative, each, in so far as they differ, appears in this light to the other. I think this of some of the most eminent men I know; they think the same of me; and just as I think that in their judgment there is no arrogance, so I think that in mine there is no impertinence. The one thing to which I look forward this evening is to learn the real points on which you think me a fool."

"Well," said Seacorts, "and I will do my best to show them to you; though difference of opinion may imply, to my mind, some other charge beyond that of folly or knavery. It may imply an overlooking of facts, as well as a misreading of them; and that is the chief sin I should like to bring home to you."

Host and guest, meanwhile, were being hurried rapidly out of London. They had passed the Park with its long concourse of carriages; they had passed Kensington Gardens with their more quiet shade. Holland House, too, and its elms were now far behind them. The buildings each moment were becoming more scattered, and between them were green expanses. Lines of trees began to make shady hedgerows; a bridge was crossed, below it were a broad water and barges; and then came in quick succession villa after villa within walled gardens, and shaded with old cedar-trees. At last the brougham stopped at some tall doors, hanging on brick gate-posts. A girl looked out of a small lodge-window at one side; in another moment the doors were thrown open, and the brougham, passing up a short but charming avenue, had paused presently before a white stone portico. In-doors were some low anterooms, with faded Turkey carpets, and old-fashioned marble tables supporting busts and vases. The staircase was hung with a number of fine drawings, some being original sketches by famous masters; and Seacorts noticed, as he glanced through an open door or two, certain mahogany cabinets, that doubtless contained treasures. Mr. Lovel told a servant to bring dinner directly; and the gentlemen, having made all the toilet they meant to make, took a few turns in the garden, that they might give a last edge to their appetites. The turf was soft and green. Over a red-brick billiard-room ran a long blue wistaria; five great cedars at a distance were spreading their "level layers of shade"; farther off still was a belt of scarlet rhododendrons; and to the west, beyond the now flowerless laburnum-trees, the cool clear sky was the color of a pale laburnum-flower.

"Well," exclaimed Seacorts, delighted, "if this is the reward of Liberalism, where is the modern workman who would not do well to be a Liberal?"

"Come," said Mr. Lovel, laughing, as he took the other by the arm, "there at last is the dinner-bell. Let us finish our talk in-doors. I know," he resumed, as they were beginning the soup, "what, with regard to us Radicals, is your favorite thesis. You say that our motive principle is neither more nor less than envy."

"Then," said Seacorts, "according to my own favorite thesis, I shall very soon be a Radical myself. I have envied you your villa from the first moment I entered it; and now with still greater vigor I have begun to envy you your cook."

"I am much obliged to you for your compliment. But compliments are the last things I was looking out for. I want you to give me a little of your plain-speaking. I want you to convince me of my folly, or else, what I should call, expose your own. Let us have a little friendly bout together; or, rather, let me be your victim, and you do the worst you can on me. Come! if you are shy of beginning, I will throw down the gauntlet. You say that the motive of radicalism is envy. I, on the contrary, say it is compassion. For my own part, I enjoy life myself, and I wish others to enjoy it. I enjoy life, because I am a healthy man. I wish to diffuse the enjoyment of it, because I am a Radical. You see I don't blush at praising my own position. I have set myself up on a pedestal, and I am inviting you to knock me down from it."

"You are inviting me, then," said Seacorts, "to do the very thing I have no wish to do. Not only would I not knock you down from your pedestal, but I would, if I could, even make it a little higher. You belong to the party of compassion, you say; and I am quite willing to believe it. You are a man of taste, of education, and of polished manners. You must excuse me for saying all this. If you are not going to call my accusations rudeness, you must not call my praise flattery. Well, besides being privately what I have just said you are, on your public side you belong to a certain party which you believe to represent the progressive instincts of humanity. Is not that so? It is a party that looks forward, and not behind. It desires the attainment of what ought to be, not the conservation of what is. It has no reverence for what it thinks obstructions; and sooner or later it expects to sweep away kings and aristocracies, and all such stereotyped inequalities. How soon these are to be done away with is another question. Not to-morrow, you will say, or even next day. I don't suspect you of hiding gunpowder under the House of Lords; but still in your mind the years of that assembly are numbered; and not of that special assembly only, but also of all similar ones."

"Go on," said Mr. Lovel, as he finished a

glass of champagne. "You are quite on the right track. I don't in the least hesitate to declare myself a genuine democrat."

"Exactly," said Seacorts, "you think, with so many others, that the chief movement the modern world is making is a movement toward democracy."

"Can you deny it?"

"I do not deny the movement: what I dissent from is what I conceive to be your view of it."

"Do you deny that it is a movement for good?"

"That, Mr. Lovel, I am not prepared to say."

'The drift of the Maker is dark, and Isis hid by a veil.'

The movement is a fact—I do not deny that much; but I think it quite possible that it may lead to the most utter ruin."

"I am not a positivist," said Mr. Lovel, "nor do I go to a chapel to adore humanity. On the contrary, I believe in God, and, what is more, I am very grateful to him. But this I do believe, that the democratic movement is the movement of true progress, and that it is a movement toward righting some of the greatest wrongs of life."

"I too," replied Seacorts, "say that it *may* be this; but I say also that it *may* be quite the reverse. Now, Mr. Lovel, I am going to begin pitching into you. We both agree as to the fact of a certain movement. You call it the democratic movement. Now, I say that to call it that is to give it a question-begging name. It assumes one of the gravest points that I conceive to be at issue."

"And is it not democratic? Does it not everywhere express itself by a constant cry after democracy?"

"At present it does. But it is one thing to feel a want, and another to know what will satisfy it. To my mind the leaders of the modern movement have given an entirely wrong, and a possibly fatal, diagnosis of it."

"To what leaders do you refer?"

"To all its leaders, from Rousseau to Karl Marx; and what I mean by my accusation is this: The sound, practical common-sense of men lets them struggle for nothing but what they think proximately attainable. The democratic leaders have been teaching them that they can attain the unattainable. They have been debauching and distorting the growing aspirations of the masses, and fixing their eyes on a mere mocking mirage. Now listen," Seacorts went on, seeing that Mr. Lovel was about to speak—"you will, of course, deny this; but I maintain that you are not in a position to do so."

Speaking to you personally, and to your own immediate party, I say that your programme for the future is too vague for you to be able rightly to say whether it is a possible or impossible one. You, Mr. Lovel, I may venture to say safely, have no distinct scheme for the complete reconstruction of society."

Mr. Lovel smiled, and looked at Seacorts with a half-puzzled expression. "Certainly," he said, "I don't suppose I have; and, if I had such a scheme, it would not be worth much. Societies change and grow; they are not built to order. What we have to do is to feel our way gradually, and each day or each decade will bring its own light with it."

"That is hardly in keeping," said Seacorts, "with the great motto of Proudhon, *Destruam et reedificabo*."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Lovel, "what on earth have I to do with Proudhon? I have not the least wish to destroy society. On the contrary, I think that were it now reduced to ruins, all these abuses and evils which we are so anxious to get rid of would most probably repeat themselves in the process of reconstruction. Do you honestly think me a Communist, and a foe to property? If I were, should I live as I do live, in my own quiet villa, with the public shut out from me by trees and garden-walls? If I were a destroyer, should I be an art-collector?"

"Certainly not," said Seacorts; "but still, Mr. Lovel, as I shall try to show you, you have a close connection with Proudhon for all that. And why should I stop at Proudhon? The 'Pall Mall Gazette' is, I think, your favorite newspaper; but I maintain your opinions are connected with those of the 'Freiheit.' Yes—you may look incredulous; but I assure you I have a serious meaning."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lovel, "that the only serious meaning you can have is one too obvious to make it worth your while to utter it. Proudhon advocated the doing away of abuses; so, too, no doubt, did the 'Freiheit.' You may if you like call both Proudhon and Herr Most Radicals. But people who think as I do, think of them as mad Radicals. You should always remember that in the train of every party are a certain number of misguided enthusiasts, some of whom indulge in impossible theories, while others advocate inadmissible practice. The one sort of man is the dreamer; the other is the criminal."

"I am much obliged," exclaimed Seacorts, "for what you have said just now. There are several things in it that I will take as texts. I may call, you say, both yourself and Herr Most, Radicals. Suppose I call you both Liberals in-

stead. It is a wider word—allow me to use that.”

“Certainly.”

“Very well, then, what I want to remind you is that the Liberal party is a very heterogeneous body; and that though it consists apparently of men who are pushing in one direction, they are doing this with a vast variety of aims; and among these men there are very many with mad aims.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Lovel, “men with mad aims, supported by mad theories, and sought for by mad means.”

“We will drop the means,” said Seacorts, “for the present. We will talk only about the theories. This is the point I am aiming at, and this brings me back to Proudhon. What was Proudhon’s great maxim? ‘Property is theft.’ Let me take another, common to the whole school of Socialist writers. ‘The source of all social evils is inequality.’ Let me take another, and one more important still. ‘The source of all wealth is physical labor.’ Now, here are some of the theories that make your Radicals mad Radicals—that inspire them with a longing, more or less definite, for the entire destruction of the existing order of things. I want to fix your attention, if you will let me, on a few points like these.”

“For one moment, pardon me,” said Mr. Lovel, interrupting him. “Before you go on I have one remark to make. In a certain sense I don’t dispute your facts. Doubtless during the last hundred years many misleading theories have been set afloat in the world, which have caused, and are still causing, mischief. This fact is sad, but it is not really alarming. Civilization is in no way menaced by it. The Socialists you are so afraid of are nothing but the camp-followers of the Radicals; or, if you would sooner it were put in this way, rational Radicalism is the appeaser of that discontent which is at the bottom of mad Socialism. We have already agreed that we are trying to convince each other of folly; and your folly thus far seems to me to be this—not that you see false facts, but that you see them in false proportions. And yet I am wrong,” he went on after a moment’s pause. “I think you are wrong to some extent even in your facts. Let us take these maxims you were just now speaking of. As for property being theft, I am not going to defend that; though even that may have some germ of truth in it. But let us take the others. ‘The source of all social evils is inequality’; and ‘The source of all wealth is physical labor.’ Now, put these, with unchanged meaning, into a slightly different form, and you will see that they embody the principles of all social progress. The aim of all social progress

is to raise the condition of the poor; and what is that but to diminish inequality? Go a little further, and how is this to be done? By securing to the laborer the due reward of his labor. The fundamental question is not the nature of the ideal social state we aim at, but the degree to which a sane man can fancy the human race may approach to it. You have read Cabet’s ‘Icaria,’ have you not? What a charming picture he gives of the life there! About the charm of it there can be no question; only a sober man knows that we can only make a distant approach to it.”

“I have read Cabet’s ‘Icaria,’ certainly. It is a sort of paradise of social equality, and, so well as I can remember, the description of it was, as you say, charming. But as to its being a picture we should look at to guide our actions, there I utterly dissent from you. As a dream, it is pretty; as more than a dream it is utterly misleading. You have admitted in what you said just now all the gravest charges that I have to make against you. Your Utopia is the Utopia of the Socialists; your philosophy is at bottom the same as theirs. Your only defense lies here. They say, ‘We will achieve equality’; whereas you say, ‘We will approach toward it.’”

“And do not Conservatives say the same thing?” cried Mr. Lovel. “Your party, I suppose, would like to raise poor wretches out of the extreme of misery; and there at once you have one step toward leveling.”

“I am going,” said Seacorts, “to answer that by a parable. A steam-engine, we will say, is very wasteful; it burns more coal than is necessary. Clearly the thing to be aimed at is to improve the heating arrangements, so that the required heat may be given by the least quantity of coal. Very well. The Conservative regards inequality in the social structure as the engineer may look on fire in the engine. His aim may possibly be to reduce it to a certain point; but not in his wildest dreams does he dream of doing away with it. My complaint against such pictures as that of Cabet is that they are mere mischievous tricks played on a deceived imagination. They represent, as it were, steam-engines, with nothing to generate steam. The vapor is under pressure with no boiler to compress it. And you, Mr. Lovel, and your friends—you sensible, shrewd, humane English Liberals, in your ideal of society as it should be, commit just the same error. You look upon inequality as a upas-tree to be destroyed; whereas it is only the elm-tree on which the vine of life is to be trained. You admit that your upas-tree can never be quite cut down; but you will do whatever cutting you can. We do our cutting; but with a different object. We are pruning the elm-tree

we wish to see flourishing; not hacking at the upas-tree that we would, if we could, eradicate. Will you let me go on speaking? I have something more which I am very anxious to say. My view of the situation is that the entire Liberal party, from the men of your school or of Mr. Gladstone's to the wildest and most sanguinary Socialists, are all led astray by an utterly false philosophy; only in the case of educated men like yourself, your sound judgment and common-sense, unperceived by yourself, is practically paralyzing what you imagine to be your theories. I say 'practically paralyzing'; but thereby hangs a tale. I should very much like to speak about that afterward; and then we shall come to something very like personality. But first I want to have a more general question out with you—the question of this modern social philosophy which is offered us as the *rationale* of the entire democratic movement; and a part at least of whose doctrines you accept like the Socialists."

Mr. Lovel laughed and hesitated. "Say," he said, "in a very modified way."

"Exactly," said Seacorts. "But I maintain that they are false every way. I maintain, not that they go too far in the right direction, but that their direction from the very first is wrong. I maintain—and this is what I want to submit to you—that the ferment of popular opinion that has marked the present century, the ferment of opinion, and the uneasy desire for change, will never come to good, till the whole fabric of our so-called social science has been reconstructed. I am eager on this subject, and perhaps my tongue runs away with me. But it is not unnatural; it is for this reason: I have been preparing—in a disjointed way, it is true, but still carefully—certain criticisms on the modern Liberal fallacies. And, in saying this, I am paying the highest tribute I can to the common-sense of mankind. Even the wildest revolutionaries seek for their proposed excesses some rational, some scientific justification. They are only able to excite themselves and their followers, for any time together, by appealing to something that they fancy scientific truth. This is why I attach such importance to the study of social science; and why I see it to be so dangerous in the state in which now it is. Science!" he exclaimed, getting more eager as he went on, "it is at present not a science at all. It is a pseudo-science—a jargon of loose phrases. Listen, Mr. Lovel—I don't want to bore you, but will you allow me to read to you one or two of these criticisms of mine? I have them here in my pocket-book, and I should much like to see if they in the least commended themselves to your judgment."

"I shall be delighted to listen," said Mr. Lovel, "more especially as I as yet do not quite

catch what you are driving at. Social science is a vague word. At a social science congress it includes, I believe, the subject of lady-helps. I should like to know the meaning that you attach to it. For my part, if I might make a criticism in advance, I should observe that political economy, which is a part of social science, seems to me by no means a pseudo-science. It has been as carefully and as accurately reasoned out as any science of any kind."

"That may be so," said Seacorts. "But I am not going to run a tilt against political economy. Let that structure be as sound as you like. What I am going to ask is, what foundation does it rest upon? It rests upon the broad and most universal facts of human character. For instance, if men had no desire to live, if they were just as willing to die, if they had no impulse to reproduce their species, and so on, the modern science of political economy would, for such human beings, have no significance whatsoever. Its validity rests, therefore, on the facts of the human character. Now, what I say with regard to our political economists is that they have roughly assumed these facts: they have never really analyzed them. A rough knowledge, of course, we all have of them; but not a scientific knowledge. It has been well said that science is organized common-sense. But common-sense with regard to the human character no one has ever organized, and by those who have tried to do so it has been only disorganized. I have tried to express this view in the first little fragment that I will read to you. I have used the word *social science* for the science I have in view. The name is only a make-shift, till I have thought of something more distinctive; but I think my various criticisms will make my meaning clear enough."

Seacorts produced his pocket-book, and began to read as follows:

"Social science is, in our century, what physical science was at the dawn of Greek philosophy. Karl Marx, for instance, one of the most advanced of socialist writers, is in his method, and his main conclusions, in a position like that of Thales. I quite admit that he is a great collector of facts, but he knows not how to read them. His predecessors have the same faults as himself. He reproduces all their fundamental errors. These fundamental errors are not many; but as they are few in number they are great in magnitude. They may be summed up in a few well-known sentences, and, when I have quoted these, it will be clear enough what foe I am fighting. 'Property is theft.' 'Capital is fossil labor.' 'Physical labor is the source of all wealth and all culture.' So says Proudhon; so say the modern German Socialists: and the whole Liberal party, if it does not consciously indorse these

doctrines, at least more or less timidly, is pledged to many of their corollaries. Now, of the sentences I have just quoted and the view expressed in them, I venture to say this: So far as truth is concerned, so far as scientific value is concerned, they are worth no more than the renowned doctrine of Thales, that the original source of all things is water. The world is the product of water. Wealth is the product of physical labor! The two propositions may well stand side by side, unless, indeed, the last be not the crudest, as it certainly is the most mischievous. Wealth is the product of physical labor! That one sentence is like a gigantic tombstone, under which is buried alive an unsuspected science. What a depth of ignorance is betrayed in it! What a world of facts is overlooked! What a—"

Seacorts stopped suddenly and smiled. "Well," he said, "I see I go on like that for some lines more. I need not trouble you with my exclamations, as they are not meant to be published; but, numerous as they are, they have really barely relieved me of the intense amazement that overcomes me when I consider this matter. Here we have had a century of talented writers, all busy on the same subject, and latterly trying to treat it in a scientific way; and there, before their eyes, or rather under their feet, is the very science they are in search of, offering itself to their study! But they—they are altogether blind to it; they utterly pass it over! How else would they utter that monster fallacy, that physical labor is the source of all wealth, and of all culture?"

"Surely," said Mr. Lovel, surprised at all this vehemence, "in a very great measure it is the source."

"In some measure, yes; but we don't want to be told that. It is one of the sources—true; but it is only one. Suppose a cunning detective tracks some thieves down a dark alley, and catches them. I am asked to explain the means by which he tracked and caught them; and I answer, his left foot or his knee-cap. That answer is just as adequate as to say that wealth is the product of labor. You can't have wealth without labor, certainly; just as the detective could not have run without his left foot: but that is all. Let me read you another of my paragraphs. They are mere memoranda, but they will still show something of my meaning. 'In constructing,' I say, 'the science of society on a true basis, one of the first things to be done is to arrive at the true relation between labor and wealth, and to substitute a true formula for the present false one. Physical labor *per se* is the source of nothing but the barest necessities of life. Physical labor is the source of poverty—poverty, in opposition to two things: to starva-

tion or non-existence on the one hand; and to wealth and culture on the other. I am using these words tentatively. Before the subject can be properly treated, we require a more accurate and an ampler terminology. It has occurred to me that the term *livelihood* might be used with advantage to denote the necessities of life; and that, by way of making a convenient antithesis to this, we should use instead of *wealth* the term *luxury*. Adopting this language, I should state my case as follows: Physical labor *per se* is the source of nothing but livelihood. Luxury is livelihood with a good deal added to it. It includes livelihood, but it is differentiated from it by the said additions. In the same way, to produce luxury, we require physical labor, with a good deal added to it; and what differentiates the causes of luxury from the causes of mere livelihood is emphatically not physical labor, but other causes added to it. Social science hitherto has entirely neglected these causes; or has given them an attention so slight that it has been the same thing as neglect."

Seacorts paused, and began turning over his pages. "Go on," said Mr. Lovel. "What are these causes?"

"I believe much," said Seacorts, "in the value of comprehensive formulas—I mean their practical, their popularizing value. 'Capital is fossil labor'; that seems to me an admirable formula, except for one reason—namely, that it embodies a falsehood. I want to get a formula as neat and as pregnant as that, and which shall at the same time embody the truth. I have tried many, but I am not quite satisfied with any. Here are several of them. 'Capital is fossil ambition.' 'Capital is fossil skill.' 'Capital is fossil cupidity.' 'Capital is fossil genius.' Then again I have been obliged to add to these, 'Capital is fossil luck.' All these phrases are mere suggestions. I am not satisfied with any of them. But the fundamental fact I have tried to express is the same in all of them, and is perfectly clear to me. And yet even this burdens me; for, single as it is itself, it has many sides, and can be put in many ways. I have here a whole pageful of aphorisms, in which I have tried to deal with it. I will read you one or two of them: 'It is assumed by the present school of thinkers that inequality is produced by our existing social arrangements. The truth really is that our existing social arrangements are the results of our inherent inequality.' 'No man, except criminally, can ever become wealthy but by conferring on others a something which those others think a benefit: thus men are wealthy in proportion as their good offices can be multiplied.' 'Karl Marx maintains that the profit of the capitalist is the difference between the value

of the work done by the workman and the wages for that work which the capitalist pays him. It is really a fraction of the value which is added to the workman's work because he does not work singly.' I have jotted the following down, not as an accurate fact, but as an example: 'A mechanic, working by himself, finds the value of his work to be four shillings a day. Working under a capitalist, it becomes six shillings a day; but the capitalist pays the mechanic only five shillings, thus daily pocketing one shilling for himself. This shilling represents, not the full benefit, but simply a fraction of the benefit, the capitalist does the workman. Of course, in certain cases the capitalist may extort more than he gives; but that is not because he is a capitalist, but because he is an extortionate capitalist.' Here again is another of my sentences: 'The profits of capital are the percentage paid by the workmen for having their work organized.'

"Allow me," said Mr. Lovel, "to interrupt you for one moment. Labor organized is of course more productive than labor isolated. That is little more than a truism. But why should we need some few capitalists to organize it? Why should we not substitute coöperation? Why should we not have joint-stock companies, in which the operatives are the shareholders? It is in that direction that I look for the hope of the working-classes."

"Schemes of that kind," said Seacorts, "I have often thought about; and, the more I have thought about them, the more hopeless have they seemed to me. They all, to me, seemed formed in ignorance of certain primary laws of human conduct and exertion. Of course, schemes for such coöperation as you speak about have been of many kinds, and many are the quarrels among themselves that the Socialists have had about them. But all these schemes have one and the same failing. They all try to eliminate what they think an evil, but what really, so long as human nature remains unchanged, is essential to the production of wealth. What I speak of is the superior position, the superior power, the superior pay of those few who direct the operations of the many. Convert, if you will, all our manufacturing establishments into so many joint-stock companies, in which the operatives are the shareholders; and they will have to pay skilled managers to direct their operations—managers who will be simply capitalists called by a new name—and for this reason. It may be laid down as an axiom that, other things being equal, a man's interest in any business increases in proportion to the money he expects to gain by it. In proportion, then, as the profits of a business are diffused, the interest in the business becomes relaxed; it is therefore in the interest of the

many that the interest of some few should be intensified. A thousand men paying one man a shilling a day might quite commonly find that they increased their own incomes by exactly the same sum. It is quite true that, while they were each earning their tens of pounds, this other might be earning his thousands: but what of that? It would be a dearly-bought luxury that of ruining a millionaire, if the price I must pay for it is reducing myself to destitution."

"I confess," said Mr. Lovel, "I don't quite follow you in all this."

"Possibly not," said Seacorts. "I am not, please to remember, trying to prove my position; I am merely roughly stating the positions which I wish to be proved. To prove them we must have recourse to the study of a missing science, which I may call with sufficient accuracy the Science of Human Motive. It is curious that, when all speculative philosophy should be insisting so strongly on the psychological fact that motive is essential to action—that action, in fact, is little but the puppet of motive—our practical, our political philosophy should leave motive out of sight altogether."

"I don't want," interposed Mr. Lovel, "to stop you in what you are saying now: but before we go further may I say one thing which I wanted to say just now? You were speaking of the profits of the capitalist. Now, when the capitalist has secured these, the laborer is left for the most part with little but what you call a livelihood. You maintain also—I do not forget this—that such a livelihood is the natural reward of labor. Now, I have often heard it said (though possibly it is only an approximation to the truth) that one man on an average could produce food sufficient for nine people. Surely, if this statement be anything like correct, the natural reward of labor must be more than mere livelihood."

"I am glad," said Seacorts, "you have alluded to this matter. It is very much to the point. Let us accept the calculation you mention, for the sake of argument. In some cases it is no doubt an over-statement: but it is an understatement in others. Well, what does it mean? You say an average man *can* produce so much. I think the word *can* is in these cases a very confusing one. I should prefer to use the word *will*. *Can* refers only to a potential world—a dream-land. *Will* refers to the world of realities. When we say that a man *can* do a thing, we mean that he *will* do it if he has sufficient motive. But there you see is the whole question begged. Suppose I want to go in fifteen minutes from Charing Cross to Paddington. It is little comfort to me to know that my cab-horse *can* trot twelve miles an hour unless I know also that

the driver will make him do so—will, in other words, supply the horse with the motive. In the same way, what a man *can* produce is of no practical moment until we take it in connection with the motives that shall make this potential production actual production. But of what we *can* do we shall do only just so much as we are induced to do; and to say, for instance, that a man can produce daily enough food for nine men, only means, if it means anything, that under no circumstances will he produce more than this, not that under any circumstances will he produce as much. An excellent illustration of this is to be found among some sub-tropical savages, of whom it is said that one in a single day can collect enough food to support himself for six months. How easy is livelihood for these men! Could any Socialist dreamer dream of more than this? And what is the result? Do these men rise from livelihood to luxury? Not a single step. They remain mere idle savages. Their surplus powers, with which they might do so much, are practically non-existent, because there is no motive to develop them."

"And supposing," said Mr. Lovel, "that all this is true, what are we to gather from it, with regard to capital and labor?"

"We are to gather this," said Seacorts, "that the laboring classes of themselves, as a homogeneous body of equals, will never produce more than suffices for their own livelihood. 'Progress is only possible through differentiation and through inequality.' On this point I have jotted down a few aphorisms, and that is one of them. Here is another: 'The many can only rise through the ambition and talent of the few.' 'Ambition is as necessary to the growth of genius as sunlight to the growth of corn.' 'Without exceptional rewards exceptional talent is impossible.' I have many more sentences to much the same effect, which I have written as they occurred to me; and, as applied to the present state of society, the upshot of all is this—that, unless it were possible for the few to make fortunes, the many would be in a state far worse than they are at present. Unless it were possible for the few to make fortunes, inventions would cease, commerce would languish, and there would be a slow relapse of society into listless or violent barbarism. And to me it seems that the reason is very obvious. Unless it were for the increased reward to be achieved by the higher labors—by the exercise of ingenuity, of commercial foresight, of political sagacity, and so on—these higher labors would be chosen by no one. The life of a Prime Minister is more anxious than that of a day-laborer. Rob the former of all his prestige, of all that fame and honor which is the noblest reward that a man can take delight in—rob him of all

the physical ease which can make intense thought tolerable, and would he not far rather, in that case, take to planting cabbages? Who, I ask you—

"'Would breast the blows of circumstance,
And grapple with his evil star,'

unless that most just and most glorious hope was encouraging him that he some day should

"'Stand on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire?'"

"With most of your argument," said Mr. Lovel, "I should probably quite agree. But are you not mixing up two things here—the noble ambition of the minister and the mere cupidity of the manufacturer?"

"Of course," replied Seacorts, "in a conversation like this of ours, one can only put things roughly. Ambition and cupidity are doubtless different things, but in one way they are allied. They are both forms of personal, of individual desire, and the object they aim at is some form of self-distinction. What we are in want of is a generic name, uncharged with any moral associations, which shall include all such desires, whether base or noble, whether for fame or money. There are many names existing which might be used, but they are either already appropriated (as *ambition* is) to a particular species of the desire, or else some notion of moral contempt or blame is attached to them. Could we only disinfect the word *selfishness* of such a moral implication, I think that might serve our purpose. At any rate, for the moment, I will borrow it from our common language, and invest it with a technical meaning. I mean, then, for the time being, by selfishness, all those desires of which the object is some special gain for self. Now, if ever the matter comes to be treated scientifically, it will be seen that this selfishness divides itself into a great number of kinds. There is personal selfishness, for instance, there is family selfishness, and there is national selfishness. Again, any of these may be in their very nature beneficent or maleficent, base or noble. Take, for instance, the ambition of a statesman. That ambition may be either for fame or power simply; or for fame and power gained by doing good. The fact that I want to make clear is, that, no matter how noble may be the statesman's aims, the natural, the legitimate hope that sustains him in the pursuit of these is the hope, not only that they will be attained by some one, but that they will be attained by *him*. You may call this a weakness, if you like. I can't help that; I know it is human nature. All history teaches it; all biography teaches it; every successful man, or

every man who has wished to be successful, will, if honest, acknowledge the truth of it. Consider one of the greatest events in the world's history—the discovery of America by Columbus. Did not personal ambition of some kind—in other words, did not one of the highest forms of selfishness inspire Columbus, and make him capable of his enterprise?”

“Of that,” said Mr. Lovel, “I have no doubt. Ambition to the statesman or the discoverer is as much of a practical incentive as the hope of an extra shilling is to a cabman. But what strikes me is—if you will allow me to say so—that all this is too evident to need being insisted on. Our common-sense surely shows it us.”

“True,” said Seacorts. “And what is science? It is common-sense organized. What I say is, here are a whole field of facts, which our common-sense bears witness to; and what we want is that this common-sense be organized. At present it teaches us nothing; or at any rate not enough to guard trained and laborious thinkers from falling into the most fatal errors. Had our common-sense in these matters ever been raised into scientific knowledge, the monstrous fallacies on which Karl Marx and the whole democratic school found all their theories, and through which they gain all their influence, would never have been possible; the philosopher would never have taught, the people would never have believed them. ‘All wealth and all culture’—think once again of that sentence—‘is the product of physical labor.’ Was it physical labor that discovered America?”

“At least,” said Mr. Lovel, “it was not desire for money that led to the discovery.”

“Perhaps not,” replied Seacorts; “but it was desire for some kind of inequality. Columbus was a man of exceptional powers, and he desired to externalize these, and to make them leave their impress on the world.”

“But a man,” said Mr. Lovel, “in desiring to do his best for others, need not desire any form of inequality that goes against the democratic ideal.”

“That,” said Seacorts, “may be proximately true of a certain class of men. But even in that case, remember, these men are not physical laborers. I do admit, however, that scientific speculators and scientific discoverers form a class of men whose ambitions and whose motives do not seem *directly* to aim at what the democrats would call inequality. But there are three things to remember: First, the leisure needed for abstract research and discovery presumes inequality, even though it does not aim at it. Secondly, the scientific temperament is a very peculiar one. It can, in its intensity, belong only to a small section. The unswerving zeal for knowledge for its

own sake would, if common to all men, put a stop to all ordinary industry. Thirdly, scientific discoveries neither advance wealth nor general culture, till they are applied by practical men; and certainly to stimulate the practical genius—let alone the scientific—those rewards of wealth and social consideration are needed of which I have just now been speaking to you. I believe that, under a scientific treatment of the subject, the philosophic motive and the religious motive would occupy a place by themselves. Were these motives analyzed, they would be found to be composite; and in their composition the desire for self-distinction would be found in an unusually small degree; but yet for all that it would be there. Consider how scientific men squabble for the honor of a discovery. I don't care, however, now to insist upon this point. It is a matter of detail, and neither one way nor another does it affect my proposition with regard to the product of wealth and culture—the proposition that the cause of wealth and progress is the genius and the enterprise of individuals; and that this genius and enterprise is only brought to the surface by the prizes offered through a state of social inequality.”

“You take,” said Mr. Lovel, “rather a cynical view of human nature; and you overlook, I think, two important facts. One is the existence, side by side with selfishness, of compassion and of unselfishness; the other is the fact, with regard to the power of individuals, that popular movements create leaders, far more than leaders make popular movements.”

“That last statement,” said Seacorts, “is in some cases true, in others partly false. Still, for argument sake, I will grant it is quite true. What then? Let it be that the movement makes the leader. Still the leader is necessary. No matter what be his genius, all the same he has to be generated. Again, you speak of compassion. Now, under what circumstances is compassion possible? It is a feeling proper to one in a superior position for one in an inferior position.”

“Surely,” said Mr. Lovel, “one man in misery may compassionate others in misery.”

“The sight of abject misery may perhaps produce such a feeling in him: but let the man who feels this compassion be in no higher position than the object of it, the compassion will cease with the alleviation of the misery. It will cease long before there is any question of wealth. Compassion may tend to secure men a livelihood. Compassion unattended by ambition will never add to livelihood luxury. You said just now that my view of human nature was cynical. My dear Mr. Lovel, it is not the question whether it is cynical, but whether it is true.”

"And as you put it," said Mr. Lovel, "I believe that it is not true. I can never believe that the one motive power of human progress is selfishness."

"Put badly," said Seacorts, "the proposition, I admit, seems not only shocking, but exaggerated; but its exaggeration and its cynicism will both disappear if we only take a wider and more careful view of it. Let us put the highest virtues out of the question; let us put out of question those counsels of perfection which even the Christian Church admits can be followed only by the few, and by those only through the aid of special grace—put, I say, these virtues out of the question, and the case will then stand thus. The highest character that a human being can attain to is based on the very lowest. It is composed of the lowest human impulses; only it consists of these transfigured. They are transfigured, they are not destroyed. How low and brutal in their original state are those passions to which the continuance of our species is due! Well, those lowest passions are transfigured into the highest. They are purified, they are raised; but they are not destroyed. In the same way may be raised that selfishness that I have been speaking about. That is the passion that is at the bottom of all the progress of our race, just as another passion is the source of its continuance; and the two passions, alike base in the beginning, may be made alike noble with the advance of culture. Remember how anti-Catholic writers attack a celibate priesthood. They say the institution is unnatural, that its practice depraves where in theory it was meant to purify. Now, the Church against this charge has her own defense to offer. She claims that her priesthood has special grace vouchsafed to it. But, were this not so, the charge would seem a very just one."

"I think it," said Mr. Lovel, "exceedingly just, myself."

"From your own point of view, no doubt. Very well, then; to produce a civilization in which men shall not accumulate is no whit more impossible than to produce a state in which men shall not marry. The accumulative instincts are as natural to man as are the philoprogenitive. You can no more eradicate the one than you can the other; and the attempt in each case would but aggravate what it tried to destroy. Look at the history of Sparta. The Spartans were vowed, if I may say so, to a kind of pecuniary celibacy; and what was the result? That the men who would die for their country one day would sell their country the next—that the exalted hero was always in danger of becoming a venal scoundrel. But—" Seacorts suddenly stopped. "Is that ten striking?" he exclaimed. "Upon

my word it is! I've an evening party I specially want to go to; and I'm afraid I must ask you if Twickenham boasts a cab."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lovel. "If you must really go, I will have a cab sent for. But I don't call this fair at all. You've been knocking me about all this time, and now, just when my turn might come, you get up and make off with yourself."

"Ah," said Seacorts, laughing, "you admit, then, that I have been knocking you about, do you? The shaft that you thought meant for the Socialist hits the Radical?"

Mr. Lovel laughed too. "Well," he said, "I admit I'm fairly caught there. But it was civility, not truth, that led me into the trap. For really, my dear Seacorts, if I am to speak seriously, so far as I am concerned, you have been fighting a man of straw. I admit, quite as fully as you do, that the schemes of the Socialists are impracticable; but I contend that, as a Radical, I have nothing at all to do with them—I mean as a political Radical. For the word radical may stand for two things—a political radical and a social radical; and, though you can hardly be the latter unless you are the former, you can very well be the former without being the latter. You may have the firmest faith in capital and in property, and yet may be anxious to develop popular government. I admit, however, for my own part, that I am something of a social radical also. But come," he went on, "what I want you now to do is to see if you really can do what I just now said you had been doing. I want to see if you really can connect your criticisms of the pseudo-science of the revolutionaries with what I consider the sound sense of the educated English Radicals—or, if you like the word better, the English Liberal party."

"That's just what I want to do," said Seacorts. "I said, some time back, that I had some personalities in store for you. I will now bring them out. Remember, however, they are not leveled at you, the man—only at you, the politician. I know you read the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and that in a general way you approve of its tone and principles."

"I do," said Mr. Lovel, "even in spite of the mysterious connection you declare it has with the 'Freiheit.'"

"It is exactly that connection," said Seacorts, "that I am now going to speak about—the connection between the moderate Liberals or the sane Radicals, or whatever we like to call them, and the mad and essentially insane revolutionary party, that would bring about reform by infernal machines and petroleum."

"My dear Seacorts," said Mr. Lovel, smiling, "as an answer to that, let me just confront you

with a fact. So little have the Radical party to do with the revolutionists that they are at this very moment at daggers-drawn everywhere. I say nothing of the prosecution of Herr Most by our own Government; I will point to a far stronger case in Germany, where, at a recent election for the Saxon Diet, the two opposing candidates were, not a Liberal and a Conservative, but a Radical and a Revolutionary."

"That," said Seacorts, "does not in the least alter my case. Nobody knows better than I do that the Liberals are not revolutionists in intention; but all the same without knowing it they encourage revolutionaries in fact. Let me correct myself. I will say, not revolutionaries, but the revolutionary spirit—the way of looking at things, the hopes, the temper, and the theories, that among the discontented and ignorant must inevitably tend toward revolution. I maintain that the general philosophy of society which the Liberal party adopts, by which more or less vaguely they are animated, and whose phrases they are always using, is that same false philosophy which has maddened and misled the Socialists. You are all of you infected with that false theory of equality. Look at the language used by many excellent Liberals with regard to the House of Lords."

"Well," said Mr. Lovel, "I am free to confess that I would abolish that House myself, were it in my power to do so. But it is not because I envy the Peers, but because I think that in their corporate capacity experience has shown they are not a wisely-judging body."

"No doubt," said Seacorts, "that is your view of the matter; and I can quite conceive that there might be, though I do not believe there are, rational and even conservative grounds for reconstituting our Second Chamber. For instance, the second chamber might be made elective, with a very high property qualification for the members. You would, I suppose, not object to that on principle?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Lovel. "I object to the Lords, not because they are great men, but because, as a body, they are prejudiced great men."

"No doubt," replied Seacorts, "as I said just now, that is your view of the matter. But how does that view of yours appear to your more ignorant supporters? You object to a lord because he is stupid, not because he is great. Your disciples read your lesson quite differently, and learn to object to him because he is great, not because he is stupid. What comes out of your lips as the voice of criticism, reaches their ears as the voice of envy. And here—I come at last to my personalities—I have to tax your party with doing a thing unconsciously which, if done

consciously, I should really call wicked. They appeal to the people for support, and they gain their support through the very passions which they themselves condemn, and are resolved to hold in check. They don't mean to do this; they don't know they are doing it; but, as a fact, they are doing it all the same. They find that certain language used by them, certain principles advocated by them, have a sudden effect on a large and an ill-instructed audience. Their success intoxicates them. They conceive themselves to have been speaking such evident truths that human nature at once responds to them; and they utter them again with even greater vehemence. They little dream of the thing that is really happening. They are conjuring with spells that bear a double sense—one to the wizard that speaks them, the other to the spirits who obey them. What that last meaning is your party have not learned yet. They do not yet know the likeness of the spirits they have been invoking; and, if ever these last should grow powerful enough to reveal themselves, those that have raised them will be as terrified as the witch of Endor, or as the fisherman that unbottled the Affreet. My charge against you English Liberals is that you are doing a dangerous thing. You are conjuring in a magical language of which you are but partly masters. Well, there's my charge against you; and I suppose it does amount, as you said it would, to something like a charge of folly."

"Yes," said Mr. Lovel, laughing, "you have fulfilled my prophecy. And so that is the way, is it, in which you think my party fools? Well, argument is long and time is short. I shall not have time to-night to defend our folly; so let me ask you, before you go, how you would recommend us to cure it."

"In the first place," said Seacorts, "I should recommend you to realize it. If once you understand that the folly is a folly, you will see pretty clearly the line to be taken in retrieving it. To me it seems that your whole mistake is due—or at least a great part of it—to the pestilent pseudo-science of socialistic quackery. The political philosophy of the present generation of Liberals rests on the same fundamental errors which the Socialists do but exaggerate—or perhaps I should say, which they do but develop logically. All your philosophy is tainted with wrong notions of liberty, and with wrong notions of equality. Your house, really, is divided against itself. You are pledged to a philosophy which can never be made to harmonize with your practical every-day convictions. What I should demand of you and your party—it is easy to demand when one knows one will not get anything—what I should demand is, that you utterly and

entirely repudiate every phrase that seemed to hint that you were in favor of equality as such—equality, that mad and maddening dream, which can never on this earth exist but for a moment, and then only for a moment of ruin and consternation. Equality is a popular word: it is connected with popular doctrines; but these doctrines are popular only because the people do not understand them. They are in reality but so many *ignes fatui*, and in the pursuit of them the people will be the first to suffer. At present, these things can only be put vaguely; but what I am trying to convince you of is that they are capable of scientific expression. There is a wild notion current that a democracy is omnipotent—that it can do what it will with the social fabric. And for the time being no doubt it might change many things. But there is one thing that it can not change; and that is human nature. It could as easily abolish the desire for food as the desire for private property. Indeed, on the Continent, the Socialist party have already reduced their schemes to an absurdity; as one of their primary proposals is the abolition of family affection. The home and the family are both to be destroyed. My dear Mr. Lovel, these proposals, of course, are but the ravings of criminal lunatics; but my charge against you Liberals is, that even your good sense, as misunderstood by the ignorant, is practically tainted with something of the same lunacy; even more than this, that you are popular with the ignorant masses in proportion as you seem to be tainted by it."

"The cab is come for Mr. Seacorts," said a servant at this juncture.

"You see," said Mr. Lovel, "you are destined to have the last word. Have one more glass of claret also; and, while you are drinking it, answer me one question. Much of what you say as to the pseudo-science of the Socialists seems to me very true; and I have no doubt it has not yet been properly put to the world. At the same time I deny altogether its connection with the

English Liberal party. What, however, I want to ask you is this. It seems to me that your desire for a true science has no other end than the damping men's hopes in progress, and making them see that their present miseries are irremediable. Is that so?"

"Very far from it," said Seacorts. "A Conservative, according to my view of him, may be as true a philanthropist, as ardent a friend of progress, as the most advanced Liberal. Only he discerns that the surest road to ruin is the cheering of certain hopes that are impossible, not in degree only, but in kind. He longs as much as the most advanced Liberal to improve the condition of the laboring-classes; but he knows that those men and parties do them the greatest of all evils who tell them to look for improvement in utterly wrong directions—who, professing to take them out of the house of bondage, only lead them into a wilderness, and a wilderness beyond which there is no promised land. You believe in coöperation. So do I, to a certain extent. Let our workmen, when they can, try to coöperate: let bodies of them try to become corporate capitalists. In some cases it may succeed: in other cases it will not. But, in all cases, what we should try to teach the people to aim at is to make the poor richer, not to make the rich poorer. The way to distribute riches is not to destroy them. As I said this afternoon at Mrs. Hervey's, you won't decorate every cottage with Sèvres by pulverizing priceless vases and giving every cottager a pinch of the gray powder. But, as I have said already, all this question will be confused and confusing as long as that science of human action and motive on which all political economy and all schemes of improvement rest is handled only by quacks and charlatans, and, scientifically speaking, is still a *missing science*."

W. H. MALLOCK (*Contemporary Review*).

THE GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE traveler by railway across the American Continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the Western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the mouths of

narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim, creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty, monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of waterfalls leap-

ing down the crags, scattered pine-trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys—to find, too, that every mile brings you farther into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads—is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm-buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

One leading object of our journey was to see the wonders of the Yellowstone—that region of geysers, mud-volcanoes, hot springs, and sinter-beds, which the United States Congress, with wise forethought, has set apart from settlement and reserved for the instruction of the people. In a few years this part of the continent will no doubt be readily accessible by rail and coach. At the time of our visit it was still difficult of approach. We heard on the way the most ominous tales of Indian atrocities committed only a year or two before, and were warned to be prepared for something of the kind in our turn. So it was with a little misgiving as to the prudence of the undertaking that we struck off from the line of the Union Pacific Railway at Ogden and turned our faces to the north. Ogden is the center at which the railway from Salt Lake City and that from Northern Utah and Idaho join the main transcontinental line. The first part of the journey passed pleasantly enough. The track is a very narrow one, and the carriages are proportionately small. We started in the evening, and, sitting at the end of the last car, enjoyed the glories of a sunset over the Great Salt Lake. Next day about noon brought us to the end of the railway in the midst of a desert of black basalt and loose sand, with a tornado blowing the hot desert dust in blinding clouds through the air. It was the oddest “terminus” conceivable, consisting of about a score of wooden booths stuck down at random, with rows of freight-wagons mixed up among them, and a miscellaneous population of a thoroughly Western kind. In a fortnight afterward the railway would be opened some fifty miles farther north, and the whole town and its inhabitants would then move to the new terminus. Some weeks afterward, indeed, we returned by rail over the same track, and the only traces of our mushroom town were the tin biscuit-boxes, preserved-meat cans, and other *débris* scattered about on the desert and too heavy for the wind to disperse.

With this cessation of the railway all comfort

in traveling utterly disappeared. A “stage,” loaded inside and outside with packages, but supposed to be capable of carrying eight passengers besides, was now to be our mode of conveyance over the bare, burning, treeless, and roadless desert. The recollection of those two days and nights stands out as a kind of nightmare. I gladly omit further reference to them. There should have been a third day and night, but by what proved a fortunate accident we escaped this prolongation of the horror. Reaching Virginia City (!), a collection of miserable wooden houses, many of them deserted—for the gold of the valley is exhausted, though many Chinese are there working over the old refuse-heaps—we learned that we were too late for the stage to Boseman. Meeting, however, a resident from Boseman as anxious to be there as ourselves, we secured a carriage, and were soon again in motion. By one of the rapid meteorological changes not infrequent at such altitudes, the weather, which had before been warm, and sometimes even hot, now became for a day or two disagreeably chilly. As we crossed a ridge into the valley of the Madison River, snow fell, and the mountain-crests had their first whitening for the season as we caught sight of them, peak beyond peak, far up into the southern horizon. Night had fallen when we crossed the Madison River below its last cañon, and further progress became impossible. There was a “ranch,” or cattle-farm, not far off, where our companion had slept before, and where he proposed that we should demand quarters for the night. A good-natured welcome reconciled us to rough fare and hard beds.

On the afternoon of the third day we at length reached Boseman, the last collection of houses between us and the Yellowstone. A few miles beyond it stands Fort Ellis, a post of the United States Army, built to command an important pass from the territory to the east still haunted by Indians. Through the kind thoughtfulness of my friend Dr. Hayden, I had been provided with letters of introduction from the authorities at Washington to the commandants of posts in the West. I found my arrival expected at Fort Ellis, and the quartermaster happened himself to have come down to Boseman. Before the end of the afternoon we were once more in comfort under his friendly roof. And here I am reminded of an incident at Boseman which brought out one of the characteristics of travel in America, and particularly in the West. It may be supposed that after so long and so dusty a journey our boots were not without the need of being blacked. Having had luncheon at the hotel, I inquired of the waiter where I should go to get this done. He directed me to

the clerk in the office. On making my request to this formidable personage, seated at his ledger, he quietly remarked, without raising his eyes off his pen, that he guessed I could find the materials in the corner. And there, true enough, were blacking-pot and brush, with which every guest might essay to polish his boots or not, as he pleased. In journeying westward we had sometimes seen a placard stuck up in the bedrooms of the hotels to the effect that ladies and gentlemen putting their boots outside their doors must be understood to do so at their own risk. In the larger hotels a shoe-black is one of the recognized functionaries, with his room and chair of state for those who think it needful to employ him.

Of Fort Ellis and the officers' mess there, we shall ever keep the pleasantest memories. No Indians had now to be kept in order. There was, indeed, nothing to do at the fort save the daily routine of military duty. A very small incident in such circumstances is enough to furnish amusement and conversation for an evening. We made an excursion into the hills to the south, and had the satisfaction of starting a black bear from a cover of thick herbage almost below our feet. Not one of the party happened to have brought a rifle, and the animal was rapidly out of reach of our revolvers, as he raced up the steep side of the valley, and took refuge among the crags and caves of limestone at the top.

Being assured that the Yellowstone country was perfectly safe, that we should probably see no Indians at all, and that any who might cross our path belonged to friendly tribes, and being further anxious to avoid having to return and repeat that dismal stage-journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone Park," as it is termed, and through the mountains encircling the head-waters of the Snake River, so as to strike the railway not far from where we had left it. This involved a ride of somewhere about three hundred miles through a mountainous region still in its aboriginal loneliness. By the care of Lieutenant Alison, the quartermaster of the fort, and the liberality of the army authorities, we were furnished with horses and a pack-train of mules, under an escort of two men, one of whom, Jack Bean by name, had for many years lived among the wilds through which we were to pass, as trapper and miner by turns; the other, a soldier in the cavalry detachment at the fort, went by the name of "Andy," and acted as cook and leader of the mules. The smaller the party, the quicker could we get through the mountains, and, as rapidity of movement was necessary, we gladly availed ourselves of the quartermaster's arrangements. Provisions

were taken in quantity sufficient for the expedition, but it was expected we should be able to add to our larder an occasional haunch of antelope or elk, which in good time we did. So, full of expectation, we bade adieu, not without regret, to our friends at Fort Ellis, and set out upon our quest.

The reader may be reminded here that the Yellowstone River has its head-waters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshone, the Tetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glacier-moraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were traveling, lay tossed about among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on the outlook for evidence as to the thickness of the ice, which might be revealed by the height at which either transported blocks had been stranded, or a polished and striated surface had been left upon the rocks of the valley. We were fortunate in meeting with evidence of both kinds.

I shall not soon forget my astonishment on entering the second cañon. We had made our first camp some way farther down, and before striking the tent in the morning had mounted

the hills on the left side and observed how the detritus (glacial detritus, as we believed it to be) had been rearranged and spread out into terraces, either by the river when at a much higher level than that at which it now flows, or by a lake which evidently once filled up the broad expansion of the valley between the two lowest cañons. We were prepared, therefore, for the discovery of still more striking proof of the power and magnitude of the old glaciers, but never anticipated that so gigantic and perfect a piece of ice-work as the second cañon was in store for us. From a narrow gorge, the sides of which rise to heights of one thousand feet or more, the river darts out into the plain which we had been traversing. The rocky sides of this ravine are smoothly polished and striated from the bottom up apparently to the top. Some of the detached knobs of schist rising out of the plain at the mouth of the cañon were as fresh in their ice-polish as if the glacier had only recently retired from them. The scene reminded me more of the valley of the Aar above the Grimsel than of any other European glacier-ground. As we rode up the gorge with here and there just room to pass between the rushing river and the rocky declivity, we could trace the ice-worn bosses of schist far up the heights till they lost themselves among the pines. The frosts of winter are slowly effacing the surfaces sculptured by the vanished glacier. Huge angular blocks are from time to time detached from the crags and join the piles of detritus at the bottom. But where the ice-polished surfaces are not much traversed with joints they have a marvelous power of endurance. Hence they may have utterly disappeared from one part of a rock-face and remain perfectly preserved on another adjoining part. There could be no doubt now that the Yellowstone glacier was massive enough to fill up the second cañon to the brim, that is to say, it must have been there at least eight hundred or one thousand feet thick. But in the course of our ascent we obtained proof that the thickness was even greater than this, for we found that the ice had perched blocks of granite and gneiss on the sides of the volcanic hills not less than sixteen hundred feet above the present plain of the river, and that it not merely filled up the main valley, but actually overrode the bounding hills so as to pass into some of the adjacent valleys. That glaciers once nestled in these mountains might have been readily anticipated, but it was important to be able to demonstrate their former existence, and to show that they attained such a magnitude.

The glaciers, however, were after all an unexpected or incidental kind of game. We were really on the trail of volcanic productions, and devoted most of our time to the hunt after them.

The valley of the Yellowstone is of high antiquity. It has been excavated partly out of ancient crystalline rocks, partly out of later stratified formations, and partly out of masses of lava that have been erupted during a long succession of ages. Here and there it has been invaded by streams of basalt, which have subsequently been laboriously cut through by the river. In the whole course of our journey through the volcanic region we found that the oldest lavas were trachytes and their allies, while the youngest were as invariably basalts, the interval between the eruption of the two kinds having sometimes been long enough to permit the older rocks to be excavated into gorges before the emission of the more recent. Even the youngest, however, must have been poured out a long while ago, for they, too, have been deeply trenched by the slow erosive power of running water. But the volcanic fires are not yet wholly extinguished in the region. No lava, indeed, is now emitted, but there are plentiful proofs of the great heat that still exists but a short way below the surface.

Quitting the moraine mounds of the Yellowstone Valley, which above the second cañon become still more abundant and perfect, we ascended the tributary known as Gardiner's River, and camped in view of the hot springs. The first glimpse of this singular scene, caught from the crest of a dividing ridge, recalls the termination of a glacier. A mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the somber hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water, which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound, and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But, along the steep front from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly

added to. The colors of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-colored hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth, curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points, indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There are no eruptive springs or geysers at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak and repair to the nearest brook or river for ablution. Sometimes a crust of ice would be found on the pools. One night, indeed, the thermometer fell to 19°, and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen, so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping-ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvelous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hair-breadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burned low, or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine-logs hewed down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my traveling-cloak, I used to lie apart for a while gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence

of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us, and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party, with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their packs, followed by Jack, who, with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-strap, endeavored to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position, sometimes riding on ahead, and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt, or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp-fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch, and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't you see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not present, but who it seemed was doomed to the most horrible destruction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks

of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tuffs. We chose as our camping-ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this ravine, of whose marvels we had heard much, we left the mules rolling on the ground and our packers getting the camp into shape, and struck through the forest in the direction of the roar. Unprepared for anything so vast, we emerged from the last fringe of the woods and stood on the brink of the great chasm, silent with amazement.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet deep. Where its shelving sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upward. It has been excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are here two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Cañon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and semicircular sloping recesses. The dark forests of pine that fill the valley above sweep down to the very brink of the gorge on both sides. Such is the general plan of the place; but it is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the cañon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colors. Much of the rock, especially of the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur-yellow. Through this groundwork harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange color, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But, as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange, mysterious gloom, through

which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellower tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of somber green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but, for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of coloring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such, at least, were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geyser Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forests, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open, park-like glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched, at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, "the bears had been sharpening their claws." Deer of different kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules, and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geyser Basin, we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighborhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysers, and steaming caldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact, in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind-foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and, a day or

two afterward, repassing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geyser. In this basin, however, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour or a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same tendency to form basins so marked at the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. These basins are bordered with the same banded, brightly colored rims which, running in level lines, give the stratified look to the mound. On the top the sinter has gathered into huge dome-shaped or coral-like lumps, among which lies the vent of the geyser—a hole not more than a couple of feet or so in diameter—whence steam constantly issues. When we arrived a considerable agitation was perceptible. The water was surging up and down a short distance below, and when we could not see it for the cloud of vapor its gurgling noise remained distinctly audible. We had not long to wait before the water began to be jerked out in occasional spurts. Then suddenly, with a tremendous roar, a column of mingled water and steam rushed up for one hundred and twenty feet into the air, falling in a torrent over the mound, the surface of which now streamed with water, while its strange volcanic colors glowed vividly in the sunlight. A copious stream of still steaming water rushed off by the nearest channels to the river. The whole eruption did not last longer than about five minutes, after which the water sank in the funnel, and the same restless gurgitation was resumed. Again at the usual interval another eruption of the same kind and intensity took place.

Though the most frequent and regular in its movements, "Old Faithful" is by no means the most imposing of the geysers either in the volume of its discharge or in the height to which it erupts. The "Giant" and "Beehive" both surpass it, but are fitful in their action, intervals of several days occurring between successive explosions. Both of them remained tantalizingly quiet, nor could they be provoked, by throwing stones down their throats, to do anything for our amusement. The "Castle Geyser," however, was more accommodating. It presented us with a magnificent eruption. A far larger body of water than at "Old Faithful" was hurled into the air, and continued to rise for more than double the time. It was interesting to watch

the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column, and burst into a shower of drops outside. At intervals, as the energy of discharge oscillated, the column would sink a little, and then would mount up again as high as before, with a hiss and roar that must have been audible all round the geyser basin, while the ground near the geyser perceptibly trembled. I had been sketching close to the spot when the eruption began, and in three minutes the place where I had been sitting was the bed of a rapid torrent of hot water rushing over the sinter-floor to the river.

Without wearying the reader with details that possess interest only for geologists, I may be allowed to refer to one part of the structure of these geyser-mounds which is not a little curious and puzzling—the want of sympathy between closely adjacent vents. At the summit of a mound the top of the subterranean column of boiling water can be seen about a yard from the surface in a constant state of commotion, while at the base of the mound, at a level thirty or forty feet lower, lie quiet pools of steaming water, some of them with a point of ebullition in their center. There can be no direct connection between these pipes. Their independence is still more strikingly displayed at the time of eruption, for, while the geyser is spouting high into the air, these surrounding pools go on quietly boiling as before. It is now generally acknowledged that the seat of eruptive energy is in the underground pipe itself, each geyser having its peculiarities of shape, depth, and temperature. But it would appear also that at least above this seat of activity there may be no communication even between contiguous vents on the same geyser-mound.

Another interesting feature of the locality is the tendency of each geyser to build up a cylinder of sinter round its vent. A few of these are quite perfect, but in most cases they are more or less broken down as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of exceptional severity. Usually there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter-mound; but in some cases several may be seen with their bases almost touching each other. As the force of the geyser diminishes and its eruptions become less frequent the funnel seems to get choked up with sinter, until in the end the hollow cylinder becomes a more or less solid pillar. Numerous eminences of this kind are to be seen throughout the region. Their surfaces are white and crumbling. They look, in fact, so like pillars of salt that one could not help thinking of Lot's wife, and wondering whether such geyser-columns could ever have existed on the plains of Sodom. In a rainless climate they might last a long time. But the

sinter here, as at Gardiner's River, when no longer growing by fresh deposits from the escaping water, breaks up into thin plates. Those parts of the basin where this disintegration is in progress look as if they had been strewn with pounded oyster-shells.

That the position of the vents slowly changes is indicated on the one hand by the way in which trees are spreading from the surrounding forest over the crumbling floor of sinter, and on the other by the number of dead or dying trunks which here and there rise out of the sinter. The volcanic energy is undoubtedly dying out. Yet it remains still vigorous enough to impress the mind with a sense of the potency of subterranean heat. From the upper end of the basin the eye ranges round a wide area of bare sinter plains and mounds, with dozens of columns of steam rising on all sides; while even from among the woods beyond an occasional puff of white vapor reveals the presence of active vents in the neighboring valley. A prodigious mass of sinter has, in the course of ages, been laid down, and the form of the ground has been thereby materially changed. We made some short excursions into the forest, and, as far as we penetrated, the same floor of sinter was everywhere traceable. Here and there a long-extinct geyser-mound was nearly concealed under a covering of vegetation, so that it resembled a gigantic ant-hill; or a few steaming holes about its sides or summit would bring before us some of the latest stages in geyser history.

One of the most singular sights of this interesting region are the mud-volcanoes, or mud-geysers. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "The Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geyser Basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter-mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously colored mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the grayish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared. But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the caldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly colored green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each

of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order, the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von Buch and the old exploded "crater-of-elevation" theory. Each of these cones was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilization; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geyser Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey far down below its lowest cañon on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again toward the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine-tops—a vast, dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short, narrow valley, full of beaver-dams, we reached a low, flat water-shed, seven thousand and sixty-three feet above the sea, and stood on the "great divide" of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry's Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open, moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky toward the west had been growing more hazy as we approached, and we now found out the cause. The

forest was on fire in several places. At one part of the journey we had just room to pass between the blazing, crackling trunks and the edge of the river. For easier passage we forded the stream, and proceeded down its left bank, but found that here and there the fire had crossed even to that side. Most of these forest-fires result from the grossest carelessness. Jack was particularly cautious each morning to see that every ember of our camp-fire was extinguished, and that by no chance could the dry grass around be kindled, for it might smolder on and slowly spread for days, until it eventually set the nearest timber in a blaze. We used to soak the ground with water before resuming our march. These forest-fires were, of course, an indication that human beings, either red or white, had been on the ground not long before us. But we did not come on their trail. One morning, however—it was the last day of this long march—we had been about a couple of hours in the saddle. The usual halt had been made to tighten the packs, and we were picking our way across a dreary plain of sagebrush on the edge of the great basalt flood of Idaho, when Jack, whose eyes were like a hawk's for quickness, detected a cloud of dust far to the south on the horizon. We halted, and in a few minutes Jack informed us that it was a party of horsemen, and that they must be Indians from their way of riding. As they came nearer we made out that there were four mounted Indians with four led horses. Jack dismounted and got his rifle ready. Andy, without saying a word, did the same. They covered with their pieces the foremost rider, who now spurred on rapidly in front of the rest, gesticulating to us with a rod or whip he carried in his hand. "They are friendly," remarked Jack, and down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and, after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learned that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright color was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright-blue coat faced with scarlet, another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly broidered canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad

to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah—that a neighboring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumors of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and, after they had left us, and were scampering along the prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterward another much larger cloud of dust crossed the mouth of a narrow valley down which we were moving. Waiting a little unperceived to give the party time to widen their distance from us, we were soon once more upon the great basalt plain.

The last section of our ride proved to be, in a geological sense, one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain, near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realized with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very generally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the Far West furnishes the true key to the his-

tory of the basaltic plateaus of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

At last we reached the railway that had been opened only a week or two before. Andy rode on ahead to the terminus, to intimate that we wished to be picked up. In a short while the train came up, and, as we sat there in the bare valley near no station, the engine slowed at sight of us. Our two companions were now to turn

back and take a shorter route to Fort Ellis, but would be at least ten days on the march. We parted from them not without regret. Rough, but kindly, they had done everything to make the journey a memorably pleasant one to us. We took our seats in the car, and from the window, as we moved away, caught the last glimpse of our cavalcade, Andy in front with a riderless horse, and Jack in the rear with another.

ARCH. GEIKIE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

ON THE BUYING OF BOOKS.

I.

LOVERS OF BOOKS.

THE lover of books may be distinguished by one trick he has which betrayeth him. If he is in a strange house he makes straight for the shelves: before anything else he hastens to take stock of the library; blue china can not turn him aside, nor pictures detain him. There are other peculiarities by which he may be known. If he passes a bookseller's shop he may not choose but stop; if it is a second-hand shop, which is at all times more interesting than a shop of new books, his feet without any volition on his part and of their own accord draw him within it. However poor he is, his shelves grow continually larger and groan more deeply with new additions. However large his own library may be, every other man's library is an object of curiosity to him for the strange and unknown wonders it may possess.

I, who write this paper, am one of these lovers of books. I love them beyond all other earthly things. I love them because they are books, good and bad alike. To me they are as living things, and possess a soul. It gives me a glow of pleasure, even after many years of experience, to buy a new book. To carry it home, cut the leaves, turn over the pages and look in it here and there is joy enough to last the whole evening. At such a time one does not curiously criticise the contents: one enjoys the fresh aroma of new print—I believe it is caused by the use of "turps"; one is grateful to the author and the publisher; there is a charm about the binding; the very type has a beauty of its own.

My wanderings among other people's libraries have led me to make a few discoveries which may or may not be original. Thus, I have laid down the general maxim that, as is the average

man, so is the average library. I look not, therefore, for aught beyond the commonplace. Bookshelves are made to match their owner; the books upon them are a counterpart to the man who possesses them. Thus a beautiful harmony reigns in this as well as in other departments of nature. I am tempted to believe that after learning the profession of a man, studying his face, dress, and bearing, and hearing him talk for a single quarter of an hour, I should be able to tell, within a dozen books or so, all that he has ever bought. The converse of this proposition is certainly true, namely, that a very short examination of a library is sufficient to enable one to describe the owner in general and unmistakable terms. For the fact is, although it humiliates one to state it baldly and openly, and though it makes one tremble at thinking of the monotony of human nature and the dreadful sameness of men's minds, there are to be found among the "better sort"—a phrase I love because it beautifully connects virtue with wealth—but two or three classes or descriptions of library.

Every one, for instance, knows the great, solid mahogany bookcase—perhaps two or three such cases—filled from top to bottom with inherited books which once belonged to a scholar of the family long deceased. Among these are old college prizes bound in Russia, stamped with college arms. There are editions of the classics; there are the "standard" works of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Alison, Paley, Young, Hervey (his "Meditations"), Johnson, and perhaps those sound and judicious divines, Andrews, Hooker, Bull, and Jeremy Taylor. All those books of the original collection which were not handsomely bound have long since been sent away and sold at a shilling the volume, sorted out. Those with leather backs were retained to stand in rows, and act as furniture; they are but the dry bones,

the skeleton of the old library: for they were formerly the books of reference, the necessities of the life and the daily work of the defunct scholar, who lived in his library. But the soul of his collection is gone: the duodecimos which he read in daily, the tattered old volumes which helped his research and stimulated his thought, the actual food of his brain—these have vanished; what is left is a mere shell. This is the Furniture Library. None of these books are ever taken down; none are opened or read; the library is like a marble statue which lacks the breath of life, or a sealed fountain whose waters are drunk by neither man nor beast.

A pretty allegory might be made showing how a certain Pygmalion collected together a divine library, so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it and gazed upon it was straightway smitten with a passion which made his heart to beat and his cheek to glow; and how presently the library became alive to him, a beneficent being, full of love and tender thought, as good as she was beautiful, a friend who never failed him; and how they were united in holy wedlock and lived together, and never tired of each other until he died, when the life went also out of the library, his wife, and she fell all to separate pieces, every piece a precious seedling of future life should it be planted in the right place. Is there not here the material for an allegory? A library, you will perceive, is essentially feminine: it is receptive; it is responsive; it is productive. You may lavish upon it—say, upon her—as much love as you have in your nature, and she will reward you with fair offspring, sweet and tender babes—ideas, thoughts, memories, and hopes. Who would not love the mother of such children? Who would not be their father?

The Furniture Library never gets a new book added to it at all. But even this poor dead and dispirited thing is better than the Flimsy Library, common among persons who have had no scholar in their family, or else no family among their scholars. The volumes of the Flimsy Library consist almost wholly of the books collected during youthful and pre-nuptial days. They are beautifully bound in crimson cloth and gold, with a leaning toward too much ornament. They are the books which used to be presented to young ladies—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, according to the age of the house. The titles vary, but the taste remains much the same: they are books on the domestic affections, the immortal works of Mesdames Ellis, Hemans, Sigourney, Sewell, and Yonge; Keble in many bindings; the "Gentle Life"; Longfellow, Scott, Tupper, Wordsworth, and so forth. Perhaps there is a row of the "Waverley Novels," and there are

one or two "Handbooks." The Flimsy Library can go no further.

A third class of library, and a very common one, may be called the Railway Library. It consists of two-shilling novels—nothing else—and each one represents a railway-journey. They stand in rows with their paper bindings in red, black, and yellow; they are treasured by their owners as if they were Elzevirs at the least; there may be also among them, perhaps, a Bret Harte or a Mark Twain—humorists who have caught the popular taste. Burnand, Lowell, Leland, Gilbert, who somehow seem to have missed the uncritical ear, will not generally be seen on the shelves of the Railway Library. These three classes of library represent the broad divisions. There are, however, others—subdivisions—which should not be forgotten.

Thus, there is the Fashionable Library, in which every volume marks a passing phase of literary fashion in *genre*, printing, or binding, from the Minerva school down to a ballade or a villanelle; there is the Casual Library, in which the books seem to have been bought by the yard just to fill up the shelves; the Technical Library, in which the seeker after literature finds the Dead Sea apples of scientific and professional works—fancy Charles Lamb shut up for an afternoon with a mathematical library! the Goody-Goody Library, where the works are certainly intended to disgust the young with virtue and religion; the Milk-and-Water Library, most of the books in which are at least thirty years of age, and were written by ladies who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid, and conceited; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten; the Fast Library, in which the works of "Ouida" are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot! And oh, dear me! how rare it is to find such a library!

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature.

They are not without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity: they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together: a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them: they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, can not long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the libraries could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets, and, if so, for whom? and at what social level people cease to belong to a library? where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line? Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books; do fruiterers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no book-shelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an APPALLING thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies, and those swift thoughts which pierce

the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact unredeemed by hope or illusion, with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somaulis, Veddahs, Andaman-Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few, alas, be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete board-school course is generally that the boys and girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the Grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hands the key to all the knowledge whereunto man hath attained, to all the knowledge whereunto he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delight of life—and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the board-school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days by-gone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life: it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book: that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre, for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience: it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When he came away he said to me: "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps mere pretense, with craft and subtlety. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied: "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present en-

gaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.' The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomfortable because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrow-bones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen-midden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of previously unsatisfied mankind when some one, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, cuneiform, or Hittite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the School Board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do, those who read much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even bookish boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A bookish boy is at first a curious and inquiring boy, who, at every step of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the world and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wondrous organ upon which divine melodies may be played; perhaps he is content to listen; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, essay to touch the charmed instrument. I can not think that such a boy would ever cease to love books.

It is the development of this other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the

books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they can not appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read, they dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did the people want? And what more, indeed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp: he tastes; he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine-glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the *sole à la maître d'hôtel*, the *côtelette*, the *ris de veau*, the *mayonnaise*: where thick, sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Château Yquem, and Piper *très sec*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual meal taken continually by the all-devouring reader. He reads everything: he reads whatever is set before him: he reads without consideration: he reads without criticism: all styles are alike to him: he is never greatly delighted, and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions, is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with,

must be bad : who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price ? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shoveled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for ? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize bats, prize foot-balls, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee ?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the Lyceum with the girls costs as much ; a dinner at the club to one or two friends costs as much ; sittings at church cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday ; it will buy just one dozen of champagne ; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight ; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at : it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it ; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement ; yet, administered in the way of a subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelve-month. What an investment !

What an investment, indeed ! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert ; so that—alas !—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure which he can not buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners ? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him ; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger ? All that is over, be-

cause any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessary for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions, how much should we pay for it ? and how ? As for the latter, it is easy to answer : we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him pleasure, then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical : let us make a suggestion : let us estimate literature as a ratable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that authors will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.

II.

BOOK-COLLECTORS.

IF ever gratitude were legitimately due by one class of individuals to another, that feeling, according to their own admission, should unquestionably be entertained by London booksellers toward their American patrons. What would have been their present condition without the aid of these enterprising auxiliaries may to a certain extent be gathered from the incontrovertible fact that three fourths of the rarities periodically appearing in their own catalogues, and at public sales, find their way across the Herring Pond, and will in all probability continue to do so. This raid, for such it may be correctly termed, which commenced about six or seven years ago, has ever since been steadily increasing, and is still pursued with such unrelaxing perseverance as to threaten the almost total absorption by these literary cormorants of our

choicest artistic and typographic masterpieces, the demand for anything out of the common way far exceeding the supply. As far as the interests of the booksellers are concerned, the impulse thus given to their trade is doubtless beneficial, although not without its accompanying disadvantages; inasmuch as it encourages reckless competition, and tends, as we shall presently have occasion to see, to establish in the case of certain works a scale of prices utterly out of proportion to their original value.

To the main body of English collectors this sudden rise is at once inexplicable and prohibitive; they can neither comprehend the exaggerated "*feu sacré*" of their transatlantic brethren, nor make up their minds to imitate them, but prefer waiting until—a most unlikely occurrence—the ardor of their rivals shall have cooled down, and prices shall have gradually sunk to their former level. Of this there is at present no sign; on the contrary, since the commencement of 1879 a notable advance has taken place in those specialties particularly affected by Uncle Sam, namely, books illustrated by Cruikshank and Leech, dramatic and other biographies, and, above all, first editions of the works of our leading modern humorists. Publications of a more recent date than 1860 are less in request, being liable in America to a duty of twenty-five per cent., a serious consideration for even the most enthusiastic bibliomaniac. This impost, however, has not lessened the demand for books embellished with extra illustrations, the preparation of which affords constant employment to some half a dozen London dealers, the principal result of their joint labors being the all but complete exhaustion of the materials necessary for the purpose, and, in the majority of instances, a very inadequate accomplishment of the task undertaken by them.

Even for the private collector, to whom the "time-is-money" principle can not be said to apply, the appropriate illustration of a book is a difficult matter, entailing much research and no little judgment in the selection of passages most suitable for adornment; what, then, would it be for a wholesale practitioner, were he to proceed in a similar fashion! But he does nothing of the kind. He neither reads the work, nor troubles himself about the personages who figure therein; he simply relies on the index, if there be one, at the end of the volume; if not, the pages are hastily skimmed over by himself or his assistant, and an alphabetical list of names is compiled, which will hereafter serve for as many copies as he may elect to "do." His next step is to inspect his stock of portraits and engravings in hand, and extract therefrom whatever may, by hook or by crook, be introduced into his "illus-

tration"; supplying the places of the missing types, in nine cases out of ten the most important, with accessories incidentally mentioned by the author, but wholly unconnected with the subject of the book. His task thus completed to his satisfaction, and the requisite number of prints inserted at proper intervals between the first page and the last, his share in the business is over, and in due course of time the "splendidly illustrated copy," showily bound in tree-calf or Levant-morocco, occupies a prominent place in his catalogue, and in all probability becomes eventually the property of some enterprising amateur of Rhode Island or Chicago. It is just possible that the recipient, on examining his purchase, may discover such trifling anomalies as the substitution of Caroline of Brunswick for the Queen of George II, or that of little Wilkinson of the Adelphi for the illustrious Tate of York notoriety (a portrait not likely to be found in the manufacturer's folios), and that, in the first outburst of his wrath, this incongruity may be commented upon in somewhat unorthodox language; but, on reflection—bearing in mind the twenty-five per cent. duty he has already disbursed, and will certainly never see again—he will doubtless come to the charitable conclusion that, all circumstances considered, it would be more advisable to make the best of a bad bargain, and—human nature being confessedly liable to error—accord to the offending bookseller the privilege of participating in the universal failing. There are, of course, exceptions to this general rule of illustrative incompetency, and one or two members of the fraternity, more lavish of care and money than their colleagues, have produced some really creditable specimens; most of those, however, inlaid to quarto or folio size, are too cumbersome and costly for the ordinary run of buyers, and we therefore only allude to them *pour mémoire*. In any case, it is safer for a lover of this class of books to cater for himself, and—having first gone through the apprenticeship indispensable to beginners—to adorn them according to his own taste, mindful of the good old saying:

"On n'est jamais si bien servi que par soi-même."

We have frequently heard it asserted by booksellers that the number of collectors in England has of late years greatly diminished, and are inclined on the whole to believe the statement to be correct. It is possible that the multiplicity of cheap editions may have lessened the demand for the more expensive ones; but, whatever may be the cause of the decline, we can affirm on the authority of an experienced dealer that, especially among the higher classes, the possessors of really fine libraries, except when remaining in the family as heirlooms, are few and

far between. Where people formerly, on the publication of a new work, ordered it at once from their bookseller, they are now content to apply for it at Mudie's, and rarely dream of encumbering their shelves or tables with anything in the shape of literature beyond those social manuals of daily reference not included in the yearly subscription. But, our present business being less with those who do not buy books than with those who do, we will confine our remarks to such varieties of the latter class as we have had occasion to meet with, beginning with that insatiable peripatetic nuisance, the bargain-hunter.

We have known several specimens, both male and female, of the genus, but a brief description of two of them will suffice for our purpose, and exemplify the leading characteristics of these literary "middle-men," whose ruling principle is of the simplest, namely, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as they possibly can. The least ambitious of the pair, who, like Jenny l'Ouvrière in the song, "*Se contente de peu*," pins his faith on the resources derivable from an intelligent inspection of the fifth-rate book-stalls in the by-lanes of the metropolis, disposing of his acquisitions at a small profit through the medium of that widely circulated journal, "*The Exchange and Mart*"; occasionally he extends his researches as far as Richmond or Hounslow, or even Windsor, but, as a rule, his operations are chiefly confined to London. His colleague, or rival—if we may call him so, although neither term is strictly appropriate, as they neither frequent the same localities, nor in the slightest degree interfere with each other—is of a very different stamp, combining the practical acuteness of the bookseller with the indefatigable perseverance of the collector. He is rarely seen at Sotheby's or Christie's, but is a regular attendant at "out" sales, where, being well "up" in the fluctuations of the book-market, and knowing exactly, moreover, where to place his purchases, he is constantly on the watch for some blue dahlia fortuitously overlooked by the "trade"; and, if so far favored by chance as now and then to light upon a stray rarity, which he can resell an hour later at a profit of cent. per cent., he feels by no means disposed to exclaim with Titus, that he has "lost a day."

Another curious type is the collector of "remainders," a term signifying the surplus copies of unsalable works discarded by their respective publishers, and consigned to the tender mercies of the hammer at an establishment popularly known as the "slaughter-house." Of these the greater part are comparatively valueless, and woe be to the unlucky speculator who deludes himself with the hope of their eventual popu-

larity!—but here and there a stray volume may sometimes be found destined to a better fate, and it is precisely by his tact in separating the wheat from the chaff that the habitual frequenter of these sales differs from the mere chance visitor. The same instinct guides him in the purchase of books sold at a reduced rate by the original publisher to a wholesale dealer, and he has often cause to congratulate himself on his acumen, as in the case of Haydon's "*Correspondence and Table-Talk*," which might be had six months ago for half a guinea and is now literally out of the market. It often happens, indeed, that a work neglected on its first appearance, and regarded as a drug by the second-hand bookseller, who grudgingly accords to it an obscure corner of his shelves, is by some fortuitous circumstance suddenly sought after; and more than one instance might be cited where such waifs have trebled, nay, quadrupled the price of publication. Lord Herve's "*Memoirs of the Court of George II.*," currently quoted in 1872 at eight or ten shillings, is now worth at the very lowest computation three guineas and a half; Jesse's "*Correspondence of George Selwyn*," once valued at thirty-five shillings, is at the present moment considered cheap at six pounds; and Peter Cunningham's charming little volume, the "*Story of Nell Gwyn*," which an Oxford Street bookseller thought himself fortunate seven or eight years ago to sell for half a crown, was recently priced in a New York catalogue three pounds five shillings.

It is a mistake to suppose that cheap reprints of popular works tend in any way to depreciate the original editions, the effect being precisely the reverse; nor is the result different in the case of reproductions where neither expense nor trouble is spared. Collectors in general are apt to regard with suspicion even the most elaborate modern publications; they abominate toned paper, an innovation much affected by contemporary publishers, and consider the crude and unsightly woodcuts which disfigure so many of our periodicals as sorry substitutes for the etchings and steel engravings of thirty years ago. And it must be owned that their strictures are not wholly unreasonable, and that too many of our much vaunted literary novelties betray, either in one way or the other, the blemish which characterizes the "*Pêche à quinze sous*" of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger. Examples of this relative inferiority might be cited by scores, but we have already outstepped our limits, and it is time to refer to the subject we have reserved as a fitting close to the present paper, namely, the extraordinary increase in value within the last three or four years of the first editions of our modern humorists, a few instances of which may

not be without interest for the reader. Such, indeed, is still the demand, not only for publications embellished by Cruikshank, Leech, and in some cases "Phiz," but also for original copies of others containing no illustrations whatever (as for example "Esmond," now worth three guineas), that clean and uncut specimens are rarely to be met with either in a bookseller's catalogue or at a public sale. Collectors, however, are proverbially capricious, and by no means include the entire works of a writer among their desiderata; thus, while "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and half a dozen minor productions of the same author, are in constant request, "The Virginians" and "Philip" may be had (comparatively) for a mere song. In like manner the earlier stories of Lever are eagerly sought after, whereas "Roland Cashel," "Barrington," and other later efforts of his pen are drugs in the market; and, although he can not be classed among the humorists, the remark is equally applicable to Ainsworth, whose "Tower of London" and "Jack Sheppard" average from three to five guineas each. Surtees's sporting novels, more particularly "Mr. Sponge" and "Facey Romford," far exceed in value "Plain or Ringlets," and "Ask Mamma," and are scarcely to be procured at thrice their original cost; and Gilbert Abbott à Beckett's literary reputation—financially speaking—appears to rest entirely on his "Comic Histories of England and Rome."

But all this is "leather and prunella" compared to the astounding prices currently demanded and obtained for genuine first editions of Dickens. A bookseller's catalogue now lies before us, in which the first octavo edition of "Sketches by Boz" in monthly parts, originally published at twenty shillings, is quoted twelve guineas; and it may also be stated, on the authority of the same dealer, that he recently sold a spotless copy of the book for eighteen guineas. It is difficult to find a "Pickwick" in good condition under five pounds, if uncut and containing the two canceled plates by Buss which certain collectors have the bad taste to prefer to those subsequently engraved by Hablot K. Browne, although the author (and who should know better?) justly considered them as eyesores, and suppressed them accordingly. A similar and equally incomprehensible *sine qua non* with

American book-buyers is the first of the two final plates engraved by Cruikshank for "Oliver Twist," and afterward withdrawn by Dickens's express desire, and replaced by the one more generally known, which, if not one of the artist's happiest inspirations, is at all events superior to its predecessor. Next in rarity to these—we are speaking only of the writer's more important works—come "Martin Chuzzlewit" (recently priced four pounds), a "Tale of Two Cities," worth at least two pounds ten shillings, "Great Expectations," the "Uncommercial Traveler," and the "Christmas Carol"; "Copperfield," notwithstanding its popularity is, strange to say, relatively cheap, nor is the demand for "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," or "Our Mutual Friend" by any means proportionate to the supply, whereas "Grimaldi," although merely edited by Dickens, averages from four to five guineas.

But where this "razzia," for it can be termed nothing else, ceases to be either legitimate or intelligible, is in the case of such trifles as the libretto of the "Village Coquettes" (music by Hullah), and the farce of "The Strange Gentleman." If we remember rightly, the verdict passed on the former was what our neighbors call a *succès d'estime*; and as for the latter, though amusing enough, and excellently played by Harley, it certainly did not make manager Braham's fortune; nevertheless, the first is eagerly snapped up at two guineas, while the second is worth six pounds of anybody's money.* Both however, are eclipsed by a little pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," by Timothy Sparks, one of the least voluminous but unquestionably the scarcest of its author's productions. No missing will, no philosopher's stone, was ever sought for more perseveringly, and we might almost add more unsuccessfully; and, were we to estimate its marketable value at twenty times its weight in gold, it is possible that we should not be far wrong.

* "The Strange Gentleman" has been reprinted, and may be had for 5s. Another farce by Dickens, "The Lamplighter," has recently been printed, we believe for the first time, from the prompter's copy. "The Village Coquettes" has also been reprinted, and can be purchased for 4s. 6d.

LA JEUNE FRANCE.

FEW more interesting passages can be found in the chronicles of literature than that which traces the progress of the revolt of the romanticists in France, in the earlier part of the present century. It was in truth something more than a revolt, it was a revolution. Men who ordinarily cared not a button about *belles-lettres* found themselves drawn into a maelstrom of literary excitement, and compelled to take sides. The war, from its battle-grounds of the journals and the theatres, spread to the *cafés* and streets of Paris, and even into the departments. Duels were fought and men killed who had never seen Victor Hugo, or read the works which they defended with their lives. Family ties were snapped asunder; classicists and romanticists found it impossible to live under the same roof, even when most closely related. It is difficult for one, not living in the gay capital during 1828-'30, to realize the heat and rancor of the combat between the rival factions. The journals teemed with anathemas, recriminations, and epithets; the theatres interested were scenes of furious uproar; the discussions on the streets ended not infrequently in fisticuffs. Finally, when the smoke cleared away, classicism was found to have been so roughly handled that death was only a question of days: it never held up its venerable head again.

During the turbulent years of the Revolution, French literature stagnated. The minds of the epoch were too painfully engrossed with the present to think of writing classics for the future. They were too busy with the drama of life to occupy themselves with counterfeiting it for the amusement of their fellows. The lesser lights never rose above a servile imitation of Spartan precedents. To the most puerile details this abject apathy was carried. Fickle Paris, from the luxuriant splendor of the monarchy, rushed headlong into the severe nudity of an antique republic. Ladies sported the attire of Athenian vestals, who bore reputations scarcely consistent with the assumption. Throughout Paris, togas, and sandals, and all the pretty paraphernalia of the classic epoch, engrossed the costumers' minds. In the domain of art the frigid dignity of David supplanted the amorous philandering of Boucher. After Greuze came Gros. Poetry, fiction, the drama, struggled feebly under this grand extinguisher, this hopeless task of keeping up the illusion that the mimic had become the model, and that Paris was really Rome.

This assumption was abandoned with the

birth of the empire; but the blight it had thrown upon letters still remained. No critics appeared with strength sufficient to divert the playwrights and verse-makers from the rut into which they had fallen; their only movement was a backward one: their model, from the Rome of Brutus, had sunk to the Rome of Domitian. Through the night that followed two stars appear, Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand; but, being stars rather than torches, they communicated their fire to no one, and simply served to make the general dullness discernible.

With the Restoration France sank into repose; desolated and weary after her terrible death-dance, she asked for nothing so much as rest, and yawned in the face of those who sought to arouse in her a healthy literary appetite. The few who were awake had no eye for the poverty of Picard's wit or the stupidity of Madame Cottin. They yielded themselves up to be amused, languidly, yet contentedly; who should amuse them was no concern of theirs: the Academy and the censors had that responsibility.

As the nation recovered from her lethargy, with that wonderful recuperative power which we have all marveled at in the present day, signs of better times for literature began to appear. In 1819 Casimir Delavigne produced a tragedy, "*Vêpres Siciliennes*," which, partly owing to intrinsic merit, partly to pertinent and pungent political hits, had an immense success with the people. With the critics it was far less popular. M. Delavigne had, in 1815, published a famous work, "*Messéniennes*," which displayed considerable hostility to the returning Bourbons. The minister of Louis XVIII had overlooked this, or at least acted as if he had, for he appointed the young poet librarian of the chancery. True, there was no library there, but that was irrelevant: an administration which could make a seaport out of Augoulême was not likely to hesitate at such a *bagatelle* as this. But the conservative journals did not forget the disloyalty, and revenged themselves on the play, which was, indeed, far from free of offense in the same direction. The tragedy itself was written in a spirit of compromise: it was about equidistant from what the classicists demanded and what the young students would have had it, and can hardly be placed among the works which precipitated the grand agitation.

From this time to the publication of "*Cromwell*," in 1827, no manifestation worthy of notice was made by the disaffected. During this peri-

od, the state of literature can not be better described than by a quotation from a newspaper critique by Charles Nodier, in 1822: "The classicists continue to reign, in the name of Aristotle, over European literature; but they reign like those dethroned kings who have preserved of their power nothing but acknowledged rights and the vain array of a title without authority. Their domain is but a vast desert, the productions of which, languishing and withering in their birth, attest only the arid poverty of an exhausted soil and a decrepit nature. If the arts undertake any monument worthy of posterity, it must be upon another foundation. If some genius, abounding in rich hopes, arises, it will be under another banner. The classicists find favor with the journals, the academies, the literary circles. The romanticists are successful in the theatres, in the book-store, and the *salon*. The first are approved; the others are read."

The genius who was to head this predicted revolt was already famous as a royalist poet! Since a history of the movement necessitates an extended notice of its leader, it may be well to give some little space here to a glance at his early life.

VICTOR HUGO first made his bow to the public in 1816, when only fourteen years of age. When, at the age of nineteen, he obtained permission from his father to become an author, he was already the pet of the Academy and the admiration of select *salons*. Each succeeding year increased the universal amazement at his precocity. From 1826 to the present day, for fifty years, he has been the acknowledged master of French poetry.

The boy-poet entered the realm of letters seriously, devotedly, and in a spirit of consecration. No crusader ever couched lance with more chivalrous or knightly motives. His mother was a Vendéan refugee, an ultra-royalist; his father a general of the grand army, and Bonapartist to the core. Naturally enough, the warmth of their political opinions created a coolness between them. The veteran saw but little of his children, and left their education wholly to the mother. Hence Victor's early royalism. At the Restoration, the long-standing coolness burst into open enmity, and the general took the urchins from their mother and placed them in a school at Paris. They were far from pleased at this, and it merely increased their regard for all that their mother believed. Victor burst into a poetic frenzy of loyalty; looking through his mother's eyes, he saw nothing but glory in the Bourbons, nothing that was not sacred in the Church, and made hatred of Napoleon the essence of his creed. Her death, which occurred in 1821, did not weaken this feeling. In behalf of her mem-

ory—to which an altar-fire has ever burned in his soul—he drew his sword still more violently in defense of the king and the bishops.

In 1822 he gave to the world his first volume of odes. They were, to use the words of a contemporary, "productions stamped with an impress of the loftiest religious and royalist enthusiasm, perfectly classic in form, but heedless of ancient traditions, almost exclusively devoted to the great things of feudal times, resonant with the shock of buckler and lance, shouting the old war-cry '*Montjoie Saint-Denis!*' imbued with a delicious perfume of chivalry and faith, and vivid with men-at-arms, and squires, and pages, and melancholy *châtelaines*, and steel-clad knights." The experiment met with a flattering success. The king gave him an annuity, the journals spoke kindly, and everybody predicted great things of the young poet.

We have noticed Victor's aversion for his father. To him the brave old veteran appeared a sort of arbitrary stranger, who only came to see his children when he had something disagreeable for them to swallow, who had made the young student drop his lyre, and take up alien Euclid, who had ill treated the kindest of wives and mothers, and who, to cap the climax, had married again. In other words, the poet no less than the poems, was under the influence of sentiment rather than justice. In 1823 circumstances brought the two together, and Victor found that he had done his father gross injustice. The general was really an excellent man. We are inclined to regard this meeting as pregnant with results. Although still clinging to his hatred of the empire, and his veneration for the *fleurs-de-lis*, it is probable that this discovery of a flaw in his prejudices was the turning-point in his career, and, by prompting a closer examination into the merits of his doctrines, led to their ultimate abandonment. The shrewd old veteran had predicted this; years before he had said to General Lucotte: "Let time do its work. The child is of the mother's opinion; the man will be of the father's."

At this time the young poet was the hope and pride of the royalist party. The king had annotated his odes with his own royal thumb-nail; Chateaubriand had called him *the sublime child*; he was in receipt of two pensions from the throne. Here, one would think, were material advantages and flattering honors sufficient to silence the still, small voice, and overbalance any desires to break through the rose-chains of royalty; but the same devotion to conscience which characterized his entrance upon a literary career marked his actions when he arrived at its turning-point. "I make small account," said he, "of the spirit of compromise, promiscuous

creeds, and conventional traditions; because I think that a prudent man ought to examine everything with his reason before accepting anything: if he is deceived, it will not be his fault." And again: "When one has a tranquil conscience and a good purpose, he ought to walk with firm step upon trembling ground." Surely, this man will not prostitute his talents; mistaken he may often be; willfully wrong, never.

In 1824 Chateaubriand was ejected from the cabinet, "like," as he describes it, "a valet who had stolen the king's watch from the mantel." As might have been expected, he showed his teeth maliciously. He devoted his next three years to the punishment of his adversary, Vil  le; he attacked his whilom associates of the ministry, tooth and nail. The quarrel assumed proportions as alarming as they were unexpected. Everybody took sides; our young royalist defended Chateaubriand vehemently. He even went further than his principal: the ex-minister waged war on the ministry alone; Hugo assailed the whole monarchical system.

In 1825 Prosper M  rim  e published "The Theatre of Clara Gazul," professedly translated from the Spanish, under the pseudonym of Joseph Lestrangle. This created a sensation akin to that of a thunderbolt in the camp of the classicists. At the same time, it aroused the energies of the younger authors who were ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the coming conflict, of which the first gun had been sounded. It stimulated their industry, and during the succeeding year the romanticists, though still unorganized, began to make themselves heard.

In January of the following year, Victor Hugo published a new edition of his odes, augmented by new odes and ballads, which gave evidence of an entire revolution in the mind of the author. They were accompanied by a preface, which announced to the classicists the appearance of a new and by no means despicable foe. As a matter of course, they hurled themselves violently against the poet and his book, and denounced just as vigorously as they had applauded four years before.

The work created the wildest enthusiasm among the romanticists. Sainte-Beuve, at that time a surgeon, threw up a lucrative position in a frenzy of literary ambition, and entered upon a literary career with a glowing apostrophe to the new book. He was immediately recognized as a master-mind, and warmly welcomed by the young school who now recognized Hugo as their leader, and built their hopes upon his genius.

This school, shortly after to be known as "La Jeune France," was a fusion of all the disaffected elements existing at the time. Its influence was not confined to the fine arts, to literature, and

the stage. The Revolution of July was not less a triumph of this progressive class than the production of "Henri III." For several years a leaven of discontent had been at work with the people. Under the gilded, *blas  *, self-possessed stratum of the conservative society, a thousand elements of discord were gnawing ceaselessly at the foundations of the throne, the clergy, the aristocracy, and all else that was dear to the heart of the *bourgeois*. Socialists, communists, republicans, liberty-lovers of every description, were banded together in this work. The students, the young Bohemians of the opposition press, the *enfants* of the *caf  s*, the Latin quarter, the attics of Menilmontant, fed this smoldering fire with all the radical fervor of two-and-twenty. With the impetuosity characterizing a state which can by no possibility become worse than it already is, these ragged babes of the Muses assumed control of the movement. The onslaught upon the classical school was but the opening of their battle; through the breaches made by the pen, the children of the barricade and the tricolor were to appear upon the scene. A blow leveled at the classicists was a blow in the face of conservatism. Through Aristotle they pummeled Charles X. If they were powerless to mold France to their liking, they at least could put their models on exhibition before the world. If they were as yet too weak to meet monarchy behind a barricade, they could laugh it to scorn on the stage. We are not saying that every leader of the romantic school had precisely this end in view; but it was the controlling idea of the body. While, in this case particularly, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw sharp lines between a pure literary enthusiasm and that which is subordinate to political fervor, we do not believe that many of the palms which applauded "Hernani," in February of 1830, were free from participation in the barricade-building of the following July.

Hitherto, the chief obstacle in the path of the innovators had been a want of organization, or at least of a leader who should announce a decisive plan of procedure. This lack was supplied in December of 1827 by Victor Hugo, who threw off any pretense of ambiguity, and placed himself at the head of young France in the preface of his first drama, "Cromwell." This preface was alarmingly voluminous, and as revolutionary as the most ardent romanticist could have desired. It contained an entire poetic system. In it he cut loose from all the past glory of French letters, and offered a substitute of his own. He divided the race into three epochs, primitive, ancient, and modern, and poetry into three corresponding departments, the ode, the epic, and the drama, as illustrated by the Bible, Homer,

and Shakespeare. Upon the system of the last named he based his laws for the drama. "The characteristic of the drama," he said, "is reality; reality results from the natural combination of two types, the sublime and the grotesque, which cross in the drama as they cross in life and in creation; all that is in nature is in art." This bold manifesto, which declared war to the hilt upon Aristotle and Racine, and calmly ignored the existence of Corneille and Voltaire, produced the effect of an avalanche upon the classicists. The accompanying drama, which was to illustrate the beauties of the author's position, was wellnigh lost sight of in the acrimonious discussion which the preface provoked. Personally we are not acquainted with it, and are therefore incompetent to speak of its merits; but, if contemporary criticism be reliable, our incompetency is a matter of grave self-congratulation rather than of lament. It is said to be prolix, wellnigh interminable, and withal royally insipid. However, the abuse it received—deservedly, perhaps—from the classical critics, was more than balanced by the tumultuous greeting it received at the hands of the young Bohemians, who joyfully hailed Hugo as their champion, and made his preface their rallying-cry. Only as marking an era in the fight of the rival factions is this Cromwellian venture worthy of note.

In 1828, Frédéric Soulié succeeded, through the influence of Jules Janin, then in the first flush of critical notoriety, in getting "*Roméo et Juliette*" presented at the Odéon, where "*Der Freyschiütz*" had been having a successful run. Both Shakespeare and Weber ranked high on the romantic calendar, and the young upholsterer's translation from the English poet shared with the grand music of the German the enthusiastic plaudits of the reformers.

The same year Victor Hugo gave to the public "*Les Orientales*," one of the finest poetical works in the language. In thought it ranks below his later works; but for simple word-painting, for delicacy of outline, harmony, and richness of coloring, and witchery alike of imagery and rhyme, it stands unrivaled. It had an unprecedented success. Almost simultaneously was issued the "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," which treats a somewhat repugnant subject with wonderful truth, and, as a powerful protest against the death-penalty, deserves careful consideration. This also was hailed by his followers with enthusiasm.

His dramatic path had fewer roses, and a disheartening preponderance of thorns. "Cromwell" was manifestly unfit for the stage. His "Amy Robsart," an old, rejected manuscript which he gave to a young admirer, and which was presented under the friend's name at the

Odéon, was hissed mercilessly. Hugo avowed the authorship, his friends made a point of applauding it, the agitation spread to the Latin quarter, and the luckless drama was suppressed by the government. "*Marion de Lorme*," begun on the 1st and finished on the 24th of June, 1829, was highly praised by the friends to whom it was read; but the censors saw in Louis XIII, governed by the great cardinal, a secret allusion to Charles X and the Jesuits, and forbade its representation. M. Hugo appealed to the king in person; his Majesty was gracious, said many sweet things, but a few days after added his refusal to that of the ministers. The handsome annuity with which he sought to gild this pill, the poet declined spiritedly.

Early in February of 1830, "*Hernani*," by Victor Hugo, was announced for the 26th. The two dramatic schools were at this time in a paroxysm of excitement. In rancor and malignity they had reached a point unattainable, and almost unimaginable, in this age and country. "Nobody," said Moreau, "is now respected, if he be above eighteen years of age." The controversy had not lacked fuel during the preceding year. Two new luminaries had risen above the romantic horizon—Alexandre Dumas and Alfred de Vigne. M. Dumas, who had nine years before begun to compose tragedies under the impression that "to write for the theatre was a trade like any other, and only required practice," received his first impulse in the right direction from witnessing Macready in "*Hamlet*," in 1827. This magnificent performance opened for him a new world of untold wealth. Under its inspiration he wrote two plays, "*Christine*" and "*Henri III.*" The latter named was produced in 1829, and met with an uproarious success. The young men were almost delirious in their applause. It was their first triumph. Flushed with victory as complete as it was unexpected, they overwhelmed the cold, cutting criticisms of the classicists with hot-headed, vehement retorts. De Vigny took up the thread as Dumas dropped it, and put upon the boards a very spirited translation of "*Othello*." We have before us a criticism of the day, which calls Shakespeare "a Vandal," and states that he "was parading before the astonished eyes of the public in all the African nudity of '*Othello*.'"¹ This is an exceedingly mild ensample of the stuff which the classicists employed, in their vain attempt to stay the tide. M. de Vigny, whose "*Cinq Mars*" (1825) ranks—for purity, ease, and truth—among the foremost historical romances of any day or language, and whose character was above reproach, was the recipient of a perfect tempest of Billingsgate, which, in its furious vilification, would have done justice to Trauppmann. The Paris journals,

always prone to personalities, teemed with the foulest epithets. Respectable old gentlemen of the *ancien régime*, theatre-goers of Voltaire's time, who brought in their families to enjoy the plays, were hooted at by the *gamin*, as if they had been so many Punches. Audiences not infrequently drowned the acts by brawling and fighting in the pit. When it became known that a play of Victor Hugo's was about to be presented, everybody felt instinctively that the battle of the campaign was impending. The young men nerved themselves for the assault; the critics sharpened their pens with a malicious smile; Paris waited with bated breath for the opening night. A week before its production another theatre gave a burlesque of "Hernani," which, while giving a certain idea of the play to the public, held up its various scenes—especially that of the portraits—to uproarious laughter. Spies had been secreted in the Théâtre Français, where it was in process of rehearsal, and had given its salient points to the hostile camp. All Paris laughed over the witticisms of the extravaganza and the piquant blackguardism of the journals. Never had a drama been so near being killed before it was born.

Finally, the eventful night arrived. That venerable stronghold of classicism, the Théâtre Français, opened its doors to the Goths, and "Hernani" was given to the dramatic world on the author's twenty-eighth birthday. The story of its reception, as told by Madame Hugo, is one of the most amusing passages in the history of literature. We can not but regret that the limitations of space forbid its reproduction. Hugo obstinately refused to employ or tolerate that patriarchal auxiliary of the Parisian stage, the *claque*. His friends were surprised and alarmed; they attempted to point out the folly of such a resolve, but argue, expostulate, plead as they might, they were powerless to shake it. The poet's position—"that to a new order of things a new public was necessary; that his public must resemble his drama; that, desiring a free art, he desired a free pit"—was impregnable. Nothing daunted, his disciples ransacked the Latin quarter, the attics, and the *cafés*, and marshaled an army of ragged, disheveled, youthful Bohemians—a volunteer *claque*, which supplied by devotion what it lacked in experience. "For fear of being too late, the young battalions came too early. The door was not open, and during a whole hour the innumerable passers of the Rue Richelieu saw a band of wild and curious beings accumulating, bearded, long-haired, dressed in all styles—except the fashionable one—in Spanish cloak, waistcoat *à la Robespierre*, cap *à la Henri III*, with all ages and all countries upon their shoulders and their heads, in the

heart of Paris and in broad daylight. The *bourgeois* stopped, astounded and indignant." In this strange assemblage we see many who later climb high on the ladder of fame. "M. Théophile Gautier," at that time only nineteen years old, "especially insulted all eyes by a scarlet satin waistcoat, and heavy hair which fell to his loins." Later, Honoré Balzac, then poor and unknown, gets hit with a cabbage-stump. That night the *claqueurs* had it all their own way. The remembrance of the parody provoked some laughter, and sundry malignants hissed feebly as a matter of conscience; but the bulk of the audience forgot their prejudices, and acknowledged the power of the drama by generous applause. "The *dénoûment* was an intoxication; there was a shower of bouquets at the feet of Mademoiselle Mars; the name of the author was received with acclamation, even by the boxes; five or six only were mute; not one protested." When the curtain fell, Hugo had already sold his drama to a publisher for six thousand francs, and everybody, whether friendly or not, deemed it a success. But the inner breastwork, the citadel of the classicists, was defiant still. The journals—with the exception of the "Journal des Débats," of which Janin was dramatic critic—attacked "Hernani" with savage fury. They confounded author, play, and audience in one common denunciation. Royalist, moderate, liberal, all were unanimous in emptying their vials of sarcasm, ridicule, and wrath upon the poet, his pitiful drama, and the "ragged banditti" who applauded it. At this the humbler classicists took heart, went again, and laughed aloud at scenes which, in their ignorance, they had admired on the opening night. The Bohemians resented this inconsistency, and redoubled their applause. For forty-five nights clouds of hisses, thundering cheers, mingled laughter and applause, mutual recriminations, and not infrequently fisticuffs, filled the auditorium of the staid old Théâtre Français. "The hundred"—for, after the first night, that number of seats were placed at the author's disposal—"lost in this mass, did not yield; their youth and their conviction excited them to rage in that hurricane. They stood out against the multitude, defended the scenes line by line, abandoned no hemistich; they stamped, they roared, they insulted the hissers. M. Ernest de Saxe-Coburg," a natural son of the reigning duke, and a vehement admirer of Victor Hugo, "knew neither age nor sex. A young woman laughed loudly during the scene of the portraits:

"Madame," said he, "you should not laugh; you show your teeth."

Old men, with bald, venerable heads, hissed vociferously in the orchestra-chairs. He yelled,

"To the guillotine, old knock-knees!" In short, the closing scene of chaos was enacted gratuitously by the audience.

Despite the formidable resistance shown by the critics, the cause of the classicists had received a death-blow. The fear that they had of the romanticists' chief may be seen by the vigor with which they strove to prevent the appearance of his play. In their despair they would have invoked the logic of military intervention. The Academy, scandalized at having the sanctuary of Racine defiled by barbarians, carried its protests to the foot of the throne. Charles X replied, with a good sense that would have served him well five months later, "In matters of art I have no more power than appertains to a place in the pit." The waters which were too troubled to be calmed, even by the sacred oil of Rheims, were forcibly soothed by the Revolution of July.

The triumph of the dramatic branch of the agitation was unequivocal. "Marion de Lorme," which had been interdicted by the old *régime*, was more than a success under the new. Dumas's beautiful drama of "Antony" had preceded it by a few weeks, and met with a flattering reception. Soulié, De Vigny, and others less famous, followed in their footsteps, and stocked the stage with successful plays. Of Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia" (1832), and "Ruy Blas," produced, we believe, in 1838, are best known to American audiences, through the media of Ristori and Fechter. The classical reaction which was attempted by Ponsard and St. Ybars, and which had for its soul the antique Rachel, enjoyed but a brief success. Melodrama had already inscribed an epitaph on the tomb of Tragedy.

In the domain of poetry the victory was no less complete, though the contest had been far less bitter. From the first, Victor Hugo had been acknowledged to be one of the great poets of France. In his "Orientales" he had brought the French language to a degree of ductility never before attained, and reached the very acme of the beautiful in form. In 1832 he added to the glory of the language as much as to his own fame by "Les Feuilles d'Automne," the sweetest if not the greatest of modern poems. To the delicate grace of his earlier lays is wedded the majestic splendor of ripened thought. To the beautiful in form is added the beautiful in soul. Before this masterpiece of genius the bickerings of the critics were hushed. To hiss "Hernani" was one thing; to sneer at the "Prayer for All" was another.

The novel is the field in which the reformers exerted the most lasting influence, and in which their efforts will be best appreciated by the bulk of American readers, to whom Hugo the poet is as great a stranger as Chaucer, and Dumas as a

dramatist scarcely better known than Ben Jonson. The first notable novel of the new school was "Cinq Mars," by De Vigny, already mentioned. In February of 1831 appeared Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," the most powerful work of fiction that had yet been produced in France, if not in Europe. To use the author's words, in a private letter: "It is a picture of Paris in the fifteenth century, and of the fifteenth century as related to Paris. . . . The book has no historical pretensions, except, perhaps, to paint with some science and some conscience, but only by glimpses and snatches, the state of customs, beliefs, laws, arts, of the civilization, in short, of the fifteenth century." Viewing it as such, it has an intrinsic value not generally recognized. By a series of glimpses, it is true, but none the less with masterly handling, it places before us *old* Paris, the Paris of the Valois, with all the ornate splendor of Macaulay and the minuteness of Mignet. Beside its graphic sketch of that strange duo—Louis XI and hangman L'Hermite—the more elaborate portrait in "Quentin Durward," in our estimation, is weak and puerile. As a vivid and artistic reproduction of a dead age, we know of nothing in the English language—unless it may be "Romola"—that is its equal.

Of its merits as a work of fiction there is more to be said. Written in the heat of the dramatic agitation, it embodies, more fully, perhaps, than any other work, the peculiar ideas set forth by the author in his preface to "Cromwell," and may be taken as a fair representative of all that was condemned by the critics of France, England, and America, in the new school. The basis of the romantic creed was antithesis, the continual contrast of evil and good. The conflict between the two makes human life what we find it: "All that is in nature, belongs of right to art." We are forced to admit that, in the exaggerated enthusiasm of a first success, these young men carried their idea to an absurd excess. They forgot that there is in nature an infinite variety of exquisitely graded middle-tints; they painted altogether too much in dazzling white and unmitigated lampblack. Everything that was not angelic they handed over to Lucifer. As a result, they confused the natural lines between the good and bad, and lifted up into the cherubic ranks some very shabby specimens of humanity. But successful revolutions very rarely stop on the lines that prudence would draw. Eyes flushed with triumph are seldom capable of nice discrimination. Mounted on a hobby, it is the easiest matter in the world to leap unwittingly from the grand to the grotesque, from the wise to the wicked. The young enthusiasts of the pre-Raphaelite school of English furnish us

with a pertinent illustration. They carried a very true idea to an unquestionably false extreme. To-day, no doubt, they laugh at their juvenile folly; but, in admitting their indiscretion, they are very far from abandoning the idea that had served them then as a banner. The world of art has come to admit that their error lay, not in the fundamental principle which they fought for, but in the extreme to which they carried their application of that principle. In not quite so fair a spirit the critical world admits—tacitly, at least—the justice of Victor Hugo's theories of art in literature, but places its ban upon his vigorous attempts to illustrate those theories, and set them fairly on their feet before the world. A jury of illiterate farmers will distinguish between a man who violates law in an enthusiastic desire to aid a perfectly pure and exalted cause and one who is moved by wanton greed or malice. Shall a jury of educated, catholic-spirited critics be less fair?

As to the theory upon which Hugo, Madame Dudevant, Balzac, and their less famous associates worked, it is to-day not a dubious venture, but an established and universally employed principle. All modern fiction is based upon it. "Our Mutual Friend," "Philip," "The Scarlet Letter," "Anne Furness," and "Castle Nowhere," are but stories of a structure the foundations of which are "Notre-Dame," "Indiana," and "Père Goriot."

Reverting for a moment to "Notre-Dame": M. Hugo alienated much sympathy by coupling the grotesque, the deformed, with virtue. His Quasimodo, who stands for true, unselfish devotion, and who, from first to last, has the best wishes of the reader, is a loathsome monstrosity, capable of giving lessons in repulsiveness to our modern "What is it?" who makes the reader shudder in the midst of his sympathy. This idea—which the author has modified in his later and greater works—has been mercilessly condemned without being really understood. It seems to us properly attributable to that intense devotion to and feeling for the degraded, ignorant, and suffering, which is so prominent a feature in French reformers, and which we colder northerners, with our practical motto, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom," are at a loss to comprehend. Victor Hugo was filled with the wrongs of feudalism, the blight of aristocracy, the unspeakable oppression of the peasantry. From the extreme of loyalty to the Bourbons, he had passed to the ultra-limit of devotion to the people. In his enthusiasm he invested the masses with all the virtues; their crimes he laid at the doors of those who had kept them in ignorance. His great soul revolted at the injustice of the caste-loving classicists,

who invariably arrayed chastity in satins, plumes, and diamond buckles. He burned to destroy this ruinous notion, this wholesale assumption of all the honors by the class least deserving of any. Hence Quasimodo, the hideous, the despised, the ragged, with the soul of an archangel. To our mind it was a whole-souled protest against the idea that a repulsive exterior implied a vicious heart—and nothing more. But England, with her horror of Robespierre, and her hatred of Napoleon and his plebeian marshals, drew up her dress to her ears, and shrieked in a nightmare of disgust over such a monster. She refused to look at the idea held up, but lashed herself into a paroxysm of rage at the manner in which it was presented. She has laughed for two hundred years over Falstaff, a morally bankrupt buffoon, whose life was of the lowest and whose very thoughts were filth; yet for honest, earnest, devoted Quasimodo she had nothing but shuddering contempt. To us this is a curious manifestation of petty spleen.

With the unequivocal triumph of "Notre-Dame" the history of the movement properly ends. Although the master was silent for many years after, his place as a novelist was worthily filled. George Sand, Honoré Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, and a host of lesser lights stepped forward through the gate opened by "The Hunchback," and opened a new world of fiction. The excellences and discrepancies of these are too well known, and have been too thoroughly canvassed to need any comment here. In the domain of verse Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, and others scarcely less worthy, won enviable reputations, and added to the poetry of France some of its brightest gems.

The movement we have traced was not confined in its influence to the lighter branches of literature. It emancipated history as well as poetry, science no less than art. Sainte-Beuve, with his quaint originality, his terse, idiomatic language, his keen, piquant criticisms of men and things; Gautier, with his delicately tinted pictures of European scenery and manners, his perfect language—reminding one of the introduction to "Mosses from an Old Manse"—his masterly critiques upon art; Mérimée, in his triple glory of poet, archæologist, and novelist; Michelet, the graphic, the sympathetic, the champion of everything human; Houssaye, Janin, Karr—these are but rich blossoms of the romanticist tree.

The leaders of *La Jeune France* have nearly all passed away—its days of triumph are forgotten; the works which thrilled its young heart lie covered with dust on musty shelves; but the impulse it gave to letters is all-powerful still. It

marks the line between the formulas of the eighteenth century and the truths of the nineteenth. It brought into the desert of classicism fresh flowers and warbling birds, strong groupings and rich tints, a world of passions, loves, and hates. It brought man into the drama, where he had been stifled, into the novel, where he had been frozen, and into history, where he had been trampled under foot by majestic royalty. It led art—the perquisite of palaces—into the humblest cottages; it painted virtue in rags, honesty in hovels. The romanticists threw off the incubus of a literary aristocracy. They leavened the world with republican notions of liberty, fraternity, and equality. They familiarized the race with the great idea—the brotherhood of humanity. They were the pioneers of a new world. Mother Nature, recognized by Rousseau, Goethe, Chateaubriand, it was theirs to explore. Standing upon the threshold of this new

sphere, they were dazzled by its wonderful contrasts of light and shade, its sumptuous coloring, its sensuous luxuriance of form, its appalling heights and depths, its amazing infinity of possibilities. They rushed into extravagances, like Ponce de Leon and De Soto of old. Admiration of the beautiful too often became lust; the laws of this new nature were too often mere license. But their faults are ascribable to misconception rather than to willful mendacity. “*Les Misérables*” corrects “*Notre-Dame*,” “*Consuelo*” sets nobly right the extravagances of “*Indiana*.” The chief claim of *La Jeune France* to honor at our hands is, not in its contributions to the various branches of literature, but in the fact that it vindicated the freedom of the pen, and led the way for the present school of English-writing novelists, of whom we are justly proud.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

THE BLEAK WIND OF MARCH.

“ALL the same, some men are brutes,” said my companion.

This was at a wedding, and my companion was a chance companion. The seat we occupied was in the rear of the church, among other whispering and uninvited folk. We had gazed our fill, and were about following the better class of invited guests in fine clothes, out of the church. The bridal party had been gone some time. The guests were chatting, and pulling their light cloaks over their shoulders, and waiting about the vestibule for their carriages. My companion, who might have been a dressmaker, seemed divided between some emotion stirred by the ceremony just passed and interest in the dresses being covered up by the light cloaks. She did not seem in a hurry to go, and, as she was at the head of the pew, I was a prisoner. She pinned her striped shawl tightly over her chest, and repeated her remark, but did not offer to pass out. I had been rather amused by her bitter little confidences at first, but was getting tired.

It seemed a little funny to talk of men being brutes after looking at the soft, peach-colored, downy lad at whose nuptials we had just been assisting. The black-eyed young woman, whom he had led captive, though veiling her brutality under white lace and flowers, appeared much more capable of it than he.

“I could tell you something,” she said.

I saw she was very anxious to tell it, and I

had no objection to hearing anything in reason. So I said:

“Suppose we walk along together, and you can tell me as we go. The sexton will be waiting to shut up the church.”

She gave a last look at the light cloaks (they were by this time on the pavement) and consented. I was in a strange city, and did not much care whether I walked with a striped shawl or a velvet polonaise; besides, I have always rather liked to hear things. So I said, as we walked along:

“It isn’t anything about the people we have just seen married? For I don’t even know their names.”

She said that she did not, either, and that what she told me was in no way connected with them. But she never could see any one married without thinking of it, and she did not believe I could either, after she had told me. She had seen the woman married whose story I was to hear, and had also known her tolerably well, I inferred from what she said. But here is what she told me:

“Louisa Miller was a young American girl living in some small town, who had considerable good looks, and was amiable and rather attractive. I fancy her family were plain people, perhaps small tradespeople, but I do not know. Somewhere she met a German, a respectable merchant in the city. He was fascinated by her

pretty face and gentle manners, and in a few months, with the approbation of her parents, they were married and came to the city to live. The husband did not feel disposed, or able, to burden himself with an establishment of his own, and so he took her to a boarding-house. And in 'two pair front' their lares and penates were set up.

"In that way they lived year after year, and there her first and only child was born, a boy. She was very weary and unoccupied till this time, having no household duties, and being in a strange city, and not being, by education or inclination, able to entertain herself with books. I am afraid she was rather a weak woman, but I am sure she was gentle and well-intentioned. Her husband, who was superior to her in education and position, was much disappointed at her inaptitude for books, and showed that he was ashamed of her when, occasionally, he brought some of his comrades to their rooms to spend an evening. The difference of nationality also came in as a source of trouble; the wife keenly felt all the sneers of her husband at American ways and customs. In fact, they were ill-mated, and both sore and disappointed, the wife tacitly so. She was not the kind to define her griefs and know what was the matter with her; but she was dreary and discontented, and wished a hundred times a day that she were back again at home. The husband bore his disappointment with German phlegm, and, if he complained, it was rarely, and then to some pipe-and-lager companion who never spread the matter. He was not ungenerous to his wife in the matter of money, and generally spent his evenings at home, but treated her with alternate indifference and harshness.

"After the birth of the child, however, things righted themselves a little. He was fond of the baby, and proud of it, and much interested in all the nursery details, but also a good deal disposed to be tyrannical. The wife was so happy that she submitted cheerfully to this at first. Her life was now quite changed: she was the happiest and busiest of women. After the first year she had no nurse for the child, taking care of it herself, making its clothes, carrying it into the street, feeding it from her own plate, living with no other thought in her mind day or night. She had as little regard for her own comfort as for her husband's. She neglected her own dress to tuck and puff and embroider for little Louis. When her husband came home to dinner he found her frequently not dressed, the room in confusion, and Louis being put to bed. This was not wise, but she had not been born wise.

"For a year or two this went on; then the father began openly to assert his authority, and

to interfere in many matters. He had cut his wife off from her own people since the child was born. He would not allow her to take him to them on a visit, and she had no home to which they could come. This was a grief to her at first, but Louis compensated her for everything. She grew indifferent to her home and people. But, having no one to consult about the child, of course she made mistakes, in his treatment, and these mistakes were used against her by her husband. He treated her contemptuously, and fretted her by continual opposition. She was naturally timid, but like an animal in her fealty to her young. From this, of course, arose deception; she did not have courage to oppose her husband, but she did find cunning to outwit him. Not a very happy state of things, but not so rare as could be wished. It would have been better for poor Louisa if she had been stronger in intellect and weaker in affection.

"The house in which they lived was comfortable and respectable, a third-rate boarding-house, suitable to persons of small means. Louisa in early days had ambitioned a little house of their own, had earnestly longed for even a 'floor,' a little domain in which she could be mistress. She knew that she could cook, and could well manage such a *ménage*, could even in it command her husband's respect, and make him satisfied. But this she could not tell him, being of an inarticulate nature: only he knew she wanted the home, and he refused it. It suited him to board, and live in two rooms up two flights of stairs, and have his wife a spurious lady.

"She hated her life, and pined, as I have said, till her baby was born, and then all that should have gone to making a housekeeper and making a good wife went to making an exaggerated mother. Louis's clothes were more to her than the salvation of the heathen or the destruction of the commonwealth. Whereas most weak-minded women, happily placed, talk of their servants and their children and their houses, this one could only talk of her one child; or, rather, think of him and not talk of him, to her husband at least. With the women of the house she could open her heart about measles and whooping-cough and the scarlet fever; but with her husband she was shy and afraid of opposition. And so he had small enjoyment of either wife or child.

"Louis was a pretty boy, brown-eyed and soft-skinned like his mother; and, sad to relate, a little timid, after her pattern. He clung to her, and, as was to be looked for, was afraid of his father. It was an understood thing that the father disapproved of all that was nicest and most delightful to him. His father disapproved of his being sung to, and sat by when he went

to sleep at night; of his playing with the little dolls which were dear to his soul; of his having sweet things to eat, and of his being kept indoors so much. And so the house was divided against itself—the two weak against the one strong.

"When Louis was about six years old he was still certainly very much of a baby. He certainly had been coddled. There was no question that he was very timid, very backward, and very delicate. All this the father, in phlegmatic wrath, imputed to the mother's treatment of him, forgetting that a good deal was inheritance and a good deal the inevitable result of his surroundings. A life in two hot rooms under the care of a mother who has no other thought or interest, is not the school for hardy manhood. Louis was not manly, but he was very pretty, and very dear to his mother's heart. In fact, he was her heart, her religion, her life. There was nothing besides him that she craved, or asked, or hoped.

"One evening the father came home from business rather early, but with a frown a little darker, and a manner a little colder, than was his dreary wont. There had been bitter hostility for several days past, and a forced peace had succeeded an outbreak more than usually severe. When the father opened the door Louis was sitting peacefully at his mother's feet cutting paper dolls. Paper dolls had been the rock on which they had split before, so Louis crept to the shelter of his mother, and hid his treasure in his apron.

"What are you doing there," said the father, laying down his coat and hat, and keeping a cruel eye upon the child.

"Louis hung his head and did not answer.

"Speak," said the father. "I like to have an answer when I put a question."

"His mother telegraphed him to give an answer.

"Playing," said Louis, faintly, not meeting his father's eye, but keeping his face turned toward his mother, to gather assurance and direction. It is not pleasant to be in the room with two people who telegraph what answers they shall make you, even if they are only a woman and a child.

"Playing with what?" said the father, in wrath, and he plunged his hand into the boy's apron, and brought out a handful of the proscribed dolls. With a sniff of contempt he crushed them together and threw them on the floor. At this Louis began to whimper; not a good honest bawl. His father thought he could have stood that, but a boy of six years old who whimpered, and who hadn't the pluck to cry even, was below contempt. So he boxed his ears—a good tingling box from a strong hand—

and sat down by the light to read his evening paper. Even the box did not bring on the bawl, but an agonized increase of the whimper, smothered in his mother's arms.

"A boy six years old playing with paper dolls," said the father, from over his newspaper, swelling with wrath at the sound of the continued wail. "When I was six years old my mother used to send me a mile away across the ice to take her eggs to market. She did not keep me all day toasting by a hot register, cutting paper dolls."

"At this the mother gave Louis a tighter squeeze, and whispered something seditious in his ear. She had heard this comparison so often, I am afraid she wished that there had been a thin place in the ice the last day that he carried his mother's eggs to market. She did not say this to Louis, of course, but Louis understood her squeeze to be seditious, and was comforted. Not so the father, who was as much irritated by the quiet as by the noise; but for some reason he contained himself.

"You have played with your last paper doll," he muttered, between his teeth, as he subsided behind his paper, and no more was said.

"That night, after Louis was in bed, the father said, not looking at his wife as he spoke, which was his way when not communicating anything welcome to her: 'I am going to take Louis to the store with me to-morrow morning. Have him ready.'

"If it's a pleasant day," she said, anxiously, for it was bitter March weather, and the child was liable to croup.

"If it's a pleasant day or if it's an unpleasant day," he said, harshly; "we've had enough of coddling."

"Then the mother knew there was no use in any further speaking, and Louis must go, croup or no croup. Her husband was an importer of wines and groceries—the store was large and cold. There were hatchways down which he might fall; there were a hundred dangers in the dim and dismal place, but she knew it was useless to remonstrate. She hoped Louis would be so in his way that he would never want to take him down again.

"The morning proved cold and windy, but as there was no rain there was no excuse for speaking of her fears. The child was quite happy in the idea of going; it had long been promised to him. Once in the summer he had spent the day there, and he liked the recollection. He was afraid of his father, but it was a great thing to be going to 'the store.' He had on his best suit, and his mother buttoned on his leggings and his gloves and his overcoat, with many charges.

"Be sure you don't forget your tippet when

'you're coming home,' she said. And then she reiterated counsels to the father about his leg-gings and his tippet and his many articles of dress. To all this the father may have paid attention or may not. At any rate, he did not answer her, but that was not anything unusual.

"After she had kissed Louis good-by, and watched him down the stairs, she ran to the window and watched him down the steps, going down one step at a time, and holding to the rail as she had taught him. As he reached the pavement a keen, biting, bleak wind swept down the street." It made him put down his head and clutch his hat, and look pitifully at his father, who was striding ahead.

"'He will forget him! O Gustav! Louis can never walk as fast as that!'" And she opened the window to call, but fortunately the noise of the street kept her foolish appeal from being heard. She watched the boy till he caught up with his father, and till they sharply turned a corner and left her nothing to look at any longer.

"Then she drew in her head with a sigh, and much chilled shut the window down. What should she do all day? This was the second time in his life that she had had to face a day without him. She arranged the room in nicer order than usual. She put his toys neatly in the drawer assigned them. She prepared a little surprise for him among them. Then she finished a little embroidered shirt that she was making. And she watched the weather as the day wore on, and grew hot and cold with apprehension as the wind raged past the window, and sifted the fine March dust under the sill and over her work. It was a dreadful day, and was growing hourly worse. People looked blue and chilled and put their heads down as they hurried past. Women had their hats tied up in veils, blue and gray and brown. Men wore the collars of their coats turned up, and plunged their hands deep in their pockets. The outer hall-doors across the street were shut. People came and stood by the windows, but shivered and went away, and did not sit down by them. The morning had been dark, but the afternoon grew darker. It was winter and March together. It was too cold to snow, and the wind was gusty and fitful, and full of the raw exasperation that March alone is mistress of. The mother grew restless, and hurried on the last button of the shirt, that she might give herself free scope for apprehension, and might watch the weather without let or hindrance.

"She put on her bonnet and cloak and went out to a neighboring toy-shop in the avenue, and bought a little stable that Louis had been longing for. That took up some time, and gave her a sense of occupation and anticipation. She also wanted to know just how bad the day was, and

she found, after she had been out in it, that it was worse than it had looked from the window. Surely, surely, he would have croup to-night. She got the spongia and aconite bottles out. She even got the two glasses ready, and the spoon, and set them on the table. Then she smuggled the stable into a closet and locked it up. For the father did not approve of buying Louis toys. And then she walked about the room, for there was nothing else to do, and looked at the clock, and looked out of the window, and looked at the thermometer. If there had been a fire to have heaped coals on, it would have been a comfort. But there was only a register that pumped its hot and dry and devitalized air into the room and sent the mercury up, but brought little cheer.

"By-and-by the postman brought a letter. This was a diversion. But it was a foreign letter, and was for her husband. She would have liked to tear it to bits, and to scatter it on the bleak March wind that drove past the window. These letters always made her husband more stubborn and tyrannical. This one was from a sister, a stout, hard German woman, whose photograph, in all its ugliness, had to stand on the mantel-piece, and which Louis and she jeered at in seditious whispers.

"This sister-in-law was always sending advice to Gustav about the boy. She was always recommending this or that old-fashioned treatment for the little ailments of childhood, and laying down rules for the improvement of his health and of his mind. She had even sent some hideous clumsy patterns of the underclothes of German children, and the mother had had to make some after them, which were grotesque affairs on the person of the slender little American. And many doses from the German apothecary on the corner had the poor boy been forced to take, through her officious machinations. We naturally hate our sisters-in-law, but a sister-in-law such as this!— Poor Louisa was to be blamed, of course, but was not to be wondered at. She felt that the second great blessing of her life was that this woman and she lived three thousand miles apart.

"So she put the letter on the mantel-piece, next to the abominated picture, and resolved that she would not listen to a word that it contained.

"It was now five o'clock, and there was some excuse for lighting the gas. Then came the weariest hour of all. It was dreadful to think of Louis exposed to such an air at such an hour as this. He had never in winter been out after four o'clock, and then only on the finest, safest days. She heard in imagination the ringing, warning cough, and saw the flush on the poor

little cheek. Why did she let him go? She ought to have fought it out, and kept him at home. There is a sort of mother-anxiety which is like a fever in the veins. She walked about the room, and at some moments trembled with weakness of nerves, at others felt frantic with the desire to go out and hunt for him.

"At last! just on the stroke of six, she heard the latch-key in the door, and the sound of her husband's step in the lower hall. Her poor, silly heart gave a leap, she ran and turned up the gas, and then hurried out into the entry.

"For some reason, on the floor below, the gas had not been lighted. There was just the dimmest light in the lower hall, and none on the floor above, nor on this floor. She forgot all her fears in joy at the return. She remembered, with a little thrill, the surprise in the toy-drawer, the stable in the locked-up closet. She wondered if he had been unhappy without her. If he would dare even to whisper it, with his father in the room. No, he would slip his slim warm little hand in hers, and hold it tight. They understood each other.

"Gustav came up slowly, more slowly than usual, and heavily. She stood by the balusters, and looked down into the dimness, and listened eagerly for the little tread behind the heavy one. Gustav made such a noise with his great boots. She dared not call out 'Louis.'

"But when the step of her husband got nearly to the top of the stairs on their landing-place, her ear discovered that there was no other foot-fall, light or heavy, following him.

"She drew back when her husband passed her alone to go into the room.

"Where—where is Louis?' she asked, hurriedly.

"He passed her stolidly, as was his wont, and did not answer her.

"He had left him in the hall below, perhaps, she thought. He had quarreled with him, and the child was in disgrace and crying, and he had not dared to come up-stairs. She flew down; perhaps he was afraid of the darkness. She called softly, 'Louis, Louis,' as she hurried down.

"But there was no one in the hall, nor on the staircase. She even opened the front door, and glanced up and down the street, where the gaslight was flaring in the savage wind.

"She got up the stairs again, somehow, and stood panting at the door of their own room.

"Where have you left Louis?' she said, taking hold of some piece of furniture near her. Her husband stood with his back to her. He was taking off his boots.

"She repeated the question before he spoke. Then it was a little hoarsely.

"He is safe enough, I hope.'

"I know it, but *where?*'

"She was not afraid of him now, but was quite near him, with her eyes like fire.

"Then the man raised himself, and said brutally, for it was best to have it over with:

"He is outside of Sandy Hook by this time, and deadly sea-sick, I haven't any doubt.'

"She did not swoon; she gave a long, low shriek, and sprang at him, and grasped his throat. I really do not know what ill she might have done him in her mad fury, if she had not been a slight and delicate woman, and he a great heavy brute of a man. He had dreaded this moment, but he had dreaded it none too much. He had feared tears, reproaches, swoonings; but here she was like one mad, and fearing neither him nor Heaven in her horrible reproaches.

"The household was soon roused. This is one sort of secret that can not be kept. The lodgers, the people of the house, the servants, hurried to the room, and in a few moments comprehended all.

"She shall be put into a mad-house if she goes on like this,' said the husband shaking her off, and turning to leave the room, a very little pale.

"You deserve to be put into something worse, if there is such a place,' cried one of the women, hysterically. 'You are a brute—a brute! I only wish you could be killed!'

"Gustav shrugged his shoulders, with a little sarcasm about the license of a woman's tongue. And, in all their wrath, they felt themselves to be inferior creatures as he spoke.

"This is a bad business,' said one of the men of the household to him, looking at the frantic mother, held between two women who were crying with her. Her fury and strength were dying down, and she was shuddering and faint.

"Yes,' said the stolid husband, in reply. 'But a man is master of his own child, I suppose, and can educate it in one place or another, as seems best to him.'

"That is true,' said the other, thoughtfully. 'All the same, it seems a little hard.'

"A little hard; yes, it was a little hard. In the midst of it all Gustav went down to dinner, and some of the servants had to go down to wait on him. And the men had to go down to get theirs. And although no one had great appetite after the scene up-stairs, they all ate fairly, and some of them talked a little politics. None of the women would go down; they had their hands full with the poor creature up those two shabby flights of stairs.

"That was a fearful night. But it was only one night out of many. It makes me sick to

think of her longings for the child; of the hours that she lay awake while he was yet on the ocean; of the terrors she endured lest he should never reach the distant, hard home to which he was dispatched; of the pathetic, hopeless craving that she had to feel his slim little hand in hers once more; of the unspeakable pity that she felt for his loneliness and timidity. She never dwelt upon the fear that he might forget her. She almost wished he might, if it could save him any homesickness.

"When the wind blew, she knew that the steamer had been wrecked, and he was drowned; she moaned and cried, thinking of his soft, brown, dripping hair.

"When she saw the aconite and spongia vials, she knew that he had died of croup on that first cruel March night when he was torn from her care, and sent alone to sea with hirelings.

"When she looked at the hard-faced picture on the mantel-piece, she knew the poor little boy

would die of fear and homesickness if he ever reached her hands.

"And so on, through the cruel and ever-fresh trial. For she did not go mad, and have to be put in a mad-house. An equal fate, perhaps, to that, she had to go on living with him, if one can imagine such a thing. She had to take her pitiful bread at his hands, for she knew no way to earn any for herself. She had no relatives who had means at their command to offer to her. She had neither health, nor talents, nor anything strong about her but her passionate mother-love. She could not follow the child, for she could no more have obtained the money for the long and expensive voyage than she could have collected funds to found a national bank or endow a university. Her weakness bound her, as he knew it would. Sometimes she might hear from Louis, if she staid with him. Otherwise she would be cut off from him entirely. So she staid.

"Three very easy words to say."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW long will it be ere we shall see women generally admitted to practice at the bar? It is fairly foolish to doubt the coming of that time, however much one may oppose the unwished-for consummation. The ladies who are anxious to gain the privilege are determined, persistent, and united, while their opponents are not united, not very determined, and consequently not persistent. Several breaches have already been made in the once well-guarded barriers, and we shall without doubt soon see these breaches widen, the defenses yield point by point, until at last the female battalion will sweep upon and demolish them altogether. To our mind it will not be agreeable or edifying to see our women wrangling at the bar, but we may for the moment suppress our distaste for the picture, and study a little some of the aspects which this new and most unhandsome departure will exhibit.

A court-room is a sort of battle-field, where the contests are fierce, uncompromising, and usually not very scrupulous. A lawyer can not afford to lose any advantages he may possess, whether legal or not, whether essential or accidental. Counsel have gone great lengths at times in their appeals to a jury, and they are pretty sure not to omit anything that is calculated to act upon jurymen's sympathies or prejudices. In view of this fact, will not our new legal pleaders depend upon their personal charms as one means of influence? Shall we see them practice in the courts the same fascinations they

bring to bear upon us in the parlor or the ball-room? Will they bury their feminine attractions under legal robes, as Portia did, and limit themselves to logic and intellectual persuasion, or will they try to win by coy coquetties, by bewildering glances, by dazzling smiles, by all the witcheries their sex possess? Will a fair cheek, a bright eye, a sweet smile, a rounded bosom, an alluring manner, be the resources most in demand, the qualities in a counsel that will be best paid for, the weapons most confidently relied upon in a contest with graybeards with their dull law, their dry facts, and their uncomfortable logic? In short, will it be possible to keep out of the court-room, when women appear as counsel, those things that women elsewhere employ as forces? Women complain that in pursuits generally they are paid less than men. But they are not paid less than men in cases where they can bring in their beauty as a factor. On the stage a fine figure and a handsome face are worth a definite increase of wages; in the court-room perhaps they would also be worth a definite sum, for men in a jury-box are as likely to be susceptible to feminine attractions as when on the benches of a theatre. It may be no worse to see maiden loveliness displaying itself for price before a jury than on the stage; but then it must be remembered that the stage has not been considered exactly conducive to female modesty, so that the parallel, if it is a just one, makes against the idea of women-lawyers.

But would the young Apollos of the bar long consent to be beaten by this peculiar means? If women are to be permitted to enter courts as lawyers, why should they not be required to enter them as jurors? We hear a great deal about women's debarred rights, but not much about women's debarred duties. If one is granted, the other should be insisted upon. Under the practical operation of this idea, with half the jury-box filled with women, the young men of the bar would have the means of meeting their fair opponents under equal conditions. They too could display themselves, and practice fascinations of manner upon susceptible female jurors. We should see a rivalry of personal forces, a contest of good looks and winning manners rather than of wit and logic, a war of smiles and melting glances. This may seem very absurd, but absurdities flourish in many ways, and courts of law are not commonly so wise as to prevent new forms of absurdity gaining entrance there.

If we shall not find young women depending for success upon personal attractions, what other likely picture may we imagine? Shall we see sharp-tongued spinsters shrieking at each other? Shall we see lovely women fiercely wrangling with that confused and inconsequent oburgation that usually characterizes excited and angry ladies? Will our courts become an arena for scolding-combats, a place where feminine tongues shall have ample scope for the exercise of all their powers? What a place a court-room would be for some of those rasping village shrews whose sayings and doings are the main amusement of the town! On the other hand, it may be that scolds abound among women because they have never had fit opportunity for the exercise of redundant energies in this direction. The domestic field has been too narrow for them. The wrangles of the court-room would have given superb play to their talents, and possibly by way of reaction converted them elsewhere into quiet and self-contained beings. If there is any truth in this supposition, a good many much-tried men would become enthusiastic advocates of female lawyers. Perhaps, moreover, women at the bar would have a repressing effect upon litigation, for would not a fierce scolding from the opposing lady counsel add a new terror to the law?

It is more pleasing to assume that women as lawyers would enter upon their new vocation in a high and fine spirit—that they would be superior to coqueties, feminine vanities, and all the means which their sex employ against men in the social world. We can imagine them like Portia, calm and dispassionate, the admiration of all men for their wisdom and sobriety; or like Hypatia, full of serene majesty and pure reason. They would bring into the courts, let us hope, purer manners and all intellectual refinements. A chastened temper, let us believe, would mark their utterances, and a philosophical spirit enter into their arguments. Coarse jests and brutal denunciations would be banished. There would be no angry collisions and no vulgar personalities. A lofty regard for truth and justice would

consecrate our legal proceedings thereafter, and a court of law become a place where might be witnessed admirable exhibitions of forensic skill, accompanied with every grace of manner. If all this should come about, women as lawyers would, in one form at least, become a blessing. Which of our two pictures is the most likely, the reader must say for himself.

It is possible that some of our readers recollect several articles that appeared in this journal a few years ago suggesting the use of roofs for gardens. The subject attracted some little attention at the time, but, like almost all ideas that are opposed to existing prejudices and notions, it made little if any headway, and apparently dropped out of sight. Now, however, there are some indications of a revival of the idea. A recent number of the "Evening Post," of this city, in an article on "The Metropolitan Casino" (this being the name of the reconstructed "Metropolitan Concert Hall"), speaks of its effort to establish a garden on the roof, and says:

"Hitherto every attempt at a garden in New York had been a ghastly failure. When any one had undertaken to set up a 'garden' he generally utilized a back yard for the purpose, which, being inclosed by high walls, always resembled a cellar with the top taken off much more than anything else, and was totally unventilated, close, hot, and generally damp. . . . The fact is that the price of ground in New York is so enormous that obtaining any large space for a purpose of this kind is out of the question; and yet for a real garden this is absolutely essential. It is economically impossible that the same space should not be turned to a far more profitable account by being built over. Hence the only available spaces for 'gardens' are just those spaces which are of least use for such a purpose—little bits of land in the rear of buildings, which can not very well be built on without making the front building inconvenient—or, in other words, the back yards.

"But there is one place which is always accessible, always exposed to the air, always free from surrounding walls, and always cheap. The roof in a city like New York is obviously destined to take the place which in other cities is occupied by gardens on the surface of the ground. It rains very little in New York in summer, and there are few cities in the world where the atmosphere on the level of the street is more unendurable. There is everything in favor of the roof, and nothing to be said against it except that it has not been sufficiently introduced to make the idea familiar. Prejudice is the hardest thing in the world to root out, and it must be confessed that the Anglo-Saxon has a prejudice against the roof, simply for the reason that hitherto in Anglo-Saxondom, the roof has not been utilized in the way we suggest. . . . When we think of the enormous amount of roof-space in New York, of the almost universal use of elevators, and the erection of taller and taller buildings, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that we are on the eve of a great development in the use of the roof as the American substitute for the European garden."

We are glad to find the "Evening Post" advocating the utilization of roofs as gardens, but we must claim for ourselves priority in this matter. It is now nearly ten years ago since we wrote on this

subject, and called in the aid of an artist's pencil to depict a "City of the Future," in which the roof is made beautiful with plants and flowers, "Far up under the unobstructed heavens," we wrote, "flowers may blossom and fruit ripen, and the airs that come refreshing and pure from the sea or the far-off hills may gather from our roofs the fragrance of many blossoms." We pointed out that no miasma could steal up from bogs and marshes to infect the air and poison our blood, that the dampness which steals over the surface of the earth would not in these roof-arbors stiffen our joints with rheumatism, that neither dust nor the mosquito would plague us, and we dwelt upon the charming effect picturesque roof-gardens would give to every prospect.

The article in the "Evening Post" recalls all this; and the question again arises, Are roof-gardens practicable? No one, we presume, disputes their desirability; and hence if they are practicable why should they not be generally introduced? We know of no obstacle to them that could not be overcome. They would be very hot places in the fierce glare of the sun, of course, but at twilight and during the summer evening they would be cool and pleasant. Awnings might suffice when light winds prevailed to make the roofs agreeable even at mid-day, and they would probably be necessary to screen the plants part of the time from the sun, which otherwise would scorch them with its excessive heat. Instead of awnings, arbors covered with vines would afford a grateful shade, if the vines themselves could stand the full glare of the sun during the long day. Ample means for watering the plants would have to be provided. Tanks could be erected with water forced up into them by rams or other power, and these tanks could possibly be so constructed that the water would ascend as in a fountain, the spray serving to cool and sweeten the air. The roofs would have to be built so as to support the additional weight, but narrow borders of earth along the sides and ends of the building, with ornamental center-pieces, would not be of excessive weight. It would be difficult in many instances to convert roofs of present buildings into gardens, but new structures could, without much additional cost, add this interesting feature. It would certainly be a most useful as well as agreeable addition to all buildings erected for flats, the occupants of which are commonly without a garden or any place for out-door recreation. The time will come, we confidently believe, when a few enterprising men will see the advantages of roof-gardens, and after they have set the example all the town will wonder how it is that so charming, so useful, and so healthful a feature of town houses had not long before been introduced.

IN the midst of the prevalent discussions in regard to work for women, and their fitness for certain vocations, they have unexpectedly evinced a talent that opens for them an important field of operation to which no one will object. This is decorative art.

In the way of Easter and Christmas cards they have competed successfully with the best-trained talent of men; and recently in a competitive exhibition of wall-paper designs the four prizes offered were all taken by women, the judges being men. This is really very remarkable. Women, notwithstanding their devotion to music, and all the time and study they have given to it, have not made their mark upon it, excepting as concert and opera singers; and in other vocations for which they have always been supposed to have a peculiar talent they for the most part have been outdone by men. It is therefore something of a surprise to find them distancing competitors in an art which has only recently enlisted their attention, and for which no one supposed they possessed an exceptional talent. Fortunately, it is an art which is rapidly now extending its boundaries, and the opportunities for the exercise of inventive talent are abundant. It is only within a very few years that the idea of constructing furniture, painting china, and making wall-paper designs in accordance with acknowledged art principles, has made any headway, and we shall now undoubtedly soon see it extending to other things. From wall-papers to carpets is a natural transition, and we hope soon to see a competitive exhibition of designs for carpets, and trust the prizes will all fall to women. There is certainly great opportunity for improvement here, carpets as they are now commonly made being the despair of people who have a sense of how a room should be furnished. Not a few carpets are in themselves handsome, and would be satisfactory if they were used as drapery, but carpets that assert themselves too much render the artistic introduction of drapery and other things rich in color artistically impossible. We hope that, when ladies contribute the designs, this fault will be remedied. There is also abundant opportunity for the exercise of talent for artistic designs in women's fabrics. The field altogether is a large one, but, large as it is, we for our part should be glad to see women, whose range of choice is so limited, having it pretty nearly all to themselves. We congratulate them on their late triumphs, which we look upon as something significant and hopeful. We are glad to see them entering so successfully upon a vocation that develops and employs their sense of beauty, that enables them to gratify one of the most powerful of their tastes, and which will do much to gratify the world.

THE distasteful character of our railway-stations, as compared with those in England, has long attracted the attention of intelligent travelers; and all persons of this class will be glad to learn of a movement in New England tending to effect a reform in this particular. On one of the railways leading out of Boston the station-agents are now allowed an annual sum for the purchase of flower-seeds, plants, and shrubs, and a price is offered to the station-agent who makes his station most attractive. The seeds and the prizes will be sure to bring about an

improvement in all the surroundings to the stations, and hitherto they have been commonly rough and unsightly enough. Those who have seen the neatly planted and blooming approaches to railway-stations in England, where commonly for some distance along each side of the track extends a well-kept flower-garden, have remarked the absence of all thoughtful care of this kind with us, and must welcome the attempt in New England to introduce a reform. But while flower-planting along the borders of the tracks and the approaches to the stations will be an agreeable feature, these stopping-places must be improved in other particulars if they are to be rendered agreeable or sightly. The flowers are coming in, but who shall drive out the tobacco-chewers and the peanut-eaters? Who shall expel the unsavory loafers that gather at these places? Who shall make the rude multitude understand that the floor of a public building is not a depository for apple-peelings, peanut-shells, and tobacco-juice; that the winter stove is not a huge spittoon; that the benches are not sleeping-couches; that decency is a condition as requisite for a railway-station as any other place where self-respecting people come together. The planting of the grounds around these stations will not prevent, at least, a reform in the particulars we have mentioned, and it may lead to a general revision of things hitherto neglected. There is one rule that ought to be enforced everywhere, which is, that a man who in his habits disregards people and place has no rights that anybody is bound to respect, and that such fellows must be peremptorily excluded from the society and contact of cleanly men and women. This would be a difficult thing to bring about, perhaps, but it is not impossible. Meanwhile there is this comfort: if the interior of railway-stations must continue to be intolerable in the way we have described, the exterior under the promised new order will, as the New England example extends, be seemly and reputable, and this is something.

It is whispered that the project of a World's Fair in New York will be revived, large subscriptions having been promised by a few capitalists. It is also mentioned that the well-known Jumel estate, on

Washington Heights, will be selected for the site. The Jumel grounds are more suitable than almost any other interior place that could be named; but we are prompted to revive a notion advanced in the "Journal" at the time when it was first proposed to hold the fair—this being the possibility of erecting floating structures for the purpose, anchored in our bay. New York is preëminently a marine city, a city lying close to the sea, and is more identified with commerce than any other on the continent. Our World's Fair, therefore, should separate itself from other international exhibitions by a recognition of this fact. If it were possible to build a magnificent industrial Venice, so to speak, in our bay, we should have an exhibition that would be peculiarly appropriate to our metropolis, and one brilliantly novel in its plan. It would obviously possess features that would give it great distinction, while the visitors to it would escape the greater part of the fatigue and discomfort in going to it and coming from it that in all other cases have been such serious drawbacks. We build for our New York waters the greatest steamboats that float; why is it not possible to build similar great palaces for a great floating World's Fair? A series of these structures connected by bridges would afford ample space, and they could be anchored with perfect safety under the protection of the hills of the Staten Island shore. They could be made more easily accessible, by means of ferry-boats, than any inland spot, and the very grave question of drainage would be met more easily than upon land. The effect upon the imagination, rising like an extemporized Venice from the sea, would be great. The only obstacle is possibly a greater cost than for land-structures, but we are by no means sure that this would be the case. Even admitting it, would not the greater novelty and attractiveness more than compensate? The proposition, no doubt, will strike many persons as wild; but all distinctly great new projects impress people in this way at first. Looking at the idea coolly and deliberately, is there really any insuperable obstacle to it? Is it not simply necessary to believe in it in order to accomplish it? A new Sir Joseph Paxton would seize the idea at once and triumphantly carry it out. Is there no Joseph Paxton in our midst?

Notes for Readers.

PERHAPS the most conclusive evidence that could be offered of the growing popular interest in all matters pertaining to Florida is the publication of so comprehensive and elaborate a book as Mr. George M. Barbour's "Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers" (Appletons). Other books upon the same subject have previously appeared, and pamphlets innumerable have been put forth; but these, as a general thing, have either been ad-

ressed to some particular class of readers and inquirers, or have been designed to promote the interests of some special locality or speculative enterprise; no work hitherto issued has attempted to cover the ground so fully or exhaustively, and none has been written with such competence of knowledge. As defined by himself in his opening chapter, Mr. Barbour's aim in writing his book was "to give as clearly and specifically as I can such information as

may prove helpful to the three classes of readers to whom the book is addressed: the tourist who comes for amusement, sight-seeing, or sport; the invalid who comes in search of that more genial climate which shall prolong his days in the land; and, even more especially, the settler whose aim is to make himself a home under pleasanter and more promising conditions than those which he encounters on the stern soil or amid the harsh blasts of the Northern sections of our country." For the benefit of the first class, he describes the principal cities, resorts, natural curiosities, and routes of travel; for the second class, he furnishes all needful details regarding climate and health, temperature, rainfall, seasonal changes, and modes of life; and for the third class, or settlers, he deals exhaustively with the natural divisions of the State, the soil and productions, farming and gardening, the culture of the orange and other semi-tropical fruits, live-stock, insects and reptiles, the various kinds of game, and the special opportunities which are afforded to labor and capital. There is scarcely a question which could be asked concerning the natural resources of the State and the conditions of human life in it that is not here answered with definiteness and precision; and the general reader who may not be interested in such practical matters will find many amusing episodes of adventure, of travel in remote regions, and encounters with curious specimens of the oft-mentioned "Florida cracker."

That Mr. Barbour has enjoyed especial facilities and opportunities for the preparation of such a work is certified by the Hon. W. D. Bloxham, Governor of Florida; the Hon. George F. Drew, ex-Governor of Florida; the Hon. Seth French, ex-Commissioner of Immigration; and Mr. Samuel Fairbanks, Assistant Commissioner of Immigration. In a "Testimonial" prefixed to the volume these gentlemen declare that it is known to them that "the author, Mr. George M. Barbour, has traveled over almost the whole of Florida under circumstances peculiarly advantageous for enabling him to acquaint himself with the varied resources of the State, and with the attractions which it offers to the three classes to whom his book is addressed—Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers"; and they say further that "our knowledge of his abilities as a writer on Florida subjects, and of the opportunities he has enjoyed in preparing his book, are such that we can commend it as at once trustworthy and comprehensive—greatly superior in these respects to anything hitherto published descriptive of the entire State and its soil and productions." In his own preface, dated September, 1881, Mr. Barbour says: "The writer of the following pages first saw Florida in the month of January, 1880, when he accompanied General Grant on his tour through the State, as correspondent of the Chicago 'Times.' He had previously either traveled or resided in nearly every other portion of the country, East, West, and South; but his first impressions of the 'Land of Flowers' were so favorable that, his special service as correspondent being over, he re-

turned thither with the idea of making for himself a permanent home which should put an end to his wanderings. Since then he has enjoyed an extended experience in the State, engaged in a vocation requiring visits to all the more prominent places, and has traveled over its immense territory under circumstances the most favorable for learning its real resources and observing the great variety of its productions. . . . The present volume is the result of personal observation and study; and is written with a sincere desire to do justice to all parts of the State, and to describe accurately and with precision its real resources and advantages. It is written for Florida *entire*, and not in the interest of any corporation, speculative scheme, or special locality. Having no land to sell, and no personal interest of any kind to further, the author has found little difficulty in following Othello's injunction, 'naught to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' We may add that the volume is provided with a folding map of Florida, and contains a large number of choice illustrations of the scenery, people, and products.

ONE of the most remarkable books that has recently come under our notice is "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister, edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott" (Putnams), and it is almost equally remarkable whether it be regarded as fiction throughout, or as a slightly disguised record of an actual personal experience. If it be fiction, it is a truly wonderful example of sustained imaginative realism; if, on the other hand, it be the record of an actual life, it is in the highest degree touching and pathetic; and in either case it is profoundly interesting as a piercingly vivid and real picture of the mental struggles and sufferings which so many noble minds in our day are compelled to encounter and endure, often with no hope of ever reaching any satisfactory solution of the problems involved. Mark Rutherford, the subject of the autobiography, was born in a small country town in one of the midland shires of England, his parents belonging to the ordinary middle class of well-to-do shopkeepers. They were both rigid Calvinistic Independents whose whole life was adjusted to the Puritanic *régime*, and as their son grew into youth and manhood it seemed perfectly natural, and in fact inevitable, that he should first "experience religion" and then "go into the ministry." Each stage of this predestined career he submissively trod, and on the conclusion of his college course found himself "called" to an Independent chapel in a small town of some seven or eight thousand inhabitants. Unfortunately, during his college life, narrowly limited and guarded as it was, he had caught startling echoes from the great, tumultuous world outside; and even before his ordination he had come to be suspected by his ecclesiastical superiors of not being "quite sound." In truth, almost unconsciously to himself, he had reached a stage of thought which compelled him to eliminate all the non-natural or supernatural elements from the Christian scheme of salvation, and what he was able to expound from the pulpit was

rather a secular morality than a systematized body of theological dogmas. Yet it was not without keen mental anguish that he gave up any of the old recognized beliefs, and for many years he was tormented by vain endeavors to reach some tangible and rational conclusions concerning such questions as death, the future life, and the immortality of the soul. The tragedy of his life was essentially a tragedy of the mind, for the external conditions were ordinary and commonplace as they could well be; and its significance lies in the fact that it symbolizes and portrays so many similar tragedies, that are working themselves out around us every day. As the editor of his autobiography says: "He was emphatically the child of his time—of a time of transition, of a time when the earth under our feet rocks and the foundations of everything are shaken, of a time of intense misery to all those who pine to be assured." Of the propriety of publishing the record, the autobiographer himself appears to have been very doubtful; but he thought it might be considered worth preserving because he has observed that it is a consolation to many of us to know that our sufferings are not special and peculiar, but that other people have been tried exactly as we are tried. "Death," he says, "has always been a terror to me, and at times, nay generally, religion and philosophy have been altogether unavailing to mitigate the terror in any way. But it has been a comfort to me to reflect that, whatever death may be, it is the inheritance of the whole human race; that I am not singled out, but shall merely have to pass through what the weakest have had to pass through before me. In the worst of maladies, worst at least to me, those which are hypochondriacal, the healing effect which is produced by the visit of a friend who can simply say, 'I have endured all that' is most marked. So it is not impossible that some few whose experience has been like mine may, by my example, be freed from that sense of solitude which they find so depressing."

AN unobtrusive little book, very modest in its proportions and unpretentious in style, but which throws more light upon the vexed "Indian problem" than reams of the ordinary discussion, is "Among the Sioux of Dakota," by Captain D. C. Poole, of the Twenty-second infantry, U. S. A. (New York: D. Van Nostrand). It contains a plain, unvarnished, and apparently trustworthy record of eighteen months' experience as an Indian agent; and it is noteworthy for the calm impartiality with which the author states and illustrates the conclusions to which his experience led him. Army officers in general are suspected of a tendency to despise the Indians, and to resort on slight provocation to the rough arbitrament of the bullet; but Captain Poole seems to have a sort of respectful sympathy for many of the traits which they display, and he quite obviously regards them as the victims of systematic outrage and bad faith on the part of the whites, whom they are constantly called upon to trust. At the same time he neither entertains nor encourages

any illusions as to the possibility of "civilizing" them. He does not condemn the new policy in so many words, and it is evident that he honestly tried to further it at his own agency; but the facts and experiences which he records can have but one interpretation, and they are significant because free from any preconceived prejudices or antipathies.

On his first arrival at the agency, he found that the civilizing policy had already been inaugurated. "A number of acres had been broken in various parts of the agency ground, and the different plots surrounded by fences, all the work of the Government employees, as an encouraging start for the Indians. Some of these plots were worked by the white men before mentioned, whose squaw wives attracted an endless number of relatives around their homes, only limited by the amount of provisions on hand. The lord of the forest and prairie was often seen watching the process of plowing and cultivation performed by his white relation, as he leaned against the fence or lay on the ground in the shade, as unconcerned a looker-on as could be found—seemingly with no thought of ever being obliged to engage in such a pursuit himself. The formidable array of agricultural implements seemed also to fail to awaken any enthusiasm in the red-man's breast; never in all my subsequent experience did I see one observing the construction of the more intricately contrived machines, nor standing behind a plow (as who has not seen a farmer at a country fair?), holding its handles while turning it from side to side, with a countenance expressive of the longing to see the mellow soil roll away from its polished share." Even when the work had been done for them by the Government employees, they exhibited neither appreciation of it nor desire to profit by it. With great labor and at a heavy cost, one of the cultivated plots had been surrounded with a cedar-post and board fence; but during one of the "blizzards" of the following winter, the agency employees not being sufficiently watchful, the much-admired fence was consumed in the lodge-fires, though there was an abundant supply of wood within less than half a mile. Another experiment was made with one of the chiefs, Swift Bear, who went so far as to say that he wanted a plowed field to himself, with a good house near at hand, where he could sit and watch his corn and potatoes growing, while his people could look on, admire, and perhaps imitate his example. "I took him at his word. A few acres were broken and fenced about on a spot selected by himself, and a comfortable log-house erected as he desired. But it never pleased him. He was no better than the rest, and turned his squaws out to labor, while he made use of his house only by moving his canvas tepee near it. Thus he realized his dreams of being a husbandman." No better success attended the effort to induce them to adopt the habiliments of civilization. On one occasion, in lieu of the customary blankets and calico, a large issue of ready-made clothing was made, consisting of fifteen hundred pairs of pants, the same number of dress-

coats, seven hundred overcoats, and one hundred hats. "The clothing was originally intended for the defenders of our country, but had been turned aside from its purpose and colored a dark blue, thus making a more stylish citizen dress. An Indian in this costume would be far from poorly attired, although no shirts were provided; but it did not come up to his ideas, and he proceeded at once to improve upon it. So the legs of the pants were cut off, making rather poor leggings, and the whole upper part discarded. The overcoats were ripped up and appropriated by the women for making skirts. Some of the young bucks did appear in the dress-coats, with the skirts and sleeves cut off, thus making a sleeveless jacket, the military buttons being replaced by buttons procured from the trader and fastened upon the improvised garment in all directions. The hats were thrown away." This little experiment cost more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and the author can hardly be accused of severity when he remarks that it was "perhaps a misdirected expenditure."

THE new volume of Miss Christina G. Rossetti's poems, "The Pageant and Other Poems" (Roberts), exhibits in a favorable manner all the distinctive qualities of her verse. Not having accepted the theory that music is the chief test and criterion of poetry, her poems are usually more interesting for the thought that underlies or the emotion that suffuses them than for fluency of style or gracefulness of expression. Her meters, indeed, are apt to be broken and irregular, and she rarely resorts to "al-literation's artful aid"; yet the music of her verse, though elusive, is very pleasing to the attentive ear. The principal poem in the present volume, and the one which gives it its title, is a cleverly managed allegory in which the months of the year are personified. It is more plausible and interesting than allegories usually are, and it includes many charming passages. The poems which we have read with most enjoyment, however, are the sonnets, of which the volume contains upward of fifty, "full of love," as sonnets should be, and exceptionally perfect in structure and expression. One series of these is called "a sonnet of sonnets," because it comprises fourteen on the same theme, and is entitled "Monna Innominata." They are worthy to rank with Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Could there be a finer expression of self-abnegating love than this?—

"If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And tread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone."

And there is a wonderfully pathetic touch in the serene dignity of the sonnet which closes the series:

"Youth gone, and beauty gone if ever there
Dwelt beauty in so poor a face as this;
Youth gone and beauty, what remains of bliss?
I will not bind fresh roses in my hair,
To shame a cheek at best but little fair—
Leave youth his roses, who can bear a thorn—
I will not seek for blossoms anywhere,
Except such common flowers as blow in corn.
Youth gone and beauty gone, what doth remain?
The longing of a heart pent up forlorn,
A silent heart whose silence loves and longs;
The silence of a heart which sang its songs
While youth and beauty made a summer morn,
Silence of love that can not sing again."

A CONCLUSIVE affirmative answer to the query whether "anything strange or funny did ever happen to a missionary" is furnished by the Rev. Hamilton W. Pierson in his "In the Brush, or Old-Time Social, Political, and Religious Life in the Southwest" (Appletons). During the five years prior to 1858 Dr. Pierson acted as agent to the American Bible Society, and in furtherance of its work traveled extensively over the least-visited portion of the Southwest, meeting and associating with a class of people of whose ways of life the outside world has hitherto obtained but rare glimpses, and who have already to a great extent been transformed by the construction of railways and the onward march of civilization. His book belongs to that class, invaluable to the future historian and sociologist, which enables us to see what pioneer and backwoods life in the West really was—what in a measure, and in certain remote sections, it probably is to this day. It is not a fanciful picture, intended merely to amuse, but describes actual personal experiences, and describes them in a way to stimulate thought as well as provoke merriment. A very good idea of the quality and contents of the book has been afforded to readers of the "Journal" by the chapter on "Candidating, or Old-Time Methods and Humors of Office-Seeking in the Southwest," which was reproduced in our September number. Without any very marked powers of picturesque description, and with somewhat too obtrusive a tendency to moralizing, the author has the redeeming qualities of a humorist; and there are few things of their kind in literature that surpass in raciness, realism, and homely vigor, certain of his character-sketches, narratives, and anecdotes. Among the especially good things in the book may be mentioned the chapter on old-time hospitality in the Southwest, the account of the attractions and *modus operandi* of barbecues, some experiences with a candidate in the Brush, and the "skeletons" of some sermons preached by negro and other illiterate preachers. Not least among the amusing features of the volume are the illustrations furnished by Mr. W. L. Sheppard.

In a portly and well-printed volume of some six hundred and fifty pages Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson has collected upward of three hundred of the

standard and favorite songs of the English-speaking race, arranging them with piano accompaniment, and prefacing them with sketches of the writers and brief histories of the songs ("Our Familiar Songs and Those who Made Them": Henry Holt & Co.). A most catholic taste has been displayed in the selection, and there are very few music-lovers, probably, who will find that their special favorites have been omitted from the volume. It comprises not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various times, and, it must be admitted, of various degrees of merit. "They are songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mothers crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the King, made Presidents, and marked historical epochs." In topics the songs may be said to cover nearly every theme of human interest, and they are arranged under the following comprehensive classification: "Songs of Reminiscence," "Songs of Home," "Songs of Exile," "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of Nature," "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of Hopeless Love," "Songs of Happy Love," "Songs of Pleasantry," "Convivial Songs," "Political Songs," "Martial and Patriotic Songs," and "Moral and Religious Songs" (other than hymns, which are not included). A glance at the list of authors, comprising such names as Ben Jonson, Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Allingham, Tannahill, Præd, Procter, Kingsley, Dibdin, Charles Mackay, Allan Cunningham, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Mrs. Hemans, shows that, even as a collection of choice poetry, the volume is of no slight value; and equal care and discrimination seem to have been bestowed upon the selection of the music. The brief biographical and historical sketches prefixed to the songs are more interesting than is generally the case with such work, being written in a remarkably graceful and chatty style, yet containing a great deal of information that has obviously cost the compiler no little painstaking research. Altogether, it is hardly too much to say that a choicer or more thoroughly equipped collection has never before been offered to those who have a fondness for our familiar songs, old and new.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in our review of "A Fool's Errand" we predicted that the remarkable success achieved by that story would encourage the application of a similar treatment to other "burning questions" of the hour. Since then the Indian question has been made the subject of a pathetic and impassioned story; and now, in Mrs. Paddock's tale of the Great Salt Lake, "The Fate of Madame La Tour" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), we have a scathing exposure of the "Mormon system." Sympathizing cordially with Mrs. Paddock's purpose, and recognizing the desirableness of arousing public sentiment against the anomalous state of

things that is permitted to exist in a Territory for which the nation is responsible, we yet are unable to perceive that she has adopted the most promising method of attaining it. She assures us that her heroine is not a creation of fancy, and that the entire story is constructed out of realities existing on every side of her which far surpass in strangeness and romance any fiction that could be invented; and we can only say that, if this be so, it is a pity she did not abjure fiction altogether, and content herself with a plain and exact statement of such well-authenticated facts as have come into her possession during her long residence in Utah. That this would have been more effective than the plan pursued is proved by the book itself; for much the most weighty and convincing portion of her work is the first section of the appendix in which she discusses the last decade of Utah history, chiefly in reply to Mr. George Q. Cannon's article on Mormonism in a recent number of the "North American Review." In direct appeals to the judgment, Mrs. Paddock is a forcible and interesting writer; but in novel-writing success depends upon the power with which the feelings are moved or the sympathies aroused, and here, in the present instance, she fails to meet the requirements of the situation. Her story is unreal, complicated, and dull; and the reader whose interest is awakened at all finds himself better pleased with the Notes than with the narrative. Nevertheless, we hope it will find many readers.

MR. JOHN BARTLETT, whose "Familiar Quotations" is so well known, has compiled what he calls "The Shakespeare Phrase-Book," which he describes as "an index to the phraseology of Shakespeare; a concordance of phrases rather than words." The plan was "to take every sentence from the dramatic works of Shakespeare which contains an important thought, with so much of the text as preserves the sense, and to put each sentence under its principal words, arranged in alphabetical order." It will be seen at once, from this description, the particular service the book is designed to give. It does not include every word, as in a concordance, but only every principal word. Even with this limitation its usefulness is very great. Although each selection is confined to a single line of his page, amounting generally to about two lines of the original, yet the selections in a majority of instances are as full as the searcher for quotations would require, saving in most instances the need of a fuller concordance, and in almost all the necessity of referring to the original passage. Collections of brief selections like this are of value not only to readers, but as an introduction to Shakespeare to young persons who have not read him, for they exhibit in a very striking degree the quality of Shakespeare's style, the flavor of his utterances, and the amazing richness and fullness of his thought. If there is any doubter of the greatness of Shakespeare's genius, an hour or two over this volume would reveal to him the beauty of his workmanship as a literary artist, and scatter his doubts for ever. At the end of the book contrasted

readings are given from the texts of Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White. The volume is published by Little, Brown & Company.

MR. J. BRANDER MATTHEWS has made the study of dramatic literature his specialty, and consequently his volume just issued, entitled "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" (Scribner's Sons) is eminently trustworthy and authoritative. A history of dramatic literature of the nineteenth century necessarily includes an account of the battle between the Classicists and Romanticists, and probably nothing in literature is more interesting and even dramatic. The contest is one that was only faintly apprehended at the time of its occurrence by the English literary and dramatic world, and it is only by virtue of comparatively recent studies of the French stage that it has been brought fully before English-speaking people. Mr. Matthews retells the story with force and interest, and it is one so strange and fascinating in its various features that it will bear many repetitions. Mr. Matthews has the advantage of being not only a student of dramatic literature, but is learned in the art of the stage itself, and consequently his criticisms are generally trustworthy in regard to plays both as literature and as acting dramas. He has an acute sense of artistic and literary merits, which is really an indispensable qualification for any one who attempts to treat of the French drama, which is equally a question of letters and artistic construction. Mr. Matthews writes pleasantly as well as understandingly, and his book affords no little intellectual pleasure on account of its bright and vivacious style, whether one is much interested in the theme or not. His statements may generally be implicitly relied upon, but in one instance it is our impression that he is in error. He says that a "mutilated and innocuous alteration" of "Camille" was acted here by Miss Davenport, and that later the piece was taken up by Matilda Heron. If our recollections are not at fault, "Camille" was first produced by Miss Heron, and afterward the "mutilated and innocuous alteration" by Miss Davenport was brought out. But this is a small matter. We heartily commend Mr. Matthews's book to every one interested in the French drama, and what subject in all literature has so many interesting features?

IT would be an advantage to the future of our country if the young generation, both North and South, should read Mr. J. D. Champlin, Jr.'s "Young Folks' History of the War for the Union," just from the press of Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Champlin has written his history with an evident determination to exclude all partisan passions and prejudices, and to state the causes that led to the struggle with as much fairness and impartiality as possible. The results will not altogether please extremists in either section of the country, but we have seen no history that is so well calculated to remove local misunderstandings and suppress sectional passions; and what could be better placed in the hands of our children

than a book that will teach them to look dispassionately upon all the irritating elements that entered into the great conflict, and lead them to that spirit of charity and breadth of view that are indispensable if North and South are to live on terms of amity in the future? Mr. Champlin's analysis of the growth of the differences between the Northern and Southern States which culminated in the war is very clear, and we believe it to be generally correct. We notice but one error of statement. Describing the manner of the adoption of the Constitution, he says, "It was decided that if nine of the thirteen States should accept the Constitution it should go into force and *become the law of the land.*" This is an error, which is obvious to any one who will consult the Constitution, which declares that "the ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between *the States so ratifying the same.*" This is very different from Mr. Champlin's assertion, the direct inference from which is that upon the consent of nine States the Constitution became binding upon all. Nothing, one would suppose, could be easier to understand than the manner of adopting our Constitution, and yet, in nineteen cases out of twenty, speakers and writers, in attempting to explain it, show that they do not understand it. That the people of each State voted simply for its adoption by that State, and not for its adoption by the whole people, and that the action of one State had no relation to the action of any other State singly, or of all the other States collectively, seems to be beyond comprehension, if one may judge by the loose utterances on the subject which come from historians, politicians, and people generally. Mr. Champlin is not clear on this point, but he is commonly very perspicuous, and writes in an agreeable and transparent style. In one instance, in his endeavor to be historically impartial, he employs a term that, to our mind, is distinctly the wrong one. He speaks of the original settlers of the country, North and South, bringing with them "religious prejudices." "Prejudices" is not the word to describe the profound religious *convictions* that animated the men who landed on Plymouth Rock. Generally Mr. Champlin is accurate, and we hope his work will be accepted in American homes in all parts of the country as a just story of the great war.

REVIEWING "Wood Magic," the new book by the author of "Wild Life in a Southern County" (Cassells), the "Saturday Review" places its author, in his peculiar field, above even White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton. Indeed, abandoning its customary grudging and hesitating tone, it says:

"No man, living or dead, has written of the country as Mr. Jefferies writes; others, who love to roam over the broad downs of England, through the coppices and along the streams, are mere 'prentice-hands' compared with this Doctor—this *Doctor Mirabilis*—of woodcraft. A tree to most of us is a tree, and nothing more; to Mr. Jefferies it is a living, sentient creature, sometimes malevolent and loving mischief, even to the astounding ex-

tent of keeping rotten branches for squirrels to fall from, or to be dropped on the heads of people who sit down beneath them—all the elms in Kensington Gardens which have been cut down were, in fact, punished for being thus 'malice-minded'; sometimes they are kindly and benevolent; a tree is, moreover, the home of innumerable living things; in its branches live smaller creatures, the names and habits and language of whom are known to Mr. Jefferies alone, from the blackbird, the missel-thrush, and the tomtit, down to the little insects in the bark and the very larvæ on the leaves. A ditch is to most of us, even the poets, little more than a deep furrow overgrown with bramble, tall grass, wild flowers, and thorn; it is well if we know just enough about plants to be able to tell the names of the lords and ladies, fox-glove, eyebright, hawkweed, and the rest of the flowers which grow upon its brink. When the Master is there, however, the place becomes full, to his eyes, of the most wonderful and delightful things, the relation of which never tires him who tells or him who listens, and would be, by itself, occupation for the longest life. For what books were ever made large enough for the things which might be written of every animal, every creeping thing, every flower, every blade of grass in that ditch? And when he stands upon the 'Roman Camp' on the top of the hill, the wind whispers to him that great secret of nature, only comprehended beyond the ways of man—the brook down below has already revealed it to him—that 'there never was a yesterday, and there never will be to-morrow, and it is all one long to-day.' He is like Solomon, because it has been given to him to speak with understanding of trees, and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things. And if by the 'sons of Mahol' we may understand other botanists, observers, naturalists, entomologists, bird-men, flower-, wood-, and tree-men, then is Mr. Jefferies doubly like the wise king, for he is wiser than all of them."

VERY useful for the student or art-lover, who has not the time for the more elaborate or the means to purchase the more costly treatises, is "A Short History of Art," by Julia B. de Forest (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Following for the most part Lübke's well-known history and other standard works, it gives in the most compact possible form the leading facts in the history of art from the time of the Egyptians to the present day, with brief accounts of the principal schools and the most influential artists. Its illustrations are noteworthy for copiousness and excellence, and the volume also contains a number of

highly useful chronological tables.—A new volume (the sixth) in "Appletons' Home Books," is "Household Hints," by Emma Whitcomb Babcock, the aim of which is to help the young housekeeper who comes to her new duties without much preparation and with no one to advise or assist her; and contains hints and suggestions the value of which the author herself has learned, as she assures us, "through experiences not always sweet."—The Messrs. Putnam are evidently convinced that the public has become interested in the High North. Besides Mr. Frank Vincent's book, noticed last month, they have just published "The Story of a Scandinavian Summer," by Katharine E. Tyler, comprising sketches of travel in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, written in an easy and chatty style.—From the same publishers we have a monograph on "Bacon," by Professor Thomas Fowler, of Oxford University, forming a volume in the series of "English Philosophers"; an elaborately illustrated little treatise on "The Human Figure," by Henry Warren, forming a highly useful addition to "Putnam's Art Hand-Books," edited by Mrs. Susan N. Carter; and Mr. W. Fraser Rae's book entitled "Newfoundland to Manitoba," describing journeys through Canada's maritime, mining, and prairie provinces, and provided with maps and illustrations.—From Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York) we have Rev. E. P. Roe's long-expected novel, "Without a Home," upon which he assures us that he has bestowed more labor than upon any of his books that has preceded it. Besides the story, it contains an interesting preface, telling how the author came to be a novelist, and what view he takes of his work.—The same publishers send us "Mildred and Elsie," a story for girls, by Martha Finley (Martha Farquharson), author of the well-known "Elsie Books."—Another story for girls, handsomely printed and illustrated, is "Dr. Gilbert's Daughters," by Margaret Harriet Mathews (Porter & Coates).—"Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany," by Thomas and Katharine Macquoid (Putnams), is a very neatly printed volume of some three hundred and twenty pages, with thirty-four illustrations, many of them full-page.—From Roberts Brothers we have a dainty little collection of descriptive essays and stories by Mrs. Sarah O. Jewett, entitled "Country By-ways."—From White & Stokes, New York, we are in receipt of "Esau Harding: a Novel of American Life," by William O. Stoddard, author of "The Heart of It" and other books, and of many telling stories and sketches in the magazines. Mr. Stoddard writes of our own people and times, depicting for the most part homely phases of life, and he writes in a vivid, dramatic style.





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